

Smaug's Lament

Phillip Mills

Capo: 2

C Am G Em G C G7 C Am

Some-thing's sneak-ing down the
Some-thing's talk-ing at the
Some-thing's miss-ing from my
Some-thing's burn-ing on the
Some-thing's fall-ing in a

G Em G C G7

pas - sage way. I guess that it's — a rat. Moves
tun - nel mouth. I think that it's — a thief. Speaks
treas - ure pile. I know that it's — a cup. I've
moun - tain side. I hope that it's — a dwarf. But
deep, dark lake. I fear that it's — a wyrm. My

Am Dm

soft - er than a dwarf or a gob - lin can, Don't
rid - dles like a fool; sil - ly lies he tells. Has
had it all these years, now I miss its shine. You
some - where there are more, though their camp's burnt black. They
arm - our made of jewels had but one small hole. A

Am Dm

smell like an elf; don't smell like a man.
fear in his voice, but hides real - ly well.
can't loot my hoard; what's here is all mine.
came from the town; they have to go back.
shot struck it clean. That wat - er looks cold.

C Am G Em

Some - thing's sneak - ing down the pas - sage way And I
 Some - thing's talk - ing at the tun - nel mouth And I
 Some - thing's miss - ing from my treas - ure pile And I
 Some - thing's burn - ing on the moun - tain side And I
 Some - thing's fall - ing in a deep, dark lake And I

G C G7 G7 C Am

guess that it's _ a rat. Some - thing's fall - ing in a
 think that it's _ a thief.
 know that it's _ a cup.
 hope that it's _ a dwarf.
 fear that it's _ a wurm

G Em G C G7 C

deep, dark lake And I fear that it's _ a wurm.

History:

December, 2007