



Over The Hills

Young Voices 2023

Over the hills

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.

Sweet lass of Richmond Hill

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,
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill, I'd crowns resign to call her mine,
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill.

Charlie is my darling

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

Charlie is my darling, my darling, my darling,
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.

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

Loch Lomond

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.

The Skye boat song

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.

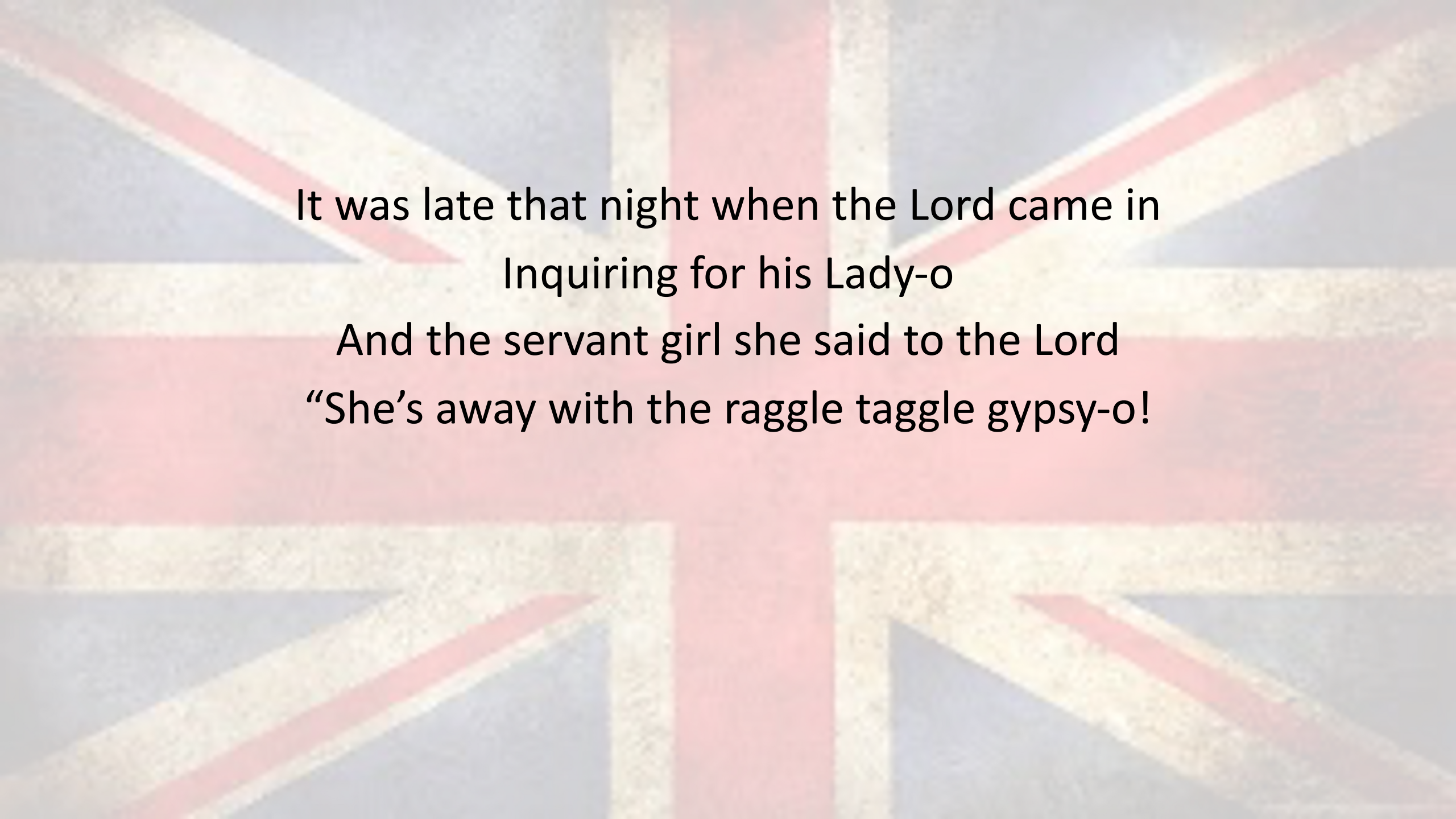
Cockles and mussels

In Dublin's fair city where the 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!"

Raggle taggle gypsy

There were three old gypsies came to our door,
They came a-brave and a-boldly-o
And the one sang high and the other sang low,
and the other sang a raggle taggle gypsy-o!

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

Calon Lân

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.

Calon Lân

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.
(repeat)*