

# 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 &quot;Dwarven Song About Old Wealth&quot; by Tolkien)