

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

THERE's naught but care on ev'ry han',
 In ev'ry hour that passës ;
 What signifies the life o' man,
 An' 'twere not for the lasses.

Green grow the rashes, O !
 Green grow the rashes, O !
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
 Are spent among the lasses, O !

The warldly they may riches chafe,
 An' riches still may fly them,
 An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them.
 Green grow the rashes, &c. &c.

Gie me a canny hour at e'en,
 My arms about my dearie ;
 And warldly cares and warldly men,
 May a' gae tapsalteerie.

Green grow the rashes, &c.

For you fae doufe ! ye sneer at this,
 Ye're nought but senseless asses,
 The wisest man the warld e'er saw,
 He dearly lov'd the lasses.

Green grow the rashes, &c.

Auld nature fwears, the lovely dears
 Her noblest work she classes,
 Her 'prentice hand she try'd on man,
 And syne she made the lasses.

Green grow the rashes, &c.

Green grow the Rasches. ⁹

Violin

Lively

There's nought but care on ev'ry han' In ev'ry hour that

passes, what signifies the life o' man, an 'twere not for the Lasses.

Chorus

Green grow the rasches, O! Green grow the rasches, O! the

sweetest hours that e'er I spend, are spent among the Lasses, O.