

# White Ships

Phillip Mills

Swing feel

C G C G C Em Am

There's a Lord in the moun - tains, a Queen for the  
 (Where) treas - on and ven - geance would fol - low, you  
 (The) Va - lar's last mes - sen - ger told you the

G F Em F Dm

trees. The stars have a La - dy; A sprite rules each breeze; But  
 led. You fought with your kins - men and left them for dead. There's  
 truth: You act - ed on Mor - goth's foul lies with no proof. And you're

C Em Am G F

where is our King - dom, that once was the seas Now that the  
 none who'll for - give you and naught to be said Now that the  
 wel - come no more in the land of your youth Now that the

C G C Em Am

white ships are gone? To fol - low the thief of the jewels of your  
 white ships are gone. Ships you have sto - len mark man - y a  
 white ships are gone. A - cross the north strait, blind on his

G F Em F Dm

heart, The fell oath you've spo - ken brings doom from the start. It  
 grave track, Your Bro - ken on rocks by the wrath of the waves And  
 track, Your friends you've a - - ban - doned and nev - er looked back. The

C Em Am G F

binds sons and bro - thers, and tears us a - - part Now that the  
 no one shall trust you for the rest of your days Now that the  
 white sails burn blood red; white tim - bers turn black And the last of the

G C G C Cadd9 C Cadd9 C

white ships are gone. Like sea - birds a - wing - ing; like  
 white ships are gone.  
 white ships are gone.

Dm7 Em F C Dm7 Am/D Em  
 clouds in the sky, So soft o'er the wa - ter, you'd swear they could fly  
 C Dm7 Dm Em F Em  
 Lost to the Lone - ly Isle for ev - er - more Torn from their Ha - ven on  
 G C G 1,2 3 C  
 Val - i - nor's shore Where  
 The

**History:**  
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