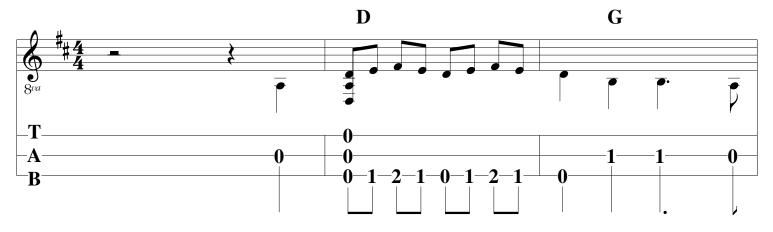
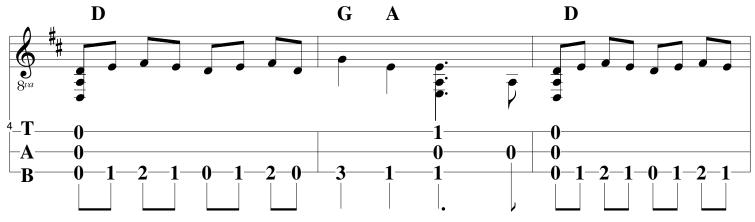
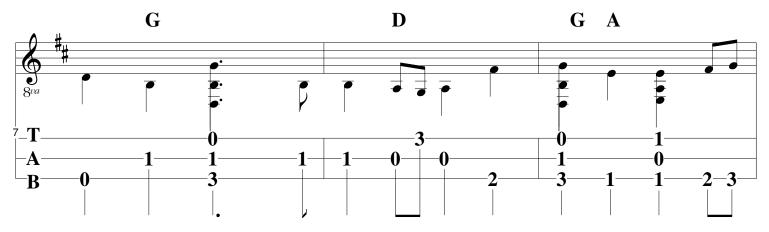
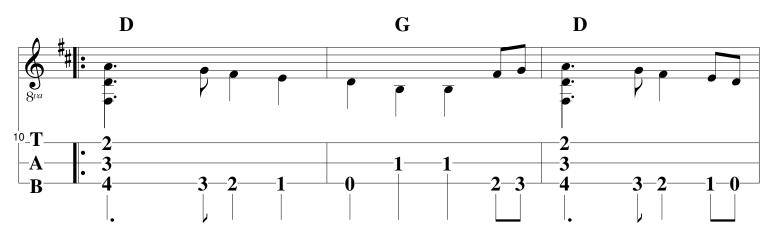
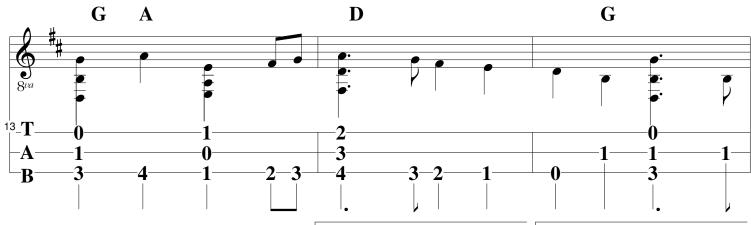
Over the Hills and Far Away - DAd English 1700's

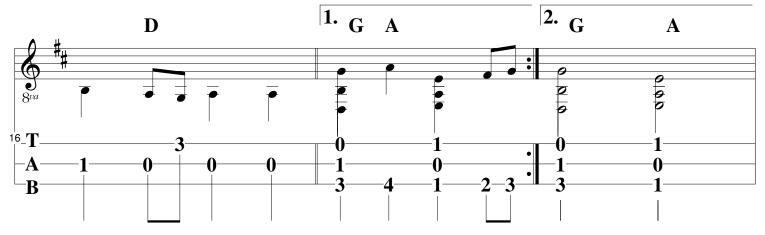


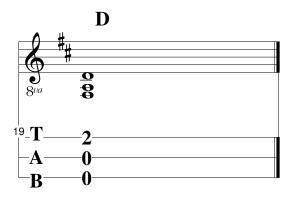












This tune was published in Thomas D'Urfey's Pills to Purge Melancholy (Originally in 1706). It appeared in The Recruiting Officer, a comedy by George Farquhar and in John Gay's The Beggar's Opera (1728). According to one source the tune is an older air whose origin is unknown. Another sources states the original air was Jockey's Lamentation or Jockey met with Jenny fair.

There are many sets of lyrics, the first set below seems a conglomeration of those that were sung in The Recruiting Officer and The Beggar's Opera. In addition, John Tams wrote some new lyrics when the song was used in the British TV Series about Richard Sharpe (which are not included here due to copyright concerns - though you can find them on the various web sites devoted to the series and its star Sean Bean).

Note to vocalists: The words in the verse match the quarter beats better than the eighth note beats in A-Part; second time through chorus is instrumental

Hark! now the Drums beat up again, For all true Soldiers Gentlemen, Then let us list, and march I say, Over the Hills and far away;

Here's Forty Shillings on the Drum, For those that Volunteers do come, With Shirts, and Cloaths, and present Pay, When o'er the Hills and far away; (Chorus) Over the Hills, &c.

The Constables they search about, To find such brisk young Fellows out; Then let's be Volunteers I say, Over the Hills and far away; (Chorus) Over the Hills, &c..

No more from sound of Drum retreat, While Marlborough, and Gallaway beat, The French and Spaniards every Day, When o'er the Hills and far away; (Chorus) Over the Hills, &c.

What tho' our Friends our Absense mourn, We all with Honour shall return, And then we'll sing both Night and Day, Over the Hills and far away; (Chorus) Over the Hills, &c.

Over Rivers, Bogs, and Springs, We all shall live as great as Kings, And Plunder get both Night and Day, When o'er the Hills and far away; (Chorus) Over the Hills, &c.

Come on then Boys and you shall see, We every one shall Captains be, To Whore and rant as well as they, When o'er the Hills and far away; (Chorus) Over the Hills, &c. Chorus: Over the Hills and o'er the Main, To Flanders, Portugal and Spain, Queen Ann commands, and we'll obey, Over the Hills and far away.

Hear that brave Boys, and let us go, Or else we shall be prest you know; Then list and enter into Pay, And o'er the Hills and far away; (Chorus) Over the Hills, &c.

Since now the French so low are brought, And Wealth and Honour's to be got, Who then behind wou'd sneaking stay? When o'er the Hills and far away; (Chorus) Over the Hills, &c..

He that is forc'd to go and fight, Will never get true Honour by't, While Volunteers shall win the Day, When o'er the Hills and far away; (Chorus) Over the Hills, &c.

The[n] Prentice Tom he may refuse, To wipe his angry Master's Shoes; For then he's free to sing and play, Over the Hills and far away; (Chorus) Over the Hills, &c.

We then shall lead more happy Lives, By getting rid of Brats and Wives, That Scold on both Night and Day, When o'er the Hills and far away; (Chorus) Over the Hills, &c.

For if we go 'tis one to Ten, But we return all Gentlemen, All Gentlemen as well as they, When o'er the Hills and far away; (Chorus) Over the Hills, &c.

Here's an American version of the song that was popular in Maryland around 1754

Over the Hills with Heart we go, To fight the proud insulting foe, Our country calls and we'll obey, Over the Hills and far away. Chorus Over the Mountains dreary waste, To meet the enemy we haste, Our King commands and we'll obey Over the Hills and far away. Whoe'er is bold, whoe'er is free, Will join and come along with me, To drive the French without delay Over the Hills and far away.

On fair Ohio's Banks we stand, Musket and bayonet in hand, The French are beat, they dare not stay, But take to their heels, and run away. Chorus Over the rocks and over the steep, Over the waters, wide and deep, We'll drive the French without delay, Over the Hills and far away.

Chorus

Over the rocks and over the steep, Over the waters, wide and deep, We'll drive the French without delay Over the Hills and far away.