

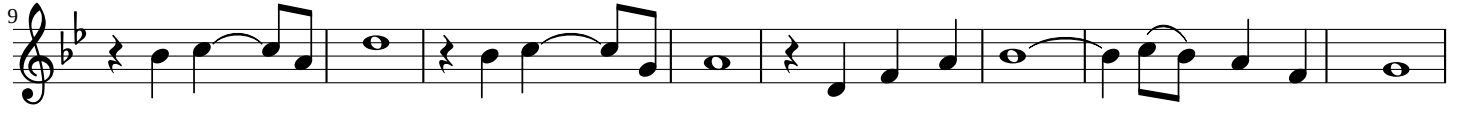
Misty Mountains

The Hobbit

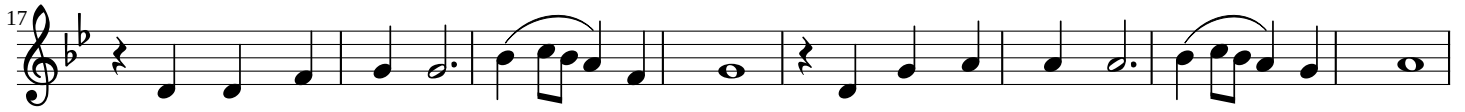
Howard Shore



Far o - ver the mis-ty— moun-tains cold, to dun-geons deep and ca-vern—s old.



We must— a - way, ere break— of day, to seek our pale— en— chan-ted gold.



The pines were roar-ing on— the heights, the wind was moan-ing in— the night,



the fire was red, it flam-ing spread, the trees like tor-ches blazed with light.