

Green Grow the Rashes, O

poetry by Sir Robert Burns,
(1784) traditional Scottish melody

C 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 among 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 tapsaltee-rie, O!

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.

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. It consists of three staves of music. The first staff contains measures 1 through 6, the second staff contains measures 7 through 12, and the third staff contains measures 13 through 17. Chord symbols are placed above the notes. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with some words appearing on multiple lines to align with the melody. The lyrics are: '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 the rash es, O: Green grow the war' ly race may rich es chase, An' rich es still may flythem, O: An' tho' at last they catch them fast, Their hearts can ne'er en joythem, O! The wis est man the war' ly men, May a' gae tap sal tee rie, O! For you saelouce, ye sneer at this; Ye're nought but sense less ass es, O: Her prentice han' she Auld Na runswears, the love ly dears Her nobl est work she clas ses, O: Her pren tice han' she try'd on man, An' then shemade the las ses, O!