

## **Over The Hills and Far Away**

Here's forty shillings on the drum  
For those who'll volunteer to come  
To 'list and fight the foe today.  
Over the hills and far away.

*O'er the hills and o'er the main.  
Through Flanders, Portugal and Spain.  
King George commands and we obey.  
Over the hills and far away.*

When duty calls me I must go  
To stand and face another foe.  
But part of me will always stray  
Over the hills and far away.

*(Chorus)*

If I should fall to rise no more,  
As many comrades did before,  
Then ask the fifes and drums to play.  
Over the hills and far away.

*(Chorus)*

Then fall in lads behind the drum,  
With colours blazing like the sun.  
Along the road to come-what may.  
Over the hills and far away.