

**THE FLOWING BOWL***Words trad., except verses 5,6 by Nick Brooke et al.**Tune 'The Flowing Bowl' (trad.)***CHORUS:**

Come Landlord, fill the flowing bowl until it doth run over(x2)  
 For tonight we'll merry merry be(x3)  
 Tomorrow we'll be sober!

Now here's to the man that drinks weak ale and goes to bed still sober(x2)  
 He fades as the leaves do fade(x3)  
 And drops off in October!  
**CHORUS**

And here's to the man that drinks strong ale and goes to bed quite mellow(x2)  
 He lives as he ought to live(x3)  
 And dies a merry fellow!  
**CHORUS**

Here's to the maid who steals a kiss and runs to tell her mother(x2)  
 She's a very foolish maid(x3)  
 She'll never steal another!  
**CHORUS**

Here's to the maid who steals a kiss and comes back for another(x2)  
 She's a boon to all mankind(x3)  
 Too soon she'll be a mother!  
**CHORUS**

The Landlord built the chimney up, and then he built it higher(x2)  
 For to stop the neighbour's cat(x3)  
 From p\*ssing in the fire!  
**CHORUS**

Come walk with me all in the Parks, and don't be so  
 particular(x2)  
 And if the grass is very very wet(x3)  
 We'll do it perpendicular!

# Morgy's Marches

## The songbook of Taruithorn the Oxford Tolkien Society

# Contents

Underneath the Shadow . . . . .	3
The Shire Song . . . . .	4
The Angband Steward's Stores . . . . .	5
The Victory of the West (Aragorn's Song) . . . . .	6
The Fall of Gondolin . . . . .	7
The Black Banner Forever . . . . .	7
Rule Númenor! . . . . .	8
Hail, Lord Morgoth! . . . . .	9
Earusalem . . . . .	10
Saruman's Elite (War March of the Uruk-hai) . . . . .	10
Minas Tirith . . . . .	11
The Darkening of Valinor . . . . .	11
The Wild Ranger . . . . .	12
On Ettenmoor Baht'at . . . . .	13
The Drunken Hobbit Song (a Medley) . . . . .	14
My Hobbit . . . . .	15
The Battle Hymn of Mordor. . . . .	16
High Fly the Nazgûl O! . . . . .	17
The War of Westernessee . . . . .	18
While Hobbits Watched . . . . .	19
All Rings Bright and Beautiful . . . . .	20
The Phantom of the Barad-dûr . . . . .	21
Eru's World . . . . .	22
Any Ring Will Do (Saruman's Song) . . . . .	24
Get Him to Mount Doom on Time . . . . .	25
Let's do it (Let's Wear this Ring) . . . . .	26
The Middle-earth Workers' Song . . . . .	27
Periodic Table of Elvish Names . . . . .	28
The Wood-elves' Banquet . . . . .	29
Rider of Rohan . . . . .	30
Lúthien in the Sky with Silmarils . . . . .	31
All You Need Are Rings . . . . .	32
Yesterday . . . . .	33
Dedicated Follower of Sauron . . . . .	34
The Song of the White Tree . . . . .	35
Matty Groves . . . . .	36
Woad . . . . .	37
Never Wed an Old Man . . . . .	38
Whisky in the Jar . . . . .	39
The Flowing Bowl . . . . .	40

Edited, adjusted and abused by Chris Joseph, Kathryn Muirhead and Peggy Brett.

## WHISKEY IN THE JAR

*Trad.*

As I was a walking o'er the far-famed Kerry mountain,  
I met with Captain Farrell, and his money he was countin'.  
So first I drew my pistol, then I rattled forth my rapier,  
Sayin' stand and deliver, for I am your bold deceiver.

### CHORUS

Ma shurigam, ma dur, ma dar;  
Whack fol, my daddio;  
Whack fol, my daddio;  
There's whiskey in the jar.

Well, I counted out his money, and it made a pretty penny,  
And I put it in my pocket and I took it home to Jenny.  
She sighed and swore that she never would deceive me,  
But the Devil take all women, for they never can be easy.

### CHORUS

I went up to my chamber for to take a little slumber,  
And I dreamt of gold and jewels, and for sure it was no wonder.  
But Jenny drew my charges and she filled them up with water,  
Then she sent for Captain Farrell to be ready for the slaughter.

### CHORUS

'Twas early in the morning I was wakened from my nappin'  
By the sound of seven horses and the handsome, dashin' captain  
So I reached for my pistol for to begin the slaughter,  
But I couldn't fire the pistol, 'cause I couldn't fire the water.

### CHORUS

Then I reached for my rapier and I found I hadn't any;  
And I knew I'd been deceived then by my darlin', sportin' Jenny.  
And so I must surrender, and a prisoner I was taken,  
For by a bold deceiver I had been all forsaken.

### CHORUS

If anyone can save me, it's my brother in the army.  
But I don't know where he's stationed, be it Cork or in Killarney.  
And if he'll come and get me, we'll go roving in Kilkenny;  
And I know he'll treat me better than my darlin', sporting' Jenny.

### CHORUS

## NEVER WED AN OLD MAN

*(Trad. Ish.)*

An old man came courting me, hey a ding dorum.  
 An old man came courting me, me being young.  
 An old man came courting me, fain would he marry me.  
 Maids, when you're young, never wed an old man.

### CHORUS

For he's got no falorum, fal-diddle-i-orum.  
 He's got no falorum, fal-diddle-i-ay.  
 He's got no falorum; he's lost his ding-dorum.  
 Maids, when you're young, never wed an old man.

When this old man came to church ...  
 ... he left me in the lurch.

### CHORUS

When this old man came to bed ...  
 ... he lay like he was dead.

### CHORUS

I threw my leg over him ...  
 ... damn nearly smothered him

### CHORUS

When this old man went to sleep ...  
 ... out of bed I did creep,  
 Into the arms of a handsome young man.

For he's got his falorum, fal-diddle-i-orum.  
 He's got his falorum, fal-diddle-i-ay.  
 He's got his falorum, I've found his ding-dorum.  
 Maids, when you're young, never wed an old man.

## UNDERNEATH THE SHADOW

*Words by Stephen Lander (modified by Chris Joseph and Kathryn Muirhead).  
 Tune 'What shall we do with the Drunken Sailor?' (trad.)*

What shall we do with the men of Gondor? (x3)  
 Underneath the Shadow.

Chase 'em to the hills and burn their houses (x3)  
 Underneath the Shadow!

### CHORUS:

Come join Sauron's army (x3)  
 Underneath the Shadow!

What shall we do with the men of Rohan? (x3)  
 Underneath the Shadow.

Make 'em all walk and eat their horses (x3)  
 Underneath the Shadow!

### CHORUS

....dwarves of Moria....  
 Chase 'em from the hills and burn their beards off

### CHORUS

....elves of Mirkwood....  
 Drink their wine and shoot their minstrels

### CHORUS

....little hobbits....  
 Shave their feet and raid their larders

### CHORUS

....ents of Fangorn....  
 Eat their nuts and strip their bark off

CHORUS, repeated. Shout, clap, yell, etc, ad lib.

# SHIRE SONG (BELLADONNA'S SONG)

*Words by Vera Chapman (aka Belladonna Took).*

*Tune 'The Quartermaster's Store' (trad.).*

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.

## CHORUS

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

There was Merry, Merry, knocking back the sherry

There was Pippin, Pippin, eating bread and dripping

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

There was Gollum, Gollum, looking mighty solemn

There was Gimli, Gimli, smoking like a chimney

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, or ad nauseam, as preferred:  
provided anyone has the wit, and is sober  
enough, to think of extra verses on the spot!)

Then Arnold took his own dear wife  
And he sat her on his knee,  
Saying "Who do you like the better of us,  
Your dead Matty Groves or me?"

Then up and spoke Lord Arnold's wife,  
Never heard her speak so free.  
"I'd rather kiss dead Matty's lips  
Than you in your finery."

Then up, Lord Arnold he did get,  
And loudly did he bawl.  
Then he struck his wife clean through the heart,  
And pinned her to the wall.

"A grave! A grave!" Lord Arnold cried  
"To lay these lovers in!  
But bury my lady on the top,  
For she was of noble kin."

## WOAD

*Anonymous words written circa 1920*

*Tune 'Men of Harlech' (trad.).*

What's the use of wearing braces,  
Vest and pants and shoes with laces,  
Spats and hats you buy in places  
Down in Brompton Road?  
What's the use of shirts of cotton,  
Studs that always get forgotten?  
These affairs are simply rotten,  
Better far is woad!  
Woad's the stuff to show men.  
Woad to foil your foemen.  
Boil it to a brilliant blue,  
And rub it on your back and your abdomen.  
Ancient Britons never hit on  
Anything as good as woad to fit on  
Necks or knees or where you sit on.  
Tailors, you be blowed.

Romans came across the Channel,  
All wrapped up in tin and flannel,  
Half a pint of woad per man'll  
Clothe us more than these.  
Saxons, you can waste your stitches  
Building beds for bugs in britches.  
We have woad to clothe us, which is  
Not a bed for fleas.  
Romans keep your armours!  
Saxons your pajamas!  
Hairy coats were meant for goats,  
Gorillas, yaks, retriever dogs, and llamas.  
Tramp up Snowdon with your woad on,  
Never mind if you get rained or blowed on.  
Never need a button sewn on -  
Go it, Ancient B's.

## MATTY GROVES

*Imitation Trad.*

A holiday, a holiday:  
The first one of the year.  
Lord Arnold's wife went into town  
The Gospel for to hear.

And when the service, it was done,  
She cast her eyes about,  
And there she saw young Matty Groves  
A-walking in the crowd.

“Come home with me, young Matty Groves,  
Come home with me tonight,  
Come home with me, young Matty Groves,  
And sleep with me till light.”

“Well I can't come home and I won't come home,  
To sleep with you tonight:  
By the ring on your finger I can tell  
You are Lord Arnold's wife.”

“What if I am Lord Arnold's wife?  
For he is not at home.  
He is out in a far country,  
Bringing the yearlings home.”

A servant, who was standing by  
And hearing what was said,  
He swore his master, he would know  
Before the sun was set.

And in his haste to carry the news,  
He bent his breast as he ran,  
And when he came to the broad mill-stream,  
He took off his shoes and swam.

“Awake! Awake, my Lord Arnold!  
As though art a man of life!  
For little Matty Groves is at thy house,  
Asleep with thy wedded wife.”

“If this be true, my loyal man,  
This thing thou tellest me,  
Then all the land about thy house  
I freely give to thee.

“But if this thing it is a lie,  
This thing thou tellest me,  
From the highest tree in all my land  
Hanged shalt thou be.”

Little Matty Groves, he woke up  
“Methinks I hear a jay.  
Methinks I hear my Lord Arnold  
And I would I were away.”

“Lie still, lie still, young Matty Groves  
And huddle me from the cold:  
'Tis only a little shepherd boy  
Bringing his sheep to the fold.”

So Matty Groves, he lay down  
And he took a little sleep,  
And when he awoke, Lord Arnold was  
Standing at his feet:

Saying “How do you like my feather bed,  
And how do you like my sheets,  
And how do you like my lady wife,  
Who lies in your arms asleep?”

“Oh, well I like your feather bed,  
And well I like your sheets,  
But best I like your lady wife,  
Who lies in my arms asleep.”

“Get up! Get up!” Lord Arnold cried,  
“Get up as quick as you can!  
It'll never be said in this fair land  
I slew a naked man.”

“Well, I can't get up, and I won't get up,  
And I wouldn't get up for my life,  
For you have two long, beaten swords  
And I have a pocket knife.”

“Oh, well I have two beaten swords  
And they cost me long in the purse,  
But you shall have the better of them,  
And I shall have the worse.

“And you shall strike the very first blow,  
And strike it like a man.  
And I shall strike the very next blow,  
And kill you if I can.”

So Matty struck the very first blow,  
And he struck Lord Arnold sore.  
Lord Arnold struck the very next blow,  
And Matty struck the floor.

## THE ANGBAND STEWARD'S STORES

*Words by Chris Joseph, Kathryn Muirhead and Peggy Brett.*

*Tune 'The Quartermaster's Store'.*

There was soup, soup, making Peggy whoop...\*  
In the stores, in the stores -  
There was soup, soup, making Peggy whoop...  
In the Angband Steward's stores

### CHORUS

My eyes are dim, I cannot see  
There are no Silmarils on me  
There are no Sil-mar-ils on me

### ALTERNATE CHORUS

My eyes are good, my sight is clear  
There are no Silmarils in here  
There are no Sil-mar-ils in here

There were snails, snails, leaving purple trails...\*

There was booze, booze, for when the elf-kings lose...

There was bread, bread, heavier than lead...

There was wine, wine, to make your armour shine...

There were rings, rings, for lots of different things...

There was rope, rope, for hoists (or so we hope)...

There's a hand, hand, of Maedhros, dried in sand...

There was horse, horse, that couldn't stay the course...

There were spies, spies, Eagles baked in pies...†

There were Elves, Elves, tinned and stacked on shelves...

There was Orc, Orc, labelled up as pork...

There was lamb, lamb, or maybe it was man...

\* in-jokes that people who haven't been around Oxford for the last couple of years might find mystifying.

† I think Colly deserves most of the credit for this one; it was the pranged eagle pate that inspired it...

## The Victory of the West (Aragorn's Song)

*Words by Marc Read.*

*Tune 'John Brown's Body' (attrib. William Steffe).*

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the Victory of the West,  
My joy at Sauron's overthrow can hardly be expressed;  
And after all this fighting, I have surely earned a rest  
While I rule the Whole Known World.

### CHORUS:

Glory, Glory, I'm the King of the Whole Known World  
From Gondor up to Fornost I shall see my flag unfurled;  
Glory, Glory, I'm the King of the Whole Known World,  
And I'm not going to fight no more!

Under many a pseudonym I've travelled long and far;  
There's Thorongil and Strider, there's Estel and Elessar;  
But now I'll add one more, and I'll be known as Telcontar  
While I rule the Whole Known World.

### CHORUS

My deeds will live for ever now, in poem, song and tale  
Of how I always won the day, and triumphed without fail -  
A Middle-earth Sir Galahad, without a Holy Grail -  
But I rule the Whole Known World!

### CHORUS

There's just one thing that irks me, and that's little Frodo B...  
HE took the ring to Mordor, when, as any fool can see  
Everything considered, that was really a job for ME,  
Since I rule the Whole Known World.

### CHORUS

The Battle of Pelennor Field, the fight at Mordor's Gates;  
I'll institute Bank Holidays to celebrate those dates,  
And then to pay the armies off, I'll have to put up rates  
Throughout the Whole Known World!

Glory, Glory, I really don't know how to rule!  
It's not the sort of thing one's taught, even at Elrond's school...  
Glory, Glory, I am going to look such a fool -  
Still, I won't have to fight no more!

## THE SONG OF THE WHITE TREE

*Words by Alice Cowen.*

*Tune 'I Will Survive' by Gloria Gaynor.*

At first I was afraid, I was petrified  
My leaves were falling off, it was arboricide  
My Vingilot was sunk, I was a hollow lifeless trunk  
I nearly died - but now I hold my branches high

And so I'm back from colder clime  
Twiggy's queen of style again, I think it's more than time  
These untidy walls with orc-heads don't do much aesthetically  
It's plain that Minas Tirith just can't manage without me

So grow now grow, wood muscles bulge  
I'm eating compost 'cos I might as will indulge  
When you saw me here I surely noticed that you blinked  
A poor unprotected species - did you think I was extinct?

Oh no not I, I will survive  
As long as there are Dúnedain you'll know I'm still alive  
And on some mountain in the east I will proliferate like yeast  
And I'll survive, I will survive  
Hey hey

### Instrumental passage

Boromir thought my publicity potential weak  
His successor Mardil was a Venus fly-trap freak  
And of late the stewards swing to seeking out this wretched ring  
Well when it comes to friendly gardeners I've always liked a king

And you see me, all clean as snow  
The improvements of the bark-lift really seem to show  
Admire my shiny surface, scented, pure and free of lice -  
Though I grew it all myself I must admit it's rather nice

So grow now grow, etc. (repeat ad nauseam)

## DEDICATED FOLLOWER OF SAURON

*Words by Andy Humphrey.*

*Tune 'Dedicated Follower of Fashion' by The Kinks.*

They flee him here; they flee him there.  
His chainmail's black; his helm is square.  
He's a big bad murderer, at killing he's the best  
`Cause he's a dedicated follower of Sauron.

And when he marches out to war  
He bears a sword that's stained with gore.  
He'll eat Dwarves for breakfast and have Halflings for his tea  
`Cause he's a dedicated follower of Sauron.

Oh yes he is (oh yes he is!) - oh yes he is (oh yes he is!);  
Feared by every Elf from Rhûn to Rivendell;  
And when the Rangers see him they'll be quaking in their boots  
`Cause he's a dedicated follower of Sauron.

Oh yes he is (oh yes he is!) - oh yes he is (oh yes he is!);  
There's one thing that he loves, and that is victory.  
Everywhere the Lidless Eye of Sauron looks, he'll go  
`Cause he's a dedicated follower of Sauron.

A Ranger bold from Arnor came;  
A man of strength, of noble name;  
He cut him into pieces and had Dúnedain kebabs  
`Cause he's a dedicated follower of Sauron.

Oh yes he is (oh yes he is!) - oh yes he is (oh yes he is!);  
His world revolves `round mayhem, rape and slaughter.  
No one can defeat him, he'll just eat them up instead  
`Cause he's a dedicated follower of Sauron.

Oh yes he is (oh yes he is!) - oh yes he is (oh yes he is!);  
He's the meanest murderer in Mordor!  
In matters of brutality he's wicked as can be  
`Cause he's a dedicated follower of Sauron.  
Yes he's a dedicated follower of Sauron!

## THE FALL OF GONDOLIN

*Words by Chris Joseph, Kathryn Muirhead and Peggy Brett.*

*Tune 'John Brown's Body'.*

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the fall of Gondolin  
Where the balrogs and the dragons took the pass to let us in.  
Maeglin ratted, told us all, and we knew that we could win:  
Morgy`s army marches on.

### CHORUS

Morgy`s army comes to slaughter.  
Give our enemies no quarter!  
Kill the lord, but keep his daughter  
When our army marches on.

Balrogs set the buildings burning while the dragons fanned the flames.  
Then we hid beside the highway and we straightened up our aims,  
'coz the crossbow bolts still kill them if the fire only maims.

Morgy`s army marches on!

### CHORUS

We carried on like cannibals (though some say it's a sin):  
Roasted corpses in their armour just to keep the juices in.  
When we left the ruins smoking none of us was quite so thin;  
Morgy`s army marches on.

### CHORUS

## THE BLACK BANNER FOREVER

*Words by Chris Joseph, Kathryn Muirhead and Peggy Brett.*

*Tune 'Stars and Stripes Forever' (chorus only, at present).*

Hurrah for the Orc and the Troll,  
May they slave for the Dark Lord forever:  
Goons in battle, in siege, on patrol,  
Footsoldiers of the Night.  
Let elf-lords remember the day  
When his minions, with mighty endeavour,  
Proclaimed as they mastered the fray  
That by their might (for might makes right)  
He rules forever.

## RULE NÚMENOR!

*Words by Sarah Wells (née Sturch).  
Tune 'Rule Britannia' by Thomas Arne.*

When at the start of Númenórean Rule,  
Our island arose from out of the azure sea,  
Elros decided - and boy! was he a fool -  
To be a mortal, and so must we.

### CHORUS

Ar-Pharazôn! Pharazôn rule the West!  
We should live for evermore 'cos we're the best!

Other nations not so blest as ours  
Must in their turn to our armies fall;  
We've conquered the east and overthrown their towers,  
The dread and envy of them all.

### CHORUS

But now we've had enough of mortal toil  
And yet we'd rather not lay down our lives and rest,  
So we've decided to walk upon the soil  
The sacred soil of the Undying West.

### CHORUS

We'll no more pander to the Elves,  
Or to the Valar scrape and bow,  
We'll do without them; we'll look out for ourselves,  
We'll conquer Valinor and Death right now!

Ar-Pharazôn! Pharazôn is the best!  
We will be immortal when we rule the West.

## YESTERDAY

*(This was started off in a car /en route/ for Milton Keynes. Sarah Sturch is responsible for the first bit, with assistance from David Malcolm, Andrew McMurry, Victoria Clare and myself. I have written the rest of it since then. Marc [Read])  
Tune 'Yesterday' by John Lennon & Paul McCartney (as if you couldn't guess).*

Yesterday, all my troubles seemed so far away -  
Now it looks as though they're here to stay,  
Oh, I believe in Yesterday.

Suddenly, there's a Balrog looming over me -  
And I really think it's time to flee,  
Before I'm squashed to two foot three...

Why I've got this quest I don't know, no-one can say.  
First it was "Off to Bree", and now I'm miles away (from home now)...

Blow this quest! Gandalf's dead, I'm feeling so depressed,  
Can't we stay in Lórien, have a rest?  
I don't know what is for the best!

Boromir - now he's acting really very queer.  
Still, I suppose there's nothing much to fear  
If I can keep old Strider near.

How this Ring came into my hands is really odd.  
Even Gandalf thought it best called an Act of God (that's worrying)...

Sauron's lair... chuck this Ring into that crack right there...  
That'll mean an end to fear and care.  
But could I use it? Do I dare?

I don't know - how can just one Ring cause so much woe?  
And I can't seem to tell friend from foe,  
Oh, get me back to Bagshot row!

Everyone says that they'll help, but who to trust?  
Make one wrong move and Middle-earth is turned to dust (by Sauron)...

Yesterday, all my troubles seemed so far away,  
Now it looks as though they're here to stay,  
Oh, I believe in Yesterday!



## ALL YOU NEED ARE RINGS

*Words by Stephen Lander, Ruth & Pete Clark and 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 Ringwraiths 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 durbatulûk!  
All you need are Rings; Rings are all you need....

## HAIL, LORD MORGOTH!

*Words by Chris Joseph, Kathryn Muirhead and Peggy Brett.*

*Tune 'Rule Britannia'*

### CHORUS

Hail, Lord Morgoth! Lord Morgoth rules the land.  
Darkness reaches ever outward from Angband.

When Melkor first at his demand  
Arose from out the motley choir,  
He first brought darkness, brought darkness on the land  
And all of Arda felt his ire.

### CHORUS

The nations not so strong as thee  
Shall in their turns to Morgoth fall;  
While thou shalt humble, humble the great and free,  
The dread and envy of them all.

### CHORUS

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
More dreadful with each fallen foe,  
As the loud blast, the blast that tears the skies  
Serves to recall thy hammer blow.

### CHORUS

To thee belongs the blasted plain;  
To the mountains and the mine.  
All thine shall be, shall be the subject main,  
And every shore it circles, thine.

### CHORUS

Thee haughty Manwë ne'er shall tame:  
All his attempts to bend thee down  
Will but arouse, arouse thy vengeful flame;  
But work his woe and thy renown.

### CHORUS

## EARUSALEM

*Words by Marc Read.*

*Tune 'Jerusalem' by Charles Parry.*

And were those ears in Ancient Time  
Narrow and Pointy 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 toil,  
Nor shall my books rest on my shelf  
Till I know how the ears would have looked  
Of every self-respecting Elf.

## SARUMAN'S ELITE (WAR MARCH OF THE URUK-HAI)

*Words by Andy Humphrey.*

*Tune 'Ode to Joy' by Ludwig van Beethoven\*.*

Balrogs, Goblins, Trolls and Mewlips, creepy things from Khazad-Dûm,  
Crush the lilies and the tulips, dig up corpses from the tombs.  
Slimy spiders, Shelob's daughters, spin your webs across the plain,  
And we'll march off to the slaughter through the cold torrential rain.

Uruk-Hai, we'll march remorseless, kill the riders in the fields,  
Slay the men and rape the horses, blunt the swords and smash the shields.  
Then to Orthanc back we'll wander, feast on horse and hobbit meat,  
Tear Théoden's troops asunder, 'cause we're Saruman's elite.

## LÚTHIEN IN THE SKY WITH SILMARILS

*Words by Stephen Lander.*

*Tune 'Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds' by John Lennon & Paul McCartney.*

Picture yourself in a fort on a river  
with werewolves around you of hideous size  
Somebody calls you; you answer quite slowly;  
a girl with the stars in her eyes.

Sorcery-bound towers of Finrod and Thû  
tumbling over your head.  
You look for the girl with the night in her veil  
and she's gone.

Lúthien in the sky with silmarils...

Follow her down to a hall in a mountain  
where Balrogs and Vampires eat Barahir pies.  
Everyone snores as you cut out the gemstone  
that shone from the iron crown on high.

Carcharoth the Red Maw appears at the door,  
waiting to bite off your hand.  
You hide in the forest and rescue the gem  
And you die.

Lúthien in the sky with silmarils...

Picture yourself in the throne-room of Mandos  
With sorrowful spirits of miserable guise,  
sorrowfully sighing of sadness and Arda  
The girl with the stars in her eyes.

\* Technically, part of the finale of his 9<sup>th</sup> symphony, but still a setting of a choral ode

## RIDER OF ROHAN

*Words by Ruth & Pete Clark and Marc & Jenny Read.*

*Tune 'Paperback Writer' by John Lennon & Paul McCartney.*

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.

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.

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.

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.

## MINAS TIRITH

*Words by Arti Ponson.*

*Tune 'Jerusalem'.*

And did those orcs, with fire and sword  
 Storm up on proud Mindolluin?  
 And was the mighty Nazgul Lord  
 On Gondor's lofty tower seen?  
 Not quite: had we not lost the Ring  
 All men were subject to our will;  
 Then was Barad-dur builded here  
 Plus at least one Sauronic mill.

Bring me my comrade Dwimmerlaik,  
 Bring me some seven mûmakil  
 And bring Grond! O Gates, you'll break!  
 Bring me my own pterodactyl.  
 I will inspire mental fright  
 The screams and howls they shall not cease  
 Till we have brought Minas Tirith  
 Freedom, Security and Peace!

## THE DARKENING OF VALINOR

*Words by Chris Joseph, Kathryn Muirhead and Peggy Brett.*

*Tune 'I Vow to Thee, my Country'.*

I vow to thee, Lord Melkor, above the Valar great,  
 Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my hate.  
 The hate that never falters, the hate that stands the test,  
 That lays upon the altar the greatest and the best.  
 The hate that asks no questions, the hate that claims a price,  
 The hate that heaps up corpses in wanton sacrifice.

And there's another country I've heard of long ago,  
 Most dear to them that love her, but we want her to go.  
 We do not count her armies, we do not fear her King.  
 Her fortresses we blow apart: her pride is suffering.  
 And stone by stone, and silently, her shining bounds decrease,  
 For her ways are ways of gentleness, and soon we'll make them cease.

## THE WILD RANGER

*Words by Brin Dunsire.*

*Tune 'The Wild Rover' (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 that horse)  
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 nights 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

## The Wood-Elves' Banquet

*Words by Brin Dunsire.*

*Tune 'The Teddys Bears Picnic'.*

If you go down to the woods tonight  
You're sure of a big surprise  
If you go down to the woods tonight  
You'll never believe your eyes  
For every Elf that ever there was  
Is gathered there for certain, because  
Tonight's the night the Wood-elves have their banquet

Feasting time for Sylvan Elves  
The merry Woodland Elves are having a lovely time tonight  
See how they enjoy themselves  
For every one's intent on getting tight  
Thranduil is sinking fast  
His leafy crown is slipping into his mug of ale  
Legolas is looking sheepish and wry, nursing a big black eye  
He made a pass at Galadriel

Now every Elf that's ever been good  
Is sure of a treat tonight  
The Elven chefs are making a dish  
To please the appetite  
In all the pans there bubbles a broth  
Five hairy toes stick out of the froth  
You bet your life they're cooking more than than mushrooms

If you go down to the woods tonight  
You'd better not go alone  
It's loads of fun in the woods tonight  
But safer to stay at home  
Míriel's lad's a horrible sight  
With Silmarils sewn onto his tights  
They don't call Fëanor "Fairy Lights" for nothing

Feasting time for Sylvan Elves  
The merry Woodland Elves are having a decadent time today  
Barfing in the Nimrodel  
O what would the Professor have to say?  
See them crawling on their knees  
Or leaning on the trees, they cannot stand by themselves -  
At twelve o'clock the Nazgûl are coming to take them all away  
Because they're smashed little Woodland Elves.

## PERIODIC TABLE OF ELVISH NAMES

*Words by Carl Hostetter and Patrick Wynne. (With apologies to Tom Lehrer.)*

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

There's Baragund and Belegund and Beregond and Barahir,  
Beren, Mandos, Lúthien, Isildur, Tar-Atanamir;

Umbardacil, Hyarmendacil, Rómendacil and Ardamir,  
Castamir and Cirion and Calmacil and Vardamir;

Morwen and Silmarien, Gilthoniel and Fíriel,  
Nienor, Lothíriel, Lindórië and Míriel;

Hallacar and Hallatan and Huor, Húrin Thalion [take deep breath]  
Bëor, Beleg, Gregor, Brodda, Tuor, Túrin, Galion.

There's Glóredhel, Adanedhel, Tindómiel and Aravir,  
Aravorn and Belegorn and Boromir and Faramir;

Tar-Ciryatan, Atanatar, Tar-Minyatur, Anárion,  
and Herenúmen, Herumor, Elendil, Tar-Aldarion:

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

Gildor, Galdor, Gundor, Uldor, Arador and Bregolas,  
Haldir, Handir, Brandir, Mardil, Mormegil and Legolas;

Araphant and Araphor and Arvegil and Arathorn,  
Araglas and Argeleb and Aragost and Aragorn.

Elu Thingol, Melian, and Eluréd and Elurín,  
Maedhros, Maglor, Amrod, Amras, Celegorm and Curufin;

Finwë, Finrod Felagund, Finduilas and Fëanor [deep breath]  
Daeron, Dior, Draugluin and Diriel and Denethor;

Elwë, Olwë, Ingwë, Manwë, Tinwë Linto, Elrohir,  
Elmo, Ulmo, Irmo, Námo, Súlimo and Curunír

Quenya and Taliska and Kornoldorin and Lindarin,  
Adûnaic, Dwarvish, Orkish, Danian and Sindarin.

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 editors note that some of these are (Sindarin) names of Elves, some (well, at least one, anyway) are names given to Elves in other languages, and some are names in Sindarin for non-Elvish people (who often gave themselves those names). Some of them are (we think) in Quenya, and some are neither names of Elves, nor names in any known form of Elvish. And as for the penultimate verse....**

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

## ON ETTENMOOR BAHT 'AT

*Words by Nick Brooke et al.*

*Tune 'Ikley Moor' (Trad.)*

Where has tha bin since I saw thee? (I saw thee?)  
On Ettenmoor baht 'at!  
Where has tha bin since I saw thee?  
Where has tha bin since I saw thee? (With Rings of Power on!)  
On Ettenmoor baht 'at,  
On Ettenmoor baht 'at,  
On Ettenmoor baht 'at (where the Orcs play football)

Tha's bin a-courtin' Pippin Took...

Tha'll go and catch they death o' plague...

Then we shall have to bury thee...

The t'worms will come and eat thee up...

Then t'orcs will come and eat up t'worms...

Then we shall come and hunt down t'orcs...

There is a moral to this tale...

DON'T go a-courtin' Pippin Took! (Pippin Took!)  
On Ettenmoor baht 'at -  
Don't go a-courtin' Pippin Took  
Don't go a-courtin' Pippin Took (with Rings of Power on!)  
On Ettenmoor baht 'at,  
On Ettenmoor baht 'at,  
On Ettenmoor baht 'at (where the Orcs play football league)

## THE DRUNKEN HOBBIT SONG (A MEDLEY)

*Words by Angela Gardner née Surtees.*

*Tune 'You've Lost That Loving Feeling by Spector, Mann, & Weil; Loch Lomond (trad.); Auld Lang Syne' (trad.).*

I got that Monday feelin'  
Oh-o that Monday feelin'  
I got that Monday feelin'  
Now it's gone, gone, gone...  
Wow-ow-wow yeah, be-dum be-dum be-dum dum...

Oh you drank the top shelf  
And I drank the low shelf  
And I got mungdungas afore ye,  
But you are my true friend  
And will be ever more,  
On the bonny bonny seats of the Pony.

We were rolling on Monday  
And Steamy on Tuesday  
By Wednesday our vision was blurrin'  
We fell over on Thursday  
And Friday's best forgot  
On the bonny bonny seats of the Pony.

So it's farewell to Oxford  
And farewell to Hobbits,  
My friend my old heart is breakin'  
But we'll take an Oath now  
That we will meet again  
On the bonny bonny seats of the Pony.

Should new found friends all be forgot  
And never dropped a line?  
Should conferences all be dull  
With ne'er a drop o' wine?

Oh no my friend this cannot be  
We've raised our glasses high  
And we have sworn to meet again  
At the Prancing Pony sign.

So here's my hand my trusty friend  
And gi' us one o' thine,  
And we shall surely meet again  
At the Prancing Pony sign.

## SONG OF THE MIDDLE-EARTH WORKERS

*Words by Christine Davidson.*

*Tune 'The Lumberjack Song' by Monty Python's Flying Circus.*

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 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 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 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'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 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 like to chase marauding Orcs,  
It stops me getting bored.  
The girls all love my harness,  
I never sheath my sword.

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'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 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

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.

## LET'S DO IT (LET'S WEAR THIS RING)

*Words by the Taruithorn Singers.*

*Tune 'Let's Do It (Let's Fall in Love)' by Cole Porter.*

Elves do it, Men do it,  
Even goblins now and then do it -  
Let's do it, let's wear this Ring.

In Gondor if princes could do it,  
They'd know they shouldn't, but they would do it -  
Let's do it, let's wear this Ring

The Dwarves in old Khazad-Dûm did it  
(Not to mention the trolls)  
Wights in their tombs did it  
(Though it cost them their souls)

And not quite ten mortal men did it  
Even Sauron in his den did it  
Let's do it, let's wear this Ring.

Old Bilbo B. 'neath his tree did it  
Radagast the Brown and me did it,  
Let's do it, let's wear this Ring.

Cold Lossoth folk in the ice do it,  
Even chaps you thought were nice do it,  
Let's do it, let's wear this Ring

Samwise the Strong I might add did it  
(Though it shocks you I know)  
Thrain and his dad did it  
(In the caverns below)

In forests green, elven queens do it  
Hobbits when they want to be unseen do it  
Let's do it, let's wear this Ring.

## MY HOBBIT

*Words by Vera Chapman (aka Belladonna Took), Arti Ponson (v 3,4,5,6).*

*Tune 'My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean' (trad.).*

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.

My Hobbit is over the ocean, (etc...)

## THE BATTLE HYMN OF MORDOR

*Words by Mattias Wohlen.*

*Tune 'When Johnny comes Marching Home' (trad.).*

Goblins, orcs and trolls we are, hoorah, hoorah  
 No end of us the World can see, hoorah, hoorah  
 We slay, we kill, that's our goodwill  
 No matter how cruel, it's all a thrill  
 We kill, kill, kill, kill, we are the Dark Lord's host.

From Mordor we are coming back, hoorah, hoorah  
 To burn, destroy, to slay, and sack, hoorah, hoorah  
 We butcher and cut, we rip your guts  
 We rape your daughters and burn your huts  
 We kill, kill, kill, kill, we are the Dark Lord's host.

The land of Rohan we will raze, hoorah, hoorah  
 Their stable homes we'll set ablaze, hoorah, hoorah  
 We slay of course both man and horse  
 We've yet to learn the word remorse  
 We kill, kill, kill, kill, we are the Dark Lord's host.

The dwarves will dance and do a skip, hoorah, hoorah  
 Before the Balrog's slashing whip, hoorah, hoorah  
 A merry day, the balrog will flay  
 Every beard and limb away  
 We kill, kill, kill, kill, we are the Dark Lord's host.

Lórien fairest forest is, hoorah, hoorah  
 We burn it all, it is amiss, hoorah, hoorah  
 We slay the elves, amuse ourselves,  
 They'll find no maid among themselves  
 We kill, kill, kill, kill, we are the Dark Lord's host.

Come here my hobbit, do not flee, hoorah, hoorah  
 Come back, come back, come play with me, hoorah, hoorah  
 The hobbits char in fresh hot tar,  
 The cooking smell will spread afar  
 We kill, kill, kill, kill, we are the Dark Lord's host.

The wizards try to us repel, hoorah, hoorah  
 We kill, we send them down to hell, hoorah, hoorah  
 We win the west, we are the best  
 We kill you all with jolly zest  
 We kill, kill, kill, kill, we are the Dark Lord's host.

## GET HIM TO MOUNT DOOM ON TIME

*Words by Unquendor, the Dutch Tolkien Society*

*Tune 'Get Me to the Church on Time (My Fair Lady)' by Frederick Loewe.*

We went to Rohan, and to Erech, to Pelargir and to the Pelennor;  
 If ever I deserved my rest... but what's the use of complaining?  
 It was my own stupid idea...

Storm the Morannon in the morning!  
 Stupid, but well, it looks sublime.  
 Only this hobbit - he may still stop it,  
 So get him to Mount Doom on time.

We beat them once on the Pelennor.  
 That victory ain't worth a dime,  
 Unless he delivers - it gives me the shivers,  
 Please get him to Mount Doom on time.

If there are orcs, stab them from behind.  
 Hack at the spider's feet and make her blind!

For we'll crack the Black Gate in the morning.  
 This means an end to war and crime.  
 No need for cheering - we're all volunteering;  
 But get him to Mount Doom, get him to Mount Doom, by Eru,  
 get him to Mount Doom on time!

Storm the Morannon in the morning:  
 Silly, but how it feels sublime!  
 Drag them or roll 'em - hobbits plus Gollum,  
 And get them to Mount Doom on time.

We ran like idiots to Erech;  
 Now I am running out of rhyme.  
 We all, like he, call - "Give it to Smeagol!"  
 And shove him down Mount Doom on time!

If there are Watchers - do use the phial;  
 Don't put our patience longer on the trial:

For I want the Eagles in the morning!  
 Ding dong the bells are gonna chime.  
 Now for my crowning - but first throw that clown in;  
 Just get him to Mount Doom, get him to Mount Doom, if only  
 they get him to Mount Doom on time...



**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.

The king of Gondor soon will die, hoorah, hoorah  
 When his homes in cinders lie, hoorah, hoorah  
 The West is gone, the World is won,  
 The whole of bloody creation undone  
 We kill, kill, kill, kill, we are the Dark Lord's host.

**HIGH FLY THE NAZGÛL O!***Words by Dick Eney.**Tune 'Green Grow the Rushes O!' (trad.).*

I'll sing you one O,  
 High fly the Nazgûl O!  
 What is your one O?  
 One for the One Ring, Lord of all, that was destroyed by Frodo!

Two, two, the watchful Towers, guarding over Mordor O!

Three, three the Elf-rings;

Four for the Hobbits on the Quest;

Five for the Wizards from the West  
 and Four for the questing Hobbits;

Six for the six Names of the King

Seven for the Dwarf-lords' magic rings  
 and Six for the names of Strider

Eight for the ancient Elf-swords (or eight Aratar)

Nine for the Nine brave Walkers (or Nine white Walkers)

Ten for the battles of the Ring

## THE WAR OF WESTERNESSE

*Words by Brin Dunsire.*

*Tune 'The Ball of Kerriemuir' ('The Ballad of Kerriemuir') (trad.).*

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 Númenor.

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, 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 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 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 was there, a-hiding in a chest  
He meant no harm to anyone but perished like the rest.

### CHORUS

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.

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,

### AULË:

Aulë 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 Iluvatar before,  
but now this globe, the gods' abode, has pushed me past  
endurance."

And while Manwë graced the skies,

His brother turned to evil lies;

Earth was made by Manwë's truth and wisdom,

### MANWË:

"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!"

### 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 Manwë really got to grips,  
He made its orbit circular, not an ellipse.  
He made its year be roughly near

### WHILE HOBBITS WATCHED

*Words by Brin Dunsire.*

*Tune 'While Shepherds Watched'.*

While Hobbits watched by Stock one night  
All by the Brandywine  
A Nazgûl on a horse came by  
And said "That Ring is mine"

"Sod off" said they, though mighty dread  
Had seized their troubled minds  
"Your boss won't get it, for we think  
He's wicked and unkind"

"You crawling slugs" the black one hissed  
"I'll make you eat your words"  
He spurred his horse to charge them down  
But slipped in a pile of - fruit

His steed went down but on he flew  
As swift as any lark  
Full into the farmyard slurry pit  
O how the dogs did bark

The Hobbits were with mirth convulsed  
It was a sorry sight  
The wet Brown Rider dripping rose  
And stank of farmyard - lavender

"You'd best be on your way" they laughed  
"Your horse has gone ahead  
You've many a mile to go this night  
Before you reach your bed"

Now the River was nigh, to wash and bathe  
But as all good folk know  
The one thing that all Nazgûl fear  
Is water, fast or slow

So in slimy boots he southward trod  
His homeward way to find  
And all along his stinking trail  
Bright flowers sprung up behind

## ALL RINGS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL

*Words by Angela Gardner (née Surtees).*

*Tune 'Royal Oak (All Things Bright and Beautiful)'.*

### CHORUS:

All rings bright and beautiful  
All rings both great and small  
All rings wise and wonderful  
The Dark Lord wants them all.

He likes them made of marble  
He likes them made of brass  
He likes them made of metal  
He'll get one ... made of glass!

### CHORUS

He wants one for his big toe  
Because it's very chilly,  
We'll get him one of fur...  
Though he'll look pretty silly!

### CHORUS

He loves them when they're thin ones,  
He loves them when they're thick.

He wants one for his Balrog  
Who's got a mighty... whip!

### CHORUS

The Dark Lord now is finished,  
His fame had reached its height;  
We conquered him in battle  
And covered him in... light!

### CHORUS

## THE PHANTOM OF THE BARAD-DÛR

*Words by Richie Bingham.*

*Tune 'The Phantom of the Opera' by Andrew Lloyd-Webber.*

Into the palantír, I turned my eyes.  
I felt his power there, I felt it rise.  
And so he captured me, I heard his lies.  
The Phantom of the Barad-Dûr is there,  
The lidless eye.

I knew I'd rise again, Sauron the great.  
My armies march forwards through the Black Gate.  
So will you bow to me? Or run and hide?  
The Phantom of the Barad-Dûr is here,  
The lidless eye.

Those who have seen you there,  
Draw back in fear.  
You spread your filthy lies  
-Tis truth they hear.

Your/My Spirit overcomes all who defy.  
The Phantom of the Barad-Dûr is there/here,  
The lidless eye.

He's there, the Phantom of the Dark Tower.  
Beware the Phantom of the Dark Tower!  
In all your darkest dreams, you always knew,  
My forces are too great  
-We are so few.

And so in Middle-earth we all will fight.  
The Phantom of the Barad-Dûr is there/here,  
The lidless eye.

Beware the Phantom of the Dark Tower!  
Ah Fly you halfling fool!  
Ah Fly - no-one else can save you!  
Ah not your swords, not your wizards!  
Ah The ring will soon be mine!  
Ah