

Rivendell, Misty Mountains

Far over the misty mountains cold
To dungeons deep and caverns old
We must away ere break of day
To seek the pale enchanted gold
The dwarves of yore made mighty spells
While hammers fell like ringing bells
In places deep, where dark things sleep
In hollow halls beneath the fells

For ancient king and elvish lord
There many a gleaming golden hoard
They shaped and wrought, and light they caught
To hide in gems on hilt of sword
On silver necklaces they strung
The flowering stars, on crowns they hung
The dragon-fire, in twisted wire
They meshed the light of moon and sun
Far over the misty mountains cold
To dungeons deep and caverns old
We must away, ere break of day
To claim our long-forgotten gold

Goblets they carved there for themselves
And harps of gold; where no man delves
There lay they long, and many a song
Was sung unheard by men or elves
The pines were roaring on the height
(The pines were roaring on the height)
The winds were moaning in the night
The fire was red, it flaming spread
(The fire was red, it flaming spread)
The trees like torches blazed with light
The bells were ringing in the dale
(The bells were ringing in the dale)
And men looked up with faces pale
The dragon's ire more fierce than fire
(The dragon's ire more fierce than fire)
Laid low their towers and houses frail

The mountain smoked beneath the moon
(The mountain smoked beneath the moon)
The dwarves, they heard the tramp of doom
They fled their hall to dying fall
(They fled their hall to dying fall)
Beneath his feet, beneath the moon

Far over the misty mountains grim
To dungeons deep and caverns dim
We must away, ere break of day
To win our harps and gold from him!

The pines were roaring on the height
(The pines were roaring on the height)
The winds were moaning in the night
The fire was red, it flaming spread
(The fire was red, it flaming spread)
The trees like torches blazed with light
The bells were ringing in the dale
(The bells were ringing in the dale)
And men looked up with faces pale
The dragon's ire more fierce than fire
(The dragon's ire more fierce than fire)
Laid low their towers and houses frail

(Originally named "Dwarven Song About Old Wealth" by Tolkien)