Over the Hills and Far Away

Over the Hills and Far Away
(John Gay)

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.

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.

Cho:
And I would love you all the Day,
Every night would kiss and play,
If with me you'd fondly stray,
Over the hills and far away.

from Beggar's Opera
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