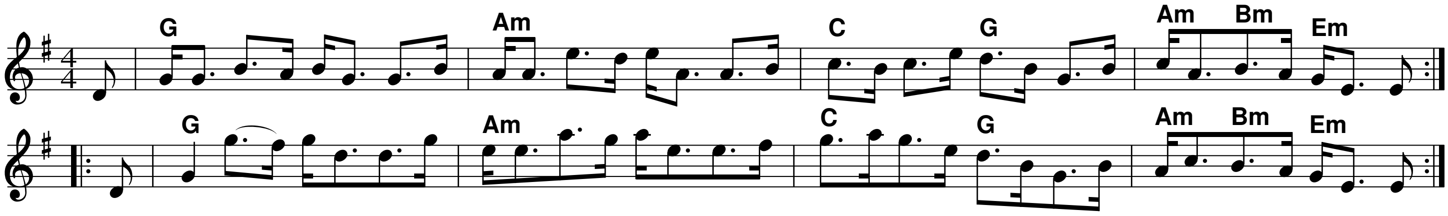
1. Green Grow the Rashes

words: Robert Burns



Ch. Green grow the rashes, O Green grow the rashes, O
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend, Are spent among the lasses, O

1. There's nought but care on ev'ry han', In every hour that passes, O
What signifies the life o' man, An' 'twere na for the lasses, O.

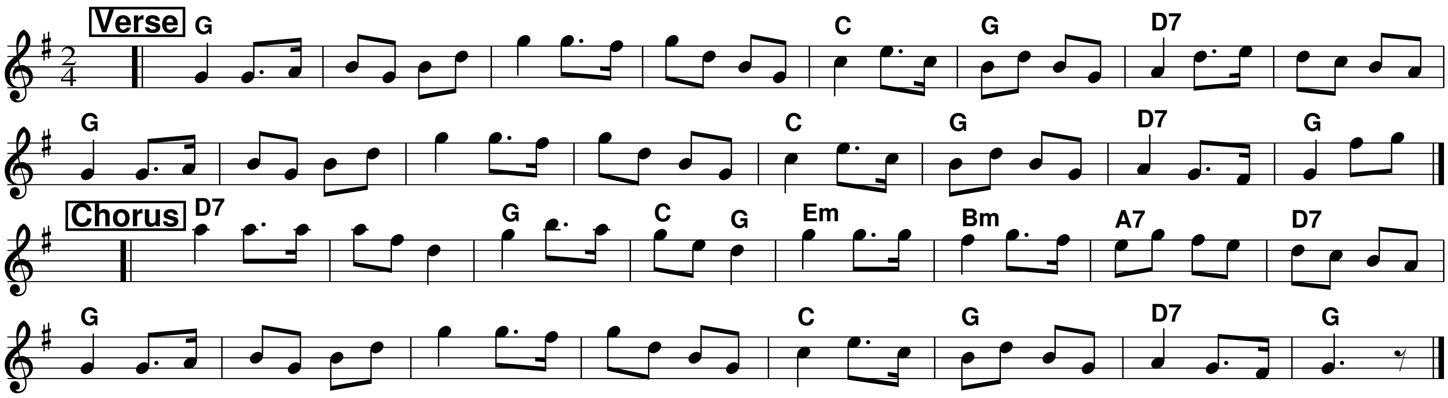
2. The warl'y race may riches chase, An' riches still may fly them, O
An' tho' at last they catch them fast, Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

3. But gie me a cannie hour at e'en, My arms about my dearie, O,
An' warl'y cares an' war'ly men May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!

4. For you sae douce, ye sneer at this Ye're nought but senseless asses, O
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw, He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.

5. 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.

2. Scotland the Brave [G]



3. Scotland the Brave