

Green grow the rashes (d)

Intro - *Dm Em F*
'twere na for the lasses O

C Dm
There's nought but care on ev'ry han'
F
In every hour that passes, O
C Dm
What signifies the life o' man
Em F
If 'twere na for the lasses O

C Dm
Green grow the rashes O'
F
Green grow the rashes O'
C Dm
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend
Em F
Are spent among the lasses O

C Dm
The war'ly race may riches chase,
F
And riches still may fly them O
C Dm
But when at last they catch them fast
Em F
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them O

C Dm
But gie me a canny hour at een
F
My airms about my dearie O
C Dm
And warly cares and warly men
Em F
May a' gang tapsilteerie O

Green grow the rashes (d)

C Dm
For you sae douce, as sneer at this
F
Ye're naught but senseless asses O
C Dm
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw
Em F
He dearly lov'd the lasses O

C Dm
Auld nature swears the lovely dears
F
Her noblest work she classes O
C Dm
Her prentice han' she try'd on man
Em F
And then she made the lasses O