

Over the Hills and Far Away

by George Farquhar, for his play *The Recruiting Officer* from 1706:

Our 'prentice Tom may now refuse
To wipe his scoundrel Master's Shoes,
For now he's free to sing and
play Over the Hills and far away.

Chorus: *Over the Hills and O'er the Main, To Flanders, Portugal and Spain, The queen commands and we'll obey Over the Hills and far away.*

We all shall lead more happy lives
By getting rid of brats and wives
That scold and bawl both night and
day - Over the Hills and far away.

[Chorus]

Courage, boys, 'tis one to ten,
But we return all gentlemen
All gentlemen as well as they,
Over the hills and far away.

[Chorus]

by John Gay's, in *The Beggar's Opera* from 1728:

MacHeath: Were I laid on Greenland's coast,
And in my arms embrac'd my lass;
Warm amidst eternal frost,
Too soon the half year's night would pass.

Chorus: *And I would love you all the day. Ev'ry night would kiss and play, If with me you'd fondly stray Over the hills and far away.*

Polly: Were I sold on Indian soil,
Soon as the burning day was clos'd,
I could mock the sultry toil
When on my charmer's breast repos'd.

[Chorus]

Duet: Were I laid on Greenland's coast,
And in my arms embrac'd my lass;
Warm amidst eternal frost,
Too soon the half year's night would pass.

[Chorus]

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