

Billy Boyd, Hobbit Drinking Song (The Whole Song)

Chorus:

Hey, ho, to the bottle I go,
To heal my heart and drown my woe!
Rain may fall and wind may blow,
But there still beeeeeee many miles to go!

Sweet is the sound of the pouring rain,
And stream that falls from hill to plain!
Better than rain or rippling brook,
Is a mug of beer inside this Took!

Strange and dark is the world outside,
But in the pub we've naught to hide!
With lots of ale, and barley wine,
This evenin' is surpassin' fine!

Harvest's in and cold without,
An' hobbits strong are hobbits stout!
Naught to fear, and naught to think,
For hobbits nowwww have ale to drink!

(chorus)

The Shire lays right down to sleep,
In slumber long and slumber deep!
Hushed be hobbit lass and lad,
With faces plump and faces glad!

A land of peace and a hobbit hole
And in a pouch a pipeweed roll!
Never falter, never fear,
For the Shire will always be here!

(chorus twice)