

## Green Grow the Rashes (song)

A Fragment

Chor.—Green grow the rashes, O;  
 Green grow the rashes, O;  
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,  
 Are spent among 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, &c.

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, &c.

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, &c.

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, &c.

Robert Burns