Andy M. Stewart, Green Grow The Rashes, O

Chor. - Green grow the rashes, O; Green grow the rashes, O; The sweetest hours that e'er I spend, Are spent amang the lasses, O.

There's nought but care on ev'ry han', In ev'ry hour that passes, O: What signifies the life o' man, An' 'twere na for the lasses, O. Green grow, & D.

The war'ly race may riches chase, An' riches still may fly them, O; An' tho' at last they catch them fast, Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O. Green grow, & D.

But gie me a cannie hour at e'en, My arms about my dearie, O; An' war'ly cares, an' war'ly men, May a' gae tapsalteerie, O! Green grow, &c.

For you sae douce, ye sneer at this; Ye're nought but senseless asses, O: The wisest man the warl' e'er saw, He dearly lov'd the lasses, O. Green grow, & D.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears Her noblest work she classes, O: Her prentice han' she try'd on man, An' then she made the lasses, O. Green grow, & D.