

# Misty Mountains

## Rivendell

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 gloaming 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 biased with light,

The bells were ringing in the dale  
And men 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!

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 biased with light,

The bells were ringing in the dale  
And men looked up with faces pale;

The dragon's ire more fierce than fire  
Laid low their towers and houses frail.