

On Richmond Hill There Lives a Lass

Text by an anonymous poet [Br]

Set by *James Hook* (1746–1827) [Br]

Verse One

On Richmond Hill there lives a lass
[ɑn 'rɪtʃ.mənd hɪl ðeə lɪvz ʌ læz]

More bright then May-day morn,
[mɔə braɪt ðen 'meɪ.deɪ mɔən]

Whose charms all other maids surpass,
A rose without a thorn.

Refrain

This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,
Has won my right good will,
I'd crowns resign to call thee mine,
Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill.

Verse Two

Ye Zephyrs gay that fan the air
And wanton thro' the grove,
Oh whisper to the charming fair
I die for her I love.

Refrain

This lass so neat...

Verse Three

How happy will that shepherd be
Who calls this nymph his own,
Oh may her choice be fix'd on me;
Mine's fix'd on her alone...

The entire text to this title with the complete
IPA transcription is available for download.

Thank you!

