

The Hobbit from the Brandywine

Lyrics: Gary McGath, © 2000

Music: "The Blacksmith of Brandywine" by Garvey & Garvey

Chorus :

C Am C G7
Make it seven for the Dwarf Lords, within their halls of stone
C Am G7
For the Elves, make it three; for Humans nine;
C Am C G7
Make it one for the Dark Lord, who sits on his dark throne,
C F C G7 C
And don't forget the Hobbit from the Brandywine!

C G7
As we rode down into the Shire, it was a sight to see:
C F C F C G7 C
A tiny little man with a horn in his hand, beside a sawed-down tree.
C F C G7
And all around him on the ground, by sword and arrow-stroke,
C F C F C G7 C
A score of men who'll never fight again, or loot the Hobbit folk.
C G7
There many other hobbits stood, and they let out a cheer,
C F C F C G7 C
We heard the crowd shout praise out loud to four who had no fear.
C F C G7
From them we learned the story of a short but gallant man,
C F C F C G7 C
Who one day overthrew the Great Enemy with a Ring upon his hand.

Chorus

In Hobbiton a hobbit lived within a simple hole,
To sit and smoke and tell a joke had been his only goal.
But the wizard said that a toy he had was a great and mighty thing,
And he left his home for a distant land and destroyed the Dark Lord's Ring.
His errand done, he journeyed home, but sorrow there he found:
For Saruman had taken o'er, and was boss now of his town.
The hobbit band set free their land, and they drove the robbers out,
And along the line of the Brandywine, you could hear the vict'ry shout:

Chorus