

# Green grows the Rashes

To which are added,

The lassie o' my heart.

The hen-pick'd Husband.

The lass o' Glenshee.

Tom Starboard.



1829.

507

GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O.

There's naught but care on every hand,  
In every hour that passes, O.

What signifies the life o' man

And 'twere na for the lasses, O;

Green grow the rashes, O,

Green grow the rashes, O,

The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,

I spent among the lasses, O.

The worldly race may riches chase,

And riches still may flee them, O;

And though at last they catch them fast,

Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

But gi'e me a cannie hour at eae,

My arms about my dearie O

And worldly cares and worldly men,

May o' gae tapsalteerie O.

For you see douse, wha sneer at this,

Ye're naught but silly asses, O;

The wisest man the world e'er saw,

He dearly lo'ed the lasses, O.

6.

Auld Nature swears the lovely dears,  
Her noblest work she classes, O,  
Her 'practise hand she tried on man,  
And then she made the lasses, O.

TOM STARBOARD. vol. 117

Tom Starboard, was a lover true,  
As brave a tar as ever sailed,  
The duties ablest seamen do,  
He did, and nev-r yet had' failed.  
But wreck'd as he was homeward bound,  
Within a league of England's coast,  
Love sav'd him sure from being drown'd,  
For all the crew but Tom were lost.

His strength restor'd, Tom hied with speed,  
True to his love as e'er was man,  
Nought had he sav'd, nought did he need,  
Rich he in hopes of lovely Nan.  
But scarce five miles poor Tom had gained,  
When he was press'd, he heaved a sigh,  
And said tho' cruel was his lot,  
Ere flinch fro' duty, he would die.

4

In fight Tom Starboard knew no fear,  
Nay when he'd lost an arm resigned,  
Said, Love for Nan his only dear  
Had saved his life, and fate was kind.  
The war being ended, Tom returned,  
His lost limb serv'd him for a joke,  
For still his manly bosom burned  
With love—his heart was heart of oak.

Ashore in haste Tom nimbly ran  
To cheer his dear departed bride,  
But false report had brought to Nan,  
Six months before that Tom had died.  
With grief she daily pined away,  
No remedy her life could save,  
And Tom arrived the very day  
They laid his Nancy in her grave.

### THE LASS O' GLENSHEE.

On a bonny day, when the heather was blooming,  
and the silent hill bur'd wi' the sore laden bee,  
I met a fair maid as I homeward was riding,  
a herding her sheep on the hills o' Glenshee.  
The rose in her cheek it was gem'd wi' a dimple,

and blythe were the b'inks o' her bonny black e'e  
 Her face so enchanting, so neat and so handsome,  
 my heart soon belonged to the lass o' Glenshee.  
 I kiss'd and embrac'd her and said my dear lassie,  
 if you will but gang to St' Johnstone wi' me,  
 There's nane of the fair shall set foot on the causey,  
 with cleading wair frae than the lass o' Glenshee.  
 A carriage for pleasure ye shall hae to ride in,  
 and fouk shall' Mein when they speak u' to thee,  
 Servant ye shall hae for to do your bidden,  
 I'll mak you my lady the lass o' Glenshee.

Mock me nae mair wi' your carriage to ride in,  
 nor think that your grandeur I value a flea,  
 I would think mysel' happy in cotie o' p a ding,  
 wi' an innocent herd on the hills o' Glenshee.  
 Believe me dear lassie Caledonia's clear waters,  
 may alter their course and run back frae the sea  
 Her brave hardy sons may submit to be in fetters  
 but cease and believe not such baseless in me.  
 The Lark may forget to rise in the morning,  
 the spring may forget to revive on the lea,  
 But never will I while my senses geverò me,  
 forget to be kind to the lass o' Glenshee.  
 O let me alone for I'm sure I would blunder,

and set a' the gentry a laughing at me,  
 They're book-taught in manners baith auld and  
 young o' them,

but we ken little o' that i' the hills o' Glenshee.

They would say look ye at him wi' his Highland  
 lady,

set up for a sale in a window so high,

Roll'd up like a witch in a ham'ly spun plaidie,  
 and pointing towards the lass o' Glenshee.

Do not dream o' sic stories but come up behind me,  
 ere Pæbus goes round my sweet bride thou  
 shalt be,

This night in my arms I'll doat you sae kindly,  
 she smil'd and consented, I took her wi' me.

Now years hae gane round since we busked to-  
 gither,

and seasons have changed, but nae changes wi'  
 me,

She's ay as gay as the fine summer weather,  
 when Boreas blows shrill on the hills o' Glenshee.

To meet wi' my Jeanie away I would venture,  
 she's sweet as the echoes that ring o'er the lee,

She's spotless and pure as the robes in the winter,  
 when laid out to bleach on the hills o' Glenshee.

7  
 THE LASSIE O' MY HEART.

- O wha is she that lo'es me,  
 And has my heart a keeping?  
 O sweet is she that lo'es me,  
 As dew's o' simmer weeping.  
 In tears the rose-buds steeping.  
 O that's the lassie o' my heart,  
 My lassie ever dearer;  
 O that's the queena o' womankind,  
 And ne'er a ane to peer her.

- If thou shalt meet a lassie,  
 In grace and beauty charming,  
 That e'en thy chosen lassie,  
 Ere while the breast sae warming,  
 Had e'er sic powers alarming.  
 O that's &c.

- If thou hadst her talking,  
 And thy attentions plighted,  
 That ilka body talking,  
 But her by thee is alighted:  
 And thou art all delighted.  
 O that's, &c.

If thou hast met this fair one,  
 When frae her thou hast parted,  
 If every other fair one,  
 But her thou hast deserted,  
 And thou art broken-hearted.  
 O that's, &c.

### THE HEN-PECK'D HUSBAND.

Young men and wives I pray attend;  
 while I relate my ditty,  
 A wife I have I do declare,  
 she's neither handsome, neat or witty.

For better, for worse, I took my wife,  
 all joys of life with me miscary'd,  
 I oft times wish, but wish in vain,  
 that to her I had ne'er been marry'd.

On Monday morning, ere it is light,  
 like a horse then I do labour,  
 And when that I come home at night,  
 madam's gossiping with each neighbour.

FINIS.