

67. Green grow the rashes

Koželuch
Unpublished

Vivace

Violin

Voice

Piano

Violoncello

4

There's

7

nought but care on ev'-ry han', In ev'-ry hour that pass-es: What sig - ni-fies the life of man If

10

'twere na for the lass-es. Green grow the rash-es Green grow the rash-es, The

13

sweet-est hours that e'er I spend, Were spent a-mang the lass-es.

THERE'S NOUGHT BUT CARE ON EV'RY HAN'.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR. - GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

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.
 Are spent among the lasses.

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

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.