

Misty Mountains Cold

Howard Shore

[Verse 1]

Em **D** **Em**
Far over the misty mountains cold
D **Em**
To dungeons deep and caverns old
D **G** **B**
We must away, ere break of day,
C **D** **Em**
To find our long-forgotten gold.

[Verse 2]

Em **D** **Em**
The pines were roaring on the height,
D **G** **B**
The winds were moaning in the night.
D **G** **B**
The fire was red, it flaming spread;
C **D** **Em**
The trees like torches blazed with light