

# 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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>