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# The Ballad of the Nazgûl

Words by Andy Humphrey.

Tune 'Common People' by Pulp.

He came from Mordor with a thirst for power.  
He took up residence in some old tower -  
Don't know why - but they said, beware the Eye!  
He went out looking for the Halflings,  
And paid the Ringwraiths in halfpence and farthings  
To fly:  
And then in thirty years' time, they said:  
We want to live like Frodo Baggins.  
We want to do whatever hairy-footed people do,  
We want to sing like young Sam Gamgee,  
Or fight the Orcs just like Aragorn and his crew.  
Well what else could Sauron do?  
He said, I've had enough of you!

He took them to the Cracks of Doom:  
I don't know why, but he needed quite a lot of room,  
And they didn't have a tomb.  
He said, Go out and search for Baggins,  
And that'll be the end of my nagging -  
Fly higher!  
I want to see them trembling in the Shire!  
Now are you sure  
You want to look like Frodo Baggins?  
You want to see whatever three-foot high people see,

To live on mushrooms like Merry and Pippin,  
Or run away at the very first sight of me?  
But they didn't understand  
The power of Sauron's mighty hand...

Rent a flat in Cirith Ungol,  
Find an Oliphaunt from the jungle,  
Get bad breath and chilly fingers,  
Go out looking for those wretched Rings,  
But you never got it right,  
When you're flying home tonight  
Watching Orcs on the mountainside,  
If you just saw the One Ring you'd run and hide.

You'll never live like Frodo Baggins,  
You'll never do what common Halflings do -  
You'll never conquer Minas Tirith,  
Because you act like Goblins with the 'flu,  
And just fly around looking scary  
When you're just a bunch of fairies.

You ought to be like Frodo Baggins...*(to fade)*

# The Ballad of Boromir

Words by Andy Humphrey.  
Tune 'Lola' by The Kinks.

I met him in a bar down in Rivendell  
Where the Elves drink mead, but they always serve  
it too cold - oh! C - O - L - D - cold - oh!  
He walked up to me and I bought him a drink;  
I asked him his name, and in a Halfling voice he said  
"Frodo": F - R - O - DO - Frodo,  
F - F - F - F - Frodo, F - F - F - F - Frodo.

Now I'm not the world's most powerful Knight,  
But when he showed me his Ring, well I got quite a  
fright from old Frodo,  
F - F - F - F - Frodo.  
I knew there was power in the spell of the Ring,  
And if we used it tomorrow maybe I could be King,  
but not Frodo,  
F - F - F - F - Frodo, F - F - F - F - Frodo.

Well we made our plans and talked all night,  
Under the magic Elven light.  
Then Frodo smiled and touched me on my knee,  
And then he said, "Boromir, why don't you come  
along with me?"  
Now I'm not the world's most cynical bloke,  
But when he told me his plan, well I thought he was  
joking - not Frodo,

F - F - F - F - Frodo, F - F - F - F - Frodo.

I pushed him away; I ran from the bar;  
I heard Elven-songs; I stared at the stars.  
And I saw my doom, and doom saw me -  
And that's the way it'll just have to be,  
And I'll go to my death if it'll mean victory for old  
Frodo,  
F - F - F - F - Frodo.  
Halflings are Halflings and Elves will be Elves,  
And at least the rest of us have Gandalf's spells -  
but not Frodo.  
F - F - F - F - Frodo.

Oh I'd left Gondor just a month before,  
And I'd never ever seen a Hobbit before;  
But Frodo smiled, and my doom was laid,  
I hope Minas Tirith doesn't feel too betrayed.  
Well I'm not the world's most violent of sorts,  
But against Barad-Dûr I've got murderous thoughts,  
and so's Frodo,  
F - F - F - F - Frodo, F - F - F - F - Frodo..  
Frodo, F - F - F - F - Frodo, F - F - F - F - Frodo...

# Bat Out of Mordor

Words by Andy Humphrey.

Tune 'Bat Out of Hell' by Meat Loaf.

*Aragorn:*

The Nazgûl are screaming and the Orcs are howling  
way down in the valley tonight.

There's a Wraith in the shadows with a Ring on his  
hand and a blade shining oh so bright.

There's evil in the air and thunder in the sky and the  
Wolves are prowling on the streets,

And I'm down in the barrows where the Wights are  
rising,

Oh I swear I saw a Halfling down in the tunnels,  
He was beating a hasty retreat.

Oh Frodo, you're the only one in this whole world  
Who's brave and hairy-footed and quick;

And the Orcs will come after you but they'll never  
catch you

'Cause you're clever and they're far too thick.

But you've got to get out, you've got to get away  
now

Before the final crack of dawn,

And you've got to make the most of young Merry  
and Pippin

And Sam Gamgee, 'cause soon you're gonna be so  
alone...

*Chorus:*

Like a bat out of Mordor begone before the morning  
comes!

When the night is over put your pack on your back  
and begone, gone, gone!

Like a bat out of Mordor begone before the Ring-  
wraiths come!

But when the hills are quiet and the Orcs are sleeping  
and the moonlight's shining bright,

Then like a hobbit before the Eye of Sauron you will  
get to Mount Doom tonight.

*Faramir:*

I'm gonna get to Mordor though the mountains are  
dark and the Orcs are prowling on their way:

For my sword's in my scabbard and it's ready for  
blood and I will get to Minas Morgul today.

Nothing ever grows in this Goblin-ridden hole, and  
all the trees are stunted and dead,

And Nazgûl fill the skies, and the marshes stink with  
flies, and there's only rotten bracken for my bed.

And I know that I'm cursed if I never get out, and  
maybe I'll be cursed anyway,

But with every other beat that I've got left in my  
heart I'm gonna take the curse to Sauron today.

And if I've gotta be cursed I think I'd rather be  
cursed

Than have a Shadow for a neighbour any day!

And if I've gotta be cursed I think I'd rather be  
cursed (x 3)

Than have a Shadow for a neighbour, a Shadow for  
a neighbour,

A Shadow for a neighbour any day!

Oh Frodo...

*Chorus*

Like a bat out of Mordor...

*Éowyn:*

Oh I can see myself, charging down the fields, faster  
than any Rohirrim has ever gone.

And my heart is pounding but my soul is on fire,

And no one's gonna stop me now, they'll never stand  
in my way!

And I can't stop thinking of war,

So just let me see the Lord of the Nazgûl and I'll  
make him pay!

And I can't stop thinking of war,

So just let me see the Lord of the Nazgûl and I'll  
make him pay!

*Frodo:*

When I'm standing at the edge of the pit at the  
Cracks of Doom,

Torn and twisted by the Ring and dismayed by the  
gloom,

And I think that Sauron is near and he's laughing at  
me -

And the last thing I hear is Sméagol screaming,  
screaming,

Reaching out for the Ring and falling into the flames  
For eternity.

When I'm standing at the edge of the pit at the  
Cracks of Doom,

Torn and twisted by the Ring and dismayed by the  
gloom,

And I think that Sauron is near and he's laughing at  
me -

And the last thing I see is the Eagle landing, landing,  
Grabbing me in his talons and flying away,

Over the land and the sea,

Over the land and the sea!

Like a bat out of Mordor begone before the morning  
comes!

(Over the land and the sea!)...*TO FADE*

## Bilbo's 'Penultimate' Song

Words by Andy Humphrey.

Tune 'Three Lions' by Baddiel, Skinner, The Lightning Seeds.

Frodo's coming home,  
He's coming...

Everyone seems to know the tale,  
They're sure he's going to fail,  
Put the Ring up for sale -  
That Frodo's not gonna throw it away,  
He'll just stow it away,  
And then give it away:  
But I remember  
Three Rings for the Elves,  
Seven for the Dwarflords.  
They took them off the shelves  
And hid them under floorboards.

So many Wraiths, so many Orcs,  
And all those strangled squawks,  
And the nights when death walks:  
But I still think that Isildur's sword  
Will dispel the dark horde,  
And we'll have our reward  
When Sauron's vanquished:  
Three Rings for the Elves,  
Seven for the Dwarflords.  
They took them off the shelves  
And hid them under floorboards.

Frodo's coming home...

# Dead Ringer for Rings

Words by Andy Humphrey.

Tune 'Dead Ringer for Love' by Meat Loaf.

*Introduction (spoken) - optional*

"The entire Shire is burning. You can see the flames flicker like the inside of a Dragon's tonsils. Ringwraiths stalk the lanes with icy daggers in their hands. Orcs prowl through the fields, their nostrils flared with hunger. Balrogs reproduce under the Party-tree, and Wolves howl on the hillside. And they've dug up Bagshot Row like the Newbury Bypass, and driven out Gaffer Gamgee, and dozens of screaming, succulent, tasty hobbits..."

*Saruman:*

Every night I dream of Mordor and a roving lidless Eye (ooh! yeah yeah!),  
And I look into the Palantír and dream that I can fly (ooh! yeah yeah!).  
You got me begging on my knees, come on and give me all your power -  
A Wizard cannot live forever in a dark old tower!  
Sauron, Sauron:  
Rock 'n' roll and Rings, rock 'n' roll and Rings,  
I know that you and I we can do really evil things.  
Rock 'n' roll and Rings, rock 'n' roll and Rings,  
And I'm a mighty Wizard but it doesn't mean a thing,  
'Cause I know who you are and what you want and why you're looking out to the Shire -  
And I know everything about you, Sauron, and I know all the evil that you bring.  
I know exactly who you are and you're a real dead ringer for Rings,  
A real dead ringer for Rings.

*Gandalf:*

Ever since I can remember you've been hanging round the Shire (ooh! yeah yeah!).  
You thought I'd never see you but I know that you're a liar (ooh! yeah yeah!).  
'Cause I know your evil deeds and all the malice that you bring,  
And I'll never let you get your hands on Frodo's magic Ring!  
Saruman, Saruman:  
Rock 'n' roll and Rings, rock 'n' roll and Rings,  
I'm gonna stop the violence that your scheming always brings.  
Rock 'n' roll and Rings, rock 'n' roll and Rings,  
We'll kill your Orcs and Balrogs and your other evil things,  
'Cause I know who you are and what you want and why you've turned on Gandalf the Grey -  
And I know everything about you, Saruman, and I

know all the evil that you bring.

I know exactly who you are and you're a real dead ringer for Rings,  
A real dead ringer for Rings.

*Saruman:*

He's got the kind of power I've always desired.  
He's got Orcs and Ringwraiths and all that is required.  
He's got a roving lidless Eye that sees all,  
He's got an evil mind and heart black as coal.

*Gandalf:*

You've got a silken voice whose words are a curse,  
You've got a Palantír, I don't know what's worse,  
But since I'm feeling kind of angry and my powers have grown,  
I'm gonna tear down your tower, see that you're overthrown.  
I'll keep the Hobbits free from harm and your dark desire,  
And I'll see them reach Mount Doom and throw the Ring in the fire!

*Both:*

Ever since I can remember we've been hanging round the Shire,  
(Bum ba diddly wop wop, bum ba diddly wop wop)  
We've been rather fond of Hobbits with a roaring log fire,  
(Bum ba diddly wop wop, bum ba diddly wop wop)  
And now we're begging on our knees, go, Frodo, take the Ring away,  
Or else its power will come down and destroy us all some day!  
Frodo, Frodo, Frodo, Frodo:  
Rock 'n' roll and Rings, rock 'n' roll and Rings,  
I never thought a Halfling would have found the wretched thing.  
Rock 'n' roll and Rings, rock 'n' roll and Rings,  
But now you've got it, listen to the doleful song we sing,  
'Cause we know who you are, and where you live, and you've just got to run right away -  
And we know everything about you, Frodo, and we know all the trouble that you'll bring,  
If you don't throw the Ring away 'cause you're a real dead ringer for Rings,  
A real dead ringer for Rings.

Dead ringer for Rings...*(to fade)*



## The Dear Old Shire (song of Sam Gamgee)

Words by Andy Humphrey.

Tune 'N17' by The Saw Doctors.

Well I didn't see much future  
When I left the Hobbiton boys' choir,  
So I waved it goodbye with a wistful smile  
And I left the dear old Shire.  
And sometimes when I'm reminiscing,  
I see the hobbit holes and my old friends,  
And I wonder if I'll ever have taters for tea  
Or if I'll see Fatty Bolger again.  
And I wish that I was back in the Dear Old Shire  
(Nothing's scary and the women are hairy),  
Wish that I was back in the Dear Old Shire  
(Having tea with Rosie on my knee).  
So come on Gollum, pull me out of this mire.

Well the One Ring it led me to Mordor -  
It's the last time I'll travel that road! -  
And as we turned left at Cirith Ungol  
I could feel a lump in my throat.  
As I picture the thousands of times  
I've sat on Farmer Maggot's fence,  
I've come to the conclusion we've all gone too far  
And this adventure's just got too intense!

And I wish that I was back in the Dear Old Shire  
(Nothing's scary and the women are hairy),  
Wish that I was back in the Dear Old Shire  
(Having tea with Rosie on my knee).  
So come on Gollum, pull me out of this mire.

So now as I tumble down mountains,  
Or filthy orc-infested mines,  
There's no one to talk to but Gollum,  
And I really think I'd rather go blind.  
But behind all these muddled-up stories  
Of Rings and Wraiths and Cracks of Doom,  
I can still see the road to the Shire in my mind,  
And I promise that I'll be home soon!  
And I wish that I was back in the Dear Old Shire  
(Nothing's scary and the women are hairy),  
Wish that I was back in the Dear Old Shire  
(Having tea with Rosie on my knee).  
So come on Gollum, pull me out of this mire.  
Let's go and throw the Ring in the fire!

## Dedicated Follower of Sauron

Words by Andy Humphrey.

Tune 'Dedicated Follower of Fashion' by The Kinks.

They flee him here; they flee him there.  
His chainmail's black; his helm is square.  
He's a big bad murderer, at killing he's the best  
'Cause he's a dedicated follower of Sauron.  
And when he marches out to war  
He bears a sword that's stained with gore.  
He'll eat Dwarves for breakfast and have Halflings  
for his tea  
'Cause he's a dedicated follower of Sauron.

Oh yes he is (oh yes he is!) - oh yes he is (oh yes he is!);  
Feared by every Elf from Rhûn to Rivendell;  
And when the Rangers see him they'll be quaking in  
their boots  
'Cause he's a dedicated follower of Sauron.  
Oh yes he is (oh yes he is!) - oh yes he is (oh yes he is!);  
There's one thing that he loves, and that is victory.  
Everywhere the Lidless Eye of Sauron looks, he'll go

'Cause he's a dedicated follower of Sauron.

A Ranger bold from Arnor came;  
A man of strength, of noble name;  
He cut him into pieces and had Dúnedain kebabs  
'Cause he's a dedicated follower of Sauron.

Oh yes he is (oh yes he is!) - oh yes he is (oh yes he is!);

His world revolves 'round mayhem, rape and slaughter.

No one can defeat him, he'll just eat them up instead  
'Cause he's a dedicated follower of Sauron.

Oh yes he is (oh yes he is!) - oh yes he is (oh yes he is!);

He's the meanest murderer in Mordor!

In matters of brutality he's wicked as can be

'Cause he's a dedicated follower of Sauron. Yes he's  
a dedicated follower of Sauron!

# Dragon Hoard

Words by Andy Humphrey.

Tune 'Rockin' Chair' by Magnum.

You want gold; you get gore.  
You try and flash your swords, and end up dead on  
the floor.  
You can have your fun - but you'd better run!  
You want gems; you'll get bones,  
'Cause he'll just eat you up when he gets you alone.  
You'd better take my advice, and leave in a trice!  
Try and hide on the mountainside and you'll be a  
barbecue (be a barbecue).  
Crawl in a cave and he'll burn you away  
With a breath - yeah he'll fry you to death!  
Woah, you'd better beware,  
When Chrysophylax roars then it's time to despair!  
Climbing up that mountain, there'll be no reward -  
You won't ever get the Dragon Hoard!

You're a King on your throne;  
You've got Knights and castles, and they're all your  
own,  
But you're fat and cruel - and you're the fool!

You think a Worm will be your slave -  
But this Dragon's cunning, and he'll misbehave.  
He'll bring you down, and steal your crown!  
Make a stand on the battleground and you'll find an  
early tomb (find a early tomb).  
Call out your Knights and they'll get a real fright  
From his roar - I've told you before!  
Woah...

Red sky burning, when the Dragon's returning, be-  
ware!  
Fire in the night sets the Kingdom alight - take care!

Woah, you'd better beware,  
When Chrysophylax roars then it's time to despair!  
Climbing up that mountain, there'll be no reward -  
You won't ever get the Dragon Hoard!  
Might have a Dragon but I don't want no Dragon  
Hoard!

# Hotel Cirith Ungol

Words by Andy Humphrey.

Tune 'Hotel California' by The Eagles.

On a dark spooky staircase, spiderwebs in my hair.  
Warm smell of old corpses rising up through the air.  
Up ahead in the distance I saw a flickering light.  
The Ring grew heavy and my knees grew weak -  
I had to stop for the night.

There was Gollum in the corner; I heard him snigger  
with glee,

And I was thinking to myself, This is a strange place  
to stop for some tea.

Then he picked up the candle and he showed me the  
way;

There were footsteps coming down the stairs;

I thought I heard him say:

“Welcome to the Hotel Cirith Ungol;

Such a lovely tomb, if you like the gloom.

Plenty of room at the Hotel Cirith Ungol,

Any time of night, you can get a fright!

“Their Queen’s Ungoliant’s daughter; she got eight  
long lanky legs.

She got a lot of frightened skinny Orcs, she drinks  
their blood to the dregs.

How they dangle in darkness, trussed up in silk;

They’ll decompose in the dank air, she’ll drink them  
like milk.”

So I called out to Gollum: Please take me back home,

But he said, “I’ll show you spiderses and slimy holes  
and the deeps where the Mewlips roam!”

And still those voices were calling from far up the  
stair,

Singing songs of slimy spiders and rats, filling me  
with despair!

“Welcome to the Hotel Cirith Ungol;

Such a lovely night, if you like a bite!

We’re living it up at the Hotel Cirith Ungol;

What a nice surprise - roasted Hobbit thighs!”

Spiderwebs on the ceiling; pools of icy grey slime;

And Gollum said, “We are all jusssst prisssonerssss  
here, until it’s feeding time!

And in Shelob’s chamber, she spins her webs round  
and round,

You can’t cut them with your teeth or your knives,  
and you can’t burn them to the ground...”

Last thing I remember, I was running for the stair.

I had to find a passage out to the stars and the fresh  
night air.

“Relax,” said old Gollum, “now there’s no need to  
despair -

Only the light of Lothlórien can get you out of Sh-  
elob’s lair!”

## Rainy Day Ringwraiths Nos. 12 & 35

Words by Andy Humphrey.

Tune 'Rainy Day Women Nos. 12 & 35' by Bob Dylan.

They'll ring you when you get up out of bed.  
They'll ring you when you're feeling like you're dead.  
They'll ring you when you're cooking up your dinner;  
They'll ring you when you're good or you're a sinner.  
But you know it's just one of those things - every-  
body must get Rings!

Well they'll ring you when you're strolling in the  
Shire.

They'll ring you when you're stuck fast in the mire.  
They'll ring you when you're up on Weathertop Hill;  
They'll ring you when you're down in Rivendell.  
But you know it's just one of those things - every-  
body must get Rings!

They'll ring you in the depths of Khazad-Dûm.  
They'll ring you in some old dead phantom's tomb.  
They'll ring you on the steps of Cirith Ungol,

They'll ring you with the Oliphaunts in the jungle.  
But you know it's just one of those things - every-  
body must get Rings!

They'll ring you at the gates of Orthanc tower,  
They'll ring you when they've got you in their power,  
They'll ring you when you're in Lothlórien,  
They'll ring you when you're in old Shelob's den!  
But you know it's just one of those things - every-  
body must get Rings!

They'll ring you on the road to Barad-Dûr,  
They'll ring you when you're crawling on the floor,  
They'll ring you when you're flying with the ravens,  
They'll ring you when you're sailing from the Havens.  
But you know it's just one of those things - every-  
body must get Rings!

## Saruman's Elite (War March of the Uruk-Hai)

Words by Andy Humphrey.

Tune 'Ode to Joy' by Ludwig van Beethoven.

Balrogs, Goblins, Trolls and Mewlips, creepy things  
from Khazad-Dûm,

Crush the lilies and the tulips, dig up corpses from  
the tombs.

Slimy spiders, Shelob's daughters, spin your webs  
across the plain,

And we'll march off to the slaughter through the cold  
torrential rain.

Uruk-Hai, we'll march remorseless, kill the riders in  
the fields,

Slay the men and rape the horses, blunt the swords  
and smash the shields.

Then to Orthanc back we'll wander, feast on horse  
and hobbit meat,

Tear Théoden's troops asunder, 'cause we're Saru-  
man's elite.

# The Stone of Seeing

Words by Andy Humphrey.

Tune 'The Sound of Silence' by Paul Simon, Art Garfunkel.

Hello Sauron my old friend,  
I've come to talk with you again:  
Because a vision softly creeping  
Filled my head while I was sleeping;  
And the vision that was planted in my brain  
Still remains  
Within the Stone of Seeing.

In restless dreams I walked alone  
Mountaintops and towers of stone.  
'Neath the pinnacle of Barad-Dûr  
I dreamed of Elendil and Isildur:  
When my heart was pierced by the scream of a Wraith  
in flight,  
That shook the night,  
And reached me through the Stone of Seeing.

And in Mount Doom's remorseless fire  
I dreamed of Hobbits and the Shire.  
I saw the Blade that once was broken,  
And I heard Elf-words long unspoken:  
And those words pierced my heart with a chill like

ice -  
And in a trice  
I was a slave to the Stone of Seeing.

"Fool!" said Sauron in his tower.  
"I have you trapped within my power.  
I gave you Orcs and Trolls and great stone towers;  
I gave you wisdom, gave you magic powers:  
But I've bound your heart with a chain of deceit and  
greed -  
You'll always need  
To be a slave to the Stone of Seeing."

And so I turned my face away,  
Embraced the night, forsook the day:  
I weaved my magic round Théoden King,  
And one day I'll possess the Ruling Ring -  
And I'll be Lord over Arda, great as Sauron of Barad-  
Dûr  
Who once I saw  
Within the Stone of Seeing.

# Bound for Eressëa (An Elvish Shanty)

Words by Brin Dunsire.  
Tune 'South Australia'.



In South Eressëa I was born  
(Heave away, haul away)  
On a bright and breezy summer's morn  
(and we're bound for Eressëa)

CHORUS:  
Haul away, you Elven kings  
(Heave away, haul away)  
Haul away, you'll us sing  
(and we're bound for Eressëa)

There is an isle in the Western Sea  
(Heave away...)  
And that's where we all long to be  
(And we're bound...)

CHORUS  
Telerin ships roam far and wide  
But that is where our hearts abide

CHORUS

The sand is white and the grass is green  
The maids the fairest ever seen

CHORUS

I thought I heard the captain say  
"You'll see the shore at the break of day"

CHORUS

O the voyage was hard and the night was long  
But the dawn is near and wind is strong

CHORUS

Give praise to Ossë in the deep  
From harm all Elven-sailors keep

CHORUS



# The Fornost Kid

Words by Brin Dunsire.

Tune 'Ghost Riders in the Sky'.

A man came riding out of the West one cold and stormy day

His horse was lean and hungry, its coat a dirty grey  
His features by the shadows of his hooded cloak were hid

The terror of the Northern Moors – that was the Fornost Kid.

*Chorus:*

See them low, see them high  
Black Riders in the sky

His sidekick was a Hobbit lad, a swineherd from the Yale

He was called the Midnight Sow-boy and he liked his drop of ale

His eye was keen, his hand was quick, and O his aim was good

He'd killed a score of chaffinches – way up in Bindbole Wood.

They rode in through the gates of Bree and hurried to the Inn

Where Fornost raised his pint aloft and shouted "Up the King!"

While Midnight dallies hopefully with an Elven maid name Fay

And tickled her beneath the chin – in that special Hobbit way.

Sitting in a corner were three figures robed in black  
They were playing games for money with an Elvish Scrabble pack

The fourth one was a Southerner, just in from Bucklebury

He'd been a river gambler – aboard the Buckland Ferry.

*Chorus*

Fornost went to join the game and said "I'll match your stake"

He shuffled all the counters, he gave the bag a shake  
He scored six triples in a row and the game was nearly done

But the gambler made an Entish word – and chalked up ninety-one.

The counters they were running low, Fornost was doing fine

He'd only got three letters left and had a word in mind

An X, Y, Z and double score that no-one else could beat

When the gambler threw the board up – and shouted "Ye're a cheat!"

Men dived below the tables as the pair rose from their seat

The halflings under benches ran, their faces white as sheets

The gambler said "That's not a word that's in the O.E.D., *The Osgilliath Elvish Dictionary*

And I think you've hid some counters – in your cod-piece secretly."

*Chorus*

The gambler drew his Dunland dirk as fast as eye could see

Fornost whipped his sword out but not quite as speedily

He barely dodged away in time as the Southerner thrust in

But he kicked him in the Redhorn Pass – and Midnight bit his shin.

Fornost sauntered to the bar and began to drink some more

But the gambler wasn't finished yet and got up off the floor

The clash of blades began again, a web of steel they wove

While Midnight held the Nazgûl off – with his silver garlic clove.

The fight went raging on and on till opening time next day

The Nazgûl gave up in disgust and flew their steeds away

It was getting somewhat obvious that neither one would win

When came the cry that stopped it all – "There's a Shirriff coming in!"

*Chorus*

They sing this song in Tookbank when they meet to drink and dine

In Hobbiton and Pincup and across the Brandywine  
Whate'er became of Fornost, Midnight and the gambling man

They'd sailed into the sunset – selling pipeweed in Aman

*Chorus*

# The Jug of Ale (A Hobbit drinking-song)

Words by Brin Dunsire.

Tune 'The Jug of Punch'.



'Twas on a sunny day in the month of Rethe  
The good spring air I did deeply breathe  
The clouds were dancing in a southern gale  
Fit to blow the froth of a jug of ale

CHORUS:

Toora-loora-lye, toora-loora-lay  
Toora-loora-lye, toora-loora-lay  
The clouds were dancing in a southern gale  
Fit to blow the froth of a jug of ale

What more delight could a hobbit wish  
Than a good hot meal in a big fine dish  
And afterwards, perhaps a song or tale  
With a pipe to smoke and a jug of ale

CHORUS

Now when a hobbit's sick, or in fever's bands  
And he's neither able to go nor stand  
The surest cure, when all else doth fail  
Is a plate of mushrooms and a jug of ale

CHORUS

Now when upon you a maid has set her eye  
And to win you round, you with ale doth ply  
Just remember that love is not for sale  
And remain content with your jug of ale

CHORUS

O the Southern wines I would gladly seek  
And the Westmarch cider makes my legs go weak  
But to quench the thirst on a dusty trail  
There's no better thing than a jug of ale

CHORUS

Ah but when I'm dead and all in my grave  
No costly headstone will I have  
Just lay me down as is right and meet  
With a jug of ale at my head and feet

CHORUS

## Rómenna Town

Words by Brin Dunsire.

Tune 'I wish I was back in Liverpool'.

*Chorus:*

O I wish I was back in Rómenna  
Rómenna town where I was born  
Where there ain't no trees, no scented breeze  
No fields of waving corn  
But there's lots of girls with golden curls  
And the good red wine flows free  
Where the white gulls fly and the masts grow high  
It's Rómenna town for me.

*Chorus*

'Tis seven long years since I wandered away  
For to sail to countries far  
My very first trip in a four-mast ship  
To a haven called Umbar  
Six days from land I couldn't stand  
The pitching up and down  
O Captain dear, let's turn and steer  
For good old Rómenna town.

*Chorus*

Well, we came to land in Middle-earth  
And on Umbar's quays did walk  
I saw wonders there beyond compare  
Of which the sailors talk  
There were swarthy men and dusky maids  
And children black and brown  
But I'd sooner far be in a bar  
In good old Rómenna town.

*Chorus*

They had apes and monkeys dressed in clothes  
And snakes that danced and swayed  
They had oliphaunts, the height of trees  
With golden mail arrayed  
They had tigers penned, and lions chained  
And peacocks roaming free  
But I've had my fill of sport and thrill  
It's Rómenna town for me.

*Chorus*

# A Song of Eärendil

Words by Brin Dunsire.

Tune 'Ellen Vannin'.



'Twas after the sack of Gondolin  
The fall of Doriath and its King  
Some fled from war and misery  
And came to dwell beside the Sea.

CHORUS:  
O Eärendil  
From the Mouths of Sirion  
O Eärendil  
He's set his sails and gone.

Tuor and Idril sailed away  
Where they went no Elf can say  
Their son, now King, he lingered still  
The one they called Eärendil.

CHORUS

Cirdan the Shipwright's aid he sought  
And long with nail and timber wrought  
With silver sail and golden oar  
Vingilot the name she bore.

CHORUS

To Elwing then he bade farewell  
Rode westward o'er the ocean swell  
Away beyond all mortal ken  
To plead the cause of Elves and Men.

CHORUS

Turned back by winds and shadows dim  
There flying Elwing same to him

Their people slain in grievous war  
By the oath-bound sons of Fëanor.

CHORUS

The ship once more to westwards turned  
A jewel upon his forehead burned  
With light that should all darkness fill  
The radiance of the Silmaril.

CHORUS

And thus to Valinor came at last  
The diamond dust his footfall cast  
"Hail Eärendil" a voice did sound  
"Of mariners the most renowned".

CHORUS

Unto the Gods his plea he gave  
That they the World from Morgoth save  
His words they heeded, counsel took  
And soon with wrath the Mountains shook.

CHORUS

To Middle-earth came never more  
Its messenger back from Valinor  
Instead he sails the skies afar  
Eärendil, now the Evening Star.

CHORUS

## The Tavern Below Bree-hill

Words by Brin Dunsire.  
Tune 'Spencil Hill'.



Last night as I lay dreaming  
Of pleasant days gone by  
My mind being bent on rambling  
To Arnor I did fly  
My thoughts remembered Eriador  
And I followed with my will  
Till at last I came in memory  
To the tavern below Bree-hill.

It being the twenty first of Rethe  
The day of the village fair.  
All Bree-land's sons and daughters  
In crowds assembled there.  
The Big, the Small, the stout and the tall  
They came for sport and thrill.  
There was jovial conversations  
At the tavern below Bree-hill.

There was folk of every kind and place  
That came to fair at Bree.  
They'd buy, and sell, and drink and dance  
And merry the sport would be.  
There was Dwarves from over the Mountains  
Men from Tharbad and Dale  
And Elves from fair Lothlórien  
All sharing a barrel of ale.

I wept with joy to see the sight  
Of how free folk should be  
Before the Shadow of Mordor  
Fell on the Inn at Bree.  
Then the cock crew in the morning  
And he crew both loud and shrill  
And I woke in Minas Tirith  
Many miles from old Bree-hill.

## Their Hairy Toes

Words by Brin Dunsire.

Tune 'The Raggie-taggle Gypsies'.

It was late one night when Malendil came home  
On the 5:30 wain from Tirith-o  
A clerk was he in a bank on Level Three  
And he hated the hobbits and their hairy toes

He stopped before his mock-Dwarvish door  
And called to his wife "I am home dear-o  
The wain was delayed, I'm late I'm afraid  
It must have been those hobbits with their hairy toes"

Then he went inside and a note he espied  
And then Elf au-pair came in to greet him-o  
Saying "Madam is not 'ere, she have gone I fear  
She have gone wiz ze 'Obbits wiz ze 'airy toes"

"Go saddle for me the big roan steed  
For the grey was never so speedy-o  
I will ride and ride through the countryside  
Till I catch those hobbits with their hairy toes"

So he rode north and he rode west  
Till he came to a field near Bag End-o  
And there she did stand with a pipe in her hand  
She was getting into pipeweed with the Hobbits-o

"How could you leave your house and home  
Your Elven decor and your servants-o?  
Your children three, not to mention me  
For to go with the Hobbits and their hairy toes?"

"What care I for your house and home?  
Your gold and your marble pati-o?  
For a powder I've mixed and a fuse I have fixed  
To blow the whole lot into Anduin-o"

"Now at last I'm free of the bourgeoisie  
And the orc-brained snobs at the Hunt Club-o  
With Kings' Avenue you know what you can do  
I'm happy with the Hobbits and their hairy toes!"

# The War of Westernesse

Words by Brin Dunsire.

Tune 'The Ball of Kerriemuir'.



Four-and-twenty score of ships sailed out from West-  
ernesse  
And when the War was over there were four-and-  
twenty less.

CHORUS:  
Singing, scorn to the Valar, and heave upon the oar  
If you've never sailed out to spite the Gods, you're  
not from Númenor.

Ar-Pharazôn the King was there, a-sitting on his  
throne  
He swore that he would break the Bar and make the  
west his own.

CHORUS  
The Admiral Zakathôr, he was foremost in the line  
He hoped for life eternal but he ended pickled in  
brine.

CHORUS  
The Alcarondas' Captain, he stood proud upon the  
deck  
The glory it became him, but his ship became a  
wreck.

CHORUS  
The first mate Abûnir he was there, a-drinking like  
a fish  
He said he'd drown his fears and quite soon he got  
his wish.

CHORUS  
The bosun Gamathil he was there, he swore with  
curses foul  
But his tongue was tied forever when the winds be-  
gan to howl.

CHORUS  
The helmsman at the stern he had the tiller firm and  
true  
But the day he set it for the West was one he'd come  
to rue.

CHORUS  
The cook was in the galley counting spices on the  
shelf  
He little thought that soon he'd be a-feeding fish  
himself.

CHORUS  
The little cabin-boy he was there, a-hiding in a chest  
He meant no harm to anyone but perished like the  
rest.

CHORUS  
Well it was mad and it was hopeless, but I'll bid you  
sing with pride  
True Men will never cease to strive for aught that  
they're denied.

CHORUS



## While Hobbits Watched

Words by Brin Dunsire.

Tune 'While Shepherds Watched'.

While Hobbits watched by Stock one night  
All by the Brandywine  
A Nazgûl on a horse came by  
And said "That Ring is mine"

"Sod off" said they, though mighty dread  
Had seized their troubled minds  
"Your boss won't get it, for we think  
He's wicked and unkind"

"You crawling slugs" the black one hissed  
"I'll make you eat your words"  
He spurred his horse to charge them down  
But slipped in a pile of - fruit

His steed went down but he flew on  
As swift as any lark  
Full into the farmyard slurry pit  
O how the dogs did bark

The Hobbits were with mirth convulsed  
It was a sorry sight  
The wet Brown Rider dripping rose  
And stank of farmyard - lavender

"You'd best be on your way" they laughed  
"Your horse has gone ahead  
You've many a mile to go this night  
Before you reach your bed"

Now the River was nigh, to wash and bathe  
But as all good folk know  
The one thing that all Nazgûl fear  
Is water, fast or slow

So in slimy boots he southward trod  
His homeward way to find  
And all along his sticking trail  
Bright flowers sprung up behind

# The Wild Ranger

Words by Brin Dunsire.

Tune 'The Wild Rover' by Trad..

Musical notation for the first system of 'The Wild Ranger'. It consists of four staves of music in 3/4 time, key of G major. Chords are indicated above the notes: G, C, G, D7, G, C, G, D7, G, D7, G, C, D, C, G, D7, G.

Tune 'The Wild Rover' by Trad..

Musical notation for the second system of 'The Wild Rover'. It consists of four staves of music in 3/4 time, key of G major. This system contains only the melody line without chord markings.

I've been a wild Ranger for many a year  
 And I've lived all that time under shadow of fear  
 But now I'm retiring and taking my rest  
 Going back to the Last Homely House in the West.

And I'll show you the star that's embossed on my  
 a\_\_\_."

CHORUS

CHORUS:  
 And it's no, nay, never (get down off yer 'orse)  
 No nay never, no more  
 Will I play the wild Ranger,  
 No never, no more.

In Gondor I wooed me a sprightly young wench,  
 Who fondled my falchion behind a park bench.  
 Her brothers they threw me from the old city walls,  
 Thanks be to the Valar they left me my b\_\_\_\_\_.

CHORUS

I've travelled in Mordor, in Harad and Rhûn,  
 And I've known night of grief and I've known nights  
 of fûn,  
 But now my sword's blunted, and bent at the tip,  
 I can't swing all night 'cos I must have me kip.

I courted an Elf-maid who plied me with beer,  
 And I swore that I'd make her my lover most dear.  
 But wenching while drinking is certain to fail,  
 For you can't keep your sword up when fuddled with  
 ale.

CHORUS

CHORUS

A maiden of Rohan said to me, "I trow  
 That I can't take my eyes off the star on your brow."  
 I said to her, "Lady, let's lie in the grass,

One winter of snow with the Lossoth I stayed,  
 And I met a brass monkey who asked for my aid.

I said, "I can't stay for I'm heading homewards,  
To fix these brass pommels on a spare pair of swords." CHORUS

CHORUS

I once saw a Nazgûl high up in the air  
And I shouted, "Come down here and fight if you  
dare."

His horny-winged beast put its tail up on high,  
And four pounds of s--- landed right in my eye.

My wanderings are over, I've unstrung my bow,  
My eyesight is failing and I'm getting slow.  
In Rivendell I'm well looked after and fed...  
But I'll chase Elrond's housemaids until I drop dead!

CHORUS

## The Wood-Elves' Banquet

Words by Brin Dunsire.

Tune 'The Teddybears Picnic'.

If you go down to the woods tonight  
You're sure of a big surprise  
If you go down to the woods tonight  
You'll never believe your eyes  
For every Elf that ever there was  
Is gathered there for certain, because  
Tonight's the night the Wood-elves have their banquet

There's some from the East and some from the West  
And some from just round the block  
The Shoreland Pipers are blowing their amps  
They really know how to rock  
The lights are flashing orange and green  
Gwindor's really digging the scene  
He's got a new miner's lamp and it's stroboscopic

Feasting time for Sylvan Elves  
The merry Woodland Elves are having a lovely time tonight  
See how they enjoy themselves  
For every one's intent on getting tight  
Thranduil is sinking fast  
His leafy crown is slipping into his ale  
Legolas is looking wry, nursing a big black eye  
He made a pass at Galadriel

Now every Elf that's ever been good

Is sure of a treat tonight  
For the Elven chefs are making a dish  
To pleasure the appetite  
In all the pans there bubbles a broth  
Five hairy toes stick out of the froth  
You bet your life they're cooking more than than mushrooms

If you go down to the woods tonight  
You'd better not go alone  
It's loads of fun in the woods tonight  
But safer to stay at home  
Miriël's lad's a horrible sight  
With Silmarils sewn onto his tights  
They don't call Fëanor "Fairy Lights" for nothing

Feasting time for Sylvan Elves  
The merry Woodland Elves are having a decadent time today  
Barfing in the Nimrodel  
O what would the Professor have to say?  
See them crawling on their knees  
Or leaning on the trees, they cannot stand by themselves –  
At twelve o'clock the Nazgûl are coming to take them all away  
Because they're smashed little Woodland Elves.

# The Baby and the Bird

Words by Diana Paxson.

Old Rome had many taverns  
Devoted to the vine,  
Where Ovid pledged each new love  
In red Falernian wine;  
Catullus, shamed by Lesbia,  
Poured out his grief in verse,  
Apuleius counted follies,  
And pondered which was worse.

CHORUS:

But the place that draws me ever  
When my fancy's running wild,  
Is a little pub in Oxford  
Called "The Eagle and the Child" –  
The Eagle and the Child – oh,  
Or else as I have heard,  
Its regulars all called it –  
"The Baby and the Bird!"

The Company was merry  
In Cheapside's Tabard Inn,  
When Chaucer and the Pilgrims  
Were telling tales within,  
And on the Canterbury road  
They took that April day,  
And at the other hostels where  
They stayed upon their way.

CHORUS

When Villon, gutter-poet,  
Reeled through the Paris night,  
Drunk on verse and hypocras  
And looking for a fight,  
The Pomme de Pin, the Cheval Blanc  
All welcomed him, and more,  
With wine at every table

And doxies at each door.

CHORUS

Of all the City's taverns  
When Bess was England's Queen,  
The Mermaid, undisputed ruled  
The literary scene.  
Each Global play was played again  
And christened in brown ale,  
While Shakespeare, or Ben Jonson,  
Stood up to tell the tale.

CHORUS

Augustan wits made merry  
At London's Cheshire Cheese,  
The topic was no matter  
So that the manner please –  
Be it love or politics,  
'Twas scandalous I've heard  
But Johnson had his Boswell  
To write down every word.

CHORUS

They sing of famous taverns;  
Considering them all,  
The one where I had rather  
Been a fly upon a wall  
Would be the inn where Tolkien,  
Lewis, Williams too,  
Met with the other Inklings  
Asking "Who has something new?"

CHORUS

# Chorea Magna

Tune 'Simple Gifts'.



The Dance is the singing of the stars at their birth;  
the Dance is a tree with its roots in utmost earth;  
the Dance is the gambolling of balls in a game  
with their source a hand, and their end the same.

## CHORUS:

Dare, then, the measure of the dance  
follow the Fool in his reckless  
fallin his madness, joy, his destiny-in-chance  
for all luck is good, and the Naught is all!

The Dance knows the wounding that the earth cannot heal  
the Dance knows the weight and the flaming of the wheel  
the Dance knows the binding to stake torched at dawn—  
but the dancers, stilled, still go dancing on.

## CHORUS

The Dance is a Lion and a Child locked in play  
The Dance is a feast on a royal wedding day  
the Dance is a city where the time-scattered meet  
and the Glory blazes in each complete.

## CHORUS

# The Mushroom Song

Words by Anna Bowles.

Frodo slipped from Brandy Hall  
But Prudence stayed behind  
He made for Farmer Maggot's land  
With mushrooms on his mind.

Mushrooms, mushrooms!  
With mushrooms on his mind  
Though Prudence stayed at home in bed  
He'd mushrooms on his mind!

As soon as Frodo reached his goal  
Young Prudence leapt from bed,  
She bounded out across the fields  
And jumped inside his head.

Mushrooms, mushrooms!  
With mushrooms on his mind  
When Prudence jumped inside his head  
He'd mushrooms on his mind!

Prudence whispered soft to him  
"Mushrooms are good to eat,  
But Maggot's seen you trespassing-  
Your backside will be beat!"

Mushrooms, mushrooms!  
With mushrooms on his mind  
Maggot saw the trespasser  
With mushrooms on his mind!

The farmdogs caught our hero's scent  
And soon they won the chase,  
For Frodo tried to leap a gate

And fell upon his face.

Mushrooms, mushrooms!  
With mushrooms on his mind  
He tripped and fell upon his face  
He'd mushrooms on his mind!

Old Maggot beat and Frodo squeaked,  
His backside soon was sore,  
As Maggot whacked and hid a smile,  
And then he whacked some more!

Mushrooms, mushrooms!  
With mushrooms on his mind  
Maggot whacked and whacked some more  
He'd mushrooms on his mind!

It wasn't till his seat was raw  
That Maggot let him go;  
Prudence simply watched and grinned  
And cried; "I told you so!"

Mushrooms, mushrooms!  
With mushrooms on his mind  
And even when his seat was raw  
He'd mushrooms on his mind!

For mushrooms are a noble food,  
And all I could desire  
Is frothing ale and mushroom pie  
Beside a warm inn's fire.

# The Oath of Feanor

Words by Magla Feinersen.

Tune 'Innuendo' by Freddy Mercury.

While the sun hangs in the sky and the desert has  
sand

While the waves crash in the sea and meet the land

While there's a wind and the stars of Varda still shine

Till the mountains of Valinor crumble

Oh yes we'll keep persuin'

The Silmarils

Oh we'll keep persuin' yeah

Where ever they be

Be he Man, Dwarf or Elf or one of the Ainur

Or if he be of the forces of Bauglir

We will never desist from persuing him, wherever he  
goes

If he holds a Silmaril from us

Oh yes we'll keep persuin'

The Three Silmarils

Oh we'll keep persuin'

Till the end of time

Till the end of time

Through the sorrow all through our splendour

This Oath has haunted us through history

We have killed many elves who thwarted us

Especially after Beren and Lúthien rescued a Silmaril

Díor was our victim, he died, we died

Surrender the jewel, or die, or die by our swords

Oooh, ooh -

The Valar sent an army which defeated Morgoth

They took from his crown the Silmarils which we  
then took from them

We were burned and rejected by the jewels, finally  
recovered

We threw them, In the ocean, In a firey pit

Oh yes, they'll be there always,

Earth, Ocean and Sky

Yeah, will keep them always, yeah

And whatever will be - will be

In Earth, In Sea, In Sky

In Earth, In Sea, In Sky

Till the end of time

Till the end of time



## Periodic Table of Elvish Names

Words by Carl Hostetter, Patrick Wynne.  
Tune 'The Major-General's Song' by Arthur Sullivan.  
*Appologies to Tom Lehrer.*

There's Bárágund and Bélegund and Béregund and Bárahir, Béren, Mándos, Lúthien, Isíldur, Tár-Atánamir;	Háldor, Hándir, Brándir, Márdil, Mórmegil and Légolas;
Umbárdacil, Hyarméndacil, Roméndacil and Árdamir, Cástamir and Círion and Cálmacil and Várdamir;	Áraphant and Áraphor and Árvegil and Árathorn, Áraglas and Árgeleb and Áragost and Áragorn.
Mórwen and Silmárien, Gilthóniel and Fíriel, Níenor, Lothíriel, Lindórie and Míriel;	Élu Thíngol, Mélian, and Élured and Élurin, Maédhros, Máglor, Ámrod, Ámras, Célegorm and Cúrufin;
Hállacar and Hállatan and Húor, Húrin Thálion [take deep breath] Béor, Béleg, Brégor, Bródoda, Túor, Túrin, Cálion.	Fínwe, Fínrod Félagund, Findúilas and Féanor [deep breath] Daéron, Díor, Draúgluin and Díriel and Dénethor;
There's Glóredhel, Adánedhel, Tindómiel and Áravir, Áravorn and Bélegorn and Bóromir and Fáramir;	Élwe, Ólwe, Ínwe, Mánwe, Tínwe Línto, Élrohir, Élmo, Úlmo, Írmo, Námo, Súlimo and Cúruinir
Tar-Círyatan, Atánatar, Tar-Mínyatur, Anárion, and Hérenúmen, Héremor, Eléndil, Tar-Aldárion:	Quénya and Táliska and Kornóldorin and Líndarin, Ádunaic, Dwárvish, Órkish, Dánian and Síndarin.
[Isn't that interesting? I hope you're all taking notes, because t here's going to be a short quiz next period.]	These aren't the only ones of whom the news has come from Arda, but we could not include them all: that would have been much harder.
Gíldor, Gáldor, Gúndor, Úldor, Árador and Brégolas,	

## Thingol's Song

Tune 'A Hymn to Him (My Fair Lady)' by Frederick Loewe.

*Thingol:*

What in all of Arda could have prompted her to go,  
lead her to so bottomless a fall?

Why has he impressed her? Why has he possessed  
her?

I cannot understand the girl at all.

Humans are irrational, because their lives are short,  
they're frivolous and living by the day;

They are nothing but a disease of mythology, those  
afterborn,

a crying, talking, sleeping, walking (where did I get  
that one?) piece of clay!

Daeron, Why can't a human be more like an Elf?

Yes: why can't a human be more like an Elf?

Elves are so formal, so thoroughly chaste:

they wait 'till they're married, they're never in haste.

Who when their wives get killed sit back and duly  
grieve:

Why did my daughter have to leave?

Why they always hurry things I cannot see;

Why can't they just wait another year?

Why was eloping such a necessity?

Why did she not leave the decision to me?

Why can't a human take after an Elf?

Elves are so quiet, they never are rash,

You won't see them running, they never will dash.

Would you go with me if I spelt your name wrong?

*Daeron:*

Of course not!

*Thingol:*

And fall in love the minute I started to woo?

*Daeron:*

Nonsense!

*Thingol:*

Would your affair be made by Tolkien into singsong?

*Daeron:*

Never!

*Thingol:*

Why can't some elves be more lie you!

One Elf in a million may mutate a bit:

Now and then there's one with human traits.

Lúthien does act like that, I must admit:

She has behaved indeed un-elvish these days!

Why can't a human be more like an Elf?

Elves are so open, so easy to guide.

I never expected it, but she has lied:

Would you go lie about your lover to your father?

*Daeron:*

Of course not!

*Thingol:*

And would you treat your old grey loving daddy  
thus?

*Daeron:*

Nonsense!

*Thingol:*

Would you enrage him, irritate him rather?

*Daeron:*

Never!

*Thingol:*

Why can't our daughters be more like us?

Melian, you are a Maia:

Why can't mortals be more like the Elves?

Elves are so decent, while mortals I loathe:

Elves do for instance always stick to their oath,

Even if this means they protect their daughters' date:

Why can't the humans escape their fate?

Why do their lives on this earth do end so quick?

Why so soon this "for whom tolls the bell"?

Why do they grow old and weak and blind and sick?

Why don't they reincarnate like us as well?

Why can't a human be more like an Elf?

If I were like Beren, and dooméd to end,

would I have come hither, my head and knees bent,

would I've accepted my death-sentence and still more,

or

Would I go fetch the silly Silmaril from Morgoth?

Why can't a mortal be like ME?

# All Rings Bright and Beautiful

Words by Angela Gardner née Surtees.

Tune 'Royal Oak (All Things Bright and Beautiful)'.

CHORUS:

All rings bright and beautiful  
All rings great and small  
All rings wise and wonderful  
The Dark Lord wants them all.

He likes them made of marble  
He likes them made of brass  
He likes them made of metal  
He's going to get one ... made of glass!

CHORUS

He wants one for his big toe  
Because it's very chilly,  
We'll get him one of fur...

Though he may look pretty silly!

CHORUS

He loves them when they're thin ones,  
He loves them when they're thick.  
He wants one for his Balrog  
Who's got a mighty... whip!

CHORUS

The Dark Lord now is finished,  
His fame had reached its height;  
We conquered him in battle  
And covered him in... light!

## At the bridge of Khazad-dûm

Words by Sverre Schriwer.

Tune 'By the Rising of the Moon'.

Oh, hear me ye of noble blood, oh hear me well and true

I bear the tale of Gandalf and the Balrog that he slew.

He led the famous fellowship to safety though the gloom

When they made their way though Moria to the bridge to Khazad-dûm.

CHORUS:

To the bridge of Khazad-dûm, to the bridge of Khazad-dûm

When they made their way through Moria to the bridge of Khazad-dûm.

They travelled bold and manly through the caverns dark and grey

When they heard the boom of orc-drums from a hall not far away.

Their sword-blades, wielded manly, to the orcs were scythes of doom

Their trail was damp with orc blood to the bridge of Khazad-dûm.

CHORUS

When they reached the bridge to safety, long and narrow like a spear,

O'er a chasm so deep and awesome that it filled them all with fear,

Rose a mighty flame and thunder, and behind some evil loomed,

'Tis a Balrog!' shouted Gandalf at the bridge of Khazad-dûm.

CHORUS

Gruesome to behold, and deadly, Durin's bane of many a name,

With sword ablaze and whip the flame of Udûn onward came.

Gandalf stood his ground, 'You cannot pass! I'll make the chasm thy tomb.'

He met the Balrog's challenge at the bridge of Khazad-dûm.

CHORUS

'You cannot stand alone!' shouted Aragorn the brave. And the battle cry of Boromir re-echoed in the cave.

'Flee you fools!' cried Gandalf Grey, 'You will all be surely doomed,

I alone can take a stand at the bridge of Khazad-dûm.'

CHORUS

From its scabbard he drew Glamdring, its blade a tongue of light

By Elves 'twas wrought in days of old, that sword of ancient might.

Glamdring met the Balrog's blade, a lightning pierced the gloom.

The Balrog's blade was broken at the bridge of Khazad-dûm.

CHORUS

With his staff the wizard smote the bridge, he cried a mighty spell,

That shattered staff and bridge and sent the Balrog down to hell.

But the Balrog's whip that curled 'round Gandalf's foot became his doom

It pulled the mighty wizard off the bridge of Khazad-dûm.

CHORUS

From the inns of Minas Tirith to the taverns of the Shire,

From the Iron Hills of Dain to Lothlórien the fair, Shall the bards sing praise to Gandalf, word be said

in every room, That he slew the flame of Udûn at the bridge of Khazad-dûm.

CHORUS

From the seers one hears prophecies until this very day,

That the abyss has but tempered true the soul of Gandalf Grey.

He like Gandalf White, still mightier has risen from his tomb,

To return in greater glory from the bridge of Khazad-dûm.

From the bridge of Khazad-dûm, from the bridge of Khazad-dûm,

To return in greater glory from the bridge of Khazad-dûm.

# The Battle Hymn of Mordor

Words by Mattias Wohlen.

Tune 'When Johnny comes Marching Home'.



Goblins, orcs and trolls we are, hoorah, hoorah  
No end of us the World can see, hoorah, hoorah  
We slay, we kill, that's our goodwill  
No matter how cruel, it's all a thrill  
We kill, kill, kill, kill, we are the Dark Lord's host.

From Mordor we are coming back, hoorah, hoorah  
To burn, destroy, to slay, and sack, hoorah, hoorah  
We butcher and cut, we rip your guts  
We rape your daughters and burn your huts  
We kill, kill, kill, kill, we are the Dark Lord's host.

The land of Rohan we will raze, hoorah, hoorah  
Their stable homes we'll set ablaze, hoorah, hoorah  
We slay of course both man and horse  
We've yet to learn the word remorse  
We kill, kill, kill, kill, we are the Dark Lord's host.

The dwarves will dance and do a skip, hoorah, hoorah  
Before the Balrog's slashing whip, hoorah, hoorah  
A merry day, the balrog will flay  
Every beard and limb away  
We kill, kill, kill, kill, we are the Dark Lord's host.

Lorien fairest forest is, hoorah, hoorah

We burn it all, it is amiss, hoorah, hoorah  
We slay the elves, amuse ourselves, hoorah, hoorah  
They'll find no maid among themselves  
We kill, kill, kill, kill, we are the Dark Lord's host.

Come here my hobbit, do not flee, hoorah, hoorah  
Come back, come back, come play with me, hoorah,  
hoorah  
The hobbits char in fresh hot tar, hoorah, hoorah  
The cooking smell will spread afar  
We kill, kill, kill, kill, we are the Dark Lord's host.

The wizards try to us repel, hoorah, hoorah  
We kill, we send them down to hell, hoorah, hoorah  
We win the west, we are the best  
We kill you all with jolly zest  
We kill, kill, kill, kill, we are the Dark Lord's host.

The king of Gondor soon will die, hoorah, hoorah  
When his home in cinders lie, hoorah, hoorah  
The World is won, the West is gone  
All the bloody creation undone  
We kill, kill, kill, kill, we are the Dark Lord's host.

## Can't buy me love (What Frodo did not tell Galadriel)

Words by Geeske Kruseman.

Tune 'Can't buy me love' by John Lennon, Paul McCartney.

I'll give you the Great Ring, my friend  
If that makes you feel alright.  
I'll get you anything, my friend  
If that makes you feel alright.  
For I don't care too much for power  
Power can't buy me love.

I'll give you all I've got to give  
If you say you love me too.  
I may not have a lot to give  
But what I got I'll give to you.  
For I don't care too much for power  
Power can't buy me love.

CHORUS:  
Can't buy me love  
Ev'rybody tells me so  
Can't buy me love,  
no, no, no, no!

Tell me to lose that Ring, my friend  
And I'll be satisfied.  
Tell me you want those kind of things  
No Ring can make you feel.  
For I don't care too much for power  
Power can't buy me love.

# The Drunken Hobbit Song

Words by Angela Gardner née Surtees.

Tune 'You've Lost That Loving Feeling; Loch Lomond; Auld Lang Syne' by Spector, Mann, Weil; ??? ; ???.

I got that Monday feelin'  
Oh-o that Monday feelin'  
I got that Monday feelin'  
Now it's gone, gone, gone...

Wow-ow-wow yeah, be-dum be-dum be-dum dum...

Oh you drank the top shelf  
And I drank the low shelf  
And I got mungdungas before ye,  
But you are my true friend  
And will be ever more,  
On the bonny bonny seats of the Pony.

We were rolling on Monday  
And Steamin' on Tuesday  
By Wednesday our vision was blurrin'  
We fell over on Thursday  
And Friday's best forgot  
On the bony bonny seats of the Pony.

So it's farewell to Oxford

And farewell to Hobbits,  
My friend my old heart is breakin'  
But we'll take an Oath now  
That we will meet again  
On the bony bonny seats of the Pony.

Should new found friends all be forgot  
And never dropped a line?  
Should conferences all be dull  
With ne'er a drop o' wine?

Oh no my friend this cannot be  
We've raised our glasses high  
And we have sworn to meet again  
At the Prancing Pony sign.

So here's my hand my trusty friend  
And gi' us one o' thine,  
And we shall surely meet again  
At the Prancing Pony sign.

# The Ecthelion Song

Words by Beregon of the Forodrim.

Tune 'Joshua fought the Battle of Jericho; Rock and Roll Music; Rock around the Clock'.

CHORUS:

Ecthelion fought a Balrog in Gondolin,  
Gondolin, Gondolin,  
Ecthelion fought a Balrog in Gondolin,  
And he slew great Gothmog there!

When the Dark Flame, Demon of Despair  
Met the Elf so proud and fair  
There was none like old Ecthelion  
In the Battle of the Square!

CHORUS

When the Balrogs Fëanor assailed  
Neither will nor courage failed  
Yet there's none like old Ecthelion  
In the Battle of the Square!

CHORUS

And when Fingon valiant did fight  
Balrogs feared his skill and might,  
But there's none like old Ecthelion  
In the Battle of the Square!

CHORUS

Heroes of the Fall of Gondolin  
Did undying glory win,  
But there's none like old Ecthelion  
In the Battle of the Square!

CHORUS

Cries and clamour, crashing, fumes in air  
Blood and battle everywhere,  
There was none like old Ecthelion  
In the Battle of the Square!

CHORUS

In the Square Ecthelion stood guard,  
Clad in steel-mail, bright and hard,  
And there's none like old Ecthelion  
In the Battle of the Square!

CHORUS

Up came Gothmog, dark with fire inside,  
And with thunderous voice he cried:

They say between the Sea and Gelion  
None fight as well as you, Ecthelion.

But though you be an Elf so fair and proud,  
I am a burning flame in shadow-shroud!  
I am the end of life and laughter, mirth and music!  
It's flee or die, be quick and choose it!  
If you give battle, I can't lose it,  
If you wanna fence with me,  
If you wanna fence with me!

Still there's none like old Ecthelion  
In the Battle of the Square!

CHORUS

But Ecthelion was not afraid,  
And he answered undismayed:

You have come to smite and smash the Hidden Rock,  
But Gondolin, Gondolin, Gondolin Rock  
Will prove to be indeed for you a real hard Rock!  
(I am the Captain of the Fountain of the Rock!)  
The Hidden Rock will crush your might,  
The Hidden Rock will teach you fright!  
The Hidden Rock will be your life's last sight!  
The Hidden Rock will see your life's last fight!  
The Hidden Rock, the Hidden Rock  
Will crush your evil might!  
Not by strength and not by flight  
You'll save your skin, so don't try't!  
'Cause you are dark, but I am clear and bright!  
The Hidden Rock, Rock, Rock will teach you fright!  
The Hidden Rock, the Hidden Rock  
Will crush your evil might!

Oh, there's none like old Ecthelion  
In the Battle of the Square!

CHORUS

Lord Ecthelion the Balrog slew,  
Though the Balrog slew him too,  
And there's none like old Ecthelion  
In the Battle of the Square!

CHORUS

You may praise Glorfindel Golden-hair,  
Gandalf on the Endless Stair,  
Yet there's none like old Ecthelion  
In the Battle of the Square!

CHORUS



# The Epical History of the War of the Ring

Words by George Heap, Anon. (v 7).

Tune 'Jesse James'.



Oh, Sauron made some Rings, they were very useful things,  
And he only wanted One to keep;  
But Isildur took the One just to have a little fun –  
Sauron's finger was still in it, what a creep!

## CHORUS:

Sauron had no friend to help him in the end,  
Not even an Orc or a slave;  
It was dirty Frodo Baggins who fixed his little wagon  
And laid poor Sauron in his grave!

Then Sauron went to war for the Glory of Mordor,  
But his Orcs didn't like the sun;  
It was marching in the heat made them feel so very beat  
So he made them suntan lotion by the ton!

## CHORUS

Gollum met his ruin while skin diving in Anduin  
Where he found his birthday present;  
He gave up steak and pork just to eat raw fish and Orc,  
Though the flavour was unique, it wasn't pleasant!

## CHORUS

Frodo Baggins got the Ring and he rather liked the thing  
But it worried him every minute;  
At the end of his long mission, to keep up with tradition,

He lost it with his finger still within it.

## CHORUS

Now the wizard Saruman heard that Rings were in demand  
And if he could find the One he'd have it made;  
But in spite of Fangorn's hints he had overlooked the Ents  
Who showed up to stage an Arbour Day parade!

## CHORUS

Sauron felt rather poor at the fall of Barad-dûr  
And he didn't have a friend as I've just mentioned;  
But his spirit lives today, just the same in every way,  
And the Orcs show up at every darned convention!

## CHORUS

Shagrat's job went down the drain at the end of Sauron's reign  
But he thinks his new line of work is keen;  
Though a pen-name he may use, you can spot him if you choose  
In almost any movie magazine!

Sauron had no friend to help him in the end,  
Not even an Orc or a slave;  
It was dirty Frodo Baggins who fixed his little wagon  
And laid poor Sauron in his grave!

# The Fall of Gil-galad

Words by JRRT, Jessica Yates (v 4-7).

Tune by Stephen Oliver.

*Permission to use tune from Stephen Oliver, Novello and Co. Ltd..*

Gil-galad was an Elven-king.  
Of him the harpers sadly sing:  
the last whose realm was fair and free  
between the Mountains and the Sea.

His sword was long, his lance was keen,  
his shining helm afar was seen;  
the countless stars of heaven's field  
were mirrored in his silver shield.

But long ago he rode away,  
and where he dwelleth none can say;  
for into darkness fell his star  
in Mordor where the shadows are.

The Last Alliance then was made  
of Elves and Men 'gainst Mordor's shade;  
Gil-galad's spear was in his hand

for Aiglos' might none could withstand.

At Dagorlad, the Battle Plain,  
a host of Men and Elves were slain;  
Elendil's sword the battle won,  
it bore the light of moon and sun.

At Gorgoroth, as we hear tell,  
Gil-galad died, Elendil fell,  
but then Isildur forth did stand  
and cut the Ring from Sauron's hand.

But Gil-galad has gone away,  
and where he dwelleth none can say;  
for into darkness fell his star  
in Mordor where the shadows are.

# The First Day of Yuletide

Words by Maggie Percival.

Tune 'The Twelve Days of Christmas'.



On the first day of Yuletide my Elf-lord sent to me, me,  
The Ruling Ring of Nine, Seven and Three. Seven dwarven rings, etc...

On the second day of Yuletide my Elf-lord sent to me, On the eighth day of Yuletide my Elf-lord sent to me,  
me, Eight Aratar, etc...  
Two Glorfindels,  
and Ruling Ring of Nine, Seven and Three.

On the third day of Yuletide my Elf-lord sent to me, On the ninth day of Yuletide my Elf-lord sent to me,  
Three elven rings, etc... Nine rings for mortals, etc...

On the fourth day of Yuletide my Elf-lord sent to me, On the tenth day of Yuletide my Elf-lord sent to me,  
Four walking hobbits, etc... Ten mighty horses, etc...

On the fifth day of Yuletide my Elf-lord sent to me, On the eleventh day of Yuletide my Elf-lord sent to  
me,  
Five Istari, etc... Eleven lords of Gondor, etc...

On the sixth day of Yuletide my Elf-lord sent to me, On the twelfth day of Yuletide my Elf-lord sent to  
me,  
Six famous blades, etc... Twelve Rohan riders, etc...

On the seventh day of Yuletide my Elf-lord sent to

## Frodo's Lament

Words by Angela Gardner née Surtees.  
Tune 'On Top of Old Smokey'.



On top of Old Smokey  
All covered in fire  
I sat and I dreamed  
I was back in the Shire

My task it has ended  
The Ring's finally gone  
And here I am, stranded  
Where the sun's never shone.

The end is upon me  
My time it is nigh  
Oh Sam hold my hand now  
For together we die

*pause*

Oh glory and splendour  
I'm alive and I'm free  
I'll see Bag End and Bilbo  
And how happy I'll be

No more will I wander  
No more will I roam  
The Eagle has landed  
And I'm going home!

## Get Him to Mount Doom on Time

Tune 'Get Me to the Church on Time (My Fair Lady)' by Frederick Loewe.

We went to Rohan, and to Erech, to Pelargir and to  
the Pelennor;

If ever I deserved my rest... but what's the use of  
complaining?

It was my own stupid idea...

Storm the Morannon in the morning!

Stupid, but well, it looks sublime.

Only this hobbit – he may still stop it,

So get him to Mount Doom on time.

We beat them once on the Pelennor.

That victory ain't worth a dime,

Unless he delivers – it gives me the shivers,

Please get him to Mount Doom on time.

If there are orcs, stab them from behind.

Hack at the spiders' feet and make them blind!

For we'll crack the Black Gate in the morning.

This means an end to war and crime.

No need for cheering – we're all volunteering;

But get him to Mount Doom, get him to Mount

Doom, by Eru,

get him to Mount Doom on time!

Storm the Morannon in the morning:

Silly, but how it feels sublime!

Drag them or roll 'em – hobbits plus Gollum,

And get them to Mount Doom on time.

We ran like idiots to Erech;

Now I am running out of rhyme.

We all, like he, call – “Give it to Sméagol”

And shove him down Mount Doom on time!

If there are Watchers – do use the phial;

Don't put our patience longer on the trial:

For I want the Eagles in the morning!

Ding dong the bells are gonna chime.

Now for my crowning – but first throw that clown in;

Just get him to Mount Doom, get him to Mount

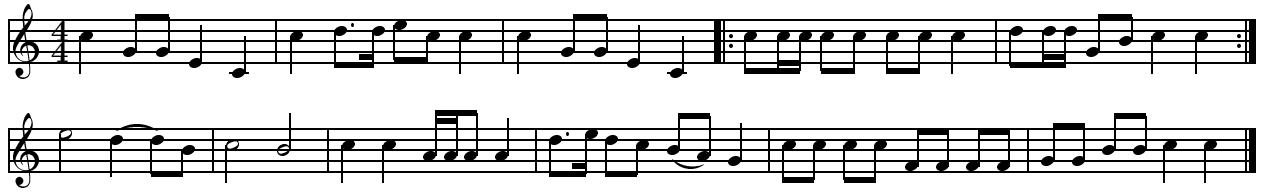
Doom, if only

they get to Mount Doom on time...

# High Fly the Nazgûl O!

Words by Dick Eney.

Tune 'Green Grow the Rushes O!'.



I'll sing you one O,  
High fly the Nazgûl O!  
What is your one O?  
One for the One Ring, Lord of all, that was destroyed  
by Frodo!

Two, two, the watchful Towers, guarding over Mor-  
dor O!

Three, three the Elf-rings;

Four for the Hobbits on the Quest;

Five for the Wizards from the West

and Four for the questing Hobbits;

Six for the six Names of the King

Seven for the Dwarf-lords' magic Rings  
and Six for the names of Strider

Eight for the ancient Elf-swordsoreight Aratar

Nine for the Nine brave Walkers *or* Nine white Walkers

Ten for the battles of the Ring

# The Lord of the Dark

Words by Angela Gardner née Surtees.  
Tune 'Simple Gifts'.



## CHORUS:

Dark then, wherever you may be  
I am the Lord of the Dark said he  
And I'll lead you all, wherever you may be  
I will lead you into the dark with me.

There was dark in the morning  
When the world was begun  
Then came the stars  
And the moon and the sun  
But He came down from heaven  
There was dark on the Earth,  
We damn the day  
when he had his birth.

## CHORUS

There was dark for the Orcs  
And the Haradrim  
But when the Ring had gone  
They could not follow him  
So the good King forgave them  
Though they had done wrong  
Now in happiness  
The new light shines on.

## CHORUS

# The Miller of Hobbiton

Words by Stephanie Allen.

Tune 'The Miller of Dee'.



There was cunning miller once  
Lived down where Hobbiton be.  
He scowled and stomped from morn to night  
No orc so blind as he.  
And this the burden of his song  
Was ever wont to be  
I care for nobody, no not I,  
If nobody cares for me.

My mill has got no engine  
And that is quite a hitch  
I'd like to change my station  
If I could just strike rich.  
No man nor king nor hobbit  
E'er had a groat from me  
I care for nobody, no not I,  
If nobody cares for me.

He had his wish one day. Sir,  
When men appeared in town.  
They put up dark new houses  
And pulled the old ones down.  
They said to Ted "Here's engines bright  
To put to work at once."  
And soon his mill was black with soot  
And so was Teddy's bonce.

When Hobbits came to rescue  
Their friends from this despair,  
Sandyman just laughed at them  
And brushed soot from his hair.  
And so the Shire was freed of men  
While he did sit and plea  
I care for nobody, no not I,  
If nobody cares for me.

They took the engines from his mill  
And threw them in the sea  
Their enemies did fight, Sir,  
But then they turned to flee.  
But Ted saw not the battle  
For running fast was he,  
I care for nobody, no not I,  
If nobody cares for me.

And when the fight was over  
And all the Shire restored  
No more was heard of Ted, though  
They searched right to the Ford.  
'Tis said that on a stormy night  
You'll hear him sing so free  
I care for nobody, no not I,  
If nobody cares for me.



# Minas Tirith

Words by Arti Ponson.

Tune 'Jerusalem' by Charles Parry.

And did those orcs, with fire and sword  
Storm up on proud Mindolluin?  
And was the mighty Nazgul Lord  
On Gondor's lofty tower seen?  
Not quite: had we not lost the Ring  
All men were subject to our will;  
Then was Barad-dur builded here  
Plus at least one Sauronic mill.

Bring me my comrade Dwimmerlaik,  
Bring me some seven mûmakil  
And bring Grond! O Gates, you'll break!  
Bring me my own pterodactyl.  
I will inspire mental fright  
The screams and howls they shall not cease  
Till we have brought Minas Tirith  
Freedom, Security and Peace!

# My Hobbit

Words by Vera Chapman (aka Belladonna Took), Arti Ponson (v 3,4,5,6).  
Tune 'My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean'.



My Hobbit is over the mountains,  
My Hobbit's the wrong side of Bree –  
My Hobbit is over the mountains,  
Oh bring back my Hobbit to me!

## CHORUS:

Bring back, O bring back,  
Bring back my Hobbit to me, to me!  
Bring back, O bring back,  
Bring back my Hobbit to me!

My Hobbit has hairs on his tootsies,  
He doesn't have points on his ears –  
My Hobbit has hairs on his tootsies,  
I wish that my Hobbit was here!

## CHORUS

My Hobbit is going to Mordor,  
My Hobbit, he runs without rest –  
My Hobbit is going to Mordor,  
He's evidently on a quest!

## CHORUS

My Hobbit is followed by Riders,  
They're black and they're hard on his trail –  
My Hobbit is followed by Riders,  
No wonder he's looking so pale!

## CHORUS

My Hobbit is trusting in Gandalf,  
My Hobbit is running behind.  
My Hobbit is trusting in Gandalf,  
So either he's deaf or he's blind!

## CHORUS

My Hobbit at last is returning  
To Hobbiton to have some rest.  
My Hobbit at last is returning,  
And afterwards he will go west.

My Hobbit is over the ocean,  
etc...

# The Nazgûl King of Angmar

Words by John Boardman.

Tune 'The Bastard King of England'.

Oh, the Uruks sing of a Nazgûl king lived many years ago,

He ruled as king with a magic ring which he got from Arnor's foe.

He covered his shape with a sable cape but that was all you'd see,

'Cause one of the things you get from Rings is invisibility.

CHORUS:

He was vicious and mean and real low down

And he had no face beneath his crown,

Sauron bless the Nazgûl King of Angmar!

Now Arvedui of Norbury was King of Arthedain;

His hair he tore as he loudly swore that the Angmar men were swine.

"They're of low birth from Middle-earth and their blood lines are a mess:

We need their space for the master race of the Men of Westnesse!"

CHORUS

When Angmar's king heard of this thing in his palace at Carn Dûm,

He drew his sword with a naughty word and he called each serf and groom.

The Angmar host marched on Fornost and vowed not to come back till

Their King could see Arvedui flee from his trusty pterodactyl.

CHORUS

From burned Fornost to the northern coast they chased poor Arvedui

And he left his bones and his pair of Stones at the bottom of the sea.

But at last the Elves came in themselves to scatter, slay and burn,

And the Witch-king said, just before he fled for his life, "I shall return!"

CHORUS

## The Oliphaunt Song

Words by Angela Gardner née Surtees.  
Tune 'from Dumbo (Walt Disney)'.

When I see an oliphaunt fly  
Like a mountain into the sky  
I'll be an oliphaunt's uncle  
And I'll have tusks on too!  
He's true! Be true!  
I'll sit on his back and wave goodbye  
And you can come along too.

We could take a trip to the sea  
What a 'mazing sight we would be  
We'd look out to the west  
And they could stare at us too

!He's true! Be true!  
I'm on his back and you're on my knee  
Sitting sweet and enjoying the view.

So come along my darling Rosie  
I'll make sure that you're nice and cosy  
We will fly together  
Over the sea so blue  
He's true! Be true!  
Watch out for that big long nose - he  
Just might want to trunk you!

## Onward Rohan Soldiers

Words by Angela Gardner née Surtees.  
Tune 'Onward Christian Soldiers'.

Onward Rohan soldiers  
Riding as to war  
With the sword of Gandalf  
Going on before.  
With our Royal Master  
We will beat the foe;  
Forward into battle  
See! Our banners go.

CHORUS:  
Onward Rohan soldiers  
Riding off to war  
With the sword of Gandalf  
Going on before.

With our mighty army  
We will crush the foe  
Warriors into battle  
Forward we will go

Brothers we are riding  
Where great Helm once trod  
Show them what we're made of  
Give 'em all you've got!

CHORUS

Onward then ye people  
Join the happy throng  
Blend with ours your voices  
In the triumph song:  
Glory, land and honour  
Theoden is King  
So, through countless ages  
Together let us sing.

CHORUS

# The Orc Song

Words by J. Boots.

Tune 'Yellow Submarine' by John Lennon, Paul McCartney.

In Moria, where I was born, lived an orc from Barad- a cave under ground.  
dur

and he told us of his years with the orcs of south And the trolls they live here too,  
Mordor. But the Dark Lord he is gone.

After the war (a few survived) we all left the mines, So all we are going to sing:  
our home.

We travelled far to reach the south, where we digged CHORUS  
the ground below.

CHORUS:

We all live in a cave under ground,  
a cave under ground,  
a cave under ground.

We all live in a cave under ground,  
a cave under ground,

But we live a life of shame  
No orc at all can see the rain  
No white moon nor yellow sun  
In our caves under the ground:

CHORUS

## A Picnic in the Forest

Words by Arti Ponson.

Tune 'The Teddycars' Picnic' by Bratton, Kennedy.

If you go down to the woods today  
be sure of a big surprise.  
If you go down to the woods today  
you'd better go in disguise.  
For every orc that ever there was  
will gather there for certain, because  
today's the day the hobbits are having a picnic.

Every hobbit who's out to lunch  
is sure of a threat today  
Every hobbit who's had a lunch  
at home he did surely stay  
They'll climb the trees or run without plan,  
they'll hide and shriek as long as they can,  
for what's the end the hobbit will see to their picnic.

If you go down to the woods today  
you'd better not go alone.  
It's lovely down in the woods today  
but safer to stay at home.  
For every orc that ever there was  
will gather there for certain, because

today's the day the hobbits are having a picnic.

Picnic time, orcs lay their snares;  
the little hobbits are forming such an easy prey.  
(Just imagine) How they're all caught unawares,  
it truly is an orcish holiday.  
See them gaily munch about;  
The hobbits scream and shout and scatter away in  
fear.  
At six o'clock the wargs will be coming to clear away  
the bones,  
and that was that for another year.  
(So don't forget:)

If you go down to the woods today  
you'd better not go alone.  
It's lovely down in the woods today  
but safer to stay at home.  
For every orc that ever there was  
will gather there for certain, because  
today's the day the hobbits are having a picnic.

## Rangers in the Night

Words by Vicki Schalin.

Tune 'Strangers in the Night' by Frank Sinatra????.

Rangers in the night  
You see them drinking  
Rangers in the night  
They do no thinking  
Rangers in the night  
They are just "Oh la la"

But Rangers in the day  
They are the greatest  
Fighters for the right  
they save the Great Quest  
But Rangers in the night  
They do just "Oh la la"

Rangers in the night

A joyful people  
Does not think of fear, nor fight  
Up to the moment  
When the morning shines in through  
What is there more to do  
The day is just a glance away  
It's good to have their chance, they say,

For.....Rangers after night  
You see them stumble  
Dazzled by the light  
You hear them mumble  
It turned out so right  
For Rangers in the night.



# The Return of the King

Words by Mike Burniston.

Tune 'The Bonnie Lass of Fifee-O (aka The Fair Maid of Fyvie)'

CHORUS:

Nine rings for men who were doomed to fall,  
Three for the Elf lords proud and tall,  
Seven for the dwarves in their many-pillared halls  
And one for the cursed ring of Sauron-O.

There once was a man of high renown,  
King was he without a crown,  
A friend through good or ill, of the race of Elendil  
Who died by the cursed ring of Sauron-O.

CHORUS

His name was Aragorn, the son of Arathorn,  
Who once in the north a king was born,  
The Dúnadan was he, and he laboured night and day,  
To fight against the cursed ring of Sauron-O.

CHORUS

With healing in his hand and a star upon his brow

He called back from darkness and so-o-rrrow,  
The maid and the man, and the little perian,  
Who fought against the cursed ring of Sauron-O.

CHORUS

The Elessar was he, renewer of the tree,  
He created a realm both fair and free,  
From Gondor in the south, to Arnor in the north,  
Free from the cursed ring of Sauron-O.

CHORUS

And now my song is sung and the tale is nearly done,  
Of victory and of battle won,  
The downfall of the lord, of the power of Barad-dûr,  
The return of the rightful King of Gondor-O!

CHORUS

## Shire Song (Sometimes called Belladonna's Song)

Words by Vera Chapman (aka Belladonna Took).  
Tune 'The Quartermaster's Store'.

There were Rings, Rings, and lots of funny things  
In the Shire, in the Shire –  
There were Rings, Rings, and lots of funny things  
In the Hobbits' dear old Shire.  
My eyes are dim, I cannot see  
I have not brought my Ring with me  
I have not brought my Ring with me

There was Strider, Strider, tanking up on cider

There was Merry, Merry, knocking back the sherry

There was Pippin, Pippin, eating bread and dripping

There was Sam, Sam, didn't give a damn

There was Gollum, Gollum, looking mighty solemn

There was Gimli, Gimli, smoking like a chimney

There were Elves, Elves, enjoying of themselves

There were Orcs, Orcs, using knives and forks

There were Ents, Ents, camping out in tents

There was Bilbo, Bilbo, lifting of his elbow

There was Frodo, Frodo, drinking gin and sodo

There was Bill, Bill plodding up the hill

There were Wizards, Wizards, raising storms and blizzards

*(Repeat ad libitum, ad infinitum, ad nauseam as preferred: provided anyone has the wit, and is sober enough, to think of one on the spot!)*

# Smaug the Magic Dragon

Words by Anon..

Tune 'Puff the Magic Dragon' by Peter Yarrow, Leonard Lipton.



Smaug the magic dragon lived on the heath,  
And in the Lonely Mountain lay with treasure un-  
derneath.

Little Bilbo Baggins set off one summer day  
With Gandalf and a bunch of dwarves to steal his  
gold away.

## CHORUS:

Smaug the magic dragon lived on the heath,  
And in the Lonely Mountain lay with treasure un-  
derneath.

Smaug the magic dragon lived on the heath,  
And in the Lonely Mountain lay with treasure un-  
derneath.

The dwarves when caught by goblins, escaped with  
Gandalf's aid,  
And Bilbo found a magic ring that Gollum had mis-  
laid.

They left the goblins puzzled, they thought it very  
weird

How thirteen dwarves, a wizard, and a hobbit disap-  
peared.

## CHORUS

They journeyed through the forest. From the path  
they strayed.

They'd all be spider food without the hobbit's aid.  
Escaping out to Mirkwood, the dwarves arrived in  
Dale,

Floating down the river cleverly disguised as kegs of  
ale.

## CHORUS

They journeyed to the mountain to find the dragon's  
store,  
And Bilbo helped to find and open up a secret door.  
The dwarves were all delighted when their burglar  
stole a cup,  
But Bilbo wondered what would happen when old  
Smaug woke up.

## CHORUS

The dragon when awakened was terribly perturbed,  
Suspecting men of Laketown when he found his gold  
disturbed.

He flew with burning vengeance to leave the city  
charred,  
But perished as his heart was pierced with an arrow  
shot by Bard.

## CHORUS

The mountain king returned, the river flowed with  
gold,

And Mister Baggins turned at last back toward his  
hobbit hole.

Returning from adventure, from war and dragon's  
lair,

He found Lobelia walking off with all his silverware.

## CHORUS

## Song of the Middle-earth Workers

Words by Christine Davidson.

Tune 'The Lumberjack Song' by Monty Python???

I'm a hob-b-bit and I'm OK  
I drink all night and I eat all day.  
He's a hob-b-bit and he's OK  
He drinks all night and he eats all day.

I sing rude songs, I tell tall tales,  
I brush my furry toes,  
I like to have communal baths  
And take off all my clothes.

I'm a Rider bold and I'm OK  
I drink all night and I trot all day.  
He's a Rider bold and he's OK  
He drinks all night and he trots all day.

I like to chase marauding Orcs,  
It stops me getting bored.  
The girls all love my harness,  
I never sheath my sword.

I'm a Dwarf, I am and I'm OK  
I delve all night and I forge all day.  
He's a Dwarf, he is and he's OK  
He delves all night and he forges all day.

I mine for gold and precious jewels,  
My mattress for to stuff.  
No lady Dwarf will have me,  
I just can't get enough.

I'm an Elf, I am, and I'm OK  
I feast all night and I run all day.  
He's an Elf, he is, and he's OK  
He feasts all night and he runs all day.

I dance with grace, I also sing,  
My voice is rather high.  
I always hunt the noble stag,  
I'm sure you can guess why.

I'm a Ranger bold, and I'm OK  
I track all night and I fight all day.  
He's a Ranger bold, and he's OK  
he tracks all night and he fights all day.

I roam the Wilds to keep folk safe,  
A lonely life, its true.  
But when my camp-fire's burning,  
I know just what to do.

I'm a Naz-a-gûl and I'm OK  
I'm high all night and I hiss all day.  
He's a Naz-a-gûl and he's OK  
He's high all night and he hisses all day.

I wear a ring, and long black robes,  
I love inflicting pain.  
There's nine of us, we all take turns,  
It's cut and come again.

# All You Need Are Rings

Words by Stephen Lander, Ruth & Pete Clark, Marc & Jenny Read.  
Tune 'All You Need Is Love' by John Lennon, Paul McCartney.

RINGS, RINGS, RINGS. RINGS, RINGS, RINGS.  
RINGS, RINGS, RINGS.

There's nothing you can do that can't be crushed,  
Nothing you can sing that can't be hushed,  
Nothing you can say, but you will be slaves for ever  
and ever -  
It's easy!

Nothing you can make that can't be marred,  
No-one you can save that can't be scarred,  
Nothing you can do, but you will turn into Ring-  
wraiths in time -  
It's easy!

All you need are Rings; All you need are Rings;  
All you need are Rings, Rings - Rings are all you need.

RINGS, RINGS, RINGS. RINGS, RINGS, RINGS.  
RINGS, RINGS, RINGS.

There's nothing you can know that isn't lies,  
Nothing you can see without your eyes,  
Nowhere you can be that is far enough from me -  
I'm evil!

All you need are Rings; All you need are Rings;  
All you need are Rings, Rings - Rings are all you need.

All you need are Rings - there's no escaping them!  
All you need are Rings - for everybody!  
All you need are Rings, Rings - Rings are all you need.

All you need are Rings; Rings are all you need.  
All you need are Rings; Rings are all you need - ha  
ha you can't escape!  
All you need are Rings; Rings are all you need -ash  
nazg durbatuluk!

All you need are Rings; Rings are all you need....

## Any Ring Will Do (Saruman's Song)

Words by Jenny Read.

Tune 'Any Dream Will Do' by Andrew Lloyd-Webber.

I read my books,  
researched them deeply  
to check completely what I thought I knew;  
the Ring was there,  
out in the Shire,  
but the risk was higher; any Ring will do.

I wore my cloak,  
with furry lining,  
bright colours shining, best it's ever been  
white is, you see,  
an awkward colour,  
it shows the stains up, you can't keep it clean.

A pair of wings, a flash of light, my prisoner flew out  
of sight,  
My hopes of world-dominion shattered, I was left  
alone.

I sent out scouts,  
hither and thither,  
even dredged the river, all they found was goo.  
And in the east  
Sauron was rising,  
not too surprising, any ring will do.

## Boromir's Song (Seek the Sword)

Words by Stephen Lander and Jenny Read.  
Tune 'Pharaoh's Song' by Andrew Lloyd-Webber.

*(Spoken):* Hey Elrond, let me show you how they rock  
and roll in Minas Tirith

Well, I was resting my eyes among the gardens of  
Ithilien  
When into my dreams there came a vision so clear,  
a-ha-ha

(Bap shu wa du wa, bap bap shu wa du wa)

That the sky in the East grew dark and filled with  
thunderstorms  
A growlin' away, yeah, so frightful to hear, a-ha-ha

(Bap shu wa du wa, bap bap shu wa du wa)  
*(Spoken:* Man, they were frightnin')

But in the Western sky there lingered still a light so  
pale, a-ha-ha  
And a clear voice reached my ears, it was singing a  
marvellous tale

(Bap shu wa du wa, bap bap shu wa du wa)

Such a strange, prophetic vision I have never, never  
ever seen  
Well, this dream has got me baffled – hey Elrond,  
won't you tell me what it means?

It said - Seek the sword that's broken  
In Imladris it dwells  
Then shall there be counsels

Stronger than Morgul spells

It said that when you get to Imladris and listen to  
the council  
Then there shall be shown a token that Doom is near  
at hand, a-ha-ha

(Bap shu wa du wa, bap bap shu wa du wa)

And Isildur's bane shall awaken up again, after all  
these years,  
And the halving forth shall stand, a-ha-ha

(Bap shu wa du wa, bap bap shu wa du wa)

Furthermore my brother Faramir has had these  
dreams as well  
But as to what they signified neither he nor I could  
tell.

(Bap shu wa du wa, bap bap shu wa du wa)

And Elrond, you're the wisest guy there's ever, ever  
ever been  
This dream has got me all shook up – so treat me  
nice and tell me what it means

Hey, hey, hey, Elrond  
Won't you tell this poor human  
What does this crazy, crazy, crazy, crazy dream  
mean? (Oh yeah)

## Earusalem

Words by Marc Read.

Tune 'Jerusalem' by Charles Parry.

And were those ears in Ancient time  
Narrow and pointed at the top?  
And were they like the ears of men?  
Or like a rabbit's did they flop?  
And did the elves get too upset  
When other races did them mock?  
And is it really true Legolas  
Resembled closely Mister Spock?

Bring me my Foster's Guide of gold,  
Bring me the works of J.R.R.,  
Bring me some cash that I can fold,  
For reference works from near and far!  
I shall not cease from mental strife  
Nor shall my books rest on my shelf,  
'Till I know how the ears would have looked  
On any self-respecting elf.



## Eru's World

Words by Jenny Read.

Tune 'Joseph's Coat' by Andrew Lloyd-Webber.

All the Ainur sang their songs in front of God,  
None of them had ever thought that it was odd  
that Eru told them what to sing, 'cause he was lord  
and master.

But then one of them decided this was tame;  
Melkor slowly came to feel he was constrained,

*MELKOR:*

"This holy song is wholly wrong;  
the tune should go much faster.

I don't like what Eru wrote;

he just cannot sing a note;

he has really got no sense of timing,

and I do not like his words and rhyming"

Eru's sanctimonious smiles did not counter Melkor's  
wiles,

But All-father couldn't see the danger;

he could not imagine any danger;

He foresaw in Arda all his dreams come true.

Eru wanted to show the gods he loved them all,  
to make it clear that no one really had to fall,  
so Eru made the gods a world, a solar-systemful of  
room.

Arda was quite comfortable, the climate fine,  
the northern countries had a very good coastline,  
the sun and rain would come again,  
and make the forests bloom.

When the Valar tried it out,

*ALL:*

"It made us want to sing and shout,

Such a dazzling Earth of many creatures,

How we loved our Earth with many features,"

It was better than the rest,

Made Jupiter look second-best,

Such a stunning Earth of many graces,

How they loved their Earth with many races, there  
were

men and hobbits and elves and dwarves and ents.

With this planet Manwe really got to grips,

He made its orbit circular, not an ellipse.

He made its year be roughly near

to three hundred and sixty days;

Then Yavanna started working on the plants

*YAVANNA:*

"I had to do it without any research grants,  
I sowed the grass, made it grow fast,  
diversified to wheat and maize."

And when Ulmo saw the sea,

*ULMO:*

"I knew just where I had to be,

How I loved our earth of many waters,"

Such a dazzling earth with sons and daughters,

*AULË:*

Aule thought the world was great, "But it lacked tec-  
tonic plates:

Such a stunning Earth of many metals,

Iron for swords and copper ore for kettles,"

it had men and hobbits and elves and dwarves and  
ents.

Morgoth Bauglir wasn't pleased with what he saw,

*MELKOR:*

"I have never liked Ilúvatar before,

but now this globe, the gods' abode, has pushed me  
past

endurance."

And while Manwe graced the skies,

His brother turned to evil lies;

Earth was made by Manwe's truth and wisdom,

*MANWË:*

"quite the nicest planet in the system:"

"Such a super ecosphere, biology will happen here,

Such a dazzling Earth with many features,

How we love our Earth with many creatures;

it has men and hobbits and elves and dwarves

and horses and trolls and balrogs and wolves

and eagles and hedgehogs and rabbits and hawks

and squirrels and bats and goblins and fish

It was better than the rest,

and orcs and Nazgul and Mewlips and cats

Made Jupiter look second-best,

and foxes and dogs and hippos and slugs

Such a stunning Earth with many races,

and dragons and sheep and half-elves

and Entwives and DUCKS!

## The Flowing Bowl

Words by Trad., Nick Brooke et al. (v 5,6).  
Tune 'The Flowing Bowl' by Trad..

CHORUS:

Come Landlord, fill the flowing bowl  
Until it doth run over (*x2*)  
For tonight we'll merry merry be (*x3*)  
Tomorrow we'll be sober!

Now here's to the man that drinks weak ale and goes  
to bed still sober (*x2*)  
He fades as the leaves do fade (*x3*)  
And drops off in October!

CHORUS

And here's to the man that drinks strong ale and  
goes to bed quite mellow (*x2*)  
He lives as he ought to live (*x3*)  
And dies a merry fellow!

CHORUS

Here's to the maid who steals a kiss and runs to tell  
her mother (*x2*)  
She's a very foolish maid (*x3*)  
She'll never steal another!

CHORUS

Here's to the maid who steals a kiss and comes back  
for another (*x2*)  
She's a boon to all mankind (*x3*)  
Too soon she'll be a mother!

CHORUS

The Landlord built the chimney up, and then he  
built it higher (*x2*)  
For to stop the neighbour's cat (*x3*)  
From p-ssing in the fire!

CHORUS

Come walk with me all in the Parks, and don't be so  
particular (*x2*)  
And if the grass is very very wet (*x3*)  
We'll do it perpendicular!

CHORUS

## Gollum's Song

Words by Jenny Read.

Tune 'I Want to Hold Your Hand' by John Lennon, Paul McCartney.

Oh yeah, can I ask – a favour,  
It's just a little thing,  
I don't – mind the danger,  
I want to wear your Ring

Oh please, say to me,  
you'll let me hold that thing,  
and please, say to me,  
you'll let me wear your Ring,  
Just let me touch your Ring,

I want to wear your Ring.

And when I touch it I feel happy inside,  
It's such a feeling that my lust I can't hide.

Yeah, you – got that Ring of Power,  
that precious fatal thing,  
just once, – in my final hour,  
I want to wear the Ring!

## Let's Do It (Let's Wear This Ring)

Words by Taruithorn Singers.

Tune 'Let's Do It (Let's Fall in Love)' by Cole Porter.

Elves do it, Men do it,  
Even goblins now and then do it -  
Let's do it, let's wear this Ring.

In Gondor if princes could do it,  
They'd know they shouldn't, but they would do it -  
Let's do it, let's wear this Ring

The Dwarves in old Khazad-Dum did it  
(Not to mention the trolls)  
Wights in their tombs did it  
(Though it cost them their souls)

And not quite ten mortal men did it  
They say even Sauron in his den did it  
Let's do it, let's wear this Ring.

Old Bilbo B. 'neath his tree did it  
Radagast the Brown and me did it,  
Let's do it, let's wear this Ring.

Cold Lossoth folk in the ice do it,  
Even chaps you thought were nice do it,  
Let's do it, let's wear this Ring

Samwise the Strong I might add did it  
(Though it shocks you I know)  
Thrain and his dad did it  
(In the caverns below)

In forests green, elven queens do it  
Hobbits when they want to be unseen do it  
Let's do it, let's wear this Ring.

## Lúthien in the Sky with Silmarils

Words by Stephen Lander.

Tune 'Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds' by John Lennon, Paul McCartney.

Picture yourself in a fort on a river  
with werewolves around you of hideous size  
Somebody calls you; you answer quite slowly;  
a girl with the stars in her eyes.

Sorcery-bound towers of Finrod and Thû  
tumbling over your head.  
You look for the girl with the night in her veil  
and she's gone.

Lúthien in the sky with silmarils...

Follow her down to a hall in a mountain  
where Balrogs and Vampires eat Barahir pies.  
Everyone snores as you cut out the gemstone

that shone from the iron crown on high.

Carcharoth the Red Maw appears at the door,  
waiting to bite off your hand.  
You hide in the forest and rescue the gem  
And you die.

Lúthien in the sky with silmarils...

Picture yourself in the throne-room of Mandos  
With sorrowful spirits of miserable guise,  
sorrowfully sighing of sadness and Arda  
The girl with the stars in her eyes.

# Master of Lies

Words by Stephen Lander and Pete Clark (Part III).  
Tune 'The Wall' by Roger Waters (Pink Floyd).

## *Part I: Manwë's song*

Melkor's gone across the ocean,  
Light is just a memory.  
Repentant brother turned from evil:  
Morgoth, how your words befriended me!  
Morgoth, how your words deluded me!  
All in all you are just a Master of Lies  
All in all you are just a Master of Lies.

## *Cause and Effect*

To Middle-earth the Master turned,  
And in his shadow the Children burned,  
Ensnared within the fabric of his lies  
The green fields of Ard-galen were blackened by his hands,  
And Beleriand was ruined by his armies as they spread across the lands.  
But then the West came East and war was waged upon the Master,  
And they cast him out into the infallible silence of the void.  
But his shadow remained...

## *Master of Lies*

### *Part II: Celebrimbor's song*

We don't need no ring to bind us,  
We don't need no mind control.  
You dark malignance out of Mordor,  
Sauron, leave them rings alone!  
Hey! Sauron! leave them rings alone!  
All in all you're just another Master of Lies  
All in all you're just another Master of Lies.

## *Master of Lies*

### *Part III: Théoden's song*

I don't need no orcs around me,  
And I don't need no snakes to charm me!  
Now I know which wizard killed my son,  
Don't you think I'll trust the other one?  
So, don't you think I'll trust the other one?  
All in all you're just another Master of Lies  
All in all you're just another Master of Lies.

# Matty Groves

Words by Trad..

Tune 'Matty Groves' by Trad..

A holiday, a holiday,  
The first one of the year;  
Lord Arnold's wife came into town,  
The Gospel for to hear.

And when the service it was done  
She cast her eyes about,  
And there she saw young Matty Groves,  
A-walking in the crowd.

"Come home with me, young Matty Groves,  
Come home with me tonight.  
Come home with me, young Matty Groves,  
And sleep with me 'til light."

"Well, I can't come home, and I won't come home,  
To be sleeping with you tonight;  
By the ring on your finger I can tell  
You are my master's wife."

"So what if I am Lord Arnold's wife?  
For he is not at home:  
For he is off in a far contry,  
Bringing the yearlings home."

A servant who was standing near,  
Hearing what was said,  
He swore Lord Arnold he should know,  
Before the sun was set.

And in his hurry to carry the news  
He bent his breast as he ran,  
And when he came to the old mill stream  
He took off his shoes and he swam.

"Awake! Awake! my Lord Arnold,  
As thou art a man of life,  
For little Matty Groves is at thy house,  
A-bed with thy wedded wife."

"If this be true, my loyal man,  
This thing thou tellest me,  
Then all the lands about thy house  
I freely give to thee.

"But if this thing it be a lie,  
This thing thou tellest me,  
From the highest tree in all my lands,  
Hangéd shalt thou be."

Now, little Matty Groves he started up,  
"Methinks 'tis near to day;

Methinks I hear my Lord Arnold,  
And I would I were away."

"Lie still, lie still, young Matty Groves,  
And cuddle me from the cold,  
'Tis only a little shepherd boy,  
Bringing the flocks to fold."

So Matty Groves then he lay down,  
And took a little sleep;  
And when he woke Lord Arnold was  
A-standing at his feet,

Saying, "How do you like my feather bed?  
And how do like my sheets?  
And how do you like my lady wife,  
Who lies in your arms asleep?"

"Oh, well I like your feather bed,  
And better I like your sheets,  
But best I like your lady wife,  
Who lies in my arms asleep."

"Get up! Get up!" Lord Arnold cried,  
"Get up as quick as you can;  
It'll never be said in this fair land  
I slew a naked man."

"Well, I can't get up, and I won't get up,  
And I wouldn't get up for my life;  
For you have two long beaten swords,  
And I have a pocket-knife."

"It's true I have two beaten swords,  
They cost me deep in my purse.  
But you shall have the better of them,  
And I shall have the worse.

"And you shall strike the very first blow,  
And strike it like a man;  
And I shall strike the very next blow,  
And I'll kill you if I can."

So, Matty struck the very first blow:  
He struck Lord Arnold sore.  
Lord Arnold struck the very next blow,  
And Matty struck the floor.

Lord Arnold took his own dear wife,  
And he set her upon his knee,  
Saying, "Who do you like the better of us,  
Your dead Matty Groves or me?"

So, up spoke his own dear wife,  
Never heard her speak so free,  
"I'd rather have a kiss from dead Matty's lips,  
Than you in all your finery."

Then, up Lord Arnold he did jump,  
And loudly did he bawl.

He struck his wife right through the heart,  
And pinned her against the wall.

"A grave! A grave!" Lord Arnold cried,  
"To bury these lovers in.  
But bury my lady on the top,  
For she was of noble kin."



## On Ettenmoor Baht 'At

Words by Nick Brooke et al..  
Tune 'Ilkley Moor' by Trad..

Where has tha bin since I saw thee? (I saw thee?) On Ettenmoor baht 'at! Where has tha bin since I saw thee? Where has tha bin since I saw thee? (With Rings of Power on!) On Ettenmoor baht 'at, On Ettenmoor baht 'at, On Ettenmoor bath 'at (where the Orcs play football)	Then t'orcs will come and eat up t'worms... Then we shall come and hunt down t'orcs... There is a moral to this tale... DON'T go a-courtin' Pippin Took! (Pippin Took!) On Ettenmoor baht 'at - Don't go a-courtin' Pippin Took Don't go a-courtin' Pippin Took (with Rings of Power on!) On Ettenmoor baht 'at, On Ettenmoor baht 'at, On Ettenmoor baht 'at (where the Orcs play football league)
Tha's bin a-courtin' Pippin Took...	
Tha'll go and catch they death o' plague...	
Then we shall have to bury thee...	
The t'worms will come and eat thee up...	

## Pelennor Fields

Words by Stephen Lander.

Tune 'Strawberry Fields' by John Lennon and Paul McCartney ??.

Let me take you down to the battle of Pelennor fields, Till Merry stabs him in the knee.  
Fighting for real  
Between the sides of ???,  
inside the Rammas Echor.

Dying is easy in Mordor,  
Where Sauron has his evil way,  
And now his armies march upon the tower of guard,  
The armies of the west to slay.

Let me take you down...

Riders of Rohan are racing,  
To save the city of the free,  
The Nazgûl king looks set to bring his victory,

Let me take you down...

Just when they think its all over,  
An army sails up in a fleet,  
The tables turn, though Steward's burned in deep  
despair,  
And Sauron's soldiers are a-beat.

Let me take you down...

Pelennor fields for ever,  
Pelennor fields for ever.

# The Phantom of the Barad-Dûr

Words by Richie Bingham.

Tune 'The Phantom the the Opera' by Andrew Lloyd-Webber.

Into the palantir, I turned my eyes.  
I felt his power there, I felt it rise.  
And so he captured me, I heard his lies.  
The Phantom of the Barad-Dûr is there,  
The lidless eye.

I knew I'd rise again, Sauron the great.  
My armies march fowards through the black gate.  
So will you bow to me? Or run and hide?  
The Phantom of the Barad-Dûr is here,  
The lidless eye.

Those who have seen you there,  
Draw back in fear.  
You spread your filthy lies  
-Tis truth they here.  
Your/My Spirit overcomes all who defy.  
The Phantom of the Barad-Dûr is there/here,  
The lidless eye.

He's there, the Phantom of the Dark Tower.  
Beware the Phantom of the Dark Tower!

In all your darkest dreams, you always knew,  
My forces are too great  
-We are so few.  
And so in Middle-earth we all will fight.  
The Phantom of the Barad-Dûr is there/here,  
The lidless eye.

Beware the Phantom of the Dark Tower!

Ah Fly you halfling fool!  
Ah Fly - no-one else can save you!  
Ah not your swords, not your wizards!  
Ah The ring will soon be mine!  
Ah

# Return of the Hosts of Fingolfin

Words by Stephen Lander and Pete Clark.

Tune 'Here Comes the Sun' by John Lennon, Paul McCartney.

Here comes the Sun (nah nah nah naaaa),  
Here comes the Sun  
And we say - it's alright  
(Diddly diddly diddly diddly doom doom)

Morgoth Bauglir, it's been a long dark lonely First  
Age  
Morgoth Bauglir, it seems like years since we were  
here

Here comes the Sun, Here comes the Sun  
And we say - it's alright  
(Diddly diddly diddly diddly doom doom)

Morgoth Bauglir, we'll wipe the smile from Goblin  
faces  
Morgoth Bauglir, we'll crush your armies, have no

fear

Here comes the Sun,&c

Sun, Sun, Sun, here we come! (x5 or more if you're  
drunk by now)

Morgoth Bauglir, we've crossed the ice that's slowly  
grinding  
Morgoth Bauglir, we'll toot our trumpets loud and  
clear

Here comes the Sun,&c

Here comes the Sun,&c  
It's alright

## Rider of Rohan

Words by Ruth & Pete Clark, Marc & Jenny Read.

Tune 'Paperback Writer' by John Lennon, Paul McCartney.

Hail King of Rohan, will you take my sword?  
Staying here at home has got me really bored,  
Knitting socks for soldiers is a waste of time,  
Let me ride to war, 'cause I want to be a Rider of  
Rohan.

I'm getting dirty looks from a dirty man,  
And his evil master has a cunning plan.  
I've got a sword, a spear and a coat of mail,  
And I have no fear, and I want to be a Rider of Rohan.

You've got six thousand spears, what's another one?

You'd have let me follow if I'd been your son,  
A woman's lot is not a happy one,  
Won't you change your rules, 'cause I want to be a  
Rider of Rohan.

Let me strike a blow in aid of women's rights:  
What you really need is some knights in tights.  
If you do refuse me I'll come anyway,  
'Cause I want renown, and I want to be a Rider of  
Rohan.

# The Road to Sauron's Door

Words by Stephen Lander.

Tune 'The Dark Side of the Moon' by Roger Waters (Pink Floyd).

The Silvan Elves are in the trees;  
The Silvan Elves are in the trees;  
Their silly sound floats down among the leaves,  
Got to send the woodelves overseas...

The woodland elves are drinking wine;  
The woodland elves are drinking wine;  
Their drunken diction fills the forest full of sound,  
When morning comes they go underground....

And if those eleven airs are playing on your nerves,  
And if you can't take any more,  
And if you need to make some sense out of the world,  
I'll see you on the road to Sauron's door!

The Silvan elves are telling tales;  
The Silvan elves are telling tales;  
Outdated lays of dreary days  
Conceited folk and foolish ways -  
The Silvan elves sing always of themselves  
As down into the tribe their diction delves....

And if those eleven airs are playing on your nerves,  
And if you can't take any more,  
And if you need to make some sense out of the world,  
I'll see you on the road to Sauron's door!

# Rule Numenor!

Words by Sarah Wells née Sturch.  
Tune 'Rule Britannia' by Thomas Arne.

When at the start of Numenorean Rule,  
Our island arose from out of the azure sea,  
Elros decided - and boy! was he a fool -  
To be a mortal, and so must we.

Ar-Pharazon! Pharazon rule the West!  
We should live for evermore 'cos we're the best!

Other nations not so blest as ours  
Must in their turn to our armies fall;  
We've conquered the east and overthrown their towers,  
The dread and envy of them all.

*CHORUS*

But now we've had enough of mortal toil  
And yet we'd rather not lay down our lives and rest,  
So we've decided to walk upon the soil  
The sacred soil of the Undying West.

*CHORUS*

We'll no more pander to the Elves,  
Or to the Valar scrape and bow,  
We'll do without them; we'll look out for ourselves,  
We'll conquer Valinor and Death right now!

Ar-Pharazon! Pharazon is the best!  
We will be immortal when we rule the West.

# The Song of the White Tree

Words by Alice Cowen.

Tune 'I Will Survive' by Gloria Gaynor.

At first I was afraid, I was petrified  
My leaves were falling off, it was arboricide  
My Vingilot was sunk, I was a hollow lifeless trunk  
I nearly died – but now I hold my branches high

And so I'm back from colder clime  
Twiggy's queen of style again, I think it's more than  
time  
These untidy walls with orc-heads don't do much  
aesthetically  
It's plain that Minas Tirith just can't manage with-  
out me

So grow now grow, wood muscles bulge  
I'm eating compost 'cos I might as will indulge  
When you saw me here I surely noticed that you  
blinked  
A poor unprotected species – did you think I was  
extinct?

Oh not I, I will survive  
As long as there are Dúnedain you'll know I'm still  
alive  
And on some mountain in the east I will proliferate

like yeast  
And I'll survive, I will survive  
Hey hey

## *Instrumental passage*

Boromir thought my publicity potential weak  
His successor Mardil was a Venus fly-trap freak  
And of late the stewards swing to seeking out this  
wretched ring  
Well when it comes to friendly gardeners I've always  
like a king

And you see me, all clean as snow  
The improvements of the bark-lift really seem to  
show  
Admire my shiny surface, scented, pure and free of  
lice  
– Though I grew it all myself I must admit it's rather  
nice

So grow now grow*etc.* (*repeat ad nauseam*)



# Underneath the Shadow

Words by Stephen Lander.

Tune 'What shall we do with the Drunken Sailor?'



What shall we do with the men of Gondor? (*x3*)  
Underneath the Shadow.

...shoot their minstrels...

CHORUS

Chase 'em to the hills and torch their houses (*x3*)  
Underneath the Shadow!

...dwarves of Moria...

...burn their beards off...

CHORUS:

Come join Sauron's army (*x3*)  
Underneath the Shadow!

CHORUS

What shall we do with the men of Rohan? (*x3*)  
Underneath the Shadow.

...ents of Fangorn...

...strip their bark off...

CHORUS

Chase 'em to the hills and eat their horses (*x3*)  
Underneath the Shadow!

...little hobbits...

...raid their larders...

CHORUS

...elves of Mirkwood...

*CHORUS, repeated. Shout, clap, yell, etc ad lib.*

# The Victory of the West (Aragorn's Song)

Words by Marc Read.

Tune 'John Brown's Body'.



Mine eyes have seen the glory of the Victory of the West,  
My joy at Sauron's overthrow can hardly be expressed;  
And after all this fighting, I have surely earned a rest  
While I rule the Whole Known World.

Glory, Glory, I'm the King of the Whole Known World  
From Gondor up to Fornost I shall see my flag unfurled;  
Glory, Glory, I'm the King of the Whole Known World,  
And I'm not going to fight no more!

Under many a pseudonym I've travelled long and far;  
There's Thorongil and Strider, there's Estel and Elessar;  
But now I'll add one more, and I'll be known as Telcontar  
While I rule the Whole Known World.

## CHORUS

My deeds will live for ever now, in poem, song and tale  
Of how I always won the day, and triumphed without fail -

A Middle-earth Sir Galahad, without a Holy Grail -  
But I rule the Whole Known World!

## CHORUS

There's just one thing that irks me, and that's little Frodo B...  
HE took the ring to Mordor, when, as any fool can see  
Everything considered, that was really a job for ME,  
Since I rule the Whole Known World.

## CHORUS

The Battle of Pelennor Field, the fight at Mordor's Gates;  
I'll institute Bank Holidays to celebrate those dates,  
And then to pay the armies off, I'll have to put up rates  
Throughout the Whole Known World!

Glory, Glory, I really don't know how to rule!  
It's not the sort of thing one's taught, even at Elrond's school...  
Glory, Glory, I am going to look such a fool -  
Still, I won't have to fight no more!

# Far Over the Misty Mountains

Words by J.R.R. Tolkien from *The Hobbit* chapter 1  
Tune by Deborah Webster Rogers.

The musical score is written in 2/4 time and consists of two staves. The first staff contains the melody, which begins with a repeat sign. The second staff contains a bass line with guitar chords indicated above the notes. The chords are: C, F, C, G<sup>7</sup>, Dm, G, F, G<sup>7</sup> in the first staff; and C, Am, F, Em<sup>7</sup>, Am, C, Am in the second staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

# Goblin Town

Words by J.R.R. Tolkien.

# I Sit Beside the Fire

Words by J.R.R. Tolkien from *The Lord of the Rings* chapter II.3  
Tune by Liz Lane.

Musical score for "I Sit Beside the Fire" by Liz Lane. The score is in 4/4 time and G minor. It consists of three staves of music. The first staff has chords Gm, Dm, A, Dm, Gm, A<sup>7</sup>, Gm. The second staff has chords Dm, Dm, Gm, A, D<sup>7</sup>, F<sup>#</sup>m, A. The third staff has chords Gm, Dm, Gm, B<sup>b</sup>, Dm, Gm, A, Gm, A.

Tune by Barb'ry Allen.

Musical score for "I Sit Beside the Fire" by Barb'ry Allen. The score is in 4/4 time and D major. It consists of one staff of music. The chords are D, Bm, D, E<sub>7</sub>, A, G, D, G, A<sub>7</sub>, D.

# The Mewlips

Words by J.R.R. Tolkien.

Tune by Pete Clark and Stephen Lander.

# The Road Goes Ever On

Words by J.R.R. Tolkien from *The Lord of the Rings* chapter I.1, I.3, VI.6  
Tune by Melanie Weiss.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of three staves of music. The chords are indicated above the notes as follows:

- Staff 1: Em, D, C, B<sup>7</sup>, Em
- Staff 2: D, C, B<sup>7</sup>, Em, G, D
- Staff 3: C, B<sup>7</sup>, Em, D, C, B<sup>7</sup>, Em

## **There is an Inn**

Words by J.R.R. Tolkien.  
Tune by Stephen Lander.



# Tra-la-la-Lally

Words by J.R.R. Tolkien from *The Hobbit* chapter 3  
Tune by Deborah Webster Rogers.

The musical score for "Tra-la-la-Lally" is written in 6/8 time and consists of three staves. The key signature has one flat (Bb). The first staff contains six measures with chords F, Gm, C7, Gm, Am, and F. The second staff contains six measures with chords Bb, C7, F, C7, F, and a final measure with a repeat sign. The third staff contains six measures with chords C7, F, C7, F, C7, and a final measure with a repeat sign.

# The Troll Song

Words by J.R.R. Tolkien from *The Lord of the Rings* chapter I.12  
Tune 'The Fox Went through the town, O!'

The musical score for 'The Troll Song' is presented in three staves. The key signature is D major (two sharps) and the time signature is common time (C). The first staff begins with a treble clef and a common time signature. The melody consists of a series of eighth and quarter notes, with a final half note. The second staff continues the melody with similar rhythmic patterns, ending with a quarter note. The third staff concludes the piece with a final cadence, including a quarter rest and a double bar line.

## A Walking Song

Words by J.R.R. Tolkien from *The Lord of the Rings* chapter I.3  
Tune by Liz Lane.

# Strider's song of Tinúviel

Words by J.R.R. Tolkien from *The Lord of the Rings* chapter I.9  
 Tune by Deborah Webster Rogers.

Tune by Laura Haglund.

Tune by Liz Lane.

# Tom Bombadil's Song

Words by J.R.R. Tolkien from *The Lord of the Rings* chapter I.4  
Tune by Amy Falkowitz.

The musical score for Tom Bombadil's Song is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of eight staves of music. The chords used are D, G, A, and E. The melody is characterized by a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, often with accents. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

## Song of the End and Entwife

Words by J.R.R. Tolkien from *The Lord of the Rings* chapter III.4  
Tune by Ruth Berman.

# Frodo and Sam's Lament for Gandalf

Words by J.R.R. Tolkien from *The Lord of the Rings* chapter II.7  
Tune 'Abide With Me'.

The musical score is written for a single melodic line in 4/4 time, using a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat major). The melody consists of two staves of music. The first staff contains 10 measures, and the second staff contains 10 measures, ending with a double bar line. Chord symbols are placed above the notes in each measure to indicate the harmonic accompaniment.

Chord symbols for the first staff: F, C<sup>7</sup>, F, B<sup>b</sup>, C<sup>7</sup>, F, B<sup>b</sup>, F, B<sup>b</sup>, F, C<sup>7</sup>, G<sup>7</sup>, C.

Chord symbols for the second staff: F, C<sup>7</sup>, F, C<sup>7</sup>, D, Gm, C<sup>7</sup>, F, B<sup>b</sup>, F, C, F.

# An Elvish Lullabye

Words by J.R.R. Tolkien from *The Hobbit* chapter 3  
Tune by Marion Zimmer Bradley.

The musical score is written for a single melodic line in 6/8 time, featuring a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The piece consists of six staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The melody is characterized by a gentle, flowing quality, with frequent use of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together. The second staff contains a measure with a sharp sign (F#) above the staff, indicating a chromatic alteration. The third staff includes a measure with a fermata over a note. The fourth staff begins with a double bar line, suggesting the start of a new phrase or section. The fifth and sixth staves continue the melodic development, with the sixth staff ending with a double bar line and repeat dots. The overall mood is serene and soothing, consistent with the title 'An Elvish Lullabye'.



# The Attercop Song

Words by J.R.R. Tolkien from *The Hobbit* chapter 8  
Tune by Amy Falkowitz.

D G A D G A D A A D G D G A D  
D G D G D G A D A A D G D G A D

# The Wind was on the Withered Heath

Words by J.R.R. Tolkien from *The Hobbit* chapter 7  
Tune by Deborah Webster Rogers.

Musical score for "The Wind was on the Withered Heath". The score is written in G minor (one flat) and 6/8 time. It consists of two staves. The first staff begins with a repeat sign and contains the first four measures. The second staff contains the remaining six measures, ending with a double bar line. Chord symbols are placed above the notes: Gm, D7, Gm, D7, Gm, Am6, Gm, D7, Gm, Gm, D7, Gm.

# Galadriel's Lament

Words by J.R.R. Tolkien from *The Lord of the Rings* chapter II.8  
Tune by Stanley Hoffman.

The musical score for Galadriel's Lament is written on a single treble clef staff in 6/8 time. The melody consists of a series of eighth and quarter notes, often beamed together. Chords are indicated by letters (Am, Em, C, Dm, G) placed above the staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Am Em Am Em Am Em Am Am Em Am Em Am  
Em Am Em Am C Dm Em Am Em Am Em  
G Am C Am Em Am C G Am Em Am  
G Am Em Am Em Am Em Am Em Am Em Am  
Em Am Em Am Am C Dm Em Am Em Am  
Em Am Em Am Em Am C Dm Em Am Em Am  
Em G Am Em Am Em Am Em Am C Em  
G Em G Em Am Em Am Em Am Em Am Em Am

Tune by Christine Gaca.

# In Western Lands

Words by J.R.R. Tolkien from *The Lord of the Rings* chapter VI.1  
Tune 'En sømand had sin enegarg'.

The musical score is written on three staves in 6/8 time, with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, with some phrases repeated. Chord symbols are placed above the staff: Eb, Bb7, Eb, Bb7, Eb, Bb7, Eb, Bb7, Eb, Eb.

## The Eagle's Tidings

Words by J.R.R. Tolkien from *The Lord of the Rings* chapter VI.5  
Tune 'Gloria in excelsis'.

# Burial Song of Théoden

Words by J.R.R. Tolkien from *The Lord of the Rings* chapter VI.6  
Tune by Liz Lane.

The musical score is written in 3/4 time and consists of three staves. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The notes and chords are as follows:

Staff 1: Cm, Gm, Eb, D7, Eb, Fm

Staff 2: Eb, Fm, Cm, Cm, G, G, Cm, Fm

Staff 3: Cm, Eb, Cm, G, Cm, Gm, Bb, Ab, Eb, Fm, Cm

# The Fall of Gil-galad

Words by J.R.R. Tolkien from *The Lord of the Rings* chapter I.11  
Tune 'Adon Olam'.

Chords: Dm Gm Dm A<sup>7</sup> Dm E F Am E Am

Chords: A Dm Gm Dm C<sup>7</sup> F Dm A<sup>7</sup> Dm Dm A<sup>7</sup> Dm

Tune by Len Bailes.

Chords: Dm E<sup>b</sup>m Gm Dm Gm Am Dm F

Chords: C B<sup>b</sup> Gm Dm Gm Am Dm Gm Dm F Dm B<sup>b</sup> C

Chords: Dm C Dm Am F C B<sup>b</sup> Gm Dm GmAmDm

Chords: Gm Dm Dm E<sup>b</sup>m Gm Dm Gm Am

Chords: Dm Am Gm E<sup>b</sup>m Gm Dm Gm Am Dm

# Song in the Old Forest

Words by J.R.R. Tolkien from *The Lord of the Rings* chapter I.6  
Tune by Liz Lane.

The musical score is written on three staves in 4/4 time, with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes. Chord symbols are placed above the notes: G, Cm, G<sup>7</sup>, Fm, G, Cm on the first staff; G, Cm, D<sup>7</sup>, G, Cm on the second staff; Fm, Cm, G, Cm, Fm, Cm, G on the third staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.



# A Drinking Song

Words by J.R.R. Tolkien from *The Lord of the Rings* chapter I.4  
Tune by Liz Lane.

The musical score is written in 6/8 time and consists of two staves. The key signature has one flat (Bb). The melody is composed of eighth and quarter notes. Chord symbols are placed above the notes: F, Bb, C7, F, Bb, C7, Bb, F, Bb, F on the first staff; and Bb, F, Bb, C7, C7, F, Bb, F, Bb, C7, F on the second staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

# Song of the Eldar in Exile

Words by J.R.R. Tolkien from *The Lord of the Rings* chapter I.3  
Tune by Marion Zimmer Bradley.

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Song of the Eldar in Exile'. It consists of five staves of music, all in treble clef. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The music is written in a simple, melodic style with various note values including quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, as well as rests. There are several accents and slurs throughout the piece. The score begins with a double bar line and a repeat sign, followed by a series of notes. The fifth staff ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

# To Eriador in the Spring I Came

Words by John Jarrols.

Tune by Ruth Berman.

Words from *Anduril I*, ed. John Martin.

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a repeat sign. Chord symbols are placed above the notes: Ed, Dm, Ed, Dm, Ed, Dm, Ed, F. The second staff continues with Ed, Dm, Ed, C7, F, C7. The third staff has F, Gm, Am, Bb, C7. The fourth staff has F, Gm, Am, C, Ed, Dm, Ed. The piece ends with a double bar line.

To Eriador in the spring I came,  
The land of Hobbits and Dunedain,  
Where all is fair and ordered well  
The East Road leads to Rivendell.

To Rivendell in sunlight bound  
My Journey took me, on my round,  
Where Elrond mighty Vilya wields,  
And sends its light o'er woods and fields.

From Rivendell that valley sweet,  
The road goes on, to old Swanfleet,  
From whence the Glanduin wends its way  
To Lorien, where Elves hold sway.

Where Galadriel, that lady fair,  
And Celeborn the crowns do wear;  
And Narya great the Lady holds,  
To protect all inside her folds.

And then to Fangorn, eldest of all,

Where inside leafy glade and hall,  
Treebeard and his Ents live on,  
To recall times long past and gone.

From there to Rohan Young Eorl's land,  
The horsemen here are quick to stand  
For any cause that's just and right,  
To help a friend in dreadful plight.

From Rohan, Great West Road does run  
To Minas Tirith, Gondor's son;  
And Morgul Keep across the way,  
Where once the dark Sauron held sway.

And so at last my journey done  
My round is kept, for I have come  
To Minas Tirith in the East,  
My friend King Elessar to meet;  
And now brave Narya do I hold  
For I am Gandalf, wizard bold!

# The Battle Song of Rohan

Words by Brian A. Libby.

Tune by O'Donnell Aboo.



Proudly the note of the trumpet is sounding,  
Loudly the war cries arise on the plain,  
Down from the hills all the éoreds are pounding  
And all who resist them are vanquished and slain!  
Our ancient oath we seal  
With bow and lance and steel;  
Éomer and Elfhelm we follow today.  
Shout loud our battle cry! Let Sauron's minions die!  
Forth, Eorlingas, now on into the fray!

Théoden King 'cross Pelennor's advancing,  
The white horse of Rohan flies close to his side;  
A thousand proud steeds in his vanguard are prancing,  
To the succor of Mundburg and Gandalf they ride.  
Many an orc shall quail  
Under its coat of mail;  
Deeply the foeman shall long rue the day  
When in his ears shall ring, borne on the breeze's wing, is  
Forth, Eorlingas, now on into the fray!

Limbs from the torsos of southrons are severed,  
Orc heads and bodies are cloven in twain;  
Trampled are trolls under hooves of the horses,  
Deep pierce our lances in chest, heart, or brain!  
Rohirrim, onward then!  
Fight the old fight again!  
Eorl the Young's songs are still valiant, we say.  
Vict'ry is our reward! Put the foe to the sword!  
Forth, Eorlingas, now on into the fray!

# Thorin Oakenshield Joins the Battle of Five Armies

Words by Stewart Lauterbach.

Tune by John Wilson.

Am G Am E Am Dm Am  
A Dm G Am Dm E Am E Am E Am

Beneath the ground, in caverns old,  
The dwarves of yore did fashion gold  
Till dragon came  
To kill and maim.  
Now lie the forges bare and cold.

The Mountain King reclaimed his throne  
And all the jewels he did own;  
They searched by night  
With all their might  
But could not find the Arkenstone.

A battle royal was fought there,  
And bloody thunder split the air.  
The sky grew red  
Above the dead  
Who lay about the dragon's lair.

Then Thorin gave his men a glance,  
A silent order to advance;  
The sound of horn

Was upward borne  
As out they trooped with pike and lance.

And when they saw the dwarves appear,  
The others gave a mighty cheer.  
Joined were they there  
By Bird and Bear  
Which made the goblins cower in fear.

Through battle grim encircling  
They stood and formed a shield wall ring,  
By might and pride  
They turned the tide,  
And though they won, they lost their king.

Below the mountains' mighty crest  
Thorin their king they laid at rest  
To endless sleep  
Within the deep,  
The Arkenstone upon his breast.

# An Elven Saga

Words by Greg Shaw.

Tune by Ruth Berman.

words from *Entmoot 1*, 1965 ed. Greg Shaw and David Hall

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of five staves of music. Above the notes, various chords are indicated: Dm, C7, Dm, C, C7, Dm, A7, Dm, F, C7, Dm, Gm, Dm, Gm, Dm, Gm, Dm, C, C7, Dm, C, Dm, Dm, C7, D, C, D. The melody is primarily composed of quarter and eighth notes, with some rests and a repeat sign at the beginning and end.

Of old there was an Elven lord  
Who ruled Beleriand.  
The tools of war were laid in hoard,  
Peace reigned throughout the land.  
The elves they called him Erienon,  
The men Tarlunamir.  
His tower held a seeing-stone,  
The original Palantir.  
He often rode about his realm,  
And wandered in the trees.  
He bore no shield; wore no helm;  
Unarmed he was at ease.

But not afraid of war was he  
As many songs did tell;  
Six hundred orcs beneath the trees  
Of greenwood did he fell.  
But this had happened in ages past  
In a long forgotten war;  
He hoped that he had seen the last  
Of the evil from Mordor.  
Alas, one day as he did stand  
Within his tower tall,  
From farthest East across his land,  
He heard a distant call.

He gazed into the palantir,  
And to his great despair  
He saw along the wide frontier,  
Orc legions everywhere.  
The elves were strong within their land  
And as the orcs passed through  
Great numbers fell, but each dead man

Was soon replaced by two.  
The elves fell back to Nargothrond,  
Fighting all the way.  
And there within the mighty walls,  
Besieged they needs must stay.

Much further West, in Gondolin,  
A fortress of much power,  
Erienon still remained within  
His tall and ancient tower.  
He sought aid from his brother,  
Who ruled far in the South;  
But Gondor couldn't help another,  
So close to Mordor's mouth.  
When war came they were always first  
To hear the battle drums.  
The plight of Gondor was much worse;  
For there no help could come.

Messengers were sent to the North  
Where elves and dwarves were strong;  
But then came not a soldier forth,  
They too had fought for long.  
So from his tower came the King  
To lead his folk to war.  
Twelve thousand horsemen could they bring,  
And as many footmen more  
They soon set out for Nargothrond,  
With their weapons long unheld  
And joined by folk from all around,  
Their numbers steadily swelled.

After a hurried three-day ride,

The scouts came back and said,  
“Our foe lies on the other side  
Of these few hills ahead.”  
They rested then and checked their gear,  
And fed the horses well.  
From far away they all could hear  
The goblins shout and yell.  
Then in the early afternoon  
They mounted and went on.  
Their minds were filled with thoughts of doom  
And no one sang a song.

And as they topped the last hill’s crest,  
They saw a desperate scene.  
A fallen city of the West  
And countless orcs between.  
But even as they thought all lost,  
They saw off to one side  
A few brave elves against the host  
Of Mordor forward ride.  
Inspired thus they gave a shout,  
And loud the horns vere blown.  
Before them orcs ran in a rout  
As Erienon blew them down.

The battle raged for many hours  
And the elves they showed no pity,

When night came they camped in the towers  
Of the nearly ruined city.  
But though they fought their best they knew  
That in the end they’d fail.  
Their numbers still were far too few  
And valor was to no avail.  
When morning came they were dismayed  
And saw that they must die.  
Eighty thousand orcs arrayed,  
And darkness filled the sky.

But lo! Great light now filled the world,  
And all above them spread  
Shining figures, and light hurled  
To blast the goblins dead.  
The elves all cried in their delight,  
Unharmed on blasted earth,  
They recognized a splendid sight;  
The Valar had come to Middle Earth.  
Today the land of Beleriand  
Lies beneath the sea.  
But though the memory is dim,  
It’ll never forgotten be;  
The Breaking of Thangorodrim,  
And Morgoth the enemy.

# March To Azanulbizar

Words by Stewart Lauterbach.  
Tune by G.F. Handel.

Chord symbols for the musical score:

G Dm<sup>6</sup> D<sup>7</sup> Em<sup>6</sup> G C C#m<sup>6</sup> A D G Dm<sup>6</sup>

D<sup>7</sup> Em<sup>6</sup> G C C#m<sup>6</sup> A D G Dm<sup>6</sup> D<sup>7</sup>

Em<sup>6</sup> G C C#m<sup>6</sup> A D G Dm<sup>6</sup> D<sup>7</sup> Em<sup>6</sup> G C

C#m<sup>6</sup> A D G Dm<sup>6</sup> D<sup>7</sup> Em<sup>6</sup> G C C#m<sup>6</sup> A D

Angry dwarves march	Mighty axes	Many skulls will	All the Dwarves shall
East to Orcheim	Bring they with them	Split assunder,	Fight together
To wreak vengeance	To behead the	Cleft by axes	And we'll rally
On the Orcs!	Khazad's bane!	Of the Dwarves!	Under Thrain!



## Lament of the Elf Lord

Words by Mattiwillis.

Tune by Ruth Berman.

*words from Hoom 4 ed. Bee Bowman*



Long have I yearned for Lórien  
Or Imladris where I did dwell.  
The years brushed lightly by me then  
When once I lived at Rivendell.

Heavy my heart since my foot touched down  
To the ship that bore us here,  
This last and Uttermost Western-home  
Where never is shed the Elven-tear.

Fair this land and always green.  
I dare not speak of that fair shore  
Lest my sorrow should be seen  
In a land it never touched before.

Alas, to sit beneath the gold Mellryn  
And delight at the breeze on my skin  
Or wander afar with Aragorn.  
That lonely man who was my friend.

Ai...my thoughts turn to the Dúnadan  
To the days in the woods alone.  
With wonder to see the strength of the man,  
Always his stride did match my own.

Or match the steps of Asfaloth  
For I was slow to leave my steed.  
Oft that great horse did carry us both  
Or I would walk while he ran freed.

I would laugh and call the man Long-shanks.  
His slow smile would wrinkle his eyes.  
Soft words would bid me cease my pranks  
And in his face a tide would rise.

Then then was a king in Middle Earth.  
I watched him change his sword for a crown.  
Born to wander from his birth  
Until together we threw vile Sauron down.

All Men and Elves in battle did sing  
Yet in vain would our efforts have died  
But for the hobbits who destroyed the Ring,  
Little Frodo with Sam at his side.

Frodo has the peace which he did earn.  
If I could I would give him my life.  
No longer for endless years do I yearn  
Nor years free of sorrow and strife.

Yea...pain there was...and sorrow and strife.  
Well I remember my fears...  
The Dark Lord strove to run our life  
And unleash the bitter tears.

But pain exalts and fear is wise  
If to the good it can be turned  
Above the darkness thus to rise  
And put to use the lesson learned.

Unending lie the years ahead...  
They weigh upon me like a stone,  
Unless by chance I shall be dead  
For I must die by chance alone.

Mine the lot to linger here  
With Asfaloth ever at my side.  
Joy it brings to have him near  
With him this lovely land to ride.

# Elessar

Words by Lancy Lebovitz.

Tune 'based on Eliyohu Hanvoi'.

*From the HOFSA HYMNAL, 2nd Edition*



## CHORUS:

Elessar, the Elfstone,  
Elessar, gone from his throne;  
Elessar, O, Elessar:  
When shall he return to claim his own?

We shall look to the east and not fear;  
The Lord of the Rings shall not rule here.

## CHORUS

We'll have a King, not a Warden;  
A tree will live in the garden.

## CHORUS

# The Elven Ship

Words by Peter Sloman.

Tune by Ruth Berman.

Words from *Entmoot 4*, 1966, ed. Greg Shaw.

The musical score is written on three staves in a 6/8 time signature with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is primarily composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together. Chord symbols are placed above the staff: Cm, Dm, Cm, Dm<sup>6</sup>, Dm, Cm, G<sup>7</sup>, Cm, G<sup>7</sup>, Cm, G<sup>7</sup>, Cm, G<sup>7</sup>, Dm, Cm, Dm<sup>6</sup>, Dm, Cm, Fm, Gm, Cm, Fm, G<sup>7</sup>, Cm, Cm.

The ship sailed out upon the waves  
In early twilight clear,  
And from afar there gleamed a star.  
The crystal palantir.  
Three towers, lone, deserted stand,  
And yet untouched by time;  
But pale and white, in soft moonlight,  
They wait for Fall's first rime.

From Havens near the Gulf of Lune  
The Elven-ship set sail,  
From havens grey it sailed away  
With one white silken veil.  
"The Elves are gone!" the meadows wept,  
And "Gone!" echoed the trees;  
The seagulls cried, but one espied  
A faint star on the seas.

They sailed away from Mortal sight,  
Away from pains of Earth;  
The Elven-crew, now old and few  
Sailed off to their rebirth.  
Long since has Elrond passed away  
To Elvenhome the blessed;  
Galadriel, whom Earth knew well,  
Has sought eternal rest.

No more shall hear Galadriel  
Of Eresseä sing,  
For Halfling bold did melt the gold  
Of Sauron's evil Ring.  
Now gone, into the Farthest West  
Sung oft in Elvish lays,  
The Fair Folk passed, and there shall last  
Until the End of Days.

# The Ballad of Bilbo Baggins

Words by Charles R. Green.

Tune 'Ballad of Davy Crockett'.

from the *HOPSFA HYMNAL*, 2nd edition

Musical notation for the song 'The Ballad of Bilbo Baggins'. The score is written on two staves in a key signature of one flat (B-flat major) and a common time signature. The melody is written on a treble clef. Chords are indicated above the notes: F, Bb, G, C7, F, Bb, Gm on the first staff; and C7, F, F, Bb, F, C7, F on the second staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

In Middle-earth, in the land of Shire,  
Lives a brave little hobbit whom we all admire,  
With his long wooden pipe, and his fuzzy-wuzzy toes,  
He lives in a hobbit-hole and everybody knows...

## CHORUS:

Bilbo, Bilbo Baggins, only three feet tall;  
Bilbo, Bilbo Baggins, bravest little hobbit of them  
a11.

Now hobbits are a peace-loving people, you know.  
They're never in a hurry, they take things slow.  
They don't like to travel away from home;  
They just like to eat and be left alone.

## CHORUS

But one day Bilbo was asked to go  
On a big adventure to the caves below,  
Tp help some dwarves get back their gold,  
Stolen by a dragon in the days of old.

## CHORUS

Well he fought with the goblins, he battled a troll,  
He riddled with Gollum, a magic ring he stole;  
He was chased by wargs, lost in the forest,  
Escaped in a barrel from the Elf-King's hall.

Bilbo, Bilbo Baggins, bravest little hobbit of them all.

Well he's back at home in the land of Shire,  
That brave little hobbit whom we all admire,  
Sitting on his treasure of silver and gold,  
A-puffin' on his pipe in his hobbit-hole.

## CHORUS

*An alternative fourth verse suggested by Ken Nahigian:*

Well he fought with the goblins, he battled a troll,  
And a creature named Gollum who lived in a hole;  
He was chased by wargs, stole a magic ring,  
Escaped in a barrel from the Elven King.

# Arwen's Song in Gondor

Words by E. E. Evers.

Tune 'Our God, Our Help in Ages Past'.

Words from *Entmoot 3, 1966*, ed. Greg Shaw.

Music arranged by Ruth Berman, from a suggestion by Bee Bowman.

The musical score is written in 4/4 time and consists of four staves. The first staff begins with a double bar line and a repeat sign. Chords are indicated above the notes: C, F, C, G7, C, D, G, F, G, F, G. The second staff continues with chords: F, G7, C, F, C, F, G, C, D, G. The third staff has chords: G7, F, G7, C, F, C, F, G7, C. The fourth staff concludes with chords: D, G, C, F, G, D7, G, C, G7, C, C.

I  
The shore is not so near now  
Its roaring is so dim  
I only hear it sometimes  
In the rushing of the wind

For loved am I as Lady  
Of a land both high and free  
With ev'ry green and growing thing  
And One elf-tended Tree

And loved am I by many  
And loved am I by one  
And night and day am happy  
Under Gondor's moon and sun

II  
But in season after sunset  
Ere the night is come fullblown  
High and pale the Evenstar  
Rides fair above the Lhun

And my gaze is drawn far Westward  
And the curse of Elven Eyes  
Reveals the grey sails fading  
O'er the endless Western Seas

Those Westron seas still ageless  
As outlived a thousand shores  
Though my time is days and seasons  
And no more the Eldar's years.

III  
Then night runs deep, and the Elven-stars  
Eärendil's lofty bier,  
Recall the longfame of my line  
And I feel the stars of fire

And I dare not lift my eyes more  
To the Elven-jeweled sky  
For the stars are still as old now,  
The stars are still as high

Then I will my long-eyes Northwards  
But the land cures not my pain  
For I still see rolling Ocean  
In the grasses of Rohan.

IV  
Then my thoughts are carried backward  
To that unforgotten day  
When tears hid midst the laughter  
As the White Ship sailed away

And I yearn with all my power  
Towards the Land Forever Green  
And there wlngs a thought in answer  
And it tries to weave a scene

A scene of ages long to come  
Which the change-winds may yet bring  
"In the meads of fair Tasarinan,  
The willow meads in Spring..."

# The Fall of Uglúk

Words by Judy Quinn.

Tune by Ruth Berman.

Words from *Tolkien Journal II.4*, copyright 1966, ed. Richard Plotz

The musical score is written in 4/4 time and consists of two staves. The first staff begins with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The second staff ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign. Chord symbols are placed above and below the notes.

Chord symbols: Dm, Gm, Dm, C, Dm, F, Gm, Dm, C, Am, Dm, Dm.

From Saruman's halls, cold iron chained pillars  
Where the fork of the Isen lay  
To Rohan they came, black-hearted, white-branded  
The fighting Uruk-hai.

Red vere the eyes that glowed in the moonlight  
In bodies fell and grim.  
Long grew the claws that clutched the swords  
And they marched to Rohirrim.

Leading the horde was Uglúk, commander:  
Iron-plated, bloody-handed, and proud.  
He called to the throng with yellow fangs glaring,  
Cursing, then laughing aloud.

"Forward, my lads, the White Hand is waiting.  
We'll reach the long river by day.  
Kill all but the halflings, the word has been spoken.  
Now faster, or death be your pay."

The pace never failed as the wet grass they trampled,  
And joining them, mountains Orcs came.  
For vengeance, from Moria, great Khazad-dûm  
Its caverns now bursting with flame.

Their hoarse cries and clank smote the air of the forest  
As all creatures fled from the din.  
And Uglúk jeered the "mountain maggots"  
As they neared the Anduin.

At dawn from the mists spoke a voice deep and evil  
"Stand forth, our search is the same!"  
His shield was ringed with an eye of red,  
And Grishnákh was his name.

So Mordor joined with cave and tower  
To trace the steps of the prey:  
Small Shire-folk, ill-fit for meeting  
The fighting Uruk-hai

Two high shrill voices calling wild  
Made Uglúk's eyes grow bright  
And through the clearing ran the forms

Not half a man in height.

Madness had seized their pounding hearts,  
One name was on their lips.  
Until they stood a shadow away  
From black and clawing grips!

Drawing their bright and elvish swords  
The two stood back to back.  
Yet closer drew the deadly ring  
Not heeding the attack.

A sudden blast turned black hearts cold,  
A horn's unearthly blowing.  
And tall and fey a warrior came  
With blade and grey eyes glowing.

Proud Boromir of Gondor's tower  
Seeking only his doom.  
A debt he owed the Hobbit folk.  
Though Rauros be his tomb.

The demon arrows filled the sky  
And fell like blackend rain.  
Yet Boromir's sword smote down a score,  
Its blue steel Goblin's bane.

Young Denethor's heir sent one last call  
But only echoes came.  
Then Uglúk drew his darkest arrow  
With straight and deadly aim.

The halflings now in darkness fell  
As Boromir's horn was cloven.  
Triumphant yells rebounded far—  
The traitor's plot seemed woven.

Yet hardly had the march begun  
Back to the Wizard's Vale  
When mountain Orcs of Moria  
Sought vengeance on the trail.

But Uglúk's flat sword hewed three necks,  
The rest in terror fled.

“Curse Isengard,” came Grishnákh’s growl  
“To Mordor we should head,”

The fiery quarrel smouldered on,  
Yet Uglúk’s might was feared.  
And so they ever swiftly ran,  
The captives whipped and jeered.

The Eryn Muil was left behind,  
The grassy plains stretched wide,  
Green valleys of the Rohirrim  
Where hidden horsemen spied.

The Orcs ran now at blinding speed  
Towards forest’s shadow growing.  
Deep Fangorn, older than the hills,  
And Entwash, ever flowing.

But now the earth begins to throb,  
Off helms the sun’s ray glances.  
The Riders of the Mark had come,  
Wind wailing through thier lances.

Éomer, Marshal, sister-son  
Of Théoden the King.  
“Forth Eorlingas!” comes the call,  
The fair-haired horsemen sing.

Hard pounding hoofs and ringing cries  
But not a full attack.  
Though arrows whined and shrilly struck  
The Orc-force from the back.

In depths of night wait Uglúk’s tribe  
With fangs and fierce eyes shining.  
The watch-fires of the Mark burn long  
Beneath black branches twining.

At dawns first glow the riders charge,  
They make the dark horde reel.  
And golden grass is stained with red  
As gobins fall to steel.

But fighting Uruks form a wedge  
with Uglúk at the lead.  
Blasting through to Fangorn’s edge  
And smiting man and steed.

Then from the dense trees stepped a form  
Streaked with a bloody bath.  
And Uglúk felt the chill of death  
When he saw Éomer’s wrath.

The bright swords sparked as blows they matched,  
Both masters of the art.  
Till Uglúk felt a thrust strike deep  
Into his blackened heart.

Now helms are shattered an lances shorn;  
The smoke and the ashes blow grey.  
North points the White hand, but East burns the  
pyre  
Of the fighting Uruk-hai.

# Dragon Dream

Words by Edward Lauterbach.

Tune '15th century'.

The musical score is written on two staves in 3/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written on the top staff, and the chord progression is indicated by letters above and below the notes. The chords are: Dm, Am, Dm, Am, E, Am, Dm, Am, Gm, F, Gm, Dm, A, Dm, F, Bb, F, Gm, F, C, F, C, Dm, A, Dm, Dm.

Old Smaug lay in his cave, asleep,  
Spread out like giant, earthen hummock,  
And pawed the gold and jewels he loved  
And clutched them tightly to his stomach,

The ancient dragon stretched his leg  
And dreamed that many men would die;  
He grumbled loudly to himself  
Then slowly opened up one eye.

He snorted curls of smoke and fire,  
With bale glow in his eyes; and old,  
He twitched and shook his scaly skin  
And snuggled near his heaps of gold.

Smaug loved to wallow in these gems,  
To peel the silver rub his side,  
To have the golden rings and crowns  
Nestled next his underside!

Still half-awake and half-asleep  
Bold Smaug looked round his secret cave,  
To pierce the dark that pressed on him  
Like heavy, liquid, endless wave;

He hissed and spewed forth bolts of flame  
To light his cave with fiery gloam,  
And coiled his tail about his hoard,

And searched each cranny of his home.

But nothing moved or made a sound,  
And all was quiet, all was dark,  
Smaug was content and all alone,  
All comfortless and cold and stark!

So, with a grunt Smaug shut hts eyes,  
And thought that he would always keep  
His gold and jewels and diadems,  
And yawned, and then, returned to sleep.

Smaug dreamed the dreams that dragons dream,  
Of burning buildings, killing men,  
Of stealing gold and precious jewels,  
Then swiftly flying to his den.

He twitched again and scatched his wing  
With his hind leg, like monstrous cat,  
And flexed the muscles of his neck,  
And snored like some gigantic bat.

And Smaug dreamed dragons live forever;  
Countless years they live, so long;  
They never die. In darkened cave  
Old Smaug dreamed on – but Smaug was wrong!



# The Queen's Cry

## The Swansong of Arwen Undomiel

Words by Cathleen Collett.

Tune by Ruth Berman.

Words from *Tolkien Journal II.4*, copyright 1966, ed. Richard Plotz

The musical score is written in G major and 4/4 time. It consists of six staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is primarily quarter and eighth notes, with some triplet markings. Chord symbols are placed above the staff: G, D7, G, F#m6, Em, D7, G. The second staff continues the melody with chords D7, G, B, Em, D7, G, D7. The third staff has chords Em, B, Em, B7, Em, C, Em, D7. The fourth staff has chords G, Em, B, Em, F#m6. The fifth staff has chords G, C, G, Em, D7, G, C. The sixth staff has chords G, Am, G, D7, G, C, G, D, G, C, G, Em, G. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

The Sun has turned up in the sky.  
Soon Middle-earth knows spring;  
They'll cast the seed upon the land,  
And happy songs they'll sing.

But here is nothing more to come,  
And little left to go;  
And the leaves about Lothlórien  
Fall silently and slow.

On Elvenhow, the ever green,  
Upon the tender grass,  
The flowers kissed our naked feet  
As we went walking past;

And there his lips were heated steel  
And mine were honeyed wine –  
And there Estel took me for his  
And I took him for mine.

And there we swore till skies shall crack  
And on beyond time's end  
We should be one another's –  
Ah, it seemed easy then.

Now Elessar sleeps far away,  
And that was long ago,  
And the leaves about Lothlórien  
Fall silently and slow.

Well, never came we there again,  
A-walking side by side,  
And seldom did I look on him  
Until I was his bride –

And then – lost joys remembered  
Are worse than any knife.  
For bitter is the boon of men  
Across a happy life.

Today my love lies slumbering  
Beyond creation's rim.  
Now as he came to me that day  
So I must go to him –

Yet rising day is far away,  
And that was long ago,  
And the leaves about Lothlórien  
Fall silently and slow.

# Look What They've Done to Strider

Words by Eleanor Arnason.

Tune by Ruth Berman.

Words from *No 8*, ed. Ruth Berman

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). It consists of five staves of music. The notes are primarily quarter and eighth notes, often beamed together. Chord symbols are placed above the staff lines. The first staff has chords Cm, G7, Cm, Fm, Cm, G7. The second staff has Cm, G7, Cm, Fm, Eb. The third staff has Eb7, Eb, Ab, Eb, Eb7. The fourth staff has Ab, Eb, Bb7, Eb, Ab, Bb7. The fifth staff has Eb, Dm6, Cm, G7, Cm, G7, Cm.

Look what they've done to Strider.  
 They've gone and made him a king.  
 And it never would've happened,  
 Except for that awful Ring.  
 He ought to be in a tavern,  
 Having a drink or a smoke.  
 Trading tales with a friend or two,  
 Or singing, or telling a joke,  
 With a good wood roof above him,  
 And a fire to warm his bones.  
 Instead he's playing foolishly

With fortresses and thrones.  
 So, now we'll sing *King Elessar*,  
 When winter nights are long,  
 And I'd rather be the singer  
 Than the subject of the song.  
 For sitting here's more comfortable  
 Than sitting in a tower.  
 If you're wise you'll stay away  
 From instruments of power.

# The Orcs' Marching Song

Words by George Heap and others.

Tune 'Jesse James'.

This version from *The Filksong Manual 1*, ed. Bruce Pelz, 1965.

Oh, Sauron had some rings; they were very useful things,  
And he only wanted One to keep;  
But Isildur took the One just to have a little fun –  
Sauron's finger was inside it – what a creep!

CHORUS:  
Sauron had no friend to help him at the end  
Not even an Orc or a slave.  
It was dirty Frodo Baggins that fixed his little wagon,  
And laid poor Sauron in his grave.

Isildur started forth for his palace in the North,  
But his fate turned out to be an Indian-giver;  
For the Orcs caught up with him, and although he  
tried to swim  
They shot him, and the Ring rolled down the river.

*ALT. CHORUS:*  
Sauron had no friend to help him at the end  
Not one of his foul Orkish crew.  
It was dirty Frodo Baggins that fixed his little wagon,  
'Cause it seemed like the fannish thing to do!

Gollum met his ruin while skin-diving in Anduin,  
For 'twas there he found his birthday present.  
He soon gave up steak and pork just to eat raw fish  
and orc.  
Though the flavor was unique, it wasn't pleasant.

CHORUS

Sauron went to war for the glory of Mordor,  
But his Orcs didn't like the sun.  
It was marching in the heat made them feel so very  
beat,  
So he made them suntan lotion by the ton.

CHORUS

Gandalf found the gate when the night was very late,  
And he thought that he had been so very cunning.  
But when drums began to boom in the deeps of  
Khazad-Dûm,  
Strider and the walkers started running.

CHORUS

The wizard Saruman heard that rings were in de-  
mand,  
And he said the One was lost, so he could take it.  
He wanted it to war on his black adversary Sauron –  
He wanted to be god, but didn't make it.

CHORUS

Treebeard and his pals, when they couldn't find their  
gals,  
Were content to sit around and just make shade. '  
But the axes of the Orcs caused those Ents to blow  
their corks,  
And at Helm's Deep stage an Arbor Day parade.

CHORUS

When Frodo saw the Ring, he rather liked the thing,  
But it worried him every minute.  
At the end of his long mission, just to keep up the  
tradition,  
He lost it with his finger still within it.

CHORUS

Sauron, he felt poor at the fall of Barad-Dûr,  
And he didn't have a friend, as I've ment'oned,  
But his spirit lives today just the same in every way  
–  
And the Orcs show up at every damn convention!

CHORUS

Now you'd think that Sauron's done, for they did  
melt down the One,  
And you must admit that Mordor is a mess,  
But he had a plan, I fear, to exploit the Palantîr –  
And tha Eye is seen each night on CBS.

CHORUS

*Extra verses from Ring Cycle, ed. Dick Eney*

Sauron fell with Mordor, as I mentioned once before,  
And his realm was destroyed without pity;  
But his spirit lives today, just the same in every way,  
In the House Un-American activities Committee!

CHORUS

Sharkey's last desire was to get even with the Shire  
And make it a Vast Wasteland, you can guess;  
He and Sauron, as I fear, now exploit the Palantîr,  
And the Eye is seen each night on CBS!

CHORUS

Shagrat's job went down the drain at the end of  
Sauron's reign  
But he thinks his new line of work is keen;  
Though a pen-name he may use, you can spot him if  
you choose  
In almost any movie magazine!

CHORUS

After Barad-dûr's collapse it was stricken from the  
maps,  
But a city later rose upon its site;  
While it wouldn't do to say where the ancient Mor-  
dor lay  
Just don't try to walk through Central Park at night!

CHORUS

# Drunken Dragon Triolet

Words by Anne Etkin.

The musical score is written in 3/4 time and consists of four staves. The first staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The second staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The third and fourth staves are in bass clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb). The music features a mix of eighth and quarter notes, with some rests and slurs. Chord symbols are placed above and below the notes to indicate the harmonic structure.

Am E Am E Am E Am E Am  
C G Cm G Cm Fm Cm G Cm G Cm  
Eb Ebm Eb Ebm Bb7 Ebm Bb7  
Ebm Bb7 Ebm Bb7 Ebm Bb7 Ebm

The Dragon ate old Holdwine Heggs,  
The Dragon's drunk and staggering,  
For Holdwine held a dozen kegs!  
The Dragon ate old Holdwine Heggs.  
With waggly wings and wobbly legs

The Dragon's not a-swaggering;  
The Dragon ate old Holdwine Heggs,  
The Dragon's drunk and staggering!

# The Song of Smart Herman, The Troll

By Philodendron Woodberry, as told to Anne Etkin

Words by Anne Etkin.

Words from *Amon Hen*, the bulletin of *The Tolkien Society*, 15, March 1975, ed. Stuart and Rosie Clark.

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (D major) and a 2/4 time signature. It consists of three staves of music. The first staff contains the first line of the melody with chords D, A7, D, D, Bm, E7, and A. The second staff contains the second line of the melody with chords Bm, F#m, G, D, A7, and G. The third staff contains the third line of the melody with chords D, A7, D, A7, and D. The melody is primarily composed of quarter and eighth notes, with some rests.

Well, I'm home hale and hearty from over the hill,  
But it's funny you ask about Tom, Bert and Bill.  
We set out together to raid around Bree.  
But they told me to scarper, they didn't want me.  
So I loped off alone, and I soon et my fill,  
So what do I care about Tom, Bert and Bill?

Aye, I mumbled a curse at old Tom, Bert and Bill,  
When I stumbled acrost 'em, all standing so still.  
Why, they acted just like there was nothing to hear,  
And a owl it was setting on old William's ear.  
And I'll bet you the mutton I'm fixing to grill  
That something done happen to Tom, Bert and Bill!

# Give My Regards to Orthanc

Words by Nancy Lebovitz.

Tune 'Give My Regards to Broadway'.

from the *HOPSFA HYMNAL*, 2nd edition

The musical score is written on four staves in a 4/4 time signature with a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb). The melody is primarily composed of quarter and eighth notes, with some rests. Chord symbols are placed above the staff to indicate the harmonic accompaniment. The chords are: Bb, Cm7, F7, Cm7, F7, F+, Bb, F7, Bb, F, C7, F, Gm, C6, C7, F, Bb, Cm7, F7, Cm7, F7, F+, Bb, G7, Cm, G7, Cm7, Bb, C7, F7, Bb.

Give my regards to Orthanc;  
Remember me to Barad-dûr.

Tell all the boys from old Nancurunír  
That i'll be there for sure.

Whisper of how I'm yearning  
To mingle with the Morgul throng.

Five my regards to Shelob's Lair,  
And tell her I'll be there ere long.

# The Ent's Marching Song

Words by Jim Landau.

Tune 'When Jonny Comes Marching Home'.

from the *HOPSFA HYMNAL*, 2nd edition

The musical score is written in 6/8 time and consists of three staves. The first staff begins with a Gm chord. The second staff includes chords Bb, D7, Bb, and F. The third staff includes chords Gm, Eb, D, D7, Gm, Cm, C#d7, D, Gm, D7, and Gm. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

The Ents go marching one by one, hurrah, hurrah;  
 The Ents go marching one by one, hurrah, hurrah;  
 The Ents go marching one by one,  
 To get their chlorophyll in the sun;  
 And the Ents go marching  
 Round and round and into the ground  
 And out in the rain and in again.

The Ents go marching two by two, hurrah, hurrah;  
 The Ents go marching two by two, hurrah, hurrah;  
 The Ents go marching two by two—  
 Does a marching tree wear a wooden shoe?  
 And the Ents go marching  
 Round and round and into the ground  
 And out in the rain and in again.

The Ents go marching three by three,...  
 That must be a sight – a marching tree!

The Ents go marching four by four,...

Out of the forest of Fangorn;

The Ents go marching five by five,...  
 A-looking for their Entish wives;

The Ents go marching six by six,...  
 They use their limbs for walking sticks;

The Ents go marching seven by seven,...  
 To Orthanc like the wrath of heaven;

The Ents go marching eight by eight,...  
 Chase Sharkey through his tower gate;

The Ents go marching nine by nine,...  
 Heartily in two eight time;

The Ents go marching ten by ten,...  
 It's the end of this song—we won't see them again!



## The Passing of the Elven Kind

Words by Ted Johnstone.

For the tune see page 92.

*originally from All Mimsy 5, 1959 ed. Ruth Berman, Elanor Arnason, Ron Whyte*

O'er all the lands the fair folk trod,  
The final eventide has come,  
And those who wandered, silver-shod,  
Have faded from the changing land.  
The march of man has pushed them from  
Their forest lands and verdant sod  
Until at last they must succumb  
To forces they cannot withstand.

No more the fair Galadriel  
Will sing in green Lothlórien;  
The empty halls of Rivendell,  
Deserted, silent, thick with dust  
Recall the empty hours when  
They stood as lonely citadel  
Against the coming age of Men,  
But fell, as Elrond knew they must.

The shadows of the fading age  
Grew long across the fields of gold,  
The Elven-lords, each silent, sage,  
Had left the flow'ring mallorn trees.  
For them the world was growing old –  
Though mankind saw a turning page –  
The fair folk left their last freehold  
And passed beyond the Sundering Seas.

And Círdan wrought them ships which bore  
Them from the Havens o'er the sea  
And watched them sail for fairer shore  
And leave the world of mortal man  
In which no place for them could be.  
And in this world they stay no more.  
But dwell in Elvenhome the Free,  
As fair as when the world began.

## The Fall of Durin's Bane

Words by David Ring.

For the tune see page 95.

*originally from Hoom 5, ed. Bee Bowman*

In Moria, in Khazad-dûm,  
on narrow bridge above the deep,  
he stood an old and withered man,  
the way against his foe to keep.

No light of sun or moon or stars  
could fall upon him with its ray;  
the dark was lit with fiery red  
where stood the wanderer in grey.

Alone he faced the Shadow's might,  
his countenance beset with pain;  
alone he faced the tainted fire  
that played and fed on Durin's Bane.

The Balrog seized a flaming brand  
that hung in scabbard at its side;  
with Glamdring forged by elf of old  
the passage strongly he denied.

The wrath of evil turned to ice,  
the monster's flame grew black and died;  
the mighty wings of darkest hate  
now spread from cavern side to side.

It raised in hand a knotted whip  
with thongs like strands of deep despair;  
it seemed the wizard could not stand  
to those who looked upon him there.

A rage came over Boromir,  
captain of Gondor, fell and bold,  
and Aragorn the Dúnadan  
knew wanted courage swift and cold.

Aloud they cried—to his succour ran,  
but fate outstripped them in their race;  
two foes alone contested there  
and battle gave in that dark place.

The whip uncurled like an evil wave,  
born of dark wind on a nameless sea;  
his staff the wizard interposed,  
struck into rock like a stalwart tree.

The thongs of the Balrog's falling lash  
moaned with the noise of dismal fear;  
their flight was stayed by a flash of light  
that shone for a moment white and clear.

The aged rock beneath their feet

failed to bear such burden of power  
its blocks collapsed to fall below  
and plumb the depths in a stony shower.

For broke the bridge to no avail –  
the Balrog lurched into the pit,  
but one last vengeful blow it gave  
and snared was he who conquered it.

The wizard tottered on the brink;  
his strength was fled; he fell to doom,  
and horror seized upon his friends;  
the light of Anor turned to gloom.

In sorrow from that place they fled  
and saw once more the light of day,  
but care it did not lift from them;  
it rode among them on their way.

In Moria, in Khazad-dûm,  
the monster burned with flames of Hell;  
the wizard fought it endlessly  
as in the frigid deep they fell.

And in the darkness never lit,  
where no dwarf delved nor e'er man came,  
they dropped to horror great and fell,  
hid fast by Earth in fear and shame.

The slimy water of the pit  
which lay at earth's forgotten core  
engulfed the flames and they were quenched,  
but shadow's strength now grew the more.

Through darkling and forgotten ways,  
through evil nameless, ageless-old,  
through horrors that must not be seen,  
the battle's course cannot be told.

The wizard ever pressed it on,  
followed the foul one as it fled;  
the Balrog was his only clue  
to the maze—a dark and knowing thread.

To ways at last of cleaner dark,  
to halls that once by dwarf were held,  
the elf-sword's wielder drove his foe,  
but Durin's Bane was not yet felled.

The endless stair in story known  
became the Balrog's path in flight;

it ever yielded up the steps  
till came a downward gleam of light.

They reached the sunlit of the peak,  
of Zirak-zigil bare and high;  
the wizard's hand grew strong again;  
hie hope rekindled 'neath the sky.

Now in that hour who could tell  
the course of combat or the form?  
the only word that came to men  
was a memory of mountain storm.

It is enough that the enemy  
who once played servant to Morgoth well,  
was bested and in morning light  
upon the mountain's face he fell.

The halls of Durin again were free  
for dwarves to enter and to clean,  
but Mithrandir passed far away  
and walked in paths not known or seen.

In white he would at length return  
and Gandalf no more be the grey,  
and eagle king by elf Queen sent  
'would bear him to the world away.

The fire of evil burning red,  
the black of shadow icy-numb,  
fell to the light of Mithrandir  
In Moria, in Khazad-dûm.

# The Orcs' Drinking Song

Words by Dick Eney.

Tune 'Mademoiselle from Armerieres'.

From *Stupifying Stories 97*, ed. Dick Eney.

The musical notation is written on two staves in 4/4 time. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature change to one flat. It contains a melody with a repeat sign at the beginning. Chords F and C7 are indicated above the staff. The second staff continues the melody with a repeat sign at the end. Chords C7, F, C7, F, and F are indicated above the staff.

The Orcs they are a funny race,  
Trolls are, too!  
They hold the sunlight in distaste,  
Balrogs, too!  
Their disposition's rather maen,  
Their verses mostly leonine,  
Orcs and Trools and Balrogs too!

They make their chiefest pleasure still,  
So they do,  
To wreak Great Sauron's evil will,  
All that crew!

And when he gives no indication  
They use their imagination,  
Orcs and Trolls and Balrogs too!

They like a bit o' manflesh, true,  
All that crew,  
And wash it down with a Nameless Brew  
So they do!  
So tell me why the Discon bans  
Creatures so much like SF fans,  
Orcs and Trolls and Balrogs too?!

## The Nazgûl Scream

Words by Anon..

For the tune see page 128.

The Nazgûl scream is quite extreme;  
It's heard for miles around,  
And all who hear recoil in fear  
Before its awful sound.  
And if perchance you glance and see  
A Rider black, then you'll agree  
That you've crossed the path of  
The Nazgûl King of Angmar.

His robes don't hide a thing inside;  
There's nothing there to see.  
A Nazgûl has no face in place  
Of where a face should be.  
If at the head you dare to stare,  
You'll grow aware there's nothing there  
But the dreadful eyes of  
The Nazgûl King of Angmar.

# When I Was a Lad

Words by Anon..

Tune 'When I Was a Lad' by Sullivan.



When I was a lad I went to the war  
and fought in Gondor's army next to Denethor.  
We rode to the East, we rode to the West,  
and all the people shouted that I was the best.

## CHORUS

And all the people shouted that he was the best.

I swung my sword in a style so grand  
that now I am the ruler of the Western Lands.

## CHORUS

Yes he swung my sword in a style so grand  
that now he is the ruler of the Western Lands.

## The Mines of Moria

Words by Loretta Wilson and Deborah Morman.

Tune 'In the Halls of the Mountain King' by Edvard Grieg.



Down within the Mountain Deep  
Durin's Bane is asleep;  
Beware you don't wake the curse  
Of the Mines of Moria.

He guards the elven gates of old;  
Do not enter his abode;  
He will not let you live for long  
In the Mines of Moria.

Do not think he does not hear  
As you are drawing near;  
Beware the Balrog of the deep  
In the Mines of Moria.

This is a warning to the bold:  
Do not seek jewels or gold  
Within the Balrog's mountain hold  
In the Mines of Moria.

# S-A-U-R-O-N

Words by John Boardman.

Tune 'M-O-T-H-E-R'.

From *Ring Cycle*, 1965 ed. Dick Eney

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of three staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The notes are: F4, G4, A4, Bb4, C5, Bb4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. Chords above the staff are F, Gm, C7, F, C7. The second staff continues the melody: F4, G4, A4, Bb4, C5, Bb4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. Chords above are F, D7, G7, C7, F, Gm, C7. The third staff concludes the piece: F4, G4, A4, Bb4, C5, Bb4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. Chords above are A, D, Dm6, F, C7, F.

S is for his stronghold down in Mordor.

A is for the armies at his call.

U if for the Uruks in his forces.

R is for the Ring that rules them all.

O is for his forge in Orodruin.

N is for the Nazgûls at his beck.

Put them all together, they spell S-A-U-R-O-N!

And you're lucky if he doesn't ring your neck.



# Apocryphal Hobbit Marching Song

Words by Adam Kananof.

Tune by Ruth Berman.

The musical score is written in treble clef with a common time signature (C). It consists of four staves of music. Above the notes, various chords are indicated: Cm, Fm, Cm, Dbd, Cm, Fm, Cm, G7, Cm, Dbd, G7, Cm, C, Fm, Cm, Dbd, Cm, Fm, Cm, G7, Cm, Dbd, G7, Cm, C. The melody is a simple, rhythmic march.

Over da mountains I must go—  
And I got reason, too, ya know.  
On a farmer's land I had trespassed,  
Chased away by a shotgun blast.  
And now I hope me feet don't fail,  
For the Shire police is on me tail.  
Over da Misty Mountains cold,  
Over da chests all heaped wit gold,  
Into da land of sin and perdition  
I must go without a doubt,  
Where dey honor no writs of extradition,

Till de statute of limitations runs out.

(To the land of Mordor where the shadows lie.)  
A six-pack a year, sir, to quench me fear, sir,  
Lest me courage fail.  
I'll stop in at a public house and invite  
The Dark Lord over for ale.  
After a measily siz-pack to quench me fear, sir,  
I invite ole Sauron up for a beer, sir!  
(In the land of Mordor where the Shadow knows.)

# The Witch-king of Angmar

Words by Alexis A. Gilliland.

Tune 'Lili Marlene'.

from WSEFA Journal copyright 1974 Alexis A. Gilliland.

The musical notation consists of two staves in 4/4 time. The first staff contains the first eight measures of the melody, with chords C, C7, Dm, G7, C, F, and B indicated above the notes. The second staff contains the final four measures of the melody, with chords C, G, C, G7, C, G7, D7, G7, and C indicated above the notes. The melody is primarily composed of eighth and quarter notes.

Underneath the shadow, by the tower gate  
 Angmar stands in waiting, each night till after eight.  
 He waits the command to go to war  
 The Witch-king yearns to march afar  
 To westward march from Mordor  
 To fight in foreign lands.

Hear the trumpet sounding! Sauron gave the word:  
 "March again to battle! Wield your mighty sword!"  
 The Witch-king of Angmar mounts his mighty steed  
 A bat winged beast of range and speed  
 TO lead the host of Mordor  
 For Sauron 'gainst the West.

On to Minas Tirith! rings the battle cry  
 Now the West is failing! Angmar cannot die!  
 It was foretold he shan't be slain

By hand of man, defence is vain  
 Against the host of Mordor  
 The West shall stand in vain.

In Théoden's army rides a written brand  
 Carried by a halfling from the barrow mound  
 Ringwraith, now feel the bite of war  
 At last Death comes to fell Angmar  
 Farewell, Witch-king of Angmar  
 Great captain of Mordor.

*Repeat softly:*

Farewell, Witch-king of Angmar  
 Great captain of Mordor.

# The Bonnie Black Flag

Words by Pat Kelly.

Tune 'The Bonnie Blue Flag'.

We are a band of brothers and natives 'neath the soil,  
fighting for the poverty we lost to honest toil;  
And when our wrongs were threatened, the cry rose low and high:  
"Hurrah! for the bonnie black flag that bears a single eye!"

CHORUS Hurrah, hurrah, for Mordor's wrongs hurrah!

Hurrah for the bonnie black flag that bears a single eye.

First there came up Sauron who ignobly took the stand,

Then there came the Nazgûl who grabbed him by the hand,

Next came orcs and trolls and the men of the far south;

All raised on high the bonnie black flag that bears a single eye.

CHORUS

Ye men of greed now gather 'round the banner of the

wrong;

Orthanc and Balrog now have come into our throng.

Sauron our great leader and Angmar killers are.

All raise on high the bonnie black flag that bears a single eye.

CHORUS

So here's for our conspiracy, strong we are and grave;

Like plunderers of old we'll fight, our hairy necks to save.

And rather than to gain some fame, to kill we would prefer;

So raise on high the bonnie black flag that bears a single eye.

CHORUS

Jeer, boys, jeer, and raise a noisy shout;

Smeagol and Gollum now have both come out;

Let another lousy jeer for Saruman be given;

The single eye of the bonnie black flag has grown to challenge heaven!

CHORUS

# The Wraith Song

Words by Dave Hulan.

Tune 'The Riff Song'.

from *The Mythong Link 9, 1970, ed. Dave Hulan*

The musical score is written in a single system with six staves. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is primarily eighth and quarter notes. Chord symbols are placed above the staff lines. The score includes repeat signs at the beginning of the fourth and sixth staves.

Chord symbols for the first staff: Dm, Bd, Dm, Bd, Ed, Dm, Gm, A

Chord symbols for the second staff: Bb, Dm, Bb, Dm, Bb, Dm, Bd, Ed, Dm

Chord symbols for the third staff: F, Ed, F, Dm<sup>6</sup>, A, E<sup>7</sup>, A

Chord symbols for the fourth staff: C<sup>7</sup>, Bb, Ed, F, F#d, Gm, C<sup>7</sup>, Dm, F, D, F#d, Gm, C<sup>7</sup>, Gm, C<sup>7</sup>, Dm, Em<sup>6</sup>, A<sup>7</sup>

Chord symbols for the fifth staff: Bb, Dm, Bb, Dm, C#d, A, F, C<sup>7</sup>, Bb, Ed, Bbm, C<sup>7</sup>, F, Dm, G, G<sup>7</sup>

Chord symbols for the sixth staff: C<sup>7</sup>, F, G, Dm, F, C<sup>7</sup>, F

High overhead, heavy with dread,  
 It is the chilling sound of Nazgûl in the land!  
 Quiver with fear, if you are near,  
 It is the calling of the Witch-king and his band, And  
 All who blunder learn to understand The Cry Of Ho!  
 So the call as they are riding – Ho!  
 That's the time you'd best be hiding Low.  
 It means the Nazgûl are near: Go,

Before you perish from fear. Ho!  
 That's the sound that comes to warn you, So,  
 In the night or early morn you Know,  
 If you're thr Dark Shadow's foe,  
 The Wraiths will strike with a blow  
 That brings you woe!

# The Ballad of Greenfields

Words by Roger Johnson.

Tune by John M. Garrett.

*The poem appeared in Anduril 2, ed. John Martin*

The musical notation consists of two staves in 4/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written on a treble clef. Chords are indicated by letters above and below the notes. The first staff has chords D, G, A, C, and Am. The second staff has chords D, A, C, D, A, G, D, and A.

Bandobras stood at his own front door,  
His head was hig but his heart was sore,  
For news is come of woe and war,  
And news is come to the Shire.

Tallest was he of the Halfling kind,  
Strong of arm and strong of mind.  
No better than he in the fray you'll find,  
Nor ever in the Shire.

Come saddle up my horse, said he.  
We must ride and fight till the land be free,  
For news of was is come from Bree,  
And news is come to the Shire.

The Orc-king came from his mountain lair  
With a rabble at arms for war prepared,  
Nor stopped till he came to Greenfields fair,  
For he would take the Shire.

He crushed the land by his strong right arm.  
He ravaged field and ravaged farm,  
Nor though himself in any harm  
From the peaceful folk of the Shire.

The Halflings strode to the field of war.  
The Thain and the Master they rode before,  
But first of them all was Bandobras,  
For dearly he loved the Shire.

They met the foe at Greenfields lea.

Come clear the way for a king, said he,  
Or the might of a mountain king you'll see,  
And I'll be the king of the Shire.

The halflings quailed at the Orc-king's word,  
For they feared from the heart the mountain lord,  
But the Master and Thain drew their good bright  
swords,  
And Bandobras cried, The Shire!

A battle of blood that day was seen,  
For blood ran high, and swords were keen,  
And the blood ran red on the fields of green  
When Bandobras fought for the Shire.

Many died ere the day was done,  
But the day was ours by the setting sun,  
For Bandobras struck and the war was won,  
And the war was won for the Shire.

He fought with the King will the ground ran red.  
With a blow he struck off the Orc-king's head,  
And the mountain folk to the moutains fled,  
And the war was won for the Shire.

So drink to the ones that fought that day.  
To the halflings bold be power and praise,  
And to Bandobras your tankanrds raise,  
For dearly he loved the Shire.

## The Nazgûl's Song

Words by Alexis A. Gilliland.

Tune 'Meadowlands'.

from *Outworlds 16 ed.* Bill & Joan Bowers, copyright 1973 by William L. Bowers.

The musical notation consists of two staves in 4/4 time, with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The first staff contains the melody, and the second staff contains the accompaniment. Chord symbols are placed above the notes: Gm, Dm, Gm, Dm on the first staff; Cm, D, Cm, D on the second staff.

Soft out of Mordor  
Slipping through the mist and darkness  
Hoofbeats muffled by the rain-wet leaves of autumn  
Come the Nazgûl one their sable horses.

Long Sauron waited  
To extend his mighty shadow  
And like sadow fingers on a shadow ha-and  
Slide the Nazgûl o'er the western plain.

Deadly, the Nazgûl  
Riding out of ancient legend  
Shrouded deep in darkness, yet their pale eyes glisten

And behind them comes the sullen rain.

Tonight ride the Nazgûl  
Racing down your local byway  
If the pass your doorway you have not escaped them  
Lie awake and listen to the rain.

Soft out of Mordor  
Slipping through the mist and darkness  
Hoofbeats muffled by the rain-wet leaves of autumn  
Come the Nazgûl one their sable horses.

## All You Need is Orcs

Tune 'All You Need is Love' by The Beatles.  
*from a pamphlet of filksongs published by Seth McEvoy*

Orcs, Orcs, Orcs,  
Orcs, Orcs, Orcs,  
Orcs, Orcs, Orcs ...

You don't need a fortress strong as Barad-dûr,  
It doesn't matter if your plans aren't set too sure,  
You don't have to be a general if you've got a place  
to hide,  
It's easy ...

### CHORUS

All you need is Orcs, all you needs is Orcs,  
All you need is Orcs, Orcs,  
Orcs is all you need.

There's nothing you can do but hurt yourself.  
A Palantír won't sit on your shelf.

Still you can give a try and maybe take a fort or two,  
It's easy ...

### CHORUS

You're looking for a Ring that won't stay put,  
Your diplomatic mouth is full of foot.  
But you can cause a lot of trouble if you go about it  
right.  
It's easy ...

### CHORUS

Orcs, Orcs, Orcs,  
Orcs, Orcs, Orcs,  
*etc.*

# Onward, Sauron's Soldiers!

Words by Dick Tatge, Al Kuhfeld and Ken Fletcher.  
 Tune 'Onward, Christian Soldiers'.  
 from *Rune*, ed. *Minnesota Science Fiction Society*

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The notes are: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. Chords above are F, C7, F, C. The second staff continues: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. Chords above are G7, C, C7, F, F7, Bb. The third staff: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. Chords above are Gm7, C7, F, C7. The fourth staff: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. Chords above are F, C9, F, Gm7, C7, F. The piece ends with a double bar line.

Onward, Sauron's soldiers,  
 Marching as to war,  
 With the Eye of Sauron  
 Going on before.  
 Darkness like a banner  
 Shadows all the foe.  
 Forward into battle,  
 See the Nazgûl go!

## CHORUS

Onward, Sauron's soldiers,  
 Marching as to war,  
 With the Eye of Sauron  
 Going on before.

Trolls and Balrogs mingle,  
 Dragons burn and bite!  
 With us must tangle,  
 Or run and scream in fright.  
 Evil is our watchword,  
 Pain is our delight;  
 Middle-earth must crumble,  
 Under Mordor's blight!

## CHORUS

From the dread Dark Tower,  
 To black Khazad-dûm,  
 We'll send elves and hobbits,  
 Shrieking to their tomb.  
 Men and dwarves together,  
 Go down in defeat.  
 In the hunger after battle,  
 They'll be good to eat.

## CHORUS

Conquer every village!  
 Yell our battle cry!  
 "Murder, rape and pillage,  
 Then spit in their eye!"  
 See the craven victims  
 Quivering with fear:  
 We'll be leaving Mordor,  
 Sometime late next year!

## CHORUS



## Middle-earth

Tune 'Penny Lane' by The Beatles.

*from a pamphlet of filksongs published by Seth McEvoy*

In Middle-earth there is a tavern on the Eastern  
Road.

There travellers will find its tables full of cheer;  
And when the innkeeper brings the beer,  
He may bend an ear.

In Middle-earth well hidden deep in the Old Forest's  
trees

Tom Bombadil maintains a house of cobbled stone,  
To which he brings Goldberry home  
From the River's edge—to his bed.

Middle-earth beneath the Stars below the Sun,  
Where the seedling of Telperion is planted;  
Elsewhere back

In Middle-earth there is a Hobbit in a hobbit-hole.  
He keeps it clean although its dug into the ground.

And though he spends a lot of time in town,  
Still he's been around.

In Middle-earth there is a wizard with a staff of oak.  
His flowing beard is coloured like new-fallen snow.  
His fireworks light up the fields below,  
And his his smoke-rings glow.

Middle-earth beneath the Stars below the Sun,  
A wonder where the Norland waters run ere sunlight;  
Elsewhere back

In Middle-earth the wizard smokes his pipe content-  
edly.

We see the hobbits walking humming to the inn.  
And then old Bombadil rushes in  
From the River's edge—to his bed.

# My Fair Hobbit - A - Hymn to Sauron

Words by James Wallace and Ruth Berman.  
Tune 'I've Grown Accustomed to her Face'.

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It consists of four staves of music. Above the notes, various chords are indicated: Eb, Eb7, Fm7, Bb7, Eb7, Eb6, Ab6, Ebd, Eb, Ab, Gd, Fm7, Bb9, Eb, Cb7, Eb6, Fm7, Bb7, Eb7, Eb6, Ab6, D7, Eb, C7+, Fm7, Bb7, G+, C7+, F9, Abm, Eb, Gm7, Fm7, Bb9, and Eb.

I've grown accustomed to this Ring.  
It almost makes the day grow bright,  
And though I've always liked the shade,  
Yet now that this Ring's made -  
Its gold, its gleam,  
Its glint, its sheen,  
Have made me reconsider if I really like the gloom of  
night.

I was serenely independent and content before we  
met.  
Surely I could always be that way again, and yet,  
I've grown accustomed to its shine,  
Accustomed to its shape,  
Accustomed to this ring.

# My Fair Hobbit - B - Song to Frodo at the Council of Elrond

Words by James Wallace.

Tune 'On the Street Where You Live'.

Are there Cracks of Doom in another Mount?  
 Do other flames leap high in an eternal fount?  
 Was the One Ring wrought

In some mundane plot?  
 No, 'tis all on that mount called Mount Doom.

# My Fair Hobbit - C - Battle Song

Words by James Wallace.  
Tune '76 Trombones'.

The musical notation is written on two staves. The first staff is in treble clef and the second in bass clef. The time signature is 6/8. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes. Chords are indicated above the notes: G7, C, Ebd, G7, C#d, G7, C, C7, F, D7, G7, C.

76 War Trolls led the battlefront,  
With 110 Orc Legions close behind.  
There was with them each black Ringwraith,

Helping them to keep the faith:  
There were foes of every evil find.

# My Fair Hobbit - D - Duet: Legolas and Gimli

Words by James Wallace.  
Tune 'Anything you can do'.

Any foe you can slay, I can slay more of,	I know more sagas and legends than you.
I can slay any foe faster than you.	(No you don't!) Yes I do! (No you don't!) Yes I do!
(No you can't!) Yes I can! (No you can't!) Yes I can!	(No you don't!) Yes I do, yes I do!
(No you can't!) Yes I can, yes I can!	
Any myth that you know, I know more lore of,	