

O'er the Hills Far Away

Text by *Francis Hopkinson* (1737-1791) [Am]

Set by *Francis Hopkinson* (1737-1791) [Am]

O'er **the** **Hills** **far** **away,**
[ɔɹ ðʌ hɪlz fɑɹ ə.'weɪ]

at **the** **Birth** **of** **the** **Morn,**
[æt ðʌ bɜθ ɔv ðʌ mɔɹn]

I hear the full Tone
of the sweet sounding Horn.
The Sportsmen with shouting
all hail the new Day,
And swift run the Hounds
o'er the Hills far away.

Across the deep Valley
their Course they pursue,
And rush thro' the Thickets
yet silver'd with Due (Dew);
Nor Fences nor Ditches
their Speed can delay,
Still sounds the sweet Horn
o'er the Hills far away.

The entire text to this title with the complete
IPA transcription is available for download.

Thank you!

