

Green Grow the Rashes

Tempest

There's not much care on every hand
And every hour that passes-oh
What signifies the life of man
If it were not for the lasses-ohChorus:
Green grow the rashes-oh
Green grow the rashes-oh
The sweetest hours that 'ere I spent
I spent among the lasses-ohThe worldly man may riches, chase
And riches still may find them-oh
But when at last he'll catch them fast
His heart can ne'er enjoy them-ohChorusOh nature wears the loveliest wares
Her noblest work she classes-oh
Her practiced hand she tried on man
And then, she made the lasses-ohChorusInstrumental Interlude (fiddle)The down bed, the feather bed
The bed among the rashes-oh
The softest bed is ne'er so sweet as
The bellies of the lasses-ohChorusInstrumental Interlude (guitar)And so their hours, I am afraid
Are hard when I am tipsy-oh
But I'm a king in everything
When with a wanton gypsy-ohGreen grow the rashes-oh
Green grow the rashes-oh
I'm a king in everything
When with a wanton gypsy-ohChorus

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