

At the Sign of the Prancing Pony

Howard Shore

Hey, ho, to the bottle I go
To heal my heart and drown my woe
Rain may fall and wind may blow
But there still be many miles to go Sweet is the sound of the pouring rain
And stream that falls from hill to plain
Better than rain or rippling brook
Is a mug of beer inside this took

Songwriters

SHORE, HOWARD / BOYENS, PHILIPPA Published by

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