Green Grow the Rushes

ragÃºs

There's not but care on every hand
In every hour that passes oh
What signifies the life of man
If it were not for the lassies oh

Green grow the rushes oh
Green grow the rushes oh
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent
Are spent among the lassies oh

The worldly race may riches chase
And riches still may fly them oh
And though at last they catch them fast
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them oh

Green grow the rushes oh
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The sweetest hours that e'er I spent
Are spent among the lassies oh

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Old nature swears the lovley dears
Her noblest work she classes oh
Her apprentice hand she tried on man
Then she made the lassies oh

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Green grow the rushes oh
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Are spent among the lassies oh

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Are spent among the lassies oh
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