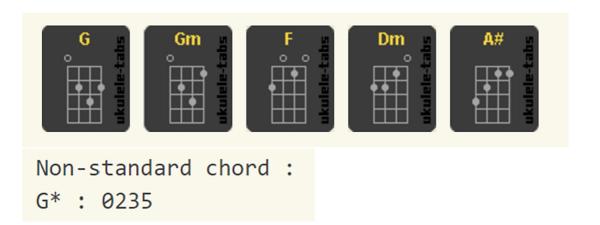
## OVER THE MISTY MOUNTAINS COLD



## [Hum the first two lines]

```
Far over the misty mountains cold

Dm F Gm

To dungeons deep and caverns old

G* Dm

We must away ere break of day

A# F Gm

To find our long forgotten gold
```

The pines were roaring on the height

Dm F Gm

The winds were moaning in the night

G\* Dm

The fire was red, it flaming spread

A# F Gm

The trees like torches blazed with light