

Green Grow the Rashes

The Irish Rovers

There's no but care on ev'ry han in every hour that passes-o
What signifies the worth o' man and 'twas nay for the lassies-o

Green grow the rashes-o green grow the rashes-o
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent were spent among the lassies-o

The wardly race may riches chase and riches still may fly tae them-o
When at last they catch them fast their herts can ne'er enjoy them-o

Green grow the rashes-o green grow the rashes-o
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent were spent among the lassies-o

Gie me a cannie hour at e'en me arms about me dearie-o
An' wardly cares an' wardly men may a' gae tapsalteeri-o

Green grow the rashes-o green grow the rashes-o
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent were spent among the lassies-o

Now ye sae douce ye scoff at this yer not but senseless asses-o
The wisest man the warld e'er saw we ken he luv'd the lassies-o

Green grow the rashes-o green grow the rashes-o
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent were spent among the lassies-o

Auld nature swears the lovely dears her finest work she classes-o
Her prentice han' she try'd on man an' then she made the lassies-o

Green grow the rashes-o green grow the rashes-o
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent were spent among the lassies-o