

# Far over the Misty Mountains Cold

## Efenstor

Far over the misty mountains cold  
to dungeons deep and caverns old  
We must away ere break of day,  
to seek our 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, on 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 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 heights,  
the wind was 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 looked up with faces pale.  
The dragon's ire, more fierce than fire  
laid low their towers and houses frail

The mountains smoked beneath the moon  
the dwarves, they heard the tramp of the dragon  
they fled the 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.

---

Lyrics submitted by Ashley Embrey.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>