

## Celtic Woman

### "Green Grow The Rushes"

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Green grow the rushes, oh  
Green grow the rushes, oh

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

The sweetest hours that ever I spent  
Are spent among 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

Old nature swears the lovely dears  
Her noblest work she classes, oh  
Her apprentice hand she tried on man  
And then she made 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  
[x2]

Are spent among the lassies, oh.

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