


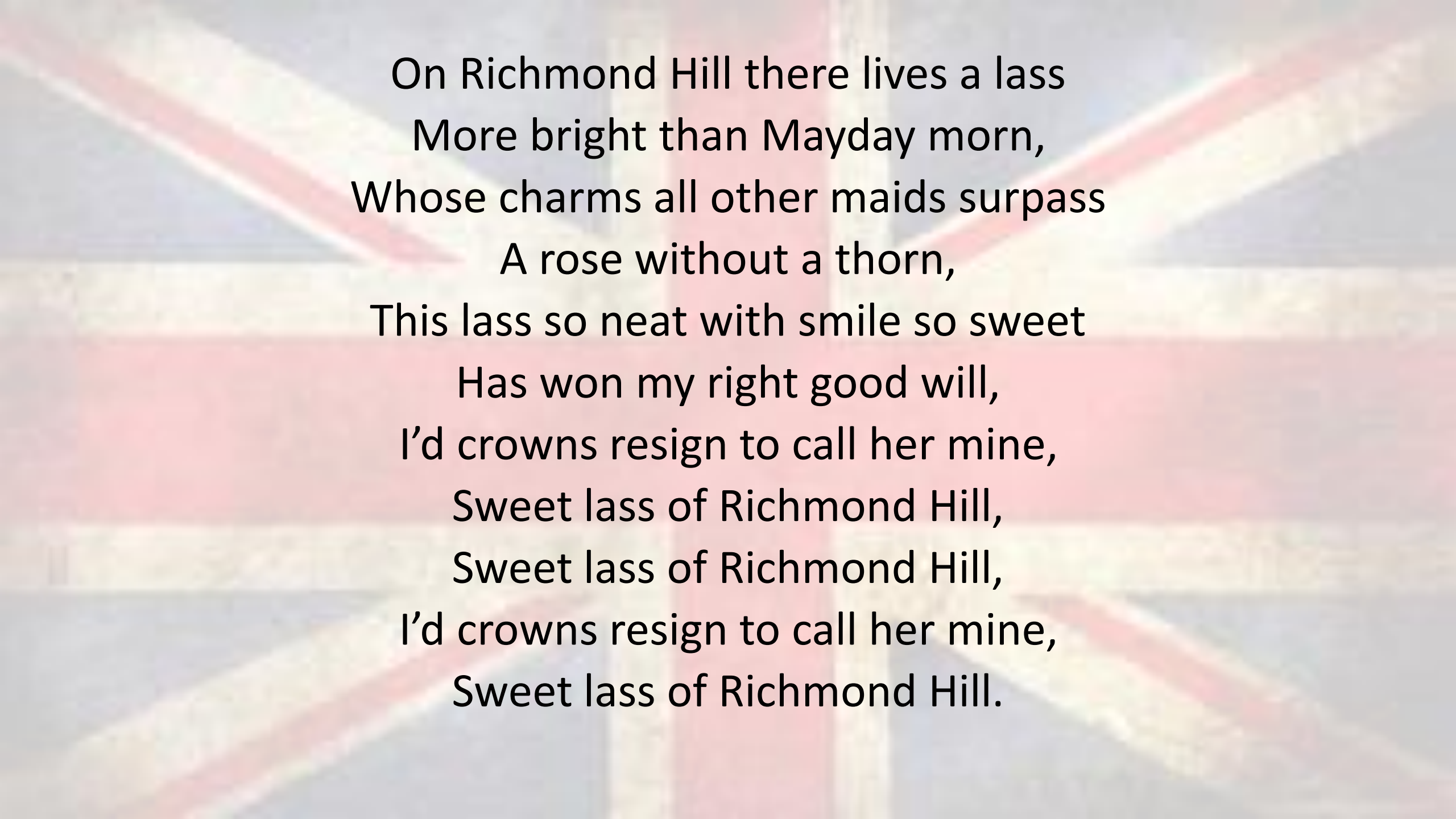


# Over The Hills

Young Voices 2017



Hark now the drums beat up again,  
For all true soldier gentlemen,  
Then let us list and march I say,  
Over the hills and far away,  
Over the hills and o'er the main,  
To Flanders, Portugal and Spain,  
Queen Anne commands and we obey,  
Over the hills and far away.



On Richmond Hill there lives a lass  
More bright than Mayday morn,  
Whose charms all other maids surpass  
A rose without a thorn,  
This lass so neat with smile so sweet  
Has won my right good will,  
I'd crowns resign to call her mine,  
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill,  
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill,  
I'd crowns resign to call her mine,  
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill.

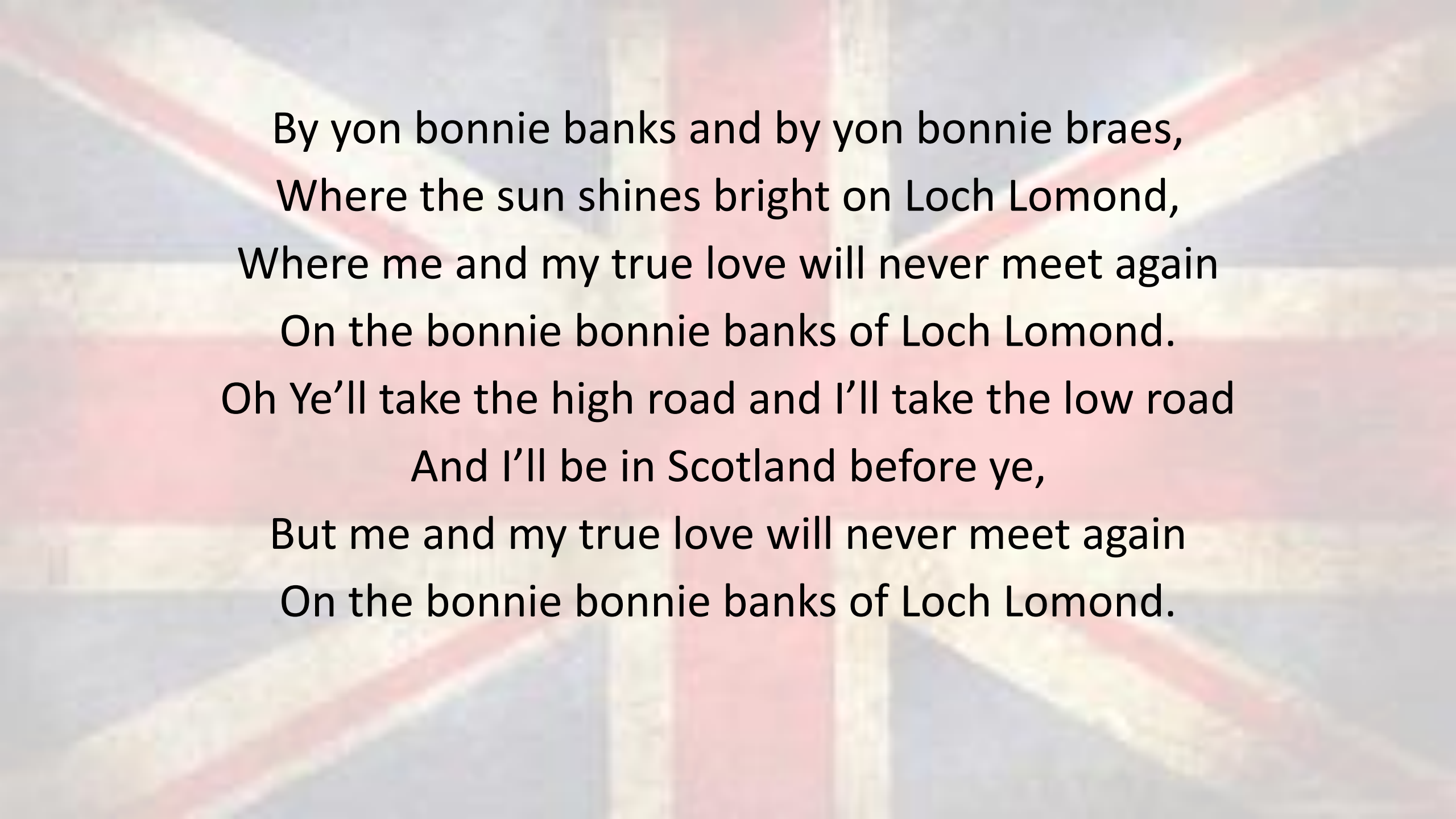
Oh Charlie is my darling, my darling, my darling,  
Charlie is my darling the young Chevalier.

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Charlie is my darling the young Chevalier.

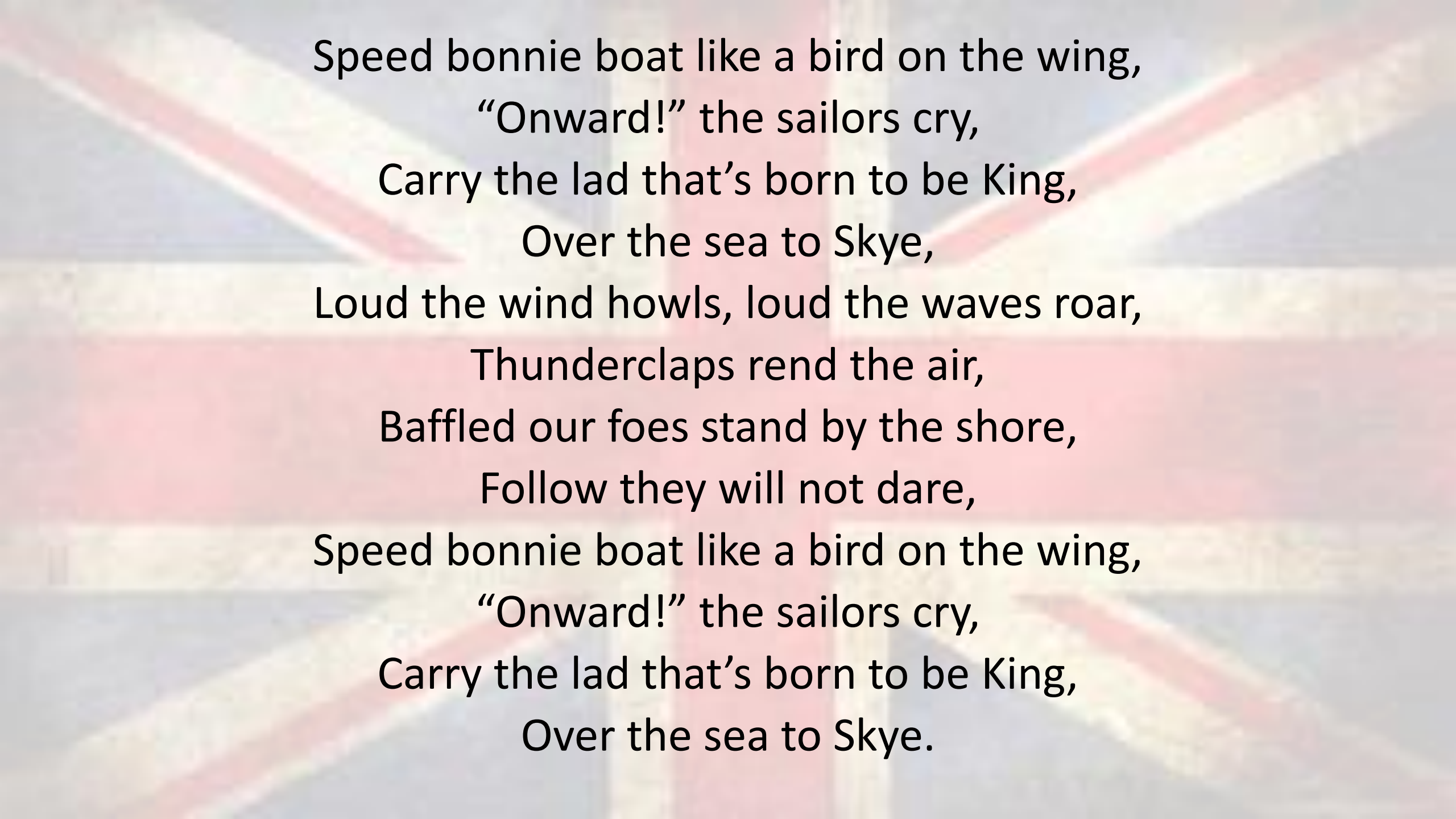
‘Twas on a Monday morning quite early in the year  
That Charlie came to our town, the young Chevalier,  
As he was walking down the street the city for to view,  
Oh there he spied a bonnie lass, the window peeking through

Charlie is my darling, my darling, my darling,  
Charlie is my darling the young Chevalier.

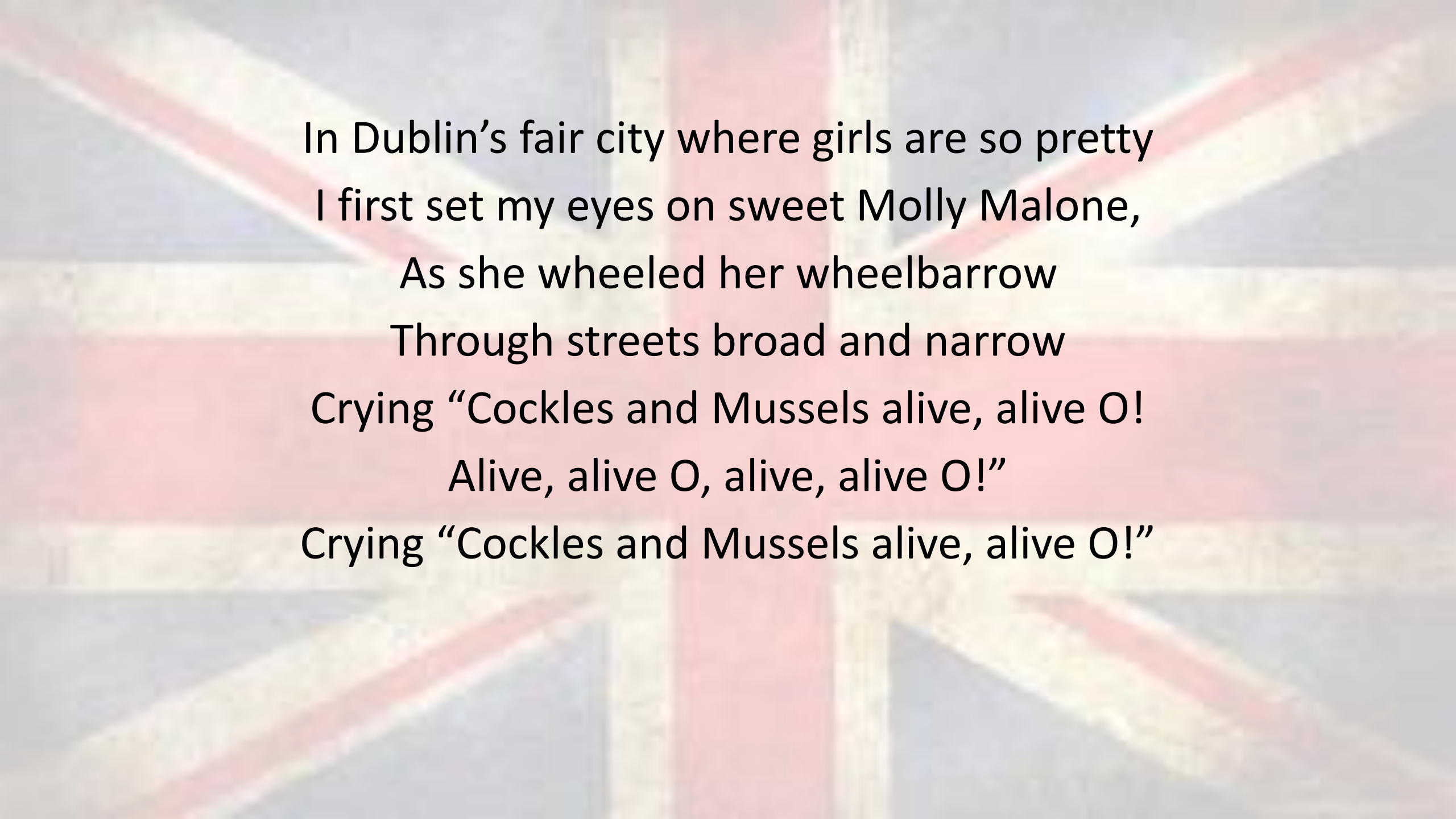
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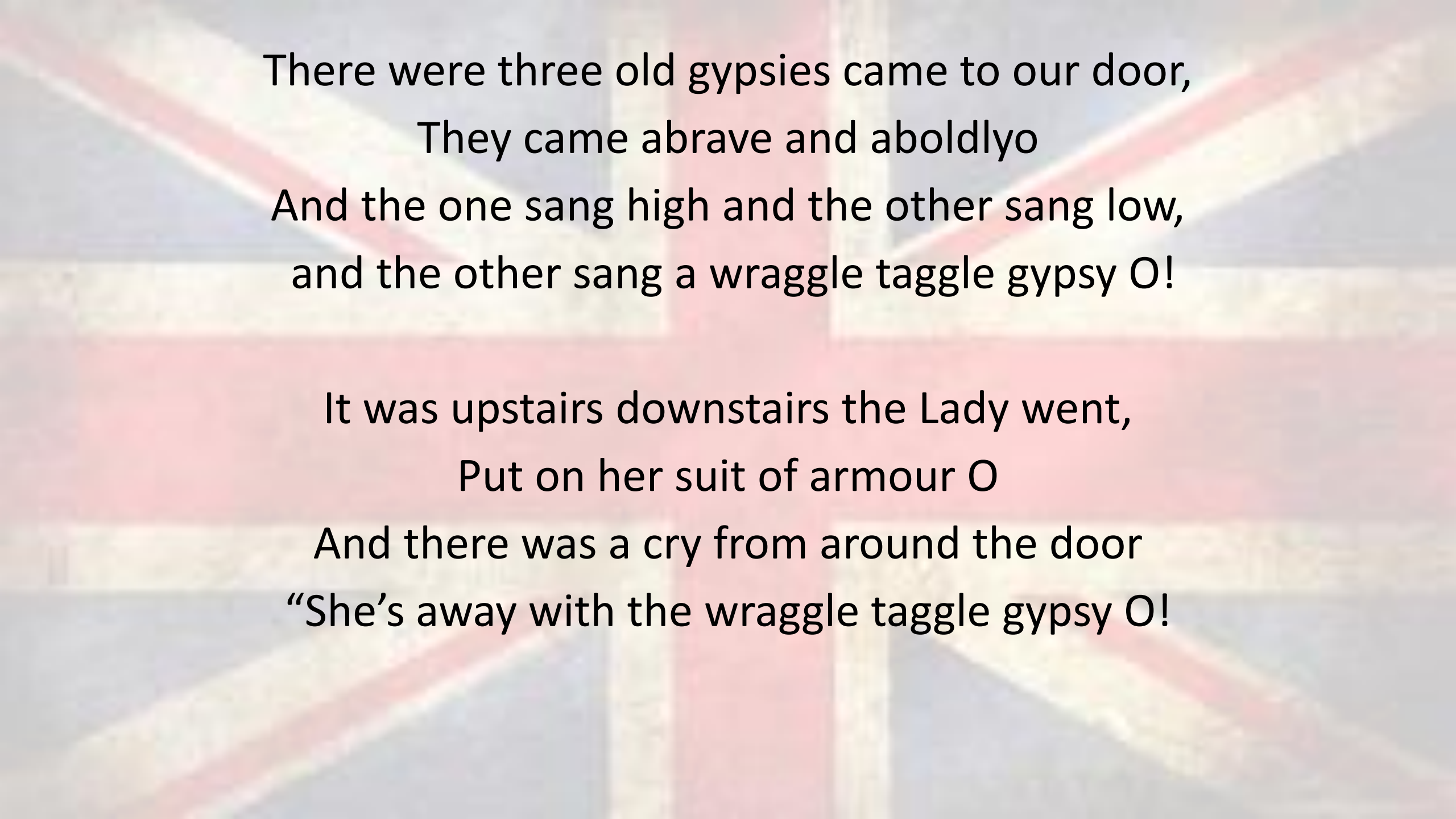
By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes,  
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond,  
Where me and my true love will never meet again  
On the bonnie bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.  
Oh Ye'll take the high road and I'll take the low road  
And I'll be in Scotland before ye,  
But me and my true love will never meet again  
On the bonnie bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.



Speed bonnie boat like a bird on the wing,  
“Onward!” the sailors cry,  
Carry the lad that’s born to be King,  
Over the sea to Skye,  
Loud the wind howls, loud the waves roar,  
Thunderclaps rend the air,  
Baffled our foes stand by the shore,  
Follow they will not dare,  
Speed bonnie boat like a bird on the wing,  
“Onward!” the sailors cry,  
Carry the lad that’s born to be King,  
Over the sea to Skye.




In Dublin's fair city where girls are so pretty  
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone,  
As she wheeled her wheelbarrow  
Through streets broad and narrow  
Crying "Cockles and Mussels alive, alive O!  
Alive, alive O, alive, alive O!"  
Crying "Cockles and Mussels alive, alive O!"



There were three old gypsies came to our door,  
They came a brave and a boldlyo  
And the one sang high and the other sang low,  
and the other sang a wraggle taggle gypsy O!

It was upstairs downstairs the Lady went,  
Put on her suit of armour O  
And there was a cry from around the door  
“She’s away with the wraggle taggle gypsy O!





It was late that night when the Lord came in  
Inquiring for his Lady O  
And the servant girl she said to the Lord  
“She’s away with the wraggle taggle gypsy O!

Welsh:

Nid w'yn gofyn bywyd moethus  
Au'r y byd n'ai berlau man  
Gofyn wy'f am gallon hapus  
Calon onest calon lan

Calon lan yn llawn daioni  
Tecach yw na'r lili dlos  
Dim ond calon lan all ganu  
Canu'r dydd a chanu'r nos.

*Phonetics:*

*Nid oin go vin bough wid moyth iss  
Ay'rr er bead nye berr lie marn  
Govin royf am gal on hapiss  
Ka lon onest, ka lon larn*

*Ka lon larn un llawn dye oe'r knee  
Tek a hugh narr lily'd lorse  
Dim ond Ka lon larn ahll ganny  
Canny'rr deethe ar channy'rr norse.*