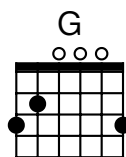
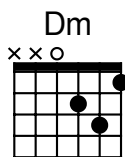
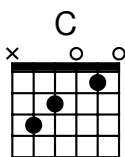
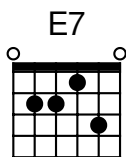
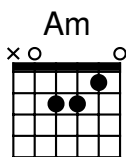


the [Am] moon was [E7] shining [Am] very [Am] bright.

I [Am] felt the [E7] stirring [Am] summer [E7] breeze



Am As I was E7 walking Am home last E7 night
as it Am moved E7 among the Am willow Am trees.
And Am when I E7 reached the C river Dm bed
the C moon had E7 turned Am bloody red

Am Then a E7 man from the Am shadows E7 came
I Am knew the E7 face, but Am not the Am name.
He Am said I've E7 long lived Am in these E7 hills,
Am and my E7 name is Am tom bombadil.
Am A moon like to E7 night is a C rare Dm sight

Dm Ho G Ho C winds Am blow
Dm ho G ho C shadows E7 grow
Dm ho G ho C winds Am blow
Dm C E7 Am

This Am news E7 filled my Am soul with E7 dread
I Am wished to be E7 home in Am my own Am bed.
He Am saw the E7 fear within Am my E7 eyes
and Am grinned a E7 grin to my Am surprise.
Am You'll be E7 safe with C me to Dm night
Come C sit with E7 me by the Am firelight.

Dm Ho G Ho C winds Am blow
Dm ho G ho C shadows E7 grow
Dm ho G ho C winds Am blow
Dm C E7 Am

He Am took me E7 to his Am cabin E7 bare
his Am wife E7 Goldberry Am I met there.
Her Am voice was E7 lilting Am through the E7 air

she Am move so E7 light without a Am care.
But Am I was E7 shiverCing with Dm fright
ConCvinced my E7 life would Am end that night.

She bade me sit in the chair of reeds
She brought me bread and a mug of meed.

I

Dm Ho G Ho C winds Am blow
Dm ho G ho C shadows E7 grow
Dm ho G ho C winds Am blow
Dm C E7 Am