



# Index:

<b>Elven Songs</b>	<b>3-14</b>
Hymn to Elbereth	3
Song of Nimrodel	3
Song of Beren and Lúthien	5
Song of Lorien	7
Namárië (Farewell)	8
Down in the Valley	9
Down the Swift Dark Stream You Go	11
Elven Lullaby	12
Song of the Sea	12
Into the West*	13
May it Be*	14
<b>Dwarven Songs</b>	<b>15-19</b>
Song of Durin	15
Song of the Lonely Mountain	16
Song of Erebor	17
The Wind Was on the Withered Heath	18
Blunt the Knives**	19
<b>Songs of Men</b>	<b>20-23</b>
Lament for Boromir	20
Song of Gondor	21
Lament for the Rohirrim	21
The Song of the Great Ride into the East	21
Song of the Mounds of Mundburg	22
Song of Lebennin	22
A Shadow Lies Between Us*	23
The King Beneath the Mountains	23
<b>Entish Songs</b>	<b>24-25</b>
The Long List of the Ents	24
The Marching Song of the Ents	24
Bregalad's Song	24
The Ent and the Entwife	25

<b>Hobbitish Songs</b>	<b>26-30</b>
To the Bottle I Go	26
The Green Dragon*	26
Rhyme of the Troll	26
Farewell Song	28
Oliphaunt	28
Lament for Gandalf	29
Hobbit's Battle Song	30
Journey's End*	30
<b>Bilbo's Songs</b>	<b>31-40</b>
The Road Goes Ever On**	31
The Man in the Moon Stayed Up Too Late	32
Walking Song	34
Bath Song	35
Old Fat Spider	35
I Sit Beside the Fire and Think	36
Song of Eärendil	37
Bilbo's Last Song*	40
<b>Other Songs</b>	<b>41-46</b>
Gollum's Song**	41
Hey Dol! Merry Dol!	42
Tom Bombadil's Song	43
Wight's Chant	43
In Dwimordene	43
Down in Goblin Town**	44
Fifteen Birds in Five Fir-Trees	46

\* Song originates from a non-canon adaptation

\*\* Song contains verses from various adaptations

# Elven Songs

## Hymn to Elbereth

Snow-white! Snow-white! O Lady clear!  
O Queen beyond the Western Seas!  
O light to us that wander here  
Amid the world of woven trees!

Gilthoniel! O Elbereth!  
Clear are thy eyes and bright thy breath!  
Snow-white! Snow-white! We sing to thee  
In a far land beyond the sea.

O Stars that in the Sunless Year  
With shining hand by her were sown,  
In windy fields now bright and clear  
We see you silver blossom blown!

O Elbereth! Gilthoniel!  
We still remember, we who dwell  
In this far land beneath the trees,  
Thy starlight on the Western Seas.

## Song of Nimrodel

An Elven-maid there was of old,  
A shining star by day:  
Her mantle white was hemmed with gold,  
Her shoes of silver-grey.

A star was bound upon her brows,  
A light was on her hair  
As sun upon the golden boughs  
In Lórien the fair.

Her hair was long, her limbs were white,  
And fair she was and free;  
And in the wind she went as light  
As leaf of linden-tree.

Beside the falls of Nimrodel,  
By water clear and cool,  
Her voice as falling silver fell  
Into the shining pool.

Where now she wanders none can tell,  
In sunlight or in shade;  
For lost of yore was Nimrodel  
And in the mountains strayed.

The elven-ship in haven grey  
Beneath the mountain-lee  
Awaited her for many a day  
Beside the roaring sea.

A wind by night in Northern lands  
Arose, and loud it cried,  
And drove the ship from elven-strands  
Across the streaming tide.

When dawn came dim the land was lost,  
The mountains sinking grey  
Beyond the heaving waves that tossed  
Their plumes of blinding spray.

Amroth beheld the fading shore  
Now low beyond the swell,  
And cursed the faithless ship that bore  
Him far from Nimrodel.

Of old he was an Elven-king,  
A lord of tree and glen,  
When golden were the boughs in spring  
In fair Lothlórien.

From helm to sea they saw him leap,  
As arrow from the string,  
And dive into the water deep,  
As mew upon the wing.

The wind was in his flowing hair,  
The foam about him shone;  
Afar they saw him strong and fair  
Go riding like a swan.

But from the West has come no word,  
And on the Hither Shore  
No tidings Elven-folk have heard  
Of Amroth evermore.

### **Song of Beren and Lúthien**

The leaves were long, the grass was green,  
The hemlock-umbels tall and fair,  
And in the glade a light was seen  
Of stars in shadow shimmering.  
Tinúviel was dancing there  
To music of a pipe unseen,  
And light of stars was in her hair,  
And in her raiment glimmering.

There Beren came from mountains cold,  
And lost he wandered under leaves,  
And where the Elven-river rolled  
He walked alone and sorrowing.  
He peered between the hemlock-leaves  
And saw in wonder flowers of gold  
Upon her mantle and her sleeves,  
And her hair like shadow following.

Enchantment healed his weary feet  
That over hills were doomed to roam;  
And forth he hastened, strong and fleet,  
And grasped at moonbeams glistening.  
Through woven woods in Elvenhome  
She lightly fled on dancing feet,  
And left him lonely still to roam  
In the silent forest listening.

He heard there oft the flying sound  
Of feet as light as linden-leaves,  
Or music welling underground,  
In hidden hollows quavering.  
Now withered lay the hemlock-sheaves,  
And one by one with sighing sound  
Whispering fell the beechen leaves  
In the wintry woodland wavering.

He sought her ever, wandering far  
Where leaves of years were thickly strewn,  
By light of moon and ray of star  
In frosty heavens shivering.  
Her mantle glinted in the moon,  
As on a hilltop high and far  
She danced, and at her feet was strewn  
A mist of silver quivering.

When winter passed, she came again,  
And her song released the sudden spring,  
Like rising lark, and falling rain,  
And melting water bubbling.  
He saw the elven-flowers spring  
About her feet, and healed again  
He longed by her to dance and sing  
Upon the grass untroubling.

Again she fled, but swift he came.  
Tinúviel! Tinúviel!  
He called her by her elvish name,  
And there she halted listening.  
One moment stood she, and a spell  
His voice laid on her: Beren came,  
And doom fell on Tinúviel  
That in his arms lay glistening.

As Beren looked into her eyes  
Within the shadows of her hair,  
The trembling starlight of the skies  
He saw there mirrored shimmering.  
Tinúviel the elven-fair,  
Immortal maiden elven-wise,  
About him cast her shadowy hair  
And arms like silver glimmering.

Long was the way that fate them bore,  
O'er stony mountains cold and grey,  
Through halls of iron and darkling door,  
And woods of nightshade morrowless.  
The Sundering Seas between them lay,  
And yet at last they met once more,  
And long ago they passed away  
In the forest singing sorrowless.

### **Song of Lorien**

I sang of leaves, of leaves of gold, and leaves of gold there grew:  
Of wind i sang, a wind there came, and in the branches blew.  
Beyond the Sun, beyond the Moon, the foam was on the Sea,  
And by the strands of Ilmarin there grew a golden tree.  
Beneath the stars of Ever-eve in Eldamar it shown,  
In Eldamar beside the walls of Elven Tirion.  
There long the golden leaves have grown upon the branching years,  
While here beyond the Sundering Seas now fall the Even-tears.  
O Lorien! The Winter comes, the bare and leafless Day;  
The leaves are falling in the stream, the River flows away.  
O Lorien! Too long I have dwelt upon this Hither Shore  
And in a fading crown have twined the golden elanor.  
But if of ships I now should sing, what ship would come to me,  
What ship would bear me ever back across so wide a Sea?

## **Namárië (Farewell)**

Ai! laurië lantar lassi súrinen,  
yéni únótimë ve rámar aldaron!  
Yéni ve lintë yuldar avánier  
mi oromardi lisse-miruvóreva  
Andúnë pella, Vardo tellumar  
nu luini yassen tintilar i eleni  
ómaryo airetári-lírinen.

Sí man i yulma nin enquantuva?

An sí Tintallë Varda Oiolossëo  
ve fanyar máryat Elentári ortanë,  
ar ilyë tier undulávë lumbulë;  
ar sindanóriello caita mornië  
i falmalinnar imbë met, ar hísíë  
untúpa Calaciryó míri oialë.  
Sí vanwa ná, Rómello vanwa, Valimar!

Namárië! Nai hiruvalyë Valimar.  
Nai elyë hiruva. Namárië!

(Ah! like gold fall the leaves in the wind,  
long years numberless as the wings of trees!  
The years have passed like swift draughts  
of the sweet mead in lofty halls beyond the West,  
beneath the blue vaults of Varda  
wherein the stars tremble in the song of her voice, holy and queenly.

Who now shall refill the cup for me?

For now the Kindler, Varda, the Queen of the Stars,  
from Mount Everwhite has uplifted her hands like clouds,  
and all paths are drowned deep in shadow;  
and out of a grey country darkness lies on the foaming waves between us,  
and mist covers the jewels of Calaciryá for ever.  
Now lost, lost to those from the East is Valimar!

Farewell! Maybe thou shalt find Valimar.)

## **Down in the Valley**

O! What are you doing,  
And where are you going?  
Your ponies need shoeing!  
The river is flowing!  
O! tra-la-la-lally  
Here down in the valley!

O! What are you seeking,  
And where are you making?  
The faggots are reeking,  
The bannocks are baking!  
O! tril-lil-lil-lolly  
The valley is jolly,  
Ha! Ha!

O! Where are you going  
With beards all a-wagging?  
No knowing, no knowing  
What brings Mister Baggins,  
And Balin and Dwalin  
Down into the valley  
In June  
Ha! Ha!

O! Will you be staying,  
Or will you be flying?  
Your ponies are straying!  
The daylight is dying!

To fly would be folly,  
To stay would be jolly  
And listen and hark  
Till the end of the dark  
To our tune  
Ha! Ha!

The dragon is withered,  
His bones are now crumbled;  
His armour is shivered,  
His splendour is humbled!  
Though sword shall be rusted,

And throne and crown perish  
With strength that men trusted  
And wealth that they cherish,  
Here grass is still growing,  
And leaves are yet swinging,  
The white water flowing,  
And elves are yet singing  
Come! Tra-la-la-lally!  
Come back to the valley!

The stars are far brighter  
Than gems without measure,  
The moon is far whiter  
Than silver in treasure:  
The fire is more shining  
On hearth in the gloaming  
Than gold won by mining,  
So why go a-roaming?  
O! Tra-la-la-lally  
Come back to the Valley.

O! Where are you going,  
So late in returning?  
The river is flowing,  
The stars are all burning!  
O! Whither so laden,  
So sad and so dreary?  
Here elf and elf-maiden  
Now welcome the weary  
With Tra-la-la-lally  
Come back to the Valley,  
Tra-la-la-lally  
Fa-la-la-lally  
Fa-la!

## **Down the Swift Dark Stream You Go**

Roll-roll-roll-roll,  
roll-roll-rolling down the hole!  
Heave ho! Splash plump!  
Down they go, down they bump!  
Down the swift dark stream you go  
Back to lands you once did know!  
Leave the halls and caverns deep,  
Leave the northern mountains steep,  
Where the forest wide and dim  
Stoops in shadow grey and grim!  
Float beyond the world of trees  
Out into the whispering breeze,  
Past the rushes, past the reeds,  
Past the marsh's waving weeds,  
Through the mist that riseth white  
Up from mere and pool at night!  
Follow, follow stars that leap  
Up the heavens cold and steep;  
Turn when dawn comes over land  
Over rapid, Over sand,  
South away! And South away!  
Seek the sunlight and the day,  
Back to pasture, back to mead,  
Where the kine and oxen feed!  
Back to gardens on the hills  
Where the berry swells and fills  
Under sunlight, under day!  
South away! and South away!  
Down the swift dark stream you go  
Back to lands you once did know!

## **Elven Lullaby**

Sing all ye joyful, now sing all together?  
The wind's in the tree-top, the wind's in the heather;  
The stars are in blossom, the moon is in flower,  
And bright are the windows of Night in her tower.

Dance all ye joyful, now dance all together!  
Soft is the grass, and let foot be like feather!  
The river is silver, the shadows are fleeting;  
Merry is May-time, and merry our meeting.

Sing we now softly, and dreams let us weave him!  
Wind him in slumber and there let us leave him!  
The wanderer sleepeth. Now soft be his pillow!  
Lullaby! Lullaby! Alder and Willow!

Sigh no more Pine, till the wind of the morn!  
Fall Moon! Dark be the land!  
Hush! Hush! Oak, Ash, and Thorn!  
Hushed be all water, till dawn is at hand!

## **Song of the Sea**

To the Sea, to the Sea! The white gulls are crying,  
The wind is blowing, and the white foam is flying.  
West, west away, the round sun is falling.  
Grey ship, grey ship, do you hear them calling,  
The voices of my people that have gone before me?  
I will leave, I will leave the woods that bore me;  
For our days are ending and our years failing.  
I will pass the wide waters lonely sailing.  
Long are the waves on the Last Shore falling,  
Sweet are the voices in the Lost Isle calling,  
In Eressëa, in Elvenhome that no man can discover,  
Where the leaves fall not: land of my people for ever!

## **Into the West\***

Lay down,  
your sweet and weary head.  
Night is falling,  
You have come to journey's end.

Sleep now, and dream  
of ones who came before.  
They are calling,  
from across the distant shore.

Why do you weep?  
What are these tears upon your face?  
Soon you will see,  
All of your fears will pass away  
Safe in my arms,  
you're only sleeping.

What can you see,  
on the horizon?  
Why do the white gulls call?  
Across the sea,  
a pale moon rises.  
The ships have come  
to carry you home.  
And all will turn  
to silver glass.  
A light on the water,  
All souls pass.

Hope fades,  
Into the world of night.  
Through shadows falling,  
Out of memory and time.

Don't say,  
We have come now to the end.  
White shores are calling.  
You and I will meet again.  
And you'll be here in my arms,  
Just sleeping.

What can you see,  
on the horizon?  
Why do the white gulls call?  
Across the sea,  
a pale moon rises.  
The ships have come  
to carry you home.

And all will turn  
to silver glass.  
A light on the water,  
Grey ships pass  
Into the West.

### **May it Be\***

May it be an evening star  
Shines down upon you  
May it be when darkness falls  
Your heart will be true  
You walk a lonely road  
Oh! How far you are from home

Mornie utúlië (darkness has come)  
Believe and you will find your way  
Mornie alantië (darkness has fallen)  
A promise lives within you now

May it be the shadows call  
Will fly away  
May it be your journey on  
To light the day  
When the night is overcome  
You may rise to find the sun

Mornie utúlië (darkness has come)  
Believe and you will find your way  
Mornie alantië (darkness has fallen)  
A promise lives within you now

A promise lives within you now

# Dwarven Songs

## Song of Durin

The world was young, the mountains green,  
No stain yet on the Moon was seen,  
No words were laid on stream or stone  
When Durin woke and walked alone.  
He named the nameless hills and dells;  
He drank from yet untasted wells;  
He stooped and looked in Mirrormere,  
And saw a crown of stars appear,  
As gems upon a silver thread,  
Above the shadows of his head.  
The world was fair, the mountains tall,  
In Elder Days before the fall  
Of mighty kings in Nargothrond  
And Gondolin, who now beyond  
The Western Seas have passed away:  
The world was fair in Durin's Day.  
A king he was on carven throne  
In many-pillared halls of stone  
With golden roof and silver floor,  
And runes of power upon the door.  
The light of sun and star and moon  
In shining lamps of crystal hewn  
Undimmed by cloud or shade of night  
There shone for ever fair and bright.  
There hammer on the anvil smote,  
There chisel clove, and graver wrote;  
There forged was blade, and bound was hilt;  
The delver mined, the mason built.  
There beryl, pearl, and opal pale,  
And metal wrought like fishes' mail,  
Buckler and corslet, axe and sword,  
And shining spears were laid in hoard.  
Unwearied then were Durin's folk;  
Beneath the mountains music woke:  
The harpers harped, the minstrels sang,  
And at the gates the trumpets rang.

The world is grey, the mountains old,  
The forge's fire is ashen-cold;  
No harp is wrung, no hammer falls:  
The darkness dwells in Durin's halls;  
The shadow lies upon his tomb  
In Moria, in Khazad-dûm.  
But still the sunken stars appear  
In dark and windless Mirrormere;  
There lies his crown in water deep,  
Till Durin wakes again from sleep.

### **Song of the Lonely Mountain**

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 winds were moaning in the night.  
The fire was red, it flaming spread;  
The trees like torches blazed with light.

The bells were ringing in the dale  
And men they looked up with faces pale;  
The dragon's ire more fierce than fire  
Laid low their towers and houses frail.

The mountain smoked beneath the moon;  
The dwarves they heard the tramp of doom.  
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!

### **Song of Erebor**

Under the Mountain dark and tall  
The King has come unto his hall!  
His foe is dead, the Worm of Dread,  
And ever so his foes shall fall.

The sword is sharp, the spear is long,  
The arrow swift, the Gate is strong;  
The heart is bold that looks on gold;  
The dwarves no more shall suffer wrong.

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.

On silver necklaces they strung  
The light of stars, on crowns they hung  
The dragon-fire, from twisted wire  
The melody of harps they wrung.

The mountain throne once more is freed!  
O! wandering folk, the summons heed!  
Come haste! Come haste! across the waste!  
The king of friend and kin has need.

Now call we over the mountains cold,  
'Come back unto the caverns old!'  
Here at the Gates the king awaits,  
His hands are rich with gems and gold.

The king is come unto his hall  
Under the Mountain dark and tall.  
The Worm of Dread is slain and dead,  
And ever so our foes shall fall!

### **The Wind Was on the Withered Heath**

The wind was on the withered heath,  
but in the forest stirred no leaf:  
there shadows lay be night or day,  
and dark things silent crept beneath.  
The wind came down from mountains cold,  
and like a tide it roared and rolled;  
the branches groaned, the forest moaned,  
and leaves were laid upon the mould.

The wind went on from West to East;  
all movement in the forest ceased,  
but shrill and harsh across the marsh  
its whistling voices were released.

The grasses hissed, their tassels bent,  
the reeds were rattling--on it went  
o'er shaken pool under heavens cool  
where racing clouds were torn and rent.

It passed the Lonely Mountain bare  
and swept above the dragon's lair:  
there black and dark lay boulders stark  
and flying smoke was in the air.

It left the world and took its flight  
over the wide seas of the night.  
The moon set sail upon the gale,  
and stars were fanned to leaping light.

### **Blunt the Knives\*\***

Chip the glasses and crack the plates!  
Blunt the knives and bend the forks!  
That's what Bilbo Baggins hates-  
Smash the bottles and burn the corks!  
Cut the cloth and tread on the fat!  
Pour the milk on the pantry floor!  
Leave the bones on the bedroom mat!  
Splash the wine on every door!  
Dump the crocks in a boiling bowl;  
Pound them up with a thumping pole;  
And when you've finished, if any are whole,  
Send them down the hall to roll!  
That's what Bilbo Baggins hates!  
So, carefully! carefully with the plates!

Blunt the knives, bend the forks  
Smash the bottles and burn the corks  
Chip the glasses and crack the plates  
That's what Bilbo Baggins hates!  
Cut the cloth, tread on the fat  
Leave the bones on the bedroom mat  
Pour the milk on the pantry floor  
Splash the wine on every door!  
Dump the crocks in a boiling bowl  
Pound them up with a thumping pole  
When you're finished, if they are whole  
Send them down the hall to roll  
That's what Bilbo Baggins hates!

# Songs of Men

## Lament for Boromir

Through Rohan over fen and field where the long grass grows  
The West Wind comes walking, and about the walls it goes.  
'What news from the West, O wandering wind, do you bring to me tonight?  
Have you seen Boromir the Tall by moon or by starlight?  
'I saw him ride over seven streams, over waters wide and grey,  
I saw him walk in empty lands until he passed away  
Into the shadows of the North, I saw him then no more.  
The North Wind may have heard the horn of the son of Denethor,  
'O Boromir! From the high walls westward I looked afar,  
But you came not from the empty lands where no men are.'

From the mouths of the Sea the South Wind flies, from the sandhills and the  
stones,  
The wailing of the gulls it bears, and at the gate it moans.  
'What news from the South, O sighing wind, do you bring to me at eve?  
Where now is Boromir the Fair? He tarries and I grieve.  
'Ask not of me where he doth dwell – so many bones there lie,  
On the white shores and the dark shores under the stormy sky,  
So many have passed down Anduin to find the flowing Sea.  
Ask of the North Wind news of them the North Wind sends to me!  
'O Boromir! Beyond the gate the seaward roads runs south,  
But you came not with the wailing gulls from the grey sea's mouth'.

From the Gate of the Kings the North Wind rides, and past the roaring falls,  
And clear and cold about the tower its loud horn calls.  
'What news from the North, O mighty wind, do you bring to me today?  
What news of Boromir the bold? For he is long away.'  
'Beneath Amon Hen I heard his cry. There many foes he fought,  
His cloven shield, his broken sword, they to the water brought.  
His head so proud, his face so fair, his limbs they laid to rest,  
And Rauros, golden Rauros-falls, bore him upon its breast.  
'O Boromir! The Tower of Guard shall ever northward gaze,  
To Rauros, golden Rauros-falls, until the end of days.

## **Song of Gondor**

Gondor! Gondor, between the Mountains and the Sea!  
West Wind blew there; the light upon the Silver Tree  
Fell like bright rain in gardens of the Kings of old.  
O proud walls! White towers! O winged crown and throne of gold!  
O Gondor, Gondor! Shall Men behold the Silver Tree,  
Or West Wind blow again between the Mountains and the Sea?

## **Lament for the Rohirrim**

Where now the horse and the rider? Where is the horn that was blowing?  
Where is the helm and the hauberk, and the bright hair flowing?  
Where is the hand on the harpstring, and the red fire glowing?  
Where is the spring and the harvest and the tall corn growing?  
They have passed like rain on the mountain, like a wind in the meadow;  
The days have gone down in the West behind the hills into shadow.  
Who shall gather the smoke of the dead wood burning,  
Or behold the flowing years from the Sea returning?

## **The Song of the Great Ride into the East**

From dark Dunharrow in the dim morning  
with thane and captain rode Thengel's son:  
to Edoras he came, the ancient halls  
of the Mark-wardens mist-enshrouded;  
golden timbers were in gloom mantled.  
Farewell he bade to his free people,  
hearth and high-seat, and the hallowed places,  
where long he had feasted ere the light faded.  
Forth rode the king, fear behind him,  
fate before him. Fealty kept he;  
oaths he had taken, all fulfilled them.  
Forth rode Théoden. Five nights and days  
east and onward rode the Eorlingas  
through Folde and Fenmarch and the Firienwood,  
six thousand spears to Sunlending,  
Mundburg the mighty under Mindolluin,  
Sea-kings' city in the South-kingdom  
foe-beleaguered, fire-encircled.  
Doom drove them on. Darkness took them,  
Horse and horseman; hoofbeats afar  
sank into silence: so the songs tell us.

## **Song of the Mounds of Mundburg**

We heard of the horns in the hills ringing,  
the swords shining in the South-kingdom,  
Steeds went striding to the Stoningland  
as wind in the morning. War was kindled.  
There Théoden fell, Thengling mighty,  
to his golden halls and green pastures  
in the Northern fields never returning,  
high lord of the host. Harding and Guthláf,  
Dúnhere and Déorwine, doughty Grimbald,  
Herefara and Herubrand, Horn and Fastred,  
fought and fell there in a far country:  
in the Mounds of Mundburg under mould they lie  
with their league-fellows, lords of Gondor.  
Neither Hirluin the Fair to the hills by the sea,  
nor Forlong the old to the flowering vales  
ever, to Arnach, to his own country  
returned in triumph; nor the tall bowmen,  
Derufin and Duilin, to their dark waters,  
meres of Morthond under mountain-shadows.  
Death in the morning and at day's ending  
lords took and lowly. Long now they sleep  
under grass in Gondor by the Great River  
Grey now as tears, gleaming silver,  
red then it rolled, roaring water:  
foam dyed with blood flamed at sunset;  
as beacons mountains burned at evening;  
red fell the dew in Rammas Echor.

## **Song of Lebennin**

Silver flow the streams from Celos to Erui  
In the green fields of Lebennin!  
Tall grows the grass there. In the wind from the Sea  
The white lilies sway,  
And the golden bells are shaken of mallos and alfirin 1  
In the green fields of Lebennin,  
In the wind from the Sea!

## **A Shadow Lies Between Us\***

With a sigh  
You turn away  
With a deepening heart  
No more words to say  
You will find  
That the world has changed  
Forever  
And the trees are now  
Turning from green to gold  
And the sun is now fading  
I wish I could hold you  
Closer  
Time and tide will sweep all away

## **The King Beneath the Mountains**

The King beneath the mountains,  
The King of carven stone,  
The lord of silver fountains  
Shall come into his own!

His crown shall be upholden,  
His harp shall be restrung,  
His halls shall echo golden  
To songs of yore re-sung.

The woods shall wave on mountains  
And grass beneath the sun;  
His wealth shall flow in fountains  
And the rivers golden run.  
The streams shall run in gladness,  
The lakes shall shine and burn,  
All sorrow fail and sadness  
At the Mountain-king's return!

# Entish Songs

## The Long List of the Ents

Learn now the Lore of Living Creatures!

First name the five, the free peoples:

Eldest of all, the elf-children;

Dwarf the delver, dark are his houses;

Ents the earthborn, old as mountains, the wide walkers, water drinking;

and hungry as hunters, the Hobbit children, the laughing-folk, the little people;

Man the mortal, master of horses:

Beaver the builder, buck the leaper,

Bear bee-hunter, boar the fighter;

Hound is hungry, hare is fearful,

Eagle in eyrie, ox in pasture,

Hart horn-crownéd; hawk is swiftest,

Swan the whitest, serpent coldest...

## The Marching Song of the Ents

We come, we come with roll of drum: ta-runda runda runda rom!

We come, we come with horn and drum: ta-rūna rūna rūna rom!

To Isengard! Though Isengard be ringed and barred with doors of stone;

Though Isengard be strong and hard, as cold as stone and bare as bone,

We go, we go, we go to war, to hew the stone and break the door;

For bole and bough are burning now, the furnace roars - we go to war!

To land of gloom with tramp of doom, with roll of drum, we come, we come;

To Isengard with doom we come!

With doom we come, with doom we come!

## Bregalad's Song

O Orofarnë, Lassemistä, Carnimirië!

O rowan fair, upon your hair how white the blossom lay!

O rowan mine, I saw you shine upon a summer's day,

Your rind so bright, your leaves so light, your voice so cool and soft:

Upon your head how golden-red the crown you bore aloft!

O rowan dead, upon your head your hair is dry and grey;

Your crown is spilled, your voice is stilled for ever and a day.

O Orofarnë, Lassemistä, Carnimirië!

## **The Ent and the Entwife**

Ent:

When Spring unfolds the beechen leaf, and sap is in the bough;  
When light is on the wild-wood stream, and wind is on the brow;  
When stride is long, and breath is deep, and keen the mountain-air,  
Come back to me! Come back to me, and say my land is fair!

Entwife:

When Spring is come to garth and field, and corn is in the blade;  
When blossom like a shining snow is on the orchard laid;  
When shower and Sun upon the Earth with fragrance fill the air,  
I'll linger here, and will not come, because my land is fair.

Ent:

When Summer lies upon the world, and in a noon of gold  
Beneath the roof of sleeping leaves the dreams of trees unfold;  
When woodland halls are green and cool, and wind is in the West,  
Come back to me! Come back to me, and say my land is best!

Entwife:

When Summer warms the hanging fruit and burns the berry brown;  
When Straw is gold, and ear is white, and harvest comes to town;  
When honey spills, and apple swells, though wind be in the West,  
I'll linger here beneath the Sun, because my land is best!

Ent:

When Winter comes, the winter wild that hill and wood shall slay;  
When trees shall fall and starless night devour the sunless day;  
When wind is in the deadly East, then in the bitter rain  
I'll look for thee, and call to thee; I'll come to thee again!

Entwife:

When Winter comes, and singing ends; when darkness falls at last;  
When broken is the barren bough, and light and labour past;  
I'll look for thee, and wait for thee, until we meet again:  
Together we will take the road beneath the bitter rain!

Both:

Together we will take the road that leads into the West,  
And far away will find a land where both our hearts may rest.

# Hobbitish Songs

## To the Bottle I Go

Ho! Ho! Ho! to the bottle I go  
To heal my heart and drown my woe.  
Rain may fall and wind may blow,  
And many miles be still to go,  
But under a tall tree I will lie,  
And let the clouds go sailing by.

## The Green Dragon\*

Oh you can search far and wide,  
You can drink the whole town dry,  
But you'll never find a beer so brown,  
Oh you'll never find a beer so brown,  
As the one we drink in our hometown,  
As the one we drink in our hometown.  
You can drink your fancy ales,  
You can drink them by the flagon,  
But the only brew for the brave and true...  
...Comes from the Green Dragon!

## Rhyme of the Troll

Troll sat alone on his seat of stone,  
And munched and mumbled a bare old bone;  
For many a year he had gnawed it near,  
For meat was hard to come by.  
Done by! Gum by!  
In a cave in the hills he dwelt alone,  
And meat was hard to come by.  
Up came Tom with his big boots on.  
Said he to Troll: 'Pray, what is yon?  
For it looks like the shin o' my nuncle Tim,  
As should be a-lyin' in graveyard.  
Caveyard! Paveyard!  
This many a year has Tim been gone,  
And I thought he were lyin' in graveyard.'

'My lad,' said Troll, 'this bone I stole.  
But what be bones that lie in hole?  
Thy nuncle was dead as a lump o' lead,  
Afore I found his shinbone.  
Tinbone! Thinbone!  
He can spare a share for a poor old troll,  
For he don't need his shinbone.'  
Said Tom, 'I don't see why the likes o' thee  
Without axin' leave should go makin' free  
With the shank or the shin o' my father's kin;  
So hand the old bone over!  
Rover! Trover!  
Though dead he be, it belongs to he;  
So hand the old bone over!'  
'For a couple of pins,' says Troll, and grins,  
'I'll eat thee too, and gnaw thy shins.  
A bit o' fresh meat will go down sweet!  
I'll try my teeth on thee now.  
Hee now! See now!  
I'm tired o' gnawing old bones and skins;  
I've a mind to dine on thee now.'  
But just as he thought his dinner was caught,  
He found his hands had hold of naught.  
Before he could mind, Tom slipped behind  
And gave him the boot to larn him.  
Warn him! Darn him!  
A bump o' the boot on the seat, Tom thought,  
Would be the way to larn him.  
But harder than stone is the flesh and bone  
Of a troll that sits in the hills alone.  
As well set your boot to the mountain's root,  
For the seat of a troll don't feel it.  
Peel it! Heal it!  
Old Troll laughed, when he heard Tom groan,  
And he knew his toes could feel it.  
Tom's leg is game, since home he came,  
And his bootless foot is lasting lame;  
But Troll don't care, and he's still there  
With the bone he boned from its owner.  
Doner! Boner!  
Troll's old seat its still the same,  
And the bone he boned from its owner!

## **Farewell Song**

Farewell we call to hearth and hall!  
Though wind may blow and rain may fall,  
We must away ere break of day  
Far over the wood and mountain tall.  
To Rivendell, where Elves yet dwell  
In glades beneath the misty fell,  
Through moor and waste we ride in haste,  
And whither then we cannot tell.  
With foes ahead, behind us dread,  
Beneath the sky shall be our bed,  
Until at last our toil be passed,  
Our journey done, our errand sped.  
We must away! We must away!  
We ride before the break of day!

## **Oliphaunt**

Grey as a mouse  
Big as a house  
Nose like a snake  
I make the earth shake  
As I tramp through the grass  
Trees crack as I pass  
With horns in my mouth  
I walk in the South  
Flapping big ears  
Beyond count of years  
I stump round and round  
Never lie on the ground  
Not even to die  
Oliphaunt am I  
Biggest of all  
Huge, old, and tall  
If ever you'd met me  
You wouldn't forget me  
If you never do  
You won't think I'm true  
But old Oliphaunt am I  
And I never lie

## **Lament for Gandalf**

When evening in the Shire was grey  
his footsteps on the Hill were heard;  
before the dawn he went away  
on journey long without a word.

From Wilderland to Western shore,  
from northern waste to southern hill,  
through dragon-lair and hidden door  
and darkling woods he walked at will.

With Dwarf and Hobbit, Elves and Men,  
with mortal and immortal folk,  
with bird on bough and beast in den,  
in their own secret tongues he spoke.

A deadly sword, a healing hand,  
a back that bent beneath its load;  
a trumpet-voice, a burning brand,  
a weary pilgrim on the road.

A lord of wisdom throned he sat,  
swift in anger, quick to laugh;  
an old man in a battered hat  
who leaned upon a thorny staff.

He stood upon the bridge alone  
and Fire and Shadow both defied;  
his staff was broken on the stone,  
in Khazad-dûm his wisdom died.

The finest rockets ever seen:  
they burst in stars of blue and green,  
or after thunder golden showers  
came falling like a rain of flowers.

## **Hobbits' Battle Song**

Long live the Halflings! Praise them with great praise!  
Cuio i Pheriain anann! Aglar'ni Pheriannath!  
Praise them with great praise, Frodo and Samwise!  
Daur a Berhael, Conin en Annû'n! Eglerio!  
Praise them!  
Eglerio!  
A laita te, laita te! Andave laitivalmet!  
Praise them!  
Cormacolindor, a laita tá'rienna!  
Praise them! The Ring-bearers, praise them with great praise!

## **Journey's End**

In western lands beneath the Sun  
the flowers may rise in Spring,  
the trees may bud, the waters run,  
the merry finches sing.  
Or there maybe 'tis cloudless night  
and swaying beeches bear  
the Elven-stars as jewels white  
amid their branching hair.

Though here at journey's end I lie  
in darkness buried deep,  
beyond all towers strong and high,  
beyond all mountains steep,  
above all shadows rides the Sun  
and Stars for ever dwell:  
I will not say the Day is done,  
nor bid the Stars farewell.

# Bilbo's Songs

## **The Road Goes Ever On\*\***

The Road goes ever on and on  
Down from the door where it began.  
Now far ahead the Road has gone,  
And I must follow, if I can,  
Pursuing it with eager feet,  
Until it joins some larger way,  
Where many paths and errands meet.  
And whither then? I cannot say.

Roads go ever ever on,  
Over rock and under tree,  
By caves where never sun has shone,  
By streams that never find the sea;  
Over snow by winter sown,  
And through the merry flowers of June,  
Over grass and over stone,  
And under mountains in the moon.

Roads go ever ever on  
Under cloud and under star,  
Yet feet that wandering have gone  
Turn at last to home afar.  
Eyes that fire and sword have seen  
And horror in the halls of stone  
Look at last on meadows green  
And trees and hills they long have known.

The Road goes ever on and on  
Out from the door where it began.  
Now far ahead the Road has gone,  
Let others follow it who can!  
Let them a journey new begin,  
But I at last with weary feet  
Will turn towards the lighted inn,  
My evening-rest and sleep to meet.

## **The Man in the Moon Stayed Up Too Late**

There is an inn, a merry old inn  
beneath an old grey hill,  
And there they brew a beer so brown  
That the Man in the Moon himself came down  
One night to drink his fill.

The ostler has a tipsy cat  
that plays a five-stringed fiddle;  
And up and down he runs his bow,  
Now squeaking high, now purring low,  
Now sawing in the middle.

The landlord keeps a little dog  
that is mighty fond of jokes;  
When there's good cheer among the guests,  
He cocks an ear at all the jests  
And laughs until he chokes.

They also keep a hornéd cow  
as proud as any queen;  
But music turns her head like ale,  
And makes her wave her tufted tail  
and dance upon the green.

And O! the rows of silver dishes  
and the store of silver spoons!  
For Sunday there's a special pair,  
And these they polish up with care  
on Saturday afternoons.

The Man in the Moon was drinking deep,  
and the cat began to wail;  
A dish and a spoon on the table danced,  
The cow in the garden madly pranced,  
and the little dog chased his tail.

The Man in the Moon took another mug,  
and then rolled beneath his chair;  
And there he dozed and dreamed of ale,  
Till in the sky the stars were pale,  
and dawn was in the air.

Then the ostler said to his tipsy cat:  
'The white horses of the Moon,  
They neigh and champ their silver bits;  
But their master's been and drowned his wits,  
and the Sun'll be rising soon!'

So the cat on his fiddle played hey-diddle-diddle,  
a jig that would wake the dead:  
He squeaked and sawed and quickened the tune,  
While the landlord shook the Man in the Moon:  
'It's after three!' he said.

They rolled the Man slowly up the hill  
and bundled him into the Moon,  
While his horses galloped up in rear,  
And the cow came capering like a deer,  
and a dish ran up with the spoon.

Now quicker the fiddle went deedle-dum-diddle;  
the dog began to roar,  
The cow and the horses stood on their heads;  
The guests all bounded from their beds  
and danced upon the floor.

With a ping and a pong the fiddle-strings broke!  
the cow jumped over the Moon,  
And the little dog laughed to see such fun,  
And the Saturday dish went off at a run  
with the silver Sunday spoon.

The round Moon rolled behind the hill  
as the Sun raised up her head.  
She hardly believed her fiery eyes;  
For though it was day, to her surprise  
they all went back to bed!

## **Walking Song**

Upon the hearth the fire is red,  
Beneath the roof there is a bed;  
But not yet weary are our feet,  
Still round the corner we may meet  
A sudden tree or standing stone  
That none have seen but we alone.  
Tree and flower and leaf and grass,  
Let them pass! Let them pass!  
Hill and water under sky,  
Pass them by! Pass them by!  
Still round the corner there may wait  
A new road or a secret gate,  
And though we pass them by today,  
Tomorrow we may come this way  
And take the hidden paths that run  
Towards the Moon or to the Sun.  
Apple, thorn, and nut and sloe,  
Let them go! Let them go!  
Sand and stone and pool and dell,  
Fare you well! Fare you well!  
Home is behind, the world ahead,  
And there are many paths to tread  
Through shadows to the edge of night,  
Until the stars are all alight.  
The world behind and home ahead,  
We'll wander back to home and bed.  
Mist and twilight, cloud and shade,  
Away shall fade! Away shall fade!  
Fire and lamp, and meat and bread,  
And then to bed! And then to bed!

## **Bath Song**

Sing hey! for the bath at close of day  
that washes the weary mud away!  
A loon is he that will not sing:  
O! Water Hot is a noble thing!

O! Sweet is the sound of falling rain,  
and the brook that leaps from hill to plain;  
but better than rain or rippling streams  
is Water Hot that smokes and steams.

O! Water cold we may pour at need  
down a thirsty throat and be glad indeed;  
but better is Beer if drink we lack,  
and Water Hot poured down the back.

O! Water is fair that leaps on high  
in a fountain white beneath the sky;  
but never did fountain sound so sweet  
as splashing Hot Water with my feet!

## **Old Fat Spider**

Old fat spider spinning in a tree!  
Old fat spider can't see me!  
Attercop! Attercop!  
Won't you stop,  
Stop your spinning and look for me!

Old Tomnoddy, all big body,  
Old Tomnoddy can't spy me!  
Attercop! Attercop!  
Down you drop!  
You'll never catch me up your tree!

Lazy Lob and crazy Cob  
are weaving webs to wind me.  
I am far more sweet than other meat,  
but still they cannot find me!

Here am I, naughty little fly;  
you are fat and lazy.  
You cannot trap me, though you try,  
in your cobwebs crazy.

### **I Sit Beside the Fire and Think**

I sit beside the fire and think  
of all that I have seen,  
of meadow-flowers and butterflies  
in summers that have been;

Of yellow leaves and gossamer  
in autumns that there were,  
with morning mist and silver sun  
and wind upon my hair.

I sit beside the fire and think  
of how the world will be  
when winter comes without a spring  
that I shall ever see

For still there are so many things  
that I have never seen:  
in every wood in every spring  
there is a different green.

I sit beside the fire and think  
of people long ago,  
and people who will see a world  
that I shall never know.

But all the while I sit and think  
of times there were before,  
I listen for returning feet  
and voices at the door.

## **Song of Eärendil**

Eärendil was a mariner  
that tarried in Arvernien;  
he built a boat of timber felled  
in Nimbrenhil to journey in;  
her sails he wove of silver fair,  
of silver were her lanterns made,  
her prow was fashioned like a swan,  
and light upon her banners laid.

In panoply of ancient kings,  
in chainéd rings he armoured him;  
his shining shield was scored with runes  
to ward all wounds and harm from him;  
his bow was made of dragon-horn,  
his arrows shorn of ebony,  
of silver was his habergeon,  
his scabbard of chalcedony;  
his sword of steel was valiant,  
of adamant his helmet tall,  
an eagle-plume upon his crest,  
upon his breast an emerald.

Beneath the Moon and under star  
he wandered far from northern strands,  
bewildered on enchanted ways  
beyond the days of mortal lands.  
From gnashing of the Narrow Ice  
where shadow lies on frozen hills,  
from nether heats and burning waste  
he turned in haste, and roving still  
on starless waters far astray  
at last he came to Night of Naught,  
and passed, and never sight he saw  
of shining shore nor light he sought.  
The winds of wrath came driving him,  
and blindly in the foam he fled  
from west to east and errandless,  
unheralded he homeward sped.

There flying Elwing came to him,  
and flame was in the darkness lit;  
more bright than light of diamond the fire upon her carcanet.  
The Silmaril she bound on him  
and crowned him with the living light  
and dauntless then with burning brow  
he turned his prow; and in the night  
from Otherworld beyond the Sea  
there strong and free a storm arose,  
a wind of power in Tarmenel;  
by paths that seldom mortal goes  
his boat it bore with biting breath  
as might of death across the grey  
and long-forsaken seas distressed:  
from east to west he passed away.

Through Evernight he back was borne  
on black and roaring waves that ran  
o'er leagues unlit and foundered shores  
that drowned before the Days began,  
until he heard on strands of pearl  
where ends the world the music long,  
where ever-foaming billows roll  
the yellow gold and jewels wan.

He saw the Mountain silent rise  
where twilight lies upon the knees  
of Valinor, and Eldamar  
beheld afar beyond the seas.  
A wanderer escaped from night  
to haven white he came at last,  
to Elvenhome the green and fair  
where keen the air, where pale as glass  
beneath the Hill of Ilmarin  
a-glimmer in a valley sheer  
the lamplit towers of Tirion  
are mirrored on the Shadowmere.

He tarried there from errantry,  
and melodies they taught to him,  
and sages old him marvels told,  
and harps of gold they brought to him.  
They clothed him then in elven-white,  
and seven lights before him sent,  
as through the Calacirian  
to hidden land forlorn he went.  
He came unto the timeless halls  
where shining fall the countless year,  
and endless reigns the Elder King  
in Ilmarin on Mountain sheer;  
and words unheard were spoken then  
of folk of Men and Elven-kin,  
beyond the world were visions showed  
forbid to those that dwell therein.

A ship then new they built for him  
of mithril and of elven-glass  
with shining prow; no shaven oar  
nor sail she bore on silver mas:  
the Silmaril as lantern light  
and banner bright with living flame  
to gleam thereon by Elbereth  
herself was set, who thither came  
and wings immortal made for him,  
and laid on him undying doom,  
to sail the shoreless skies and come  
behind the Sun and light of Moon.

From Evereven's lofty hills  
where softly silver fountains fall  
his wings him bore, a wandering light,  
beyond the mighty Mountain Wall.  
From World's End then he turned away,  
and yearned again to find afar  
his home through shadow journeying,  
and burning as an island star  
on high above the mists he came,  
a distant flame before the Sun,  
a wonder ere the waking dawn  
where grey the Norland waters run.

And over Middle-earth he passed  
and heard at last the weeping sore  
of women and of elven-maids  
in Elder Days, in years of yore.  
But on him mighty doom was laid,  
till Moon should fade, an orbéd star  
to pass, and tarry never more  
on Hither Shores where mortals are;  
for ever still a herald on  
an errand that should never rest  
to bear his shining lamp afar,  
the Flammifer of Westernesse.

### **Bilbo's Last Song\***

Day is ended, dim my eyes,  
but journey long before me lies.  
Farewell, friends! I hear the call.  
The ship's beside the stony wall.  
Foam is white and waves are grey;  
beyond the sunset leads my way.  
Foam is salt, the wind is free;  
I hear the rising of the Sea.

Farewell, friends! The sails are set,  
the wind is east, the moorings fret.  
Shadows long before me lie,  
beneath the ever-bending sky,  
but islands lie behind the Sun  
that I shall raise ere all is done;  
lands there are to west of West,  
where night is quiet and sleep is rest.

Guided by the Lonely Star,  
beyond the utmost harbour-bar  
I'll find the havens fair and free,  
and beaches of the Starlit Sea.  
Ship, my ship! I seek the West,  
and fields and mountains ever blest.  
Farewell to Middle-earth at last.  
I see the Star above your mast!

## Other Songs

### Gollum's Song\*\*

The cold hard lands,  
They bites our hands,  
They gnaws our feet.  
The rocks and stones  
Are like old bones  
All bare of meat.  
But stream and pool  
Is wet and cool:  
So nice for feet!  
And now we wish  
For tasty fish  
So juicy-sweet!

Alive without breath;  
As cold as death;  
Never thirsting, ever drinking;  
Clad in mail never clinking.  
Drowns on dry land,  
Thinks an island  
Is a mountain;  
Thinks a fountain  
Is a puff of air.  
So sleek, so fair!  
What a joy to meet!  
We only wish  
To catch a fish,  
So juicy-sweet!

The rock and pool  
Is nice and cool,  
So juicy-sweet!  
Our only wish,  
To catch a fish,  
So juicy-sweet!

## **Hey Dol! Merry Dol!**

Hey dol! merry dol! ring a dong dillo!  
Ring a dong! hop along! Fal lal the willow!  
Tom Bom, jolly Tom, Tom Bombadillo!

Hey! Come merry dol! derry dol! My darling!  
Light goes the weather-wind and the feathered starling.  
Down along under Hill, shining in the sunlight,  
Waiting on the doorstep for the cold starlight,  
There my pretty lady is, River-woman's daughter,  
Slender as the willow-wand, clearer than the water.

Old Tom Bombadil water-lilies bringing  
Comes hopping home again. Can you hear him singing?  
Hey! Come merry dol! derry dol! and merry-o!  
Goldberry, Goldberry, merry yellow berry-o!  
Poor old Willow-man, you tuck your roots away!  
Tom's in a hurry now. Evening will follow day.  
Tom's going home again water-lilies bringing.  
Hey! Come derry dol! Can you hear me singing?

Hop along, my little friends, up the Withywindle!  
Tom's going on ahead candles for to kindle.  
Down west sinks the Sun: soon you will be groping.  
When the night-shadows fall, then the door will open,  
Out of the window-panes light will twinkle yellow.  
Fear no alder black! Heed no hoary willow!  
Fear neighter root nor bough! Tom goes on before you.  
Hey now! merry dol! We'll be waiting for you!

Hey! Come derry dol! Hop along, my hearties!  
Hobbits! Ponies all! We are fond of parties.  
Now let the fun begin! Let us sing together!  
Of sun, stars, moon and mist, rain and cloudy weather,  
Light on the budding leaf, dew on the feather,  
Wind on the open hill, bells on the heather,  
Reeds by the shady pool, lilies on the water:  
Old Tom Bombadil and the River-daughter!

## **Tom Bombadil's Song**

Ho! Tom Bombadil, Tom Bombadillo!  
By water, wood and hill, by the reed and willow,  
By fire, sun and moon, hearken now and hear us!  
Come, Tom Bombadil, for our need is near us!

Old Tom Bombadil is a merry fellow,  
Bright blue his jacket is, and his boots are yellow.  
None has ever caught him yet, for Tom, he is the master:  
His songs are stronger songs, and his feet are faster.

## **Wight's Chant**

Cold be hand and heart and bone,  
and cold be sleep under stone:  
never more to wake on stony bed,  
never, till the Sun fails and the Moon is dead.  
In the black wind the stars shall die,  
and still on gold here let them lie,  
till the dark lord lifts his hand  
over dead sea and withered land.

## **In Dwimordene**

In Dwimordene, in Lórien  
Seldom have walked the feet of Men,  
Few mortal eyes have seen the light  
That lies there ever, long and bright.  
Galadriel! Galadriel!  
Clear is the water of your well;  
White is the star in your white hand;  
Unmarred, unstained is leaf and land  
In Dwimordene, in Lórien  
More fair than thoughts of Mortal Men.

## **Down in Goblin Town\*\***

Clap! Snap! the black crack!  
Grib, grab! Pinch, nab!  
And down, down to Goblin Town  
You go, my lad!

Clash, crash! Crush, smash!  
Hammer and tongs! Knocker and gongs!  
Pound, pound, down underground!  
Ho, ho! my lad!

Swish, smack! Whip crack!  
Batter and beat! Yammer and bleat!  
Work, work! Nor dare to shirk,  
While Goblins quaff, and Goblins laugh,  
Round and round far underground  
Below, my lad!

Clap, snap, the black crack  
Grip, grab, pinch, and nab  
Batter and beat  
Make 'em stammer and squeak!  
Pound pound, far underground  
Down, down, down in Goblin Town  
Down, down, down in Goblin Town

With a swish and smack  
And a whip and a crack  
Everybody talks when they're on my rack  
Pound pound, far underground  
Down, down, down in Goblin Town  
Down, down, down in Goblin Town

Hammer and tongs, get out your knockers and gongs  
You won't last long on the end of my prongs  
Clash, crash, crush and smish  
Bang, break, shiver and shake

You can yammer and yelp  
But there ain't no help  
Pound pound, far underground  
Down, down, down in Goblin Town  
Down, down, down in Goblin Town

Swish, smack! Whip crack!  
Smash, grab! Pinch, nab!  
You go, my lad!  
Ho, ho! my lad!

The black crack! the back crack!  
The black crack! the back crack!  
Down down to Goblin Town  
Down down to Goblin Town  
Down down to Goblin Town  
You go, my lad!  
Ho, ho! my lad!

Goblins quaff, and Goblins beat  
Goblins laugh, and Goblins bleat  
Batter, jabber, whip, and taver hoooooo!  
Below, my lad!  
Ho, ho! my lad!

The black crack! the back crack!  
The black crack! the back crack!  
Down down to Goblin Town  
Down down to Goblin Town  
Down down to Goblin Town  
You go, my lad!  
Ho, ho! my lad!

## **Fifteen Birds in Five Fir-Trees**

Fifteen birds in five fir-trees,  
their feathers were fanned in a fiery breeze!  
what funny little birds, they had no wings!  
Oh what shall we do with the funny little things?  
Roast 'em alive, or stew them in a pot;  
fry them, boil them and eat them hot?

Burn, burn tree and fern!  
Shrivel and scorch! A fizzling torch  
To light the night for our delight,  
Ya hey!

Bake and toast 'em, fry and roast 'em!  
till beards blaze, and eyes glaze;  
till hair smells and skins crack,  
fat melts, and bones black  
in cinders lie  
beneath the sky!  
So dwarves shall die,  
and light the night for our delight,  
Ya hey!  
Ya-harri-hey!  
Ya hoy!