

## Green Grow The Rashes-O

Eddi Reader

There's nought but care on every hand  
In every hour that passes, o  
What signifies the worth of man  
And 'twas na for the lasses, o  
Green grow the rashes, o  
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The sweetest hours that e'er I spent  
Were spent among the lasses, o  
The worldly race may riches chase  
And riches still may fly them, o  
When last they catch them fast  
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, o  
Green grow the rashes, o  
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The sweetest hours that e'er I spent  
Were spent among the lasses, o  
But gie me a canny hour at e'en  
My arms about my dearie, o  
And worldly cares, and worldly men  
May all gae tapsalteerie, o  
For you sae douse, ye sneer at this  
You're nought but senseless asses, o  
The wisest man the world e're saw  
He dearly loved the lasses, o  
Old nature swears, the lovely dears  
Her noblest work she classes, o  
Her prentice hand she tried on man  
And then she made the lasses, o  
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Were spent among the lasses, o  
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Were spent among the lasses, o  
De-da-da-da- da-da-da-da-da-da-da