

ABOVE A PLAIN

Above a plain of gold and green,
A young boy's head is plainly seen.

Chorus: Hu-ya, hu-ya, hu-ya, ya,
Swiftly flowing water,
hu-ya, hu-ya, hu-ya, ya
Swiftly flowing Labe.

But no, 'tis not his lifting head,
'Tis Ifca's castle spires instead.

For our pleasure it was made,
This gray old building deep in shade.