Misty Mountains

Peter Hollens

Far over the Misty Mountains cold
To dungeons deep and caverns old
We must away, ere break of day,
To find our long forgotten gold.

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 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.

(Aaaahh aaahh...)

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.

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.

Lyrics submitted by Samantha.

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