

# The Return of the (fil)King

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## Forward

One my personal highlights of Oxonmoot is the moment in the bar (normally after the Masquerade) when someone pulls out a guitar and starts playing a filk. This is normally followed by at least one person shouting out "Wild Ranger" or another firm favourite, and a few people pulling out well thumbed copies of a song book. It also highlights who has been around at Oxonmoot for a while and who has only been to a few - only the former tend to know the songs.

So whether you've picked this up after hearing a song and not knowing the words, or if you've taken it to replace an older copy that's held together with cellotape, we hope you enjoy these songs and encourage you to write some of your own (and then to send them to us so that they can be in the next volume).

# Contents

## Rider of Rohan

Words by Ruth & Pete Clark, Marc & Jenny Read.  
Tune 'Paperback Writer' by John Lennon, Paul McCartney.

*Rider of Rohan ... Rider of Rohan*

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.

*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.

*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.

*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

*Rider of Rohan*

*Rider of Rohan ... Rider of Rohan*

# 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 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 Palantir 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 Palantir, 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)

# Hotel Cirith Ungol

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 jussst prissonersss 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 Lothlòrien can get you out of Shelob's lair!"

# 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 Bind-  
bole Wood.

They rode in through the gates of Bree and hur-  
ried 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.<sup>1</sup>  
And I think you've hid some counters – in your  
codpiece 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  
Shirriff coming in!"

*Chorus*

They sing this song in Tookbank when they meet  
to drink and dine  
In Hobbiton and Pincup and across the Brandy-  
wine  
Whate'er became of Fornost, Midnight and the  
gambling man  
They'd sailed into the sunset – selling pipeweed  
in Aman

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<sup>1</sup>The Osgilliath Elvish Dictionary

# The War of Westernesse

Words by Brin Dunsire.

Tune 'The Ball of Kerriemuir'.

Four-and-twenty score of ships sailed out from  
Westernesse  
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 Nùmenor.

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  
began 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.



# The Wild Ranger

Words by Brin Dunsire.

Tune 'The Wild Rover' by Trad..

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.

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.

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.

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

CHORUS

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 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

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

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.

CHORUS

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 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.

## Periodic Table of Elvish Names

Words by Carl Hostetter, Patrick Wynne.

Tune 'The Major-General's Song' by Arthur Sullivan.

Apologies to Tom Lehrer.

There's Bàragund and Bèlegund and Bèregund and Bàrahir,

Bèren, Màndos, Lùthien, Isildur, Tàr-Atànamir;

Umbàrdacil, Hyarmèndacil, Romèndacil and Ardamir,

Càstamir and Cìrion and Càlmacil and Vàrdamir;

Mòrwen and Silmàrien, Gilthòniel and Fìriel,

Nìenor, Lothìriel, Lindòrie and Miriel;

Hàllacar and Hàllatan and Hùor, Hùrin Thàlion [take deep breath]

Bèor, Bèleg, Brègor, Bròdda, Tùor, Tùrin, Càlion.

There's Glòredhel, Adànedhel, Tindòmìel and Aravir,

Àravorn and Bèlegorn and Bòromir and Fàramir;

Tar-Cìryatan, Atànatàr, Tar-Mìnyatur, Anàrion, and Hèrenùmen, Hèremor, Elèndil, Tar-Aldàrion:

[Isn't that interesting? I hope you're all taking notes, because there's going to be a short quiz next period.]

Gildor, Gàldor, Gùndor, Uldor, Àrador and Brègolas, `Hàldor, Hàndir, Bràndir, Màrdil, Mòrmegil and Lègolas;

Araphant and Àraphor and Àrvegìl and Àrathorn, `

Araglas and Àrgeleb and Àragost and Àragorn. `

Elu Thìngol, Mèlian, and Èlured and Èlurin, `Maèdhros, Màglor, Amrod, Àmras, Cèlegorm and Cùrufin;

Fìnwe, Fìnrod Fèlagund, Findùilas and Fèanor [deep breath]

Daèron, Dìor, Draùgluin and Dìriel and Dènethor;

Elwe, Òlwe, Ìnwe, Mánwe, Tìnwe Lìnto, Elrohir,

Elmo, Ùlmo, Ìrmo, Nàmo, Sùlimo and Cùrunir

Quènya and Tàliska and Kornòldorin and Lìndarin,

Adunaic, Dwàrvish, Òrkish, Dànian and Sìndarin.

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.

# 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,  
The Ruling Ring of Nine, Seven and Three.

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

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

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

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

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

On the seventh day of Yuletide my Elf-lord sent to me,  
Seven dwarven rings, etc...

On the eighth day of Yuletide my Elf-lord sent to me,  
Eight Aratar, etc...

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

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

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

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

# 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.

## CHORUS

My Hobbit is over the ocean  
My Hobbit is over the sea.  
My Hobbit is over the ocean.  
Oh bring back my Hobbit to me.

## A Picnic in the Forest

Words by Arti Ponson.

Tune 'The Teddybears' 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

## 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  
In the Shire, in the Shire –  
There was Strider, Strider, tanking up on cider  
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 Merry, Merry, knocking back the sherry

There was Pippin, Pippin, eating bread and drip-  
ping

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

There was Gollum, Gollum, looking mighty  
solemn

There was Gimli, Gimli, smoking like a chim-  
ney

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  
underneath.

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  
underneath.

Smaug the magic dragon lived on the heath,  
And in the Lonely Mountain lay with treasure  
underneath

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

They left the goblins puzzled, they thought it very  
weird

How thirteen dwarves, a wizard, and a hobbit dis-  
appeared.

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 per-  
turbed,

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 ar-  
row 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 silver-  
ware.

# 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.

## 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,  
AULE:

Aule thought the world was great, "But it lacked  
tectonic 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 Ilùvatar 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,  
MANWE:

"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!

# 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?  
What shall we do with the men of Gondor?  
What shall we do with the men of Gondor?  
Underneath the Shadow.

Chase 'em to the hills and torch their houses  
Chase 'em to the hills and torch their houses  
Chase 'em to the hills and torch their houses  
Underneath the Shadow!

CHORUS:

Come join Sauron's army  
Come join Sauron's army  
Come join Sauron's army  
Underneath the Shadow!

What shall we do with the men of Rohan?  
What shall we do with the men of Rohan?  
What shall we do with the men of Rohan?  
Underneath the Shadow.

Chase 'em to the hills and eat their horses  
Chase 'em to the hills and eat their horses  
Chase 'em to the hills and eat their horses  
Underneath the Shadow!

CHORUS

What shall we do with the elves of Mirkwood?(x3)  
Chase 'em to the hills shoot their minstrels (x3)  
Underneath the Shadow!

CHORUS

What shall we do with the dwarves of Moria?(x3)  
Chase 'em to the hills burn their beards off (x3)  
Underneath the Shadow!

CHORUS

What shall we do with the ents of Fangorn?(x3)  
Chase 'em to the hills strip their bark off (x3)  
Underneath the Shadow!

CHORUS

What shall we do with the little hobbits?(x3)  
Chase 'em to the hills raid their larders (x3)  
Underneath the Shadow!

CHORUS