67. Green grow the rashes

Vivace

Unpublished

There's nought but care on ev'ry han', In ev'ry hour that pass-es: What sig-ni-fies the life of man If
There's nought but care on ev'ry han',
In ev'ry hour thast passes:
What signifies the life o' man
If 'twere na for the lasses.
Green grow the rashes,
Green grow the rashes,
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend.

Green grow the rashes,
If 'twere na for the lasses.

Give 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 sae douse, ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses;
The wisest man the warld saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses.
Green grow the rashes, &c.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes;
Her prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses.
Green grow the rashes, &c.

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