

Far over the Misty Mountainz coald,  
Too dunjonz depe and cavvernz oald,  
We must awa, are brake ov da,  
Too ceke our pale enchaanted goald.

The dworvz ov yor made mity spelz,  
While hammerz fel like ringing belz,  
In placez depe, whare darc thhingz slepe,  
In hollo haulz beneath the felz.

For ainshent king and elvish lord  
Dhare menny a gleming goalden hord  
Dha shaipt and raut, and lite dha caut,  
Too hide in gemz on hilt ov sord.

On cilver neclacez dha strung  
The flouwering starz, on crounz dha hung  
The draggon-fire, on twisted wire  
Dha mesht the lite ov moone and sun.

Far over the Misty Mountainz coald,  
Too dunjonz depe and cavvernz oald,  
We must awa, are brake ov da,  
Too clame our long-forgotten goald.

Goblets dha carvd dhare for themcelvz,  
And harps ov goald, whare no man delvz  
Dhare la dha long, and menny a song  
Woz sung unherd bi men or elvz.

The pianz wer roring on the hiats,  
The wind woz moning in the nite,  
The fire woz red, it flaming spred,  
The trese like torchez blaizd widh lite.

The belz wer ringing in the dale,  
And men looct up widh facez pale.  
The draggonz ire, mor feers dhan fire,  
Lade lo dhare touwerz and housez frale.

The mountane smoact beneeth the moone.  
The dworvz, dha herd the tramp ov doome.  
Dha fled the haul too diying faul  
Beneeth hiz fete, beneeth the moone.

Far over the Misty Mountainz grim,  
Too dunjonz depe and cavvernz dim,  
We must awa, are brake ov da,  
Too win our harps and goald from him!

The wind woz on the witherd heeth,  
But in the forrest sterd no lefe:  
Dhare shaddose la bi nite or da,  
And darc thhingz cilent crept beneeth.

The wind came doun from mountainz coald,  
And like a tide it rord and roald.  
The braanchez groand, the forrest moand,  
And leevz wer lade uppon the moald.

The wind went on from West too Eest;  
Aul muivment in the forrest ceest.  
But shril and harsh acros the marsh,  
Its whisling voicez wer releest.

The graacez hist, dhare tascelz bent,  
The reedz wer ratling—on it went.  
Oar shaken poole under hevvenz coole,

Whare racing cloudz wer torn and rent.

It paast the Loanly Mountane bare,  
And swept abuv the draggonz lare:  
Dhare blac and darc la boalderz starc,  
And fliying smoke woz in the are.

It left the werld and tooc its flite  
Over the wide cese ov the nite.  
The moone cet sale uppon the gale,  
And starz wer fand too leping lite.

Under the Mountane darc and taul,  
The King haz cum untoo hiz haul!  
Hiz fo iz ded, the Werm ov Dred,  
And evver so hiz fose shal faul!

The sord iz sharp, the spere iz long,  
The arro swift, the Gate iz strong.  
The hart iz boald dhat loox on goald;  
The dworvz no mor shal suffer rong.

The dworvz ov yor made mity spelz,  
While hammerz fel like ringing belz  
In placez depe, whare darc thhingz slepe,  
In hollo haulz beneath the felz.

On silver neclacez dha strung  
The lite ov starz, on crounz dha hung  
The draggon-fire, from twisted wire  
The mellody ov harps dha rung.

The mountane throne wuns mor iz frede!  
O! Waandering foke, the summonz hede!

Cum haist! Cum haist! Acros the waist!  
The king ov frend and kin haz nede.

Nou caul we over the mountainz coald,  
"Cum bac untoo the cavvernz oald!"  
Here at the gaits the king awaits,  
Hiz handz ar rich widh gemz and goald.

The king haz cum untoo hiz haul  
Under the Mountane darc and taul.  
The Werm ov Dred iz slane and ded,  
And evver so our fose shal faul!

Faerwel we caul too harth and haul!  
Dho wind ma blo and rane ma faul,  
We must awa, are brake ov da  
Far over the wood and mountane taul.

Too Rivvendel, whare Elvz yet dwel  
In glaidz beneath the misty fel.  
Throo mor and waist we ride in haist,  
And whither then we canot tel.

Widh fose ahed, behiand us dred,  
Beneeth the ski shal be our bed,  
Until at laast our toil be paast,  
Our gerny dun, our errand sped.

We must awa! We must awa!  
We ride befor the brake ov da!