Green Grow the Rashes, O poetry by Sir Robert Burns,

(1784) traditional Scottish melody

C Dm Dm

Green grow the rashes, O; Green grow the rashes, O;

F C Dm Am Am

The sweetest hours that e'er I spend, are spent amang the lasses, O.

C C Dm Dm

There's nought but care on ev'ry han', in ev'ry hour that passes, O;

F C Dm Am Am

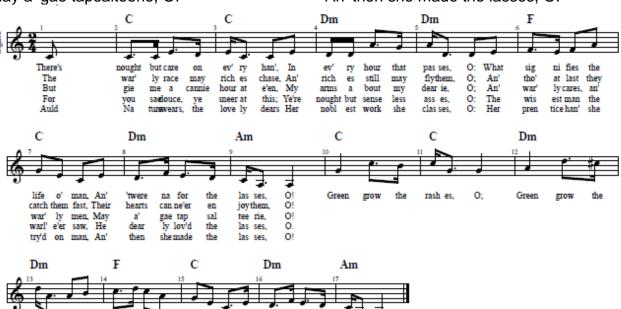
What signifies the life o' man, an' 'twere na for the lasses, O.

The warly 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. For you sae douse, ye sneer at this, Ye're nought but senseless asses, O; The wisest Man the warl' saw, He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en, My arms about my Dearie, O; An' warly cares an' warly men, May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!

sweet eshoursthat

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.



lasses, O!