

MUSICAL CHAPTERS FROM
The HOBBIT
AFTER THE MYTHOLOGY OF J.R.R. TOLKIEN



ZARATHUSTRA
THE PAUL CORFIELD GODFREY
MUSIC TRUST

**Prima
FACIE**



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Paul Corfield Godfrey's

"Musical Chapters from *The Hobbit* after the mythology of JRR Tolkien"

THE BEGINNING OF A CYCLE

My own interest in the works of Tolkien goes back now for some seventy years. I think it was in 1956 or 1957 that I was given a copy of *The Hobbit* by my soon-to-be sister-in-law Lois Mitchison (daughter of the novelist Naomi Mitchison whose recommendation of *The Lord of the Rings* originally appeared on the dust-jackets of the first edition). At that time I was so overwhelmed by it that I spent a considerable amount of time creating a dramatic adaptation of sections of the book and dragging in all my neighbours and friends into taking parts in a performance staged in my Wimbledon back garden; and some of the songs improvised then—Bilbo's mocking of the spiders, the wood-elves' *Down the swift dark stream you go* and the rejoicing in Lake-town—remain in the score to this day. I might note in passing that my perverse admiration for villains rather than heroes was clearly prefigured in my preference in these dramatic recitals for the character not of the clearly sympathetic Bilbo Baggins but for the morally flawed and ultimately unsuccessful Thorin Oakenshield; this may be regarded by armchair psychologists as having some bearing on my later treatment of similar characters such as Féanor and Túrin, let alone Gollum.

Following this initial attempt at a Tolkien stage-work, it may seem odd that I did not then proceed to an acquaintance with *The Lord of the Rings*, which had just then been published; but, be that as it may, I did not. In fact, I did not read *The Lord of the Rings* until some ten years later, when my enthusiasm for the works of Middle-earth was at once rekindled although still confined at that time to the unrevised first edition of Tolkien's text.

My setting of the vocal score of *The Hobbit* originally commenced during the spring of 1970, but the sketches had only proceeded as far as what was then designated as Act Three Scene Two when I broke off composition to begin work on my operatic setting of Michéal Mac Liammóir's *Diarmuid and Gráinne*. After the latter was substantially completed in the summer of 1971 (when an orchestral suite from *Over Hill and Under Hill* was performed in concert in London, using the material as it existed at that time) I went back to my original sketches and recommenced work on the last three Acts, subsequently returning to the beginning and reworking and completing the whole of the first three Acts. The opera was designed to be performed over two consecutive evenings, with three Acts being given on each evening.

The vocal score was bound into two volumes, one for each evening, and at that time the two volumes were given the independent sub-titles *Over Hill and Under Hill* and *Fire and Water*. During the autumn of 1974 I once again returned to the scores, and at the urgent suggestion of Alan Bush made very substantial cuts intended to bring the whole within the scope of one evening. This abridged version was then used as the basis for the full orchestral score, of which only the first two scenes were fully completed (although a number of later passages were also fully scored).

There the work rested for some twenty-five years. During that period the only compositional activity which took place was the extraction of the two orchestral suites from *The Hobbit* which were published separately. However, during the period 1982-83 the vocal score of *Fire and Water* was lost, and the only passages preserved were those which had been incorporated into the orchestral suites, those which had already been orchestrated in the complete full score, and one passage from *Flies and Spiders* which had been photocopied.

During the period 1998-99 I returned to the now incomplete score and concluded work on the full orchestration of the first three Acts, restoring the previously cut passages where necessary from the vocal score. I also reproduced the fragments of *Fire and Water* which still existed and reconstructed some of the incomplete sections.

It was only when my work on the completion of my musical chapters from *The Lord of the Rings* was finalised in 2023 that I eventually turned back to *The Hobbit*, making some further revisions to the existing score and reconstructing (as far as I could remember) the now missing pages from *Fire and Water*, although even then I did make some less drastic abridgements to the original text in order to bring the sheer length of the work to within reasonable bounds.

By comparison with *The Lord of the Rings* (and even more so *The Silmarillion*) the text for *The Hobbit* was relatively simple to construct, although the fact that my own first acquaintance with the book had come from a reading of the 1937 First Edition meant that some of more minor alterations of the vocabulary and phrases from that version were permitted to take precedence over the author's later revisions. For example I preferred to use the Gandalf's original anomalous request for "cold chicken and tomatoes" rather than Tolkien's revised "cold chicken and pickles" purely because the stresses provided the desired rhythmic and musical icus that I sought at that point. On the other hand, I had of course absolutely no desire to substitute the earlier version of the riddle scene between Bilbo and Gollum for the infinitely more dramatic revision as published in the second edition of 1951.

We are now of course aware of Tolkien's own attempt at a further revision of *The Hobbit* during the 1960s to bring it into closer conformity with *The Lord of the Rings* and, presumably at some later stage, with *The Silmarillion*. Much of the process of this revision would appear to have been designed to remove the presence of what Tolkien seemed to have come to regard as an intrusive authorial narrator, giving moral and didactic guidance to the reader. In fact he did succeed in removing some of these elements in his third edition of the book in 1966. But happily almost none of these amendments were allowed to affect the dialogue itself, and the light-hearted and jocular flavour remained in a manner that might have been endangered by a more widespread and significant revision of the text.

This same approach continues to appear in the music, and in the process of revision and reconstruction which I undertook in 2022-25 to bring the whole musical structure into the cycle of "epic scenes" and "musical chapters" I made no attempt to impose a more serious style in what should after all be regarded as a fundamentally joyous work. The appearance of themes from *The Fall of Gondolin* at Rivendell, for example, hardly brings the work into the same tragic sphere as *The Silmarillion*; and some of the comical tone of *The Hobbit* is quite properly reflected in the opening chapters of *The Lord of the Rings*.

As a general principle the sung words generally reflect the latest version of the text as Tolkien revised it for his final edition in 1966. Thus for example the use in *The Hobbit* of the word "goblins" to define the creatures described in both *The Silmarillion* and *The Lord of the Rings* as "orcs" is retained exactly as in the original, where the latter word was employed only on one single instance (and indeed seems at that point to be intended to designate a

different species). On the other hand, for the sake of consistency some characters have their personal nomenclature adjusted to reflect the later usage of *The Lord of the Rings*: Thranduil, Gwaihir and Landroval are all specifically identified by name when they appear. Bard too is identified with the anonymous captain of the watch who first encounters Thorin and his companions on their arrival at Esgaroth. On the same basis the dwarves Óin and Glóin have the accents restored to the spelling of their names to harmonise with Tolkien's later practice in *The Lord of the Rings* (although it is perhaps noteworthy and surprising that in his subsequently abandoned early 1960s revisions he refrained from altering the text in *The Hobbit*, even at a time when he was specifically attempting to harmonise the earlier work with the later work).

These and similar considerations have continued to influence the setting of *The Hobbit* even during the recent process of recording; the *Battle of the Five Armies*, which had been abridged during the process of revision during 2023, has now been expanded once again to provide a more substantial climax to the action during the final chapter. And even more recently the scene in Rivendell during the outward journey has been enlarged: both to give the character of Elrond a somewhat higher profile before his appearance in *The Lord of the Rings*, and at the same time to provide a more fitting conclusion to the opening chapter *An Unexpected Party* than with the essentially comic encounter with the trolls (which had indeed been altogether excised during the reworking of 1974 before it was restored some twenty-five years later). This in turn involved some adjustments to the score of *Riddles in the Dark* including a brief new scene depicting Bilbo's dejection before the thunder-battle and the capture of the dwarves by the goblins.

These later additions and revisions have increased somewhat the thematic links between the larger cycles of epic scenes from *The Silmarillion* and musical chapters from *The Lord of the Rings*, in some instances actually showing the evolution of musical material from earlier phases of the history to later ones. The appearance in Rivendell of material from *The Fall of Gondolin* (as Elrond identifies and describes the origin of the swords of Gandalf and Thorin) forms a transition from its original appearance to its sense of antique majesty when it reappears in *The Council of Elrond* to introduce the scenes set in the Hall of Fire. Similarly, following Bilbo's discovery of the Ring, the orchestra in a lengthy interlude emphasises the significance of the event including a subdued statement of the theme associated both in *The War of Wrath* and *The Lord of the Rings* with the inscription on the One Ring, simultaneously harkening back both to its origins and at the same time looking forward to more momentous developments to come. Gollum's music also contains multiple anticipations of his appearances in *The Lord of the Rings*—this section of the score was written closely following the composition of *The Black Gate is Closed* back in the 1960s. Later on, the music associated with Mirkwood and the Forest Elves would be adapted to form part of the depiction of Fangorn in *The Lord of the Rings*—an equally aged and primeval forest where Merry specifically compares and contrasts the darkness with that of Mirkwood as described by Bilbo.

The parallels are further underlined in my setting of *The Quest of Erebor*, added as an entirely newly-composed appendix to the score for this recording. When setting *The Lay of Durin* as one of the appendices to *The Lord of the Rings*, it became apparent to me that more mileage could be obtained from the dwarven music written for *The Hobbit*, and that this could furnish material for a treatment of the largely comedic narrative by Gandalf given in the *Unfinished Tales* as part of a scene set in Minas Tirith following the coronation of Aragorn. This would also form an amusing appendix to the score of *The Hobbit* itself. It is purely in terms of such a comic interlude that the scene (largely presented in terms of what in a film would be dubbed a 'flashback') is presented here. Although the 'interlude' could be presented in *The Lord of the*

Rings as an interpolation between the chapters *The Steward and the King* and *Homeward Bound*, it is perhaps more appropriately to be regarded as a vinculum between *The Hobbit* and *The Lord of the Rings* itself rather than as an integral part of the latter. Since this appendix may well be less familiar to readers than the text of *The Hobbit* itself, it may be sensible to summarise its approach to the history of Bilbo's journey. It opens literally in mid-sentence as Gimli in Minas Tirith questions Gandalf about his initial involvement with Bilbo and his expedition to the Lonely Mountain. In the scene that follows Gandalf meets with a group of the dwarves who will later form Thorin's company of followers in *The Hobbit*; and the passage concludes with a grandiose statement of the theme of the Shire in the same form that it will take before Bilbo's farewell party during the opening of *The Lord of the Rings*. Gandalf then resumes his role as narrator as he describes the results of his intervention: the installation of Dáin as King Under the Mountain, and his resistance to the forces of Sauron during the War of the Ring. The heroic death of Dáin is described, concluding with Gandalf's outline of the perils that the expedition to the Lonely Mountain had averted—"dragon-fire and savage swords"—as the result of his chance encounter with Thorin at the Prancing Pony.

It will be noted that, despite the length of this 'interlude', all the thematic material of *The Quest of Erebor* is drawn from existing scores, even though some of those imitations are parodic or even satirical. This perhaps parallels Liszt's practice in his *Faust Symphony* where the final movement depicting Mephistopheles draws entirely on melodic motives heard in earlier parts of the score, albeit reflected in a new and distorted light. In the same way Tolkien's own text for *The Quest of Erebor* derives its peculiarly ironic atmosphere from the reader's existing knowledge of the same material from a differing point of view—Bilbo rather than Gandalf—as given in *The Hobbit*. This attempt to mirror that aspect leaves this 'interlude' as an episode that lies therefore somewhat outside my complete cycle of Tolkien scenes and chapters, and indeed in many ways stands at right angles to them.

For those wishing to approach my various settings of Tolkien in a manner that makes both narrative and musical sense, it may well be regarded as appropriate to listen to the various cycles in 'historical' order, beginning with the creation of the world at the beginning of the epic scenes from *The Silmarillion*, proceeding through *The Hobbit* to the even more substantial musical chapters from *The Lord of the Rings*. But then of course the musical chapters from *The Hobbit* may also be approached in isolation, as was indeed the inevitable situation when Tolkien originally published the book back in 1937. There are certainly sections which may be better appreciated as part of the larger whole, but the work remains viable as an independent entity and as a composition which—as C S Lewis observed at the time of publication—moves during its narrative from a relatively conventional children's book into a darker and more adult world of mediaeval saga and moral uncertainty. This of course then sets the scene for the even more mysterious and portentous sphere of mythology in *The Lord of the Rings*.

Paul Corfield Godfrey

A NOTE ON THE TEXT

As with previous cycles, every effort has been made in this setting to preserve Tolkien's original words; but there are instances where minor alterations have been necessary to ensure audibility and singability of the text, or to deal with omissions elsewhere within the narrative. However no additional material has been added at any point, although stage directions have sometimes been subject to alteration, expansion or other amendment in the interests of sheer practicability in theatrical and stage presentation.

Paul Corfield Godfrey

A NOTE FROM VOLANTE OPERA PRODUCTIONS

We freely admit to you that this recording is not live or a studio recording. We did not have the means to employ a full orchestra and chorus to rehearse and record this work. What we do have is the small recording studio we use at Volante Opera Productions with room for only one person at a time in the booth. The orchestra for this recording was created using sampled instrument sets, in this case the EASTWEST SOFTWARE / QUANTUM LEAP "Symphonic Orchestra". These instrument sets use samples of real instrument sounds which are then sequenced in the recording software ready to be played. It is a long, slow process preparing the scores this way but with patience the results are as close to real, without having an actual orchestra in a studio, as can be.

We are extremely honoured to have a large collection of friends and colleagues who are all professional opera singers. With their help we have managed to fill out the cast of this piece. Due to the limitations of space in our recording setup, we could only record them one at a time often months apart from the other characters in the scene.

The chorus in this piece, presented a problem to us. With our limitations of space this meant that however many singers we had for the chorus would have to record individually. We therefore decided that a chorus of sixteen, whilst very under the required numbers, would serve best for this recording as a demonstration of the music. Again, with patience in post processing they can be brought very close to the sound of a live ensemble though and we hope that any imperfections in this will be forgiven in the interest of getting this piece heard. The purpose of this Demo Recording is simply to get the piece heard. The ideal would of course be to hear it performed by a full orchestra and chorus but until this happens we hope that this recording will serve.

Volante Opera Productions was founded by Julian Boyce in 1999, originally bringing opera gala performances to Wales and England. We fulfil a valuable role by staging performances in historic buildings and churches, as well as in concert halls and theatres. One of our main aims is to take live music into the community and enable a wider audience to hear varied and exciting repertoire. Volante Opera Productions functions as a profit free organisation with all of our funds raised going directly to our contributors or to charities. In the lockdowns of 2020 our remotely recorded Musical Admunt Calendar helped to raise thousands of pounds for Shelter Cymru.

Since 2018 we have expanded our work into the world of recording with an aim to release new or previously unrecorded pieces, either commercially in collaboration with Prima Facie or via our online videos on YouTube and Facebook.

In 2023 Volante started a new series of projects designed to bring lost, forgotten or neglected composers and their works back to the fore by recording and releasing albums of their works alongside concerts in the community to promote the music. This began with their album *The Complete Songs of A.A. Milne (and Lewis Carroll)* by Harold Fraser-Simson and will continue on in the coming years with focus on the songs of Victor Hely-Hutchinson and David Vaughan Thomas. They also have an ongoing research and recording project investigating the musical history of the Tolkien family from 1800 to the early 1900s entitled *The Piano Makers*.

That recent work, *The Piano Makers*, began in a down moment when Simon and Phil started looking at what was available. It soon grew into a larger project spanning more and more family members, and contributors. Namely Chris Hara and Steven Jones from our Discord. We are planning to release a small collection of compositions in the future which we believe will be the first such attempt to highlight the Tolkien families' links to music.

If you would like to learn more about the research, individual family members and what musical works we have found so far, see <https://www.volanteopera.wales/the-piano-makers>

Paul Corfield Godfrey was born in London and after a period of residence in Ireland has now lived in Wales for half a century, studying composition and conducting at various times with Alan Bush and David Wynne. His compositions include four symphonies: various orchestral, chamber and instrumental works: songs and choral works: operas, including *The Dialogues of Óisín and Saint Patric* and *Arcturus*, both performed in Cardiff and elsewhere: and a cycle of epic scenes based on J R R Tolkien's posthumous novel *The Silmarillion*, the largest work written in Wales in the twentieth century, which has been recorded and released by Prima Facie Records in association with Volante Opera in a set of ten CDs.

Reviewing *Beren and Lúthien*, Chris Seaman of Tolkien Music remarked that the music constituted "hands-down the most potent actualization of Tolkien's writing I have heard to date." Comments from other quarters have been equally enthusiastic; in Fanfare, Marc Medwin described Fëanor as "an operatic recording whose singers and the music they perform are completely in tune with the nature of the story and its themes."

The composer's cycles of both *The Lord of the Rings* and *The Hobbit* were recorded for release in 2025-26, and Nicolas Fuller in MusicWeb International reviewed the former as "the most monumental operatic achievement since Wagner" and "the most exciting opera composed in years." Other operas have been issued, including *The Nightingale* and *The Rose* (Oscar Wilde) and *Blithe Spirit* (Noel Coward); other works have been performed in London and elsewhere throughout the UK, France, Germany, Hungary, America, Australia and New Zealand, and videos of many of these are available on YouTube. His manuscript scores are lodged at the National Library of Wales, Aberystwyth. He has appeared as a performer both on radio and television, and also reviews live performances and recordings for various publications.

A NOTE FROM THE OFFICERS OF ZARATHUSTRA: THE MUSICAL TRUST OF PAUL CORFIELD GODFREY

When we were asked by Simon Crosby Buttle if we would like to join the team at Volante, it never occurred to us that two years later we would be so deeply involved with not only Paul's Tolkien based works, but that we would also be working on many other productions at Volante. We also never imagined that we would be afforded the great honour of being elevated to the role of *officers* of Paul's musical trust, a role created by Paul and Simon in our honour. We are deeply indebted to both of them not least for trusting us with Paul's life's work and speaking on his behalf, but also for being able to work with and for Volante Opera Productions, getting to meet so many amazing people through it.

That small independent company exists to serve music, but they do so much more than that. The hard work of the singers not only brings wonderful music to more listeners and concert goers, it is also what keeps these amazing people working together, doing what they all love and are masters at. The landscape around opera music and its live performance has been under attack for many years, and being able to experience the dedication and drive from Julian, Simon, and all of the amazing people who work with them are some of the many great joys of being involved with these projects.

It was remarked during a preview for *The Lord of the Rings* that Tolkien may have brought us together, but it was no longer he who held us together. The friendships we have formed, the loyalty to Paul, Simon, Julian and all of the singers remains the greatest gift we were given when brought into this musical family.

We pinch ourselves at the opportunity that has been given us, and it remains for us to thank Paul, Simon, Julian, and all of the singers who have made us a part of Paul's musical world.

Thank you to all of you for so many incredible opportunities.

Klara Claesson

Larissa Martins Costa

Phillip Walch

A NOTE FROM SIMON CROSBY BUTTLE

The first meeting with Paul Corfield Godfrey in 2016 was the beginning of monumental amounts of work. The discovery and belief in his music resulted in this series of Demo Recordings where both Tolkien and Opera fans could hear, for the first time, what a grand operatic version of Middle-earth could sound like. The original four works of his adaptation of *The Silmarillion* were recorded over a period of six years but this was not enough! Paul had never finished the full story of *The Silmarillion* and with some not-so-gentle arm twisting by Simon composition began on a new finale - *The War of Wrath*. This was completed in 2019 and lined up for recording and release in 2022 but the world had other plans.

The Coronavirus Pandemic lockdowns beginning in 2020 put a halt on voice recording for a while and we all found ourselves at loose ends. Paul had been ruminating for decades over a grand operatic cycle based upon *The Lord of the Rings*, and had even prepared a libretto for the entire thing and composed a few remarkable sections. "It's too big", "I'm done composing Tolkien" - quotes that were often heard coming from Paul's mouth when asked about it. With nothing much else to do and a devil-may-care attitude to Paul's overstated opinions on the matter I took up his libretto for *The Lord of the Rings* and created a reduced (but still big) version that managed to persuade the apparently reluctant composer that, if nothing else in this period; composing this was at least something to do!

The Estate was approached and this time permission was given not only for this "new" work but also for this fallow youthful operatic version of *The Hobbit* for which the rights had previously been denied.

In 2023 *The War of Wrath* was released and the mammoth task of recording not only *The Lord of the Rings* but *The Hobbit* began while negotiations with the Estate were ongoing. This mammoth undertaking could not be rushed, but neither did Volante or Paul want to take a decade to record it. With careful planning everything was prepared and a deadline was set of two years - by Autumn of 2025 we wanted the world to be able to hear *The Lord of the Rings*. Announced by TheOneRing.net in 2024, word got out throughout the operatic and Tolkien worlds that we were doing it - there was no stopping it now.

With only a few narrowly avoided nervous breakdowns it was achieved and in September of 2025 the Complete Demo Recording of *The Lord of the Rings*, all seventeen hours of music including Appendices, was released at once.

That then meant we had to get the "last" part of Paul's version of Middle-earth out there - the first he composed - *The Hobbit*. He went back into the score and there were a few minor additions, a bit of updating, and re-composition to cover lost sections but largely the score maintains its youthful charm while still musically connecting to the other parts of the larger cycles. Recording work was undertaken at the same time as *The Lord of the Rings* (for the most part) and was completed in April of 2026.

Paul has some other compositions (now classified as Appendices) connected to the Cycles that we have not recorded yet. Our work on these Tolkien-based cycles would not be complete without making these available to the world in due course.

As with previous booklets, costs of production mean that we have had to keep the total page count to an affordable amount. As such, a digital version of this booklet is available for those who might wish to have a copy on their computer or other devices.

See <https://www.volanteopera.wales/epic-scenes-and-musical-chapters-libretti>

AT THIS POINT WE WOULD LIKE TO THANK VARIOUS PEOPLE

Volante Opera Productions would like again to thank all of the singers who took part in the recording of this work – it has been no small undertaking and they have all gone above and beyond to fill these roles in such an incredible way for you all to hear. Across more than thirty two hours of music they have been ever present.

Volante and Paul would also like to jointly thank the officers of Zarathustra: The Paul Corfield Godfrey Trust, Klara Claesson, Larissa Martins Costa and Phillip Walch, for not only their work behind the scenes in helping get this project to its release but their unwavering support and friendship of us as individuals as well.

Volante would again like to offer thanks to a person without who none of this would likely have started – Jeroen Bakker. His articles and early championing of Paul's work were what crossed our paths in 2018 and started these endeavours - without him we may never have come across Paul's music.

Our deepest gratitude to Ted Nasmith, whose artwork he has so graciously supplied to us for the the presentation of this work, and The Silmarillion, and The Lord of the Rings, which was released in late Summer 2025.

As in our booklet of The Lord of the Rings, to Jeremy Edmonds, Andrew Ferguson, and Chad High of tolkienguide.com for their continued support. For advice, help with contacts, and again to Jeremy for the use of his recording space for video meetings and recordings. We are very grateful to the three of you. We extend our congratulations to all involved who have helped the website reach twenty years of fan service in the Tolkien community.

We have had the great honour of building a community on Discord. There are many people who deserve mention here but do so would require more space than we have. To our Discord members we offer our thanks to you all.

One member we will mention by name here is our dear friend Ent. His enthusiasm for the projects, his generosity of both spirit and having Paul's music sent around the world to his Tolkien friends as gifts is both humbling and vital to our continuing work. We are deeply grateful for his friendship and support.

To the members of our Discord for taking part as goblins – Arsenic, Austin Cook, Deborah E. Raven-Lindley, Deniz Bevan, Ellen Kristola, Fredrik Johnsson, Ha Vy Luong, Irja Claesson, Isak Smedberg-Modén, Kat "ClíkClak" Mayes, Klara Claesson, Larissa Martins Costa, Laylla Martins Costa, LususNaturae, Melanie Madden, Patrick A. Kompio, Phillip Walch and Steven Jones.

To Pontypridd Choral Society we extend our thanks for their contributions both as goblins and as men and women of Lake-town

Klara, Larissa and Phil would like once again to thank Paul Corfield Godfrey for his long dedication and commitment. He remains our inspiration for all that we do.

As with The Lord of the Rings, to Christopher Tolkien, who encouraged Paul in the days when it appeared that this and Paul's other Tolkien cycles would never reach an audience. His enthusiasm is never forgotten.



This work would not be possible without the extraordinary generosity of all of our singers who have given their free time to help record this work. We offer our most humble thanks to each and every one of them.

Cast and characters, in order of appearance

Characters introduced in Part One

Chapter One **An Unexpected Party**

Bilbo (tenor)
Gandalf (baritone)
Dwalin (baritone)
Balin (baritone)
Kili (tenor)
Fili (tenor)
Dori (baritone)
Ori (bass)
Nori (bass)
Oin (tenor)
Gloin (bass-baritone)
Bifur (tenor)
Bofur (baritone)
Bombur (bass)
Thorin (baritone)
Bert (bass)
Tom (baritone)
William (bass)

Chapter Two **Riddles in the Dark**

Glorfindel (tenor)
Elrond (tenor)
Great Goblin (tenor)
Goblin Slave Driver (baritone)
Gollum (tenor)

Goblin Captain (baritone)
Gwaihir (soprano)
Landroval (soprano)

Chapter Three **Queer Lodgings**

Beorn (bass)

Huw Llywelyn
Philip Lloyd-Evans
Owen Webb
Dyfed Wyn Evans
Edmund Choo
Rhodri Prys Jones
Alastair Moore
Gareth Long
Jasey Hall
Simon Crosby Buttle
Gavin Davies
Peter Wilman
Howard Kirk
Martin Lloyd
Julian Boyce
Jasey Hall
Alastair Moore
Samuel Snowden

Edmund Choo
James Schouten
Simon Crosby Buttle
Steffan Lloyd-Evans
Michael Clifton-
Thompson
Steffan Lloyd-Evans
Rosie Hay
Emma Mary Llewellyn

Laurence Cole

Characters introduced in Part Two

Chapter Four **Flies and Spiders**

First Spider (soprano)
Second Spider (soprano)
Third Spider (mezzo-soprano)
Fourth Spider (mezzo-soprano)
Thranduil (bass-baritone)
Galion (bass)
Elven Captain (baritone)
First Elf (tenor)
Fourth Elf (baritone)
Sixth Elf (bass)
Third Elf (tenor)
Second Elf (tenor)
Fifth Elf (bass)
Bard (baritone)
Master of Lake-town (tenor)

Chapter Five **The Gathering of the Clouds**

Smaug (bass)
First Lake-town Soldier (tenor)
Second Lake-town Soldier (baritone)
The Thrush (soprano)

Chapter Six **The Clouds Burst**

Dain (bass)

Characters introduced in the **Quest of Erebor**

Frodo (tenor)
Gimli (bass)

Rosie Hay
Emma Mary Llewellyn
Francesca Saracino
Sophie Yelland
Gavin Davies
Jasey Hall
Dyfed Wyn Evans
Rhodri Prys Jones
Alastair Moore
Martin Lloyd
Peter Wilman
Simon Crosby Buttle
Gareth Long
Owen Webb
Edmund Choo

Laurence Cole
Peter Wilman
Dyfed Wyn Evans
Angharad Morgan

Jasey Hall

Simon Crosby Buttle
Gareth Long

Chorus

Emma Mary Llewellyn, Erin Spence
Helen Greenaway, Carolyn Jackson
Simon Crosby Buttle, Rhodri Prys Jones
Julian Boyce, Samuel Snowden

Soprano:
mezzo-soprano:
Tenor:
Bass:

For more information on the performers found on this recording, see
<https://www.volanteopera.wales/biographies>



THE HOBBIT

TRACK LIST

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CD 1

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- [7] The Quest of Erebor



PART ONE OVER HILL AND UNDER HILL

CD 1 AN UNEXPECTED PARTY

[1] Prelude

The front garden of Bag End in Hobbiton. Bilbo is seated on a bench in front of the door smoking a small clay pipe. He sits and puffs, evidently enjoying himself but saying nothing. Then down the road appears Gandalf, an old man leaning on a staff, clad in grey. Bilbo looks up, rather startled

[2] Scene One

BILBO Good morning!

GANDALF What do you mean? Do you mean that it is a good morning, whether I like it or not; or that you feel good this morning; or that it is a morning to be good on?

BILBO All of them at once; and a very good morning for a pipe of tobacco out of doors, into the bargain! If you have a pipe about you, sit down and have a fill of mine. There's no hurry, we have all the day before us!

He sits back and breathes deeply on his pipe. The smoke rises, gently drifting, into the air; both he and Gandalf contemplate it in silence for a while

GANDALF Very pretty! But I have no time to blow smoke-rings this morning. I am looking for someone to share in an adventure I am arranging, and it is very difficult to find anyone.

BILBO I should think so—in these parts. We are plain quiet folk and have no use for adventures. Nasty disturbing uncomfortable things! Make you late for dinner! I can't see what anybody sees in them!

He fishes in his jacket pocket and draws out some letters, which he ostentatiously prepares to read. Gandalf does not move; he stands there and stares at Bilbo who, after a moment, puts down his papers, continuing in a sharper tone
Good morning! We don't need any adventures here, thank you! You might try over the Hill or across the Water.

GANDALF What a lot of things you do use Good morning for! Now you mean that you want to be rid of me, and it won't be good till I move off.

BILBO Not at all, not at all, my dear sir! Let me see. I don't think I know your name?

GANDALF Yes, yes, my dear sir! And I do know your name, Mr Bilbo Baggins. And you do know my name: I am Gandalf, and Gandalf means me!

BILBO Gandalf, Gandalf! Good gracious me! Not the wandering wizard that gave Old Took a magic pair of diamond studs that fastened themselves and never came undone until ordered? Not the fellow that used to tell such wonderful tales at parties, about dragons and goblins and the unexpected luck of widows' sons? Not the man who used to make such particularly excellent fireworks? I remember those! Old Took used to have them on Midsummer Eve. Splendid! They used to go up like great lilies and snapdragons and laburnums of fire and hang in the sky all evening!

He pauses momentarily, lost in his happy memories: then recalls his current situation

Dear me! Not the Gandalf who was responsible for so many quiet lads and lasses going off into the wild for mad adventures! Bless me, life used to be quite inter...I mean, you used to upset things badly in these parts once upon a time. I beg your pardon, but I had no idea you were still in business.

GANDALF Where else should I be? All the same, I am pleased to find that you still remember something about me. Indeed, for your old grandfather Took's sake, I will give you what you asked for.

BILBO I beg your pardon, I haven't asked for anything!

GANDALF Yes, you have! Twice now. My pardon. I give it you. Indeed I shall go so far as to send you on this adventure. Very amusing for me, very profitable for you, if you ever get over it.

BILBO Sorry! I don't want any adventures, thank you! Good morning! But please come to tea—come tomorrow! Goodbye!

He turns and scuttles towards the front door. As he reaches the doorstep he hesitates for a moment

Now what on earth did I invite him to tea for!

He runs in and shuts the door. Gandalf stands outside, laughing quietly to himself. At last he stirs, steps up to the door and marks it with his staff. He pauses to look at his markings and then, still laughing, he moves off. The inner curtain falls slowly

[3] Scene Two

The inner curtain rises again to disclose the interior of Bag End, the next afternoon. A large table stands towards the back of the room, with several chairs around it. Towards the left, by the hearth, which is to the front of the stage, there is a small table with two chairs by the fire. Across the back a large window looks out across the dusk shrouded countryside. As the curtain rises, Bilbo is seated at the small table sipping a cup of tea and finishing off a small cake. He picks up another cake from the table and

continues to eat in silence for a while, when suddenly there is a loud ring at the front doorbell. He looks horror-stricken for a moment; then he leaps to his feet, dashes off left and returns with a plate of cakes, which he places on the table. He hesitates for a moment, checking that all is well, and then rushes off to the door, which is just off stage right. As he opens the door, quite out of breath, he begins to pant out a word of greeting.

BILBO I am sorry to keep you waiting...oh!

For it is not Gandalf, but the dwarf Dwalin who hops inside, just as if he had been invited, and hangs up his cloak on a row of pegs by the door. He turns and bows

DWALIN Dwalin at your service!

BILBO Bilbo Baggins at yours!...

There is an uncomfortable silence for a moment, both waiting for the other to speak. Then Bilbo turns to the dwarf with an air of rather forced joviality

I was just about to take tea; pray come and have some with me.

DWALIN Thank you!

Bilbo leads him to the small table and settles him down by the fire, pushing the plate of cakes towards him. Dwalin, apparently rather surprised by this reception, takes one. He is about to speak when there is another ring at the door bell

BILBO Excuse me! *[He goes off right to the door]* So you have got here at last!

This time it is Balin who hops inside in the same manner, and bows low

BALIN Balin at your service!—I see they have begun to arrive already.

BILBO *[completely thrown by the latter remark]* Thank you!...Come along in, and have some tea!

BALIN *[rather reprovingly]* A little beer would suit me better, if it is all the same to you.

BILBO Of course!

He scuttles off left. Balin hangs up his hood and moves to the fore, sitting down by Dwalin and pulling up a chair from the big table. They are immersed in deep conversation when Bilbo returns, puts the beer not very graciously on the table and is about to resume his seat. The doorbell rings again

Gandalf for certain this time!

But it is not, for when he opens the door it is Fili and Kili who enter, as before
What can I do for you, my dwarves?

KILI Kili at your service!

FILI And Fili!

BILBO At yours and your family's!

KILI Balin and Dwalin here already, I see!

FILI Let us join the throng!

BILBO *[aghast]* Throng!...

Fili and Kili rush across to greet Balin and Dwalin, and pull up chairs for themselves. There is almost at once another ring at the doorbell
Someone at the door!

FILI Some five, I should say—we saw them coming along behind us in the distance.

As soon as Bilbo opens the door, all five enter: Dori, Nori, Ori, Óin and Glóin

DORI Dori at your service!

ORI Ori at your service!

NORI Nori at your service!

ÓIN Óin at your service!

GLÓIN Glóin at your service!

BILBO Come along in!

Dori, Nori, Ori, Óin and Glóin move across to the table. Bilbo stands and stares open-mouthed, when suddenly there is a loud knocking at the door. Bilbo, now totally confused and extremely angry, rushes to the door and tears it open. Thorin, Bifur, Bofur and Bombur fall face-first onto the doormat. Gandalf, who is behind them, helps them up and ushers them in

GANDALF Carefully, carefully!...Bilbo, let me introduce Bifur, Bofur, Bombur and especially Thorin!

BIFUR, BOFUR and BOMBUR At your service!

BILBO [as Thorin struggles up] I say, I am most awfully sorry!

THORIN Pray don't mention it.

GANDALF Now we are all here! Quite a merry gathering! A little red wine, I think, for me.

THORIN And for me.

BIFUR And raspberry jam.

BOFUR And apple tart.

BOMBUR And pork pie.

DORI And salad.

NORI And mince pies.

ORI And cheese.

FILI [from the table] And more cakes.

BALIN And ale.

DWALIN And coffee.

KILI If you don't mind!

GANDALF Put on a few eggs, there's a good fellow! And just bring out the cold chicken and tomatoes!

Bilbo stumps off, very annoyed. Thorin and Gandalf seat themselves at the head of the large table, and light their pipes. Fili and Kili dash out to help Bilbo, and return laden with plates and dishes of food. Dori, Ori and Nori rearrange the chairs about the table, with help from Balin and Dwalin. Óin and Glóin go out left, and return with more chairs. Bifur, Bofur and Bombur go out right and bring into the room two large viols with a large drum. These they leave by the door, and Bombur takes the drum across the table. As Bifur and Bofur bring in a great golden harp, Thorin looks up

THORIN Now for some music!

The harp is placed before him, and Bombur stands by the drum. Balin and Dwalin take the viols and stand by the door. The others group themselves around Thorin: Fili and Kili with two small

fiddles, Dori, Nori and Ori with flutes, Óin and Glóin with recorders, and Bifur and Bofur with clarinets. When all have settled themselves, Thorin strikes the harp and the music begins

[4] THORIN, BALIN, DWALIN and BOMBUR

Far over the Misty Mountains cold to dungeons deep and caverns old we must away, ere break of day, to seek the pale enchanted gold.

FILI [accompanied by Kili on the violin]

The dwarves of yore wove mighty spells, while hammers fell like ringing bells in places deep, where dark things sleep in hollow halls beneath the fells.

KILI

For ancient king and Elvish lord there many a gleaming golden hoard they shaped and wrought, and light they caught to hide in gems on hilt of sword.

THORIN, BALIN, DWALIN and BOMBUR

Far over the Misty Mountains cold to dungeons deep and caverns old we must away, ere break of day, to find our long-forgotten gold.

BALIN

The pines were roaring on the height, the winds were moaning in the night.

The fire was red, it flaming spread; the trees like torches blazed with light.

DWALIN

The bells were ringing in the dale and men looked up with faces pale; the dragon's ire more fierce than fire laid low their towers and houses frail.

THORIN

The Mountain smoked beneath the moon; the dwarves, they heard the tramp of doom.

They left their hall to dying fall beneath his feet, beneath the moon.

ALL THE DWARVES

Far over the Misty Mountains cold to dungeons deep and caverns dim we must away, ere break of day, to win our harps and gold from him!

Bilbo rises hastily, and the music suddenly stops

THORIN Where are you going?

BILBO How about some light?

ÓIN We like the dark.

GLÓIN Dark for dark business!

BILBO Of course!

He sits down again by the fire, knocking a plate off the table as he does so

GANDALF Hush! Let Thorin speak!

Thorin rises imperiously at the head of table

THORIN Gandalf, dwarves and Mr Baggins! We are met together here today to discuss our ways, means, plans, policy and devices. We shall soon, ere break of day, set out upon our long journey, from which some of us may never return. It is a solemn moment...

He is rudely interrupted as Bilbo leaps up with a sudden scream

BILBO Ah, struck by lightning, struck by lightning!

Gandalf and Thorin leap up and hurry over to him. They carry him over towards the right and place two chairs together as a couch. They lay him down on them and then turn back towards the table

GANDALF Funny queer fellow; gets excitable little fits, but he is one of the best.

GLÓIN [sceptically] Humph! I think it sounded more like light than excitement! He looks more like a grocer than a burglar!

Gandalf is about to make some sarcastic retort, when Bilbo suddenly raises himself from his couch

BILBO Pardon me. I think I am right in believing that you think I am no good. I will show you. [He stands up, adopting a conscientiously heroic posture] Tell me what you want done, and I will try it, even if I have to walk from here to the East of East.

Suddenly nerves overcome his resolve, and he tries once again to discover once more what this is all about

But first I would like to know a bit more about things.

THORIN Oh, very well!...Long ago, in my grandfather Thrór's time, our family was driven out of the far north, and came with all their wealth and tools to Erebor, the Lonely Mountain. There they mined and tunnelled and made huge halls and great workshops, and my grandfather was King under the Mountain, and was treated with great reverence by the mortal men, who lived in the merry town of Dale in the valley beneath the Mountain. So my grandfather's halls became full of armour and jewels and carvings and cups, and his fame spread far abroad. Undoubtedly that was what brought the Dragon. One day, the great Dragon of the North, Smaug, came south. The first we heard of it was a noise like a hurricane coming from the north, and the pine trees on the mountains cracking and groaning in the wind. Some of the dwarves who happened to be outside—I was one—saw the Dragon settle on our mountain in a spout of flame. Then he came down the slopes and when he reached the woods they all went up in fire. The dwarves rushed out of their Great Gate; but there was the Dragon waiting for them. None escaped that way. The river roared up in steam and a fog fell upon Dale, and in the fog the Dragon came upon them and destroyed the town. The few of us that were outside sat and wept in hiding, and cursed Smaug; and there we were joined by my father and grandfather with singed beards. They looked very grim but said very little. When I asked how they had got away, they told me that they had a side door which only they had known about. [The dwarves murmur in confirmation of his story] After that, we went away; but we have never forgotten our stolen treasure. And now, we mean to get it back!

Bilbo stares at Gandalf and Thorin in great excitement, as the wizard and dwarves gather round him

ALL OF THE DWARVES

Far over the Misty Mountains cold
to dungeons deep and caverns old...

GANDALF and BILBO

We must away, ere break of day!

ALL OF THE DWARVES

We must away, ere break of day,
to find our long-forgotten gold!

There is great excitement. The inner curtain falls

[5] Scene Three

Slowly the area in front of the inner curtain is illuminated, and we see dimly a river which flows to the left, and a thick forest on its banks. We are out in the wild, some months later. As the scene lights up further we see the encampment of the dwarves by the river bank. It is a night of heavy rain; the dwarves huddle beneath the trees, and Óin and Glóin are unsuccessfully attempting to light a fire. Bilbo sits apart towards the front

BILBO To think it will be June the first tomorrow! Oh, bother adventures and everything to do with them! I wish I was at home, with the kettle just beginning to sing!
THORIN [towards the back] Where on earth are we going to get a dry patch to sleep on?

Looking out into the forest, Balin points out in the direction of a warm light

BALIN There's a light over there!

Thorin leaps up with both concern and interest

THORIN Where?

BALIN There!

The inner curtain has risen again, although a gauze still covers the back of the stage. To the right of the stage a fire may be seen growing in a clearing of the forest, although the light is still not enough to see clearly. Beyond this, hidden in the darkness and invisible, there is a high cliff with a cave in it

BOMBUR Well? Shall we go and see?

DORI Yes.

NORI No!

ÓIN These parts are none too well known.

BIFUR And are too near the mountains.

ORI The less inquisitive you are as you go along, the less trouble you find.

FILI After all there are fourteen of us.

THORIN Where has Gandalf got to?

There is a sudden stop to the arguments as they realise that Gandalf is not there

BALIN Gandalf?...

DWALIN [calling into the darkness] Gandalf!

NORI Just when a wizard would have been most useful, too!

GLÓIN After all, we have got a burglar.

BOFUR Let him go on and find out all about that light.

THORIN Yes!...Scuttle off, and come back quick, if you find all is well! If not, come back if you can!

He pushes Bilbo off into the woods. At once the light in the river encampment fades and vanishes into obscurity. At the same time the gauze rises and the light of the fire in the clearing slowly grows. The hobbit creeps carefully along through the tree towards the fire. In the growing light the three trolls, Bert, Tom and William, are seen sitting around the fire, chewing at hunks of meat, pulling at mugs of beer, and wiping their mouths on their sleeves. Bilbo peers through the trees and starts at the sight of the monstrous creatures. He turns as if to make off, but remains hesitantly on the edge of the clearing

BERT Mutton yesterday, mutton today, and blimey if it don't look like mutton again tomorrow!

TOM Never a decent bit of manflesh we had for long enough. What the 'ell William was a-thinkin' of to bring us into these parts at all, beats me—and the drink runnin' short, what's more!

WILLIAM Shut yer mouth! Yer can't expect folk to stop here for ever just to be et by you and Bert. You've et a village and a half between yer, since we come down from the mountains. How much more d'yer want? Blimey!...

He has suddenly seen Bilbo, who turns to run but is collared by William before he has even moved two paces

BILBO !!

WILLIAM Bert! Look what I've copped!

TOM What is it?

WILLIAM Lumme, if I knows! What are yer?

Shaking all over with fear, Bilbo struggles to answer correctly

BILBO Bilbo Baggins, a bur...a hobbit.

Bert stares at the hobbit, visibly confused by the reply

BERT A burrahobbit?

WILLIAM Can yer cook 'em?

TOM Yer can try.

WILLIAM He wouldn't make above a mouthful, not when he was skinned and boned.

BERT P'raps there are more like him round about, and we might make a pie. Here, you, are there any more of your sort a-sneakin' in these here woods?

BILBO Yes, lots!...no, none at all!

BERT What d'yer mean?

BILBO What I say!—and please don't cook me, my dear sirs!

WILLIAM Poor little blighter! Let him go!

BERT Not till he says what he means by lots and none at all! Hold his toes in the fire, till he talks!

WILLIAM I won't have it!

BERT Fat fool!

WILLIAM Lout!

They immediately forget Bilbo, and Bert and William start a brawling fight, with Tom rushing round on the outside trying to separate them. Bilbo ducks back into the shadow of the trees. In the middle of

the fight, Balin looks anxiously into the clearing. Bilbo sees him and starts to edge his way around the fighting trolls. He has just edged behind a tree, when Tom suddenly sees Balin

TOM A sack, Bert, quick!

Bert grabs a sack; Tom collars Balin and pushes him inside it, rapidly tying the neck of the sack

Lots and none at all, it is. No burrahobbits, but lots of these here dwarves.

BERT That's the shape of it.

WILLIAM We'd better get out of the light.

They all creep behind the trees, when Dwalin comes up

DWALIN Balin? Bilbo?...

Suddenly Tom pulls a sack over his head and pulls him into the shadows.

Almost at once Fili and Kil come up, looking rather suspicious. At the sight of the empty clearing and fire they halt. Fili goes over towards the cliff, when Tom grabs Kili

KILI Look out!

Fili turns round to help him, but as Tom drags him into the shadows William comes up behind Fili and seizes him. Both are bundled off into the shadows, but William is still in the light when Dori, Ori and Nori come up. They too are quickly seized and pulled behind the trees. The trolls come forward into the wood, just as Óin, Glóin, Bifur, Bofur and Bombur come up in a group. They are at first puzzled as to how to deal with such a large number, but at last creep out as the dwarves are gathered around the fire, discussing the situation in low voices. Tom grabs Óin, William grabs Glóin and Bert takes Bofur, but Bifur and Bombur turn on them and start to hit them. However, the trolls, having subdued their chosen victims, have no difficulty in knocking them over and tying them up in a pile at the edge of the clearing. They are still completing the binding when Thorin appears at the edge of the light

THORIN What's all this?

BILBO [from behind a tree] Trolls!

THORIN Oh! Is it?

He jumps forward to the fire, seizes a branch from it, and thrusts it into Bert's face. Bilbo comes out from the shadows and grabs Tom's leg, throwing him backwards into the fire, but William comes up behind Thorin and seizes him, rapidly binding him. Bilbo slips back into the trees

BERT That'll teach them!

GANDALF [from the trees at the far right] No good roasting them now, it'd take all night.

BERT Don't start the argument again, Bill, or it will take all night.

WILLIAM Who's a-arguin'?

BERT You're!

WILLIAM You're a liar!

TOM [trying to quell the argument] Well, then, we'll mince them fine and boil them!

GANDALF No good boilin' them! We ain't got no water, and it's a long way to the well an' all.

WILLIAM [to Bert] Shut up, or we'll never have done!

TOM [to Bert] And yer can fetch the water yerself, if yer says any more.

BERT [to William] Shut up yerself! Who's arguin' but you, I'd like to know. We'll sit on them—

WILLIAM —and squash them—

TOM —and boil them one by one!

GANDALF Which shall we sit on first?

BERT Better sit on the last fellow first.

TOM Which is he?

BERT The one with yellow stockings.

GANDALF Nonsense, the one with green stockings.

BERT I made sure it was yellow.

WILLIAM Yellow it was.

BERT Then what did you say it was green for?

WILLIAM I never did. Tom said it.

TOM That I never did. It was you.

BERT Two to one, so shut yer mouth!

WILLIAM Who are you a-talkin' to?

TOM and BERT Now stop it!

The look anxiously towards the east

TOM, BERT and WILLIAM Night's gettin' on, and dawn comes early. Let's get on with it!

GANDALF Dawn take you all, and be stone to you!

The trolls turn round in amazement towards the trees: and the sun rises. As they look at Gandalf coming out into the clearing, all three freeze into stone as the sun breaks through the trees

Excellent!

Bilbo creeps out nervously into the clearing and begins to untie the dwarves, who creep slowly out of their sacks and stare at Gandalf, who has walked up to the cliff where in the morning light the door can be seen of a cave. The dwarves, as soon as they are released, go up to the cave and inside. As the final members of the group vanish into the cave, Thorin walks up to Gandalf and delays him

THORIN Where did you get to, if I may ask?

GANDALF To look ahead.

THORIN And what brought you back in the nick of time?

GANDALF Looking behind.

THORIN Exactly!...but could you be more plain?

GANDALF I went on to spy out our road, but I had not gone far before I met a couple of Elrond's folk from Rivendell. They told me that three trolls had come down from the mountains and camped in the woods by the river. I immediately had a feeling that I was wanted back. Looking behind, I saw a light in the distance and made for it. So now you know.

THORIN Thank you!

The dwarves have come out from the cave, Bilbo carrying a small dagger with jewels on the hilt, and Fili and Kili with two great swords which they present with ceremony to Thorin and Gandalf

GANDALF These look like good blades. If we could read the runes on them...

FILI But let's get out of this horrible smell! Gandalf laughs slightly, and leads Bilbo and the dwarves back towards the camp by the river. The curtain falls

[6] Scene Four

As the curtain rises the valley of Rivendell is seen, shrouded in darkness. The dwarves are gathered with Gandalf and Bilbo as from the trees comes the sound of music

Voices of ELVES

Oh! Where are you going, and what are you doing? Your ponies need shoeing! The river is flowing!

Oh tra la la lally down here in the valley! Oh! What are you seeking, and where are you making? The faggots are reeking, the bannocks are baking!

Oh tril lil lil lolly the valley is jolly ha ha!

Oh! Where are you going with beards all a-wagging? No knowing, no knowing what brings Mister Baggins and Balin and Dwalin down into the valley in June, ha! ha!

Oh! Will you be staying, or will you be flying? Your ponies are straying, the daylight is dying! To fly would be folly, to stay would be jolly and listen and hark to the end of the dark to our tune, ha! ha!

At last Glorfindel steps out of the trees to welcome them

GLORFINDEL Welcome to the valley of Rivendell!

THORIN Thank you!

GLORFINDEL You had best go on foot to the house across the stream.

Voices of ELVES Mind Bilbo doesn't eat all the cakes! He is too fat to get through keyholes yet!

GANDALF Hush, hush! Good people! And good night!

He leads the party off to the left. The light fades and in the darkness the inner curtain rises

[7] Scene Five

The exterior of the House of Elrond in Imladris, he sits out at night beneath the stars. With him are Gandalf and Thorin, with Bilbo sitting below them. Elrond is looking at the swords of Gandalf and Thorin, inspecting them with curiosity

ELROND These are old swords of the High Elves of the West, my kin. They were made in Gondolin for the Goblin Wars.

This, Thorin, the runes name Orcrist, the Goblin-cleaver; this, Gandalf, was Glamdring, Foe-hammer, that the King of Gondolin once wore.

THORIN I shall keep this sword in honour. May it soon cleave goblins once again!

ELROND A wish that is likely soon enough to be granted in the mountains!... But now let me see your map!

Thorin produces the map and hands it to Elrond

ELROND What is this? There are moon-letters here upon the leaf.

BILBO What are moon-letters?

ELROND They can only be seen when the moon shines behind them, of the same shape and season as the day when they were written.

THORIN What do they say?

Elrond lifts the map and examines it closely before disclosing its secrets to the excited Thorin

ELROND Stand by the grey stone where the thrush knocks, and the setting sun of Durin's Day shall shine upon the keyhole."

THORIN We call it Durin's Day when the last moon of autumn and the sun are in the sky together. But it passes our skill in these days to guess when such a time shall come again.

GANDALF Is there any more writing?

Elrond folds the map carefully and hands it back to Thorin

ELROND None to be seen by this moon.

The light gradually fades as from behind the scene elves begin to sing

Voices of ELVES

To fly would be folly, to stay would be jolly and listen and hark to the end of the dark to our tune, ha! ha! ha!

As the singing stops abruptly, the scene falls into total darkness and the curtain falls

CD 2 RIDDLES IN THE DARK

[1] Scene One

A high pass in the Misty Mountains, a few weeks later. The light before the inner curtain shows a high rock wall, in the lee of which the company is attempting to rest. Behind them there gape dark fissures in the rock. Bilbo sits discontentedly at the front

BILBO The summer is getting on down below, and hay-making is going on, and picnics. They will be harvesting and blackberrying, before we even begin to go down the other side at this rate.

He lies down to sleep, as a flash of lightning flickers in the distance

[2] Scene Two

The violent thunderstorm is slowly dying away. The dwarves and Gandalf are seen to be fast asleep; only Bilbo is tossing restlessly in a nightmare, and muttering to himself

BILBO The crack...the crack...it opens...wider...wider...we are falling...falling...falling...ach!

The last scream wakes him and Gandalf up at once. Out from the rock wall emerge goblin guards, who seize at once on the sleeping company. But Gandalf grabs his staff, which has lain by his side, and immediately a violent flash of lightning strikes dead the guards who are capturing him. The rest bring out whips and drive their captives rapidly into the stone crack. The light at once goes out and total darkness descends, in which only the sound of the whips and the voices of the guards can be heard

Voices of GOBLINS

Clap! Snap! The black crack!
Grib! Grab! Pinch! Nab!
And down to Goblin-town
you go, my lad!
Clash! Crash! Crush! Smash!
Hammer and tongs! Knocker and gongs!
Pound, pound, far underground!
Hol! hol! my lad!
Swish, smack! Whip crack!
Batter and beat! Yammer and bleat!
Work, work! Nor dare to shriek,
while goblins quaff and goblins laugh
around and round far underground below,
my lad!

The inner curtain rises and the lights go up rapidly

[3] Scene Three

There is disclosed a large underground cavern with a great fire burning in the centre, and shadowy passages leading off in all directions. In this cavern there is a vast number of goblins, and above the fire on a large stone there sits the Great Goblin, with an enormously enlarged head, and armed guards about him with axes. As the lights rise the dwarves and hobbit are driven into the cavern; they are now chained and running before the whips. The Great Goblin beckons and they are brought before him

GREAT GOBLIN [whining] Who are these miserable creatures?

GOBLIN SLAVE DRIVER Dwarves...and this!

He pulls at Bilbo's chain, so that the hobbit falls to his knees

GREAT GOBLIN [obsequiously] What are you doing in my mountains? Up to no good, I'll warrant! Come! What have you got to say?

THORIN Thorin the dwarf at your service! We are on a journey to visit our relatives, our nephews and nieces, first, second and third cousins, and the other descendants of our grandfathers, who live on the east side of these truly hospitable mountains.

GOBLIN SLAVE DRIVER He is a liar, O truly tremendous one! For he has not explained this!

He holds Thorin's sword out to the Great Goblin; the latter takes one look at it, and rises from his seat in a towering rage

GREAT GOBLIN Murderers and Elf-friends! Slash them, beat them, bite them, gnash them! Take them away to dark holes full of snakes, and never let them see the light again!

As he stands alone in the centre, speechless with fury, the fire suddenly goes up in smoke. The goblins in the cavern scream; Gandalf rushes in, with his sword drawn, and transfixes the Great Goblin with one thrust. He then knocks the Slave Driver aside, and rushes off into the tunnel

GANDALF Follow me, quick!

The lights at once go out and the inner curtain falls. Gandalf leads the dwarves on through the tunnel, when he rapidly halts, cutting through the chains with his sword without difficulty and counting them as he does so

Are we all here? Where are Fili and Kili?

Here they are! Twelve, thirteen!—and

here's Mister Baggins: fourteen!

Almost at once a group of goblins carrying torches erupts onto the stage along the tunnel

Draw your sword, Thorin!

Thorin draws his sword, which Gandalf had handed back to him having snatched it from the Slave Driver, and he and Gandalf rush forward to meet the enemy. After a few moments more goblins arrive, and Gandalf suddenly turns

Follow me, everybody!

He runs rapidly off along the tunnel, followed by the others and with Thorin bringing up the rear. The goblins pursue them, and as their torches die away the light grows very dim. In the darkness something moves; and at last Bilbo is seen, alone. Slowly he struggles to his feet, and in his hand there is seen to be a golden ring which seems to shine with its own internal light. Slowly he looks at it, and then places it in his pocket. Then he draws his sword and, holding it out in front of him, trots off along the tunnel.

The light goes out and darkness envelops the stage

[4] Scene Four

Light now slowly begins to filter from the ceiling of the cavern above. It discloses a still lake of water stretching out into the distance. Bilbo hesitates on the edge of it, peering out and trying to see the far side. There is the sound of water dripping. Suddenly a gentle swish, as of oars in the lake, is heard offstage right. A small boat slowly comes into view, with Gollum paddling. Bilbo suddenly sees him and jumps, thrusting his sword in front of him

BILBO Who are you?

GOLLUM What iss he, my precious?

Bilbo recovering from his fright, looks with suspicion at the creature in front of him

BILBO I am Mister Bilbo Baggins, and don't know where I am.

GOLLUM What's he got in his handes?
BILBO A sword, a blade that came out of Gondolin!

GOLLUM Ssss!...p'raps we sits here and chats with it a bitsy, my precious. It likes riddles, does it?

BILBO Very well...you ask first.

GOLLUM

What has roots as nobody sees, is taller than trees, up, up it goes, and yet never grows?

BILBO Easy! Mountain, I suppose.

GOLLUM Does it guess easy? It must have a competition with us, precious! If it doesn't answer, we eats it; if we doesn't answer, we shows it the way out, precious!

BILBO All right!...

An eye in a blue face saw an eye in a green face.

That eye is like to this Eye, said the first eye, but in low place, not in high place.

GOLLUM Ss...ss...my precious...Sun on the daisies, it means, it does.

Alive without breath, as cold as death, never thirsty, ever drinking, clad in mail never clinking.

Bilbo is silent

Is it nice, precious? Is it juicy?

BILBO Half a moment!

GOLLUM It must make haste!

Suddenly, as Gollum comes to land, a fish jumps out of the water, startling Bilbo

BILBO Ach!...Fish, fish, it is fish!

A box without hinges, key or lid, yet golden treasure inside is hid.

GOLLUM [clambering back into his boat] Ssl...

BILBO [rather harshly, after waiting] Well?

GOLLUM Give us a chance...Eggses! eggsees it!

This thing all things devours: birds, beasts, trees, flowers, gnaws iron, bites steel, grinds hard stones to meal, slays king, ruins town, and beats high mountains down.

Bilbo is silent lost in thought. Gollum slowly draws in his boat and begins to clamber up the bank

BILBO Give me more time...more time...time...Time!

GOLLUM Ssl...

He climbs up to the top of the bank towards Bilbo, who draws back; but Gollum sits down beside him and whimpers

Just one more question to guess, yes.

Bilbo shudders, but is silent

Ask us! Ask us!

Bilbo's hand strays to his pocket and he stiffens

BILBO What have I got in my pocket?

GOLLUM Not fair! Not fair!

BILBO What have I got in my pocket?

GOLLUM Ss! Three guesses, my precious!

BILBO Very well, guess away!

GOLLUM [quickly] Handses!

BILBO Wrong! Guess again!

GOLLUM Ss!...Knife!

BILBO Wrong! Last guess!

GOLLUM Ss!...

BILBO Come on!

GOLLUM Ss!...

BILBO Time's up!

GOLLUM Sstring, or nothing!

BILBO Both wrong!

He jumps up, drawing his sword as

Gollum leaps at him. At the sight of it

Gollum shrieks and collapses

Well? I want to go. Show me the way.

GOLLUM Yes, yes. But...what has it got in its pocketsets?

BILBO Never your mind.

GOLLUM [begins to feel hastily in his own pocket] It must wait, it must.

BILBO Well, hurry up.

GOLLUM [suddenly shrieks] Where is it? Lost, curse us and crush us, lost!

BILBO What have you lost?

GOLLUM It musn't ask us!

BILBO Come along!

GOLLUM Not yet, precious!

BILBO But you never guessed, and you promised...

GOLLUM Never guessed!...Ss!

He rounds on Bilbo with an evil light in his eyes

What has it got in its pocketsets?

BILBO I asked first! What have you lost?

Gollum rushes at him with a shriek; Bilbo springs aside and rushes towards the tunnel

GOLLUM What has it got in its pocketsets?

Bilbo is trapped against the rock wall. He feels in his pocket wonderingly; as he does so, Gollum starts and stares

Curse it! Curse the Bagginses! What has it got in its pocketsets? Oh, we guess, yes, we guess, my precious! He's found it, yes he must have! My birthday present! How did we lose it? Curse it! It's gone from us, after all these ages and ages! It's gone, gollum, gollum!...The Baggins has got it, we says. But it doesn't know what the precious can do, does it? It doesn't know the way out. It said so. It said so, yes; but it's tricky. It knows the way in, it must know the way out. It's off to the Back Gate, it is. Then goblins will get it, gollum! They'll find out what it does. One of them will put it on, and then no one will see him; and he'll come tricky and catch us, gollum!...Then we must find the Bagginses! Make haste!

He rushes off at great speed as Bilbo follows, looking closely at his finger on which the golden ring is now glinting. The scene becomes dark

[5] Scene Five

A slow light grows from within the tunnel.

In it Gollum is seen, lying in the tunnel.

Bilbo is still behind. Another tunnel leads off to the back; Gollum is lying across the entrance

GOLLUM Seven right, six left, yess! This is it! This is the way out, yess! But we durstn't go on, precious! No, we durstn't. Lots of goblins. We smells them, ss!...

Bilbo slowly edges towards the tunnel entrance. Gollum stiffens and listens closely. As Bilbo gingerly tries to step over him, Gollum grabs at his leg. As his hands close on the leg, he screams and tries to grab at the hobbit but cannot find him; Bilbo struggles desperately, and with one final pull breaks free. As he does so Gollum gives a horrible cry
Thief, thief, thief, Baggins! We hates it, we hates it, we hates it for ever!

It becomes dark. Bilbo alone is seen hurrying forwards along the tunnel. Slowly the light grows and a great gate appears at the right. Bilbo sighs with relief, and takes off the ring. Suddenly there is a shout from behind the gate. Goblins are seen, silently guarding the gate; Bilbo puts his hand back in his pocket, and vanishes

GUARDS [variously] Ha!...Where is it?... Gone back up the passagel!...This way!... That way!

Goblin-Captain Look out for the door! *Bilbo slowly creeps through the door, by which the Captain is standing. He makes his way through into the sunlight outside, when suddenly the Captain gives a great shout*

There is a shadow by the door! Something is outside!

The Goblins charge back up the passage, yelling, but Bilbo is already outside. The Captain stands at the door and stares uncomprehendingly into the sunlight. The scene grows dark

[6] Scene Six

The inner curtain again rises, disclosing a woodland glade at the foot of the mountains. Five fir trees stand starkly outlined against the sky to the right; below these bushes cluster. In the bushes sit Gandalf and the dwarves, arguing in low voices

GANDALF After all, he is my responsibility. I wish to goodness he hadn't got lost.

THORIN I don't know why you brought him at all.

BIFUR He's been more trouble than use so far.

ON If we have to go back and look for him, then drat him, I say.

GANDALF I brought him, and I don't bring things that are no use. Either you help me, or I go and leave you here. Why on earth couldn't you pick him up, Dori?

DORI Good heavens, can you ask! Everybody ought to have followed. There was no time to count, as you know, till we were down here—without the burglar, confusticate him!

Bilbo suddenly steps out from behind a grouping of trees into the clearing. The dwarves, surprised, all turn to face the hobbit

BILBO And here's the burglar!

Thorin both startled and surprised, eyes the hobbit keenly

THORIN How did you get out?

BILBO Oh, just crept along, you know... slowly and quietly.

The dwarves look at each other in surprise and frank disbelief, but Gandalf is not at all displeased by the exhibition his protégé has just given of his skills

GANDALF What did I tell you? Mister Baggins has more about him than you guess...But we must be getting on. They will be out after us even now.

A howling of wolves is heard offstage to the left, very distant at first

Wolves! The wild Wargs! Up the trees, quick!

The dwarves rapidly scramble up the trees and perch in the branches. Only Bilbo is unable to reach high enough to gain a hold, and scuttles rapidly from tree to tree

NORI [to Dori, from a tree] You've left the burglar behind again!

DORI I can't always be carrying burglars! What do you think I am? A porter?

The wolf voices grow nearer

THORIN He'll be eaten if we don't do something! Dori! Be quick, and give Mister Baggins a hand up!

Dori scrambles quickly down and helps Bilbo up. As he does so, the first wolf trots into the clearing. Dori and Bilbo scramble up quickly, just as the wolf makes a bound at the tree. The wolves come pouring in and cluster round the trees, howling horribly. Suddenly from Gandalf's tree comes a streak of fire, which catches one wolf on the muzzle. At once the wolves turn and run; but, as one flees off stage left, the flames catch the scrub around the trees, which promptly flares up. The wolves run off to the left of the clearing, howling at the trees but not daring to come nearer. Suddenly down from the mountains a large company of Goblins comes rushing

GOBLINS

Ah ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!...

The wolves rush to meet the goblins, and the Goblins at once go off to the trees. Some go off and come back carrying brushwood, with which they feed the fires. While they do this, the rest stand around and sing

First Group

Fifteen birds in five fir-trees,
their feathers were fanned in a fiery breeze!
But funny little birds, they had no wings!
Oh, what shall we do with the poor little things?

Roast 'em alive, or put 'em in a pot,
fry 'em, boil 'em and eat 'em hot?
*As the second group of goblins appear,
they are seen carrying brushwood
towards the trees*

Second Group

Burn, burn, tree and fern!
Shrivel and scorch, a fizzling torch
to light the night for our delight, ya hoy!

First Group

Ah ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!...
*The flames are licking round the lower
branches of the trees. The dwarves
begin to clamber upwards. The Goblins
laugh at this; all now return to the
clearing*

Both groups

Bake and toast 'em, fry and roast 'em!
Till beards blaze, and eyes glaze;
till hair smells and skins crack,
fat melts, and bones black
in cinders lie beneath the sky!
So dwarves shall die,
and light the night for our delight, ya hoy!
ya harri hoy! ya hoy!

*Gandalf is now at the top of his tree, with
the flames licking up towards him. From
on high he raises his staff, which flashes
with lightning, and prepares to hurl
himself forward. Suddenly from above a
great Eagle sweeps down upon him and
bears him off. Many other eagles also
come swooping down and bear the
dwarves away; the Goblins stand and
shout, the wolves howl, but the eagles
sweep forward over the clearing and
begin to drive them away. The inner
curtain falls as Bilbo is borne away last
of all, and the trees erupt into great
blazing torches of fire*

[7] Scene Seven

*The light slowly discloses the eagles'
eyrie, high in the mountains. Precipitous
cliffs and chasms appear to rise and fall
away on all sides. Gandalf is standing on
the flat ledge of the eyrie; facing him is
the Lord of the Eagles, Gwaihir the
Windlord, a great golden eagle with a
crown. Other eagles are standing around*

LANDROVAL The Lord of the Eagles
bids you to bring your prisoners to the
Great Shelf!

*Other eagles fly in, carrying the dwarves.
Last of all Bilbo arrives and slumps onto
the flat rock*

BILBO Now I know what a piece of bacon
feels like when it is suddenly picked out
of the pan and put back on the shelf!

DORI No, you don't! because the bacon
will get put back in the pan sooner or
later, and it is to be hoped we shan't. Also
eagles aren't forks!

BILBO Oh no! not a bit like storks...
forks...

*He looks round nervously, but the eagle
takes no notice*

GWAIHIR Well, Gandalf, in gratitude for
your past services, I will do what you ask. I
will carry you and your company well on
your journey, and away from the
mountains.

GANDALF Very well! Take us where and
as far as you can! We are greatly obliged
to you.

GWAIHIR Then hence in haste!

*The eagles allow the dwarves to clamber
onto their backs, and Gandalf climbs up
on the neck of Gwaihir. Bilbo clammers
onto his eagle with severe misgivings
which are only too apparent*

LANDROVAL [to Bilbo] Don't pinch! You
need not be frightened like a rabbit, even if
you look like one!

*With slow wingbeats the eagles rise into
the air. They are silhouetted against the
rising sun as the curtain falls*

QUEER LODGINGS

[8] Scene One

*As the curtain rises, the scene is
shrouded in mist, through which the
eagles and their passengers are seen
flying. Quickly, however, the mists
disperse and the eagles settle to the
ground. There is a suggestion of open
grassland and trees in the distance, but
most of the scene is taken up by a high
rock pinnacle on the left, with a branch of
the shallow river winding about its feet.
The eagles rapidly set down the
dwarves, Gandalf and Bilbo, on the near
side of the river and rise into the sky*

GWAIHIR and LANDROVAL Farewell,
wherever you fare, till your eyries receive
you at your journey's end!

GANDALF May the wind under your
wings bear you where the sun sails and the
moon walks.

*The eagles disappear. Gandalf leads the
dwarves to the stream, where they sit
down and drink*

I meant to see you safely over the
Mountains, but now we are a good deal
further east than ever I meant to come with
you; after all, this is not my adventure. In
the meantime, I have some other pressing
business to attend to.

*Thorin, who is drinking at the stream,
leaps up with a spluttered exclamation*

Don't worry! I am not going to disappear
this very instant. I need a little help myself.
There is somebody that I know of, who
lives not far away; we must go and see
him. And, if all goes well, I shall be off.

THORIN But do not go! I offer you
dragon-gold and silver and jewels!

GANDALF [laughing] We shall see, we
shall see!

BILBO [nervously] Who is this
somebody?

GANDALF A very great person; and you
must be careful not to annoy him. He can
be appalling when he is angry. I shall
introduce you slowly, two by two. His name
is Beorn, and he is a skin-changer.
Sometimes he is a big black bear, and
sometimes a great man with huge arms. I
think you had better wait here, and when I
begin to whistle come after me; but only in
pairs, about five minutes between them.
Bombur is fattest and will do for two, so he
can come last. Come on, Mister Baggins!

*He sets off at a brisk stride, with the
hobbit struggling to keep up. The
dwarves look at each other in perplexity.
The light fades quickly*

[9] Scene Two

*The inner curtain rises. There is
disclosed a great wooden hall in the
house of Beorn. Low tables and stools
are spread across the back; in the
foreground there are a few stools on a
high veranda. On one of these stools sits
Beorn, a great man with muscular legs
and arms. Gandalf and Bilbo enter
nervously behind. As they enter, Beorn
turns scowling round*

BEORN Who are you, and what do you
want?

GANDALF I am Gandalf...

BEORN Never heard of him; and who's
this little fellow?

GANDALF This is Mister Bilbo Baggins, a
hobbit of good family and unimpeachable
reputation. I am a wizard.

BEORN H'm! Well, now I know who you
are, or who you say you are. What do you
want?

GANDALF [confidentially] To tell you the
truth, we are rather in need of help. We
have had rather a bad time with goblins in
the mountains...it's a long tale.

BEORN Then you'd better sit down and
tell me some of it.

GANDALF I was coming over the
mountains with a friend or two...

BEORN Or two? I can only see one, and
a little one at that.

GANDALF Well...to tell you the truth, I
didn't want to bother you with a lot of us, if
you were busy. I will call, if I may.

BEORN Go on, call away!

*Gandalf gives a shrill whistle, and almost
at once Thorin and Dori appear with low
bows*

One or two you meant, But these are
dwarves!

THORIN Thorin Oakenshield at your
service!

DORI Dori at your service!

BEORN And what are you up to?

GANDALF They were on their way to visit
the lands of their fathers, and we were
crossing the mountains when we were
attacked...as I was telling you. There was a
terrible storm; and at the head of the pass
we took refuge in a cave, the hobbit and I
and several of our companions...

BEORN Do you call two several? Where are the others? Killed, eaten, gone home?
GANDALF Well...no. Shy, I expect. You see...

BEORN Go on, whistle again!

Gandalf does as he bids, and at once

Nori and Ori enter, also bowing low

NORI Nori at your service!

ORI Ori at your...

BEORN Thank you! When I want your service I will ask for it. Sit down, and let's get on with this tale.

GANDALF As soon as we were asleep, goblins came out and grabbed us and our troop of ponies...

BEORN Troop? Do you always call six a troop?

GANDALF As a matter of fact there were... well...

Balin and Dwalin have entered. Beorn starts up angrily, and the two dwarves collapse almost to the floor. They rapidly rise and start bowing deeply to Beorn, who sits down and laughs

BEORN Troop! A fine comic troop! And what are your names?

BALIN Balin...

DWALIN Dwalin...

BEORN Now go on again!

GANDALF Oh, yes...I was not grabbed. I slipped inside and followed down into the main hall. The Great Goblin was there, and I thought what could a dozen do against his guards?

BEORN A dozen! That's the first time I've ever heard eight called a dozen...

GANDALF Well, there's another couple here now...Fili and Kili, I believe.

BEORN That's enough! Sit down! Now go on, Gandalf!

GANDALF So I sent the fire up in flames and killed the Great Goblin...

BEORN [chortling gleefully] Killed the Great Goblin, killed the Great Goblin!

GANDALF ...and rushed out down to the Back Gate. We counted ourselves and found that there was no hobbit. There were only fourteen of us left!

BEORN Fourteen! You mean nine, or else you haven't told me yet all your party.

GANDALF Well, of course you haven't seen Óin and Glóin yet...and bless me! here they are!

The two appear and bow to Beorn, at once taking their seats on the floor

BEORN Oh, hurry up! Come along and sit down! But now, Gandalf, please get on with the tale!

GANDALF Anyway, Mister Baggins joined us and we were going on, when the wolves forced us to take refuge up the trees. Then

the goblins came down and sang songs making fun of us: *Fifteen birds in five fir trees...*

BEORN Good heavens! Don't pretend that goblins can't count. They can. Twelve isn't fifteen and they know it.

GANDALF And so do I. There were Bifur and Bofur as well...

They enter, and are at once followed by a breathless and much hurried Bombur

BOMBUR And me! I'm not waiting by myself!

BEORN Ha ha! Well, there are fifteen! Ha ha! And perhaps we can finish this story without any more interruptions.

GANDALF Fortunately Gwaihir the Windlord and his eagles heard the clamour and drove the goblins and wolves off. They set us down not far from here, at the Carrock. And so here we are.

BEORN A very good tale! The best I have heard in a long time. Well, Gandalf, this is what I will do for you. I will provide steeds for each of you for your journey to the great forest of Mirkwood, which lies four days to the east; and food to last you for weeks with care. But your way through Mirkwood is dark, dangerous and difficult; for I doubt very much whether anything you find in the forest will be safe to eat or to drink. There is one stream there, I know, black and strong, which crosses the path. That you should neither drink of, nor bathe in: for I have heard that it carries enchantment and a great drowsiness and forgetfulness. And in the dim shadows of that place you must never stray from the path, for any reason. I wish you all speed.

THORIN We are at your service, O master of the wide wooden halls!
Beorn now bows to him with a renewed respect, as the inner curtain falls quickly

[10] Interlude: *The Wind was on the Withered Heath*

The inner curtain rises to disclose the same scene. Beorn is sitting in a great chair. Around him the dwarves sit, each with their instruments as before. Gandalf and Bilbo sit to one side, also listening to the music

All the DWARVES

The wind was on the withered heath,
but in the forest stirred no leaf;
there shadows lay by night and day,
and dark things silent crept beneath.

BALIN

The wind came down from mountains cold,
and like a tide it roared and rolled;
the branches groaned, the forest moaned,
and leaves were laid upon the mould.

DWALIN

The wind went on from west to east;
all movement in the forest ceased,
but shrill and harsh across the marsh
its whistling voices were released.

ÓIN

The grasses hissed, their tassels bent,
the reeds were rustling; on it went
o'er shaken pool under heavens cool
where racing clouds were torn and rent.

GLÓIN

It passed the Lonely Mountain bare
and swept above the dragon's lair;
there black and dark lay boulders stark
and flying smoke was in the air.

All the DWARVES

It left the world and took its flight
over the wide seas of the night.

The moon set sail upon the gale,
the stars were fanned to leaping light.

Beorn smiles his appreciation, and once again the inner curtain falls. Total darkness spreads across the stage

[11] Scene Three

There slowly becomes discernible the entrance to the path through the thick forest of Mirkwood. Day dawns gently, and it is still twilight as Gandalf comes on, leading the dwarves with Bilbo last. He turns to the dwarves

GANDALF Well, here is Mirkwood! The greatest of the forests of the Northern World. I hope you like the look of it. Now, I must leave you. I have, as I have told you, pressing business away south; we may meet again, or then again we may not. Stick to the path, keep your spirits up, and one day you may come out and see the Lonely Mountain where dear old Smaug lives, though I hope he is not expecting you.

THORIN Very comforting you are to be sure! If you won't come with us, you had better get off without any more talk!

GANDALF Goodbye then, all of you! Straight through the forest is your way now. *He strides rapidly off and the sound of his horse is heard in rapid retreat. The dwarves remain in sullen silence*

GANDALF [his voice heard from the far distance] Goodbye! Be good, take care of yourselves...and don't leave the path!

THORIN [in dismay] O goodbye and go away!...

He slowly stands up and gives a signal to the company. They pick up their packs and begin to follow him into the forest. The curtain falls

End of Part One



PART TWO FIRE AND WATER

CD 3 FLIES AND SPIDERS

[1] Scene One

The stage is in almost total darkness as the curtain rises. Gazues cover the whole scene. Slowly there becomes visible towards the right of the stage a black river flowing between two tree-covered banks. A boat is seen drawing in to the river bank. Fili is hauling it up, while looking dubiously at the damp rope attached to the bow. Then there is seen the company of dwarves with Thorin and Bilbo in the lead, having crossed the river bank and peering forward in the gloom. Balin has taken up a position as lookout; and as Dwalin and Bombur come to land he gives an exclamation

THORIN I don't suppose the magic is strong enough to hurt you, if you just touch a bit of wet rope.

Fili winds up the rope while the dwarves step ashore

BALIN What's that? I thought I saw a twinkle of light in the forest.

They all look, and a longish way off it seems a small red light glints through the trees; but it is some way off the path

THORIN A feast would be no good, if we never got back alive from it.

BOMBUR But without a feast we shan't remain alive much longer anyway.

KILI And hark! the music of the singing and the harps!

They listen, and distant voices are heard in song, with a rushing music of harps intermingled with it. At once Bombur plunges off into the forest; after only a moment's hesitation Thorin and the rest follow him. At once it grows dark, and the river disappears. The light in the forest grows steadily brighter. In it there is seen a great gathering of Wood-Elves; at their head is Thranduil the Elvenking, with his butler Galion at his side. The singing and harping are brilliant, and the feast is at its height. All the scene is decked with flowers. And then suddenly Thorin steps from the shadows into their midst. At once the lights go out and the music ceases. A deathly silence envelops the forest; and then the dwarves all cry out in terror

The DWARVES [variously] Ahh! Bilbo! — Balin! — Dwalin! — Fili! — Kili! — Dori! — Ori! — Nori! — Óin! — Glóin! — Bifur! — Bofur! — Bombur! — Thorin
Oakenshield!...

Slowly in the total darkness these voices die away. And then, suddenly in the distance they change. The dwarves are heard pleading from a far distance
Help, help! Help, help! Help, help!...

And then silence envelops the forest once more. In the darkness there is a flicker of light. This resolves itself as a lantern, held by an Elf. He stops, and looks around; and sees in the light the body of Thorin lying on the ground. He beckons into the trees, and two other elves come and bear the sleeping dwarf away. Darkness again falls. Light then begins to grow in the same place; in it there is seen Bilbo, also lying on the ground. And then it is seen that something is on top of him: an enormous spider, busily typing him up. Suddenly the prisoner stirs. He sees the spider and jumps up, drawing his sword. With one stroke he stabs the spider between the eyes. It jerks up and down in frenzy until he stabs it again, when it suddenly lies still. He looks at his sword with a new wonder

BILBO I will give you a name, and I will call you Sting.

He sheathes the sword and slowly sets off in pursuit of the dwarves. As he passes out of the circle where the feast was held, the light fades and the stage returns to darkness

[2] Scene Two

Light now grows in yet another part of the forest. When the light reaches its greatest extent, there will be dimly seen a large clearing in the forest, bedecked with cobwebs which hang between the trees. At first, however, most of this clearing is not visible: all that can be seen is a large tree at the far right of the stage. From this there hang twelve bundles, with hands and feet sticking out: these are the twelve remaining dwarves—Balin, Dwalin, Dori, Ori, Nori, Fili, Kili, Óin, Glóin, Bifur, Bofur and Bombur at the end of the branch. On the trunk of the tree there are clustered four spiders

First SPIDER It was a sharp struggle, but worth it. What nasty thick skins they have to be sure, but I'll wager there is good meat inside.

Second SPIDER Aye, they'll make good eating, when they've hung a bit.

Third SPIDER Don't hang 'em too long; they're not as fat as they might be. Been feeding none too well of late, I guess.

Fourth SPIDER Kill 'em, I say: kill 'em and hang 'em dead for a while.

First SPIDER They're dead now, I'll warrant.

Fourth SPIDER That they are not. I saw one a-strugglin' just now. Just coming round again, I should say, after a bee-autiful sleep. I'll show you.

It runs out along the branch, towards Bombur. It hovers over the limp body for a moment, and then the dwarf gives a muffled yell and kicks out at the spider, which falls off the branch on its thread

Second SPIDER You were quite right!

Third SPIDER The meat's alive and kicking!

Fourth SPIDER [climbing back onto the branch] I'll soon put a stop to that.

Suddenly from the darkness comes a burst of song

BILBO Old fat spider spinning in a tree! Old fat spider can't see me!

Attercop! Attercop!
won't you stop,
stop your spinning and look for me?
Old Tomnoddy, all big body,
old Tomnoddy can't spy me!
Attercop! Attercop!
down you drop!

You'll never find me up your tree!

At the sound of the voice all four spiders freeze. Then there comes a stone flying out of the dark, and the Fourth Spider falls off the branch dead, with all its legs curled up. At once the other three scuttle off into the shadows. Bilbo comes into the light and climbs up the tree. He comes to the first bundle and releases Fili; at once the young dwarf springs up to the branch and begins to cut the others loose. But no more than four have been released when a sudden hiss makes those four swing round. The light grows much brighter, and in the clearing there is seen a great gathering of spiders crawling rapidly towards them

SPIDERS So now we see you, you nasty little creature! We will eat you and leave your bones and skin hanging on a tree. Ugh! he's got a sting, has he? Well, we'll get him just the same, and then we'll hang him head downwards for a day or two.

Fili and the other three dwarves begin hastily to release the other prisoners; Bilbo looks on with despair for a moment, and then turns to Balin who stands beside him

BILBO I am going to disappear. I shall draw the spiders off, if I can; and you must keep together and make off in the opposite direction.

He draws out his ring and suddenly vanishes. Balin stares for a moment, and then gathers the dwarves for a final attack. Bilbo's voice is heard in the distance

Lazy Lob and Crazy Cob
are weaving webs to bind me.

I'm far more sweet than other meat,
but still they cannot find me!

Here am I, naughty little fly;
you are fat and lazy.

You cannot catch me, though you try,
in your cobwebs crazy.

The spiders, at the sound of his voice, swarm off towards him. The dwarves make good their escape. But no sooner are they leaving the clearing when a sudden cry brings them to a halt. A troop of eleven guards emerge from the trees and bend their bows on the dwarves. Balin at once stops, and the dwarves are

quickly bound and marched off as prisoners. The scene is much darker again. Bilbo suddenly emerges from the shadows, still wearing the ring, and starts as he sees the dwarves led away. After a moment's hesitation he follows them. The inner curtain falls as total darkness covers the scene

[3] Scene Three

The lights rise before the inner curtain to show the great judgement hall of the Elvenking Thranduil. The King is seated on his throne, crowned with a pattern of golden leaves. Around him stand his courtiers, with Galion and the Captain of the Guard. The Captain signs to one of the guards, and Thorin is brought in. The King looks sternly at him

THRANDUIL Why did you and your folk try to attack my people at their merrymaking?

THORIN We came to beg food, because we were starving.

THRANDUIL What were you doing in the forest?

THORIN Looking for food and drink, because we were starving.

THRANDUIL But what brought you into the forest at all?

Thorin is silent. The King turns to the Captain of the Guard

Very well! Take him away and keep him safe until he feels inclined to tell the truth, even if he waits a hundred years.

Thorin is taken out. At once the other dwarves are brought in; they look at Thorin with wonder, and then Balin turns angrily to the King

BALIN What have we done, O King? Is it a crime to be lost in the forest, to be trapped by spiders, to be hungry and thirsty?

THRANDUIL [even more angrily] It is a crime to wander in my realm without leave. After all the disturbance you have made I have a right to know what brings you here; and if you will not tell me now, I will keep you all in prison until you have learned sense and manners!

He signs to the Captain of the Guard, and they are taken out. At once Bilbo enters, alone, still wearing the ring. He crosses the stage and follows the dwarves out. By their manner the King and his court make it quite clear that he is unseen. As Bilbo passes through the door towards the dungeons, the light fades quickly

[4] Scene Four

The cells of the Elvenking's palace. At the back is the row of dungeons. Around them are stacked many barrels containing butter, apples, fruits, wine and other commodities; also many empty barrels. At the far left of the stage is a trap-door down into the river below. On one of the barrels, wearing the ring, sits Bilbo with his head despondently in his

hands. On the other side of the room, working with blind disregard to his presence, is Galion the butler. He is inspecting wine barrels, and finally rolls one forward. At that moment the Captain of the Guard comes along, inspecting the cells. Galion hails him as he walks past

GALION Hi, captain! Come here, and taste the new wine that has just come in. I shall be hard at work tonight clearing the cellars of the empty wood, so let us have a drink first to help the labour!

ELVEN CAPTAIN Very good! I'll taste with you, and see if it is fit for the King's table. There is a feast tonight, and it would not do to send up poor stuff!

The butler draws out two great flagons, and pours wine from the tap into them. He hands one to the Captain, and both drink deeply. The Captain sits down on an empty barrel behind Bilbo; the butler sits down opposite him. Both drink again. Bilbo very gingerly steps down beside the Captain and gently draws his keys from his belt. The butler stops and stares, and then, shaking his head, drinks again. He goes off and draws two more flagons. He looks at the keys hanging to him apparently in mid-air, and again shakes his head. Both drink deeply again. But almost at once the Captain falls asleep. The butler looks at the keys again, shakes his head, and falls asleep in mid-yawn. At once Bilbo darts across and opens the nearest cell door. The dwarves come out quickly and group themselves round Bilbo

THORIN Upon my word! Gandalf spoke true, as usual! a pretty fine burglar you make, it seems, when the time comes. I am sure we are all forever at your service. But what comes next?

BILBO [indicating the barrels] These barrels are to be floated down tonight to Lake-town; this trap door leads straight to the river. If I packed you each inside them...

THORIN We shall be bruised and battered to pieces, and drowned too, for certain! I thought you had got some sensible notion; this is a mad idea!

BILBO Very well! Come along back to your nice cells, and I will lock you all in again, and you can sit there and think of a better plan; but I don't suppose I shall ever get hold of the keys again, even if I feel inclined to try.

Thorin, with a gesture of resignation, goes and chooses a roomy barrel for himself. The dwarves help each other in, and place the lids on. Bilbo meanwhile goes over and puts the keys back in the Captain's belt. He turns to find Thorin, who nods to him that all the others have been packed in their barrels. Then he gets in his large barrel, Bilbo places the lid, and all is quiet for a moment. Distant voices are heard along the corridors

First ELF Where's old Galion, the butler?

Fourth ELF I haven't seen him at the tables tonight.

Sixth ELF He ought to be here by now to show us what is to be done.

Third ELF I shall be angry if the old slowcoach is late. I have no wish to be wasting time down here while the song is up!

Six elves come on, ready to roll the empty barrels into the river. As they see the butler, they rush forward with shouts of laughter and derision

Second ELF Ha ha! here's the old villain with his head on a jug! He's been having a little feast all to himself and his friend the Captain.

Fifth ELF Shake him! Wake him! **GALION** [waking up] You're all late.

Here I am waiting and waiting down here, while you fellows make merry and forget your duties. No wonder if I fall asleep from weariness!

First ELF Small wonder, when the explanation lies close at hand in a jug!

Fourth ELF No need to wake the turnkey yonder. He's had his share by the look of it!

They go over to the barrels and begin to roll them down through the trapdoor

First ELF Save us, Galion! you began your feasting early and muddled your wits! You have stacked some full casks here instead of empty ones, if there is anything in weight.

GALION Get on with the work! There is nothing in the feeling of an idle tosspot's arms. These are the ones to go and no others. Do as I say!

Fourth ELF Very well! On your head be it, if the king's full butter-tubs and his best wine is pushed into the river for the Lake-men to feast on for nothing!

All the ELVES

Down the swift dark stream you go, back to the lands you once did know!

Leave the halls and caverns deep, leave the northern mountains steep where the forest wide and dim stoops in shadows grey and grim!

Float beyond the world of trees out into the whispering breeze,

past the rushes, past the reeds, past the marsh's waving weeds,

through the mist that rises white up from pool and mere at night!

Follow, follow, stars that leap up the heavens cold and steep;

turn when dawn comes over land, over rapid, over sand,

South away! and South away! seek the sunlight and the day!

Back to pasture, back to mead where the kine and oxen feed!

back to gardens on the hills where the berry swells and fills

under sunlight, under day! South away! and South away!

Down the swift dark stream you go, back to the lands you once did know!

The scene grows rapidly dark. The inner curtain falls as the last barrel is pushed through the door

[5] Scene Five

By the lake shore. Water is seen lapping against a wooden hall; this is the Great Hall of the Master of Lake-town. It is dusk, and a group of guards led by Bard stand on the door of the hall. At first all is still; but soon the waves and current bring the barrels to land. Bilbo is seen riding on one of them. As soon as he comes ashore he sets to work and frees about six dwarves, including Thorin, Fili, Kili, Balin and Dwalin. As soon as these are free he leaves Balin and Dwalin to unpack the other dwarves from their barrels, and he and Thorin, Fili and Kili go up towards the hall. Bard suddenly sees them and his surprise is immense

BARD Who are you and what do you want?

THORIN [at once] I am Thorin son of Thráin, son of Thrór King under the Mountain! I have returned.

BARD And who are these?

THORIN The sons of my father's daughter, Fili and Kili of the race of Durin; and Master Baggins who has travelled with us out of the West.

BARD Follow me then.

He leads them to the door of the Hall. At once the inner curtain rises to disclose the Master presiding at feast. Many people are gathered around the side-tables. The Master rises in surprise as Bard enters, but before he can speak Thorin steps forward past him

THORIN I am Thorin son of Thráin, son of Thrór King under the Mountain, who returns!

At once there is a great stir. The Master looks at Bard with some vehemence; and then turns towards Thorin. The sounds of people singing are heard from outside

MEN AND WOMEN

The King beneath the Mountain!
The Lord of carven stone!
The Lord of silver fountains
shall come into his own!

MEN

His crown shall be upholden,
his harp shall be restrung,
his halls shall echo golden
to songs of yore resung.

WOMEN

The woods shall wave on mountains
and grass beneath the sun;
his wealth shall flow in fountains
and the rivers golden run.

The excitement grows until the men and women inside and out are singing

MEN AND WOMEN

The streams shall run in gladness,
the lakes shall shine and burn,
all sorrow fail and sadness
at the Mountain King's return!

MASTER OF LAKE-TOWN [with sudden resolution] Certainly, O Thorin Thráin's son Thrór's son! I must claim your own. The hour is at hand, spoken of old. What help we can offer shall be yours, and we trust to your gratitude when your kingdom is regained.

Although this last remark is spoken with too much insinuation for Thorin in his mood of elation, he bows low to the Master. All the people rise and sing

The PEOPLE

The King beneath the Mountain!

The Lord of carven stone!

The Lord of silver fountains

shall come into his own!

MASTER OF LAKE-TOWN [to himself]

Let them go and bother Smaug, and see how he welcomes them!

The curtain falls swiftly

THE GATHERING OF THE CLOUDS

[6] Scene One

The curtain rises on a high part of the Mountain side. There is a large rock wall which spreads across the stage. In the face of this, there is one corrugation: a deep niche set into the wall. The end of this wall will be the small door leading down into the heart of the Mountain—the Dragon's lair. As the curtain rises Thorin is looking at the bay, and muttering to himself. He is alone

THORIN None of the men of the town would stay with us, even so near the shadow of the mountain. Nothing can escape Smaug once he sees it. Here we are and here we will have to stay.

He considers

Stand by the grey stone where the thrush knocks, and the setting sun of Durin's Day shall shine upon the keyhole...

He looks up into the sky where the sun is setting slowly, and sighs. A distant clamour in the air

That'll be the end of our poor beasts.

Slowly he walks on. Bilbo appears from above the rocks, and sits in the alcove. He is tired, weary and depressed. There is a long silence. Suddenly a large Thrush flies over the mountainside towards the alcove. It perches upon a grey stone and looks at the hobbit. It sings to him. The two look at each other for a long time, and then the thrush flies up above him. It finds a large snail upon the rocks, and then flying down beats it upon the stone. Bilbo suddenly starts and then, running to the path, calls down

BILBO Thorin! all of you! Quickly! Come quick!

The Thrush, with a sudden shrill of alarm, flies up above him and perches on a high rock. There it watches as the dwarves come scrambling up to Bilbo Quick, Thorin!...the grey stone where the thrush knocks...Durin's Day...the setting sun!

Thorin catches his sudden excitement. The sun is westerling quickly. All the dwarves stand and wait. The light becomes redder and redder and grows dim. And then suddenly a bright beam of light breaks through and focuses upon the rock-face. There is a loud crack. A flake of rock splits from the wall and falls, and a hole appears suddenly about three feet from the ground

The key! Try it now while there yet is time!

Then Thorin steps up and puts the key around his neck to the hole. It turns with a click. The dwarves all push, and the entrance to the Hall of the Mountain is disclosed, a dark yawning mouth leading in and down. There is a long silence

THORIN Now is the time for our esteemed Mister Baggins, who has proved himself a good companion on our long road, to perform the service for which he was included in our Company; now is the time for him to earn his Reward.

BILBO [interrupting crossly] If you mean you think that it is my task to go into that hole first, O Thorin Thráin's son Oakenshield, may your beard grow ever longer, say so at once and be done! I might refuse. I have got you out of two messes already, so that I am, I think, already owed some reward. But third time pays for all, and somehow I don't think I shall refuse. I am going to have a peep at once and get it over. I have got my ring, and every worm has its weak spot—as my father used to say, though I am sure it was not from personal experience.

At once he turns and ducks into the tunnel. Thorin stands rigidly at the tunnel mouth. It grows suddenly totally dark. In the darkness the inner curtain rises

[7] Scene Two

Out of the darkness there grows slowly visible the shape of the vast dragon, Smaug, seemingly asleep; from his nose and mouth there comes a flicker of red fire which illuminates the cavern about him. Beneath him, under all his limbs and his huge coiled tail, and about him on all sides stretching away across the unseen floors, lie countless piles of gold, gems and jewels, and silver stained red in the fiery light. Bilbo slowly creeps down a high tunnel at the back and draws nearer across the floor. Suddenly he stops and withdraws a step

BILBO [to himself] Now you're in for it at last, Bilbo Baggins. You went and put your foot right in it that night of the party, and now you've got to pull it out and pay for it. Dear me, what a fool I was and am! I have absolutely no use for dragon-guarded treasures, and the whole lot could stay here for ever, if only I could wake up and find this beastly tunnel was my own front hall at home!

Suddenly there is a brief spark of fire from Smaug's eye; Bilbo gasps at his indiscretion and steps back

SMAUG *[in a vast tone]* Well, thief! I smell you and I hear your breath. Come along and help yourself; there is plenty and to spare!

BILBO No thank you, O Smaug the Tremendous! I did not come for presents. I only wished to have a look at you and see if you truly were as great as tales say. I didn't believe them.

SMAUG Do you now?

BILBO Truly songs and tales fall utterly short of the reality, O Smaug the Chiefest and Greatest of Calamities.

SMAUG You have nice manners for a thief and a liar! Who are you and where do you come from, may I ask?

BILBO You may indeed! I come from under the hill, and under hill and over hill my paths led. And through the air, I am he that walks unseen.

SMAUG So I can well believe, but that is hardly your usual name.

BILBO I am the clue finder, the web cutter, the stinging fly.

SMAUG *[sneering]* Lovely titles!

BILBO I came from the end of a bag, but no bag went over me.

SMAUG That doesn't sound so creditable.

BILBO I am Ring-winner and Luck-wearer; and I am Barrel Rider.

SMAUG Very well, O Barrel Rider! You may walk unseen, but you did not walk all the way. In return for the excellent meal I made of your ponies last night I will give you one piece of advice: leave my gold alone!

BILBO *[rather startled]* You don't know everything, O Smaug the Mighty. Not gold alone brought us hither. We came over hill and under hill, by wave and wind, for revenge.

SMAUG *[laughing furiously]* Revenge! Revenge! The King under the Mountain is dead, and where are his kin that dare seek revenge? Girion Lord of Dale is dead, I have eaten his people like a wolf among sheep, and where are his sons' sons that dare approach me? I kill where I wish and none dare resist. My armour is like tenfold shields, my teeth are swords, my claws spears, my wings a hurricane, my tail a thunderbolt, and my breath death!

BILBO I had always understood that dragons were softer underneath, especially in the region of the—er—chest; but doubtless one so fortified has thought of that.

SMAUG Your information is antiquated. I am armoured above and below with iron scales and hard gems. No blade can pierce me. *[He rolls over to display this part of his anatomy]* There! What do you think of that?

BILBO Dazzlingly marvellous! Perfect! Flawless! Staggering! *[to himself]* Old fool! Why, there is a large patch in his left breast as bare as a snail out of its shell! *[aloud]* Well, I really must not detain your

Magnificence any longer, or keep you from some much needed rest. Ponies take some catching, I believe, after a long start. And so do burglars!

At once he turns and rushes back up the tunnel. Smaug rears from his bed of jewels and roars furiously. This roaring continues even after the inner curtain falls

[8] Scene Three

Outside on the hill again. Darkness is quickly relieved by light as Bilbo staggers out into the dawn light where the dwarves are waiting. But the roaring of Smaug still continues

BILBO *[on the verge of collapse]* His left breast... the hollow ...unprotected.

He collapses. At once the Thrush sweeps down across the mountain with a shrill cry, and disappears. At the same time the roaring of Smaug behind the scene reaches an articulate point

SMAUG Barrel Rider! Your feet came up the waterside and up the water. I don't know your smell, but if you are not one of those Men of the Lake, you had their help. They shall see me and remember who is the real King under the Mountain!

His shadow passes across the stage, flying through the air, and the roars are terrifying. They continue throughout the following interlude, during which the stage is dark

[9] Scene Four

As in Scene Five of Flies and Spiders. It is a moonlit night, and a view is now opened across the Lake with the Lonely Mountain visible in the far distance. Bard is again on guard with his men

First SOLDIER Look! the lights again! Something is happening up there.

Second SOLDIER Perhaps the King under the Mountain is forging gold. It is long since he went North. It is time the songs began to prove themselves again.

BARD Which King? As like as not it is the marauding fire of the Dragon, the only King under the Mountain that we have known.

First SOLDIER You are always predicting gloomy things!

Second SOLDIER Anything from floods to poisoned fish.

First SOLDIER Try to think of something cheerful.

They look away north again, when suddenly a great light appears and the end of the Lake turns golden

SOLDIERS The King beneath the Mountain!

First SOLDIER His wealth is like the sun, his silver like a fountain, and the rivers golden run!

Second SOLDIER The river is running gold from the Mountain!

MEN and WOMEN *[behind the scenes]* The streams shall run in gladness, the lakes shall shine and burn, all sorrow fail and sadness at the Mountain King's return!

BARD *[shouting them down]* The Dragon is coming, or I am a fool! Cut the bridges! To arms! To arms!

The inner curtain rises fully and suddenly Smaug appears, flying high in the air and breathing great fires about him. The rejoicing of the chorus is cut abruptly short, and a great cry goes up from them. The roaring of Smaug rises higher and higher. The great halls of the town, seen standing out into the lake, catch ablaze and rise with increasing brightness. The guards and Bard shoot at the dragon with arrows, but the effect is nought. As the fight continues, all except Bard move further towards the back. The fire rises to its height. Bard plucks another arrow from his quiver, when he starts. Silhouetted against the flames, the Thrush flies down quickly to his side, singing to him as it comes

The THRUSH Wait! wait! The moon is rising. Look for the hollow of his left breast as he flies and turns above you!

Bard draws the arrow back on his enormous bow and takes his aim as the dragon cuts through the air

BARD Arrow! black arrow! I have saved you to the last. You have never failed me and always I have recovered you. I had you from my father and he from of old. If ever you came from the forges of the true King under the Mountain, go now and speed well!

The dragon swoops once more lower than ever, and as he turns and dives down his belly glitters white with gems reflecting the moon—but not in one place. Bard fires his arrow. There is a moment's pause and then, with a shriek of deafening intensity and horror, Smaug turns over and crashes down from on high full upon the town. The lake roars in and a great steam rises. With the fall of Smaug, the scene is covered in darkness. The smokes cover the stage. Slowly there appears a grey light along the lake shore; in it is seen the Master of Lake-town and many of the people, watching the ruin of their town. Among the people who have fled are the two soldiers

Some of the PEOPLE Praise the courage of Bard, and of his mighty shot!
Others of the PEOPLE If only he had not been killed, we would make him a King.
Yet others of the PEOPLE Bard the Dragon shooter of the Line of Girion!

All the PEOPLE Alas! that he is lost!
And then the tall figure of the Bowman appears from the shadows, drenched in water, with black hair hanging wet over his face, but with a fierce light in his eyes
BARD Bard is not lost! He dived from Esgaroth, when the enemy was slain. I am Bard, of the Line of Girion; I am the slayer of the Dragon!
The PEOPLE King Bard! King Bard!

BARD Girion was Lord of Dale, not King of Esgaroth. Let me go back to my own realm; Dale now is freed, and nothing hinders my return. And those that wish can go with me, if they prefer the cold stones under the shadow of the Mountain to the green shores of the Lake.

He strides away along the lakeside, and many follow him. The inner curtain falls quickly, cutting off the scene. Darkness falls totally

[10] Scene Five

When the light rises, the mountain side is seen again, and the dwarves and Bilbo crouched against the rock-face

THORIN This is the end.

BALIN and GLÓIN We shall die here.
BILBO [cheerfully] Come, come! While there's life, there's hope! I am going down the tunnel once again. I have been that way once, when I knew the dragon was at the other end, so now I will risk another visit when I am no longer sure. And I think this time you had better all come with me.

The dwarves groan, but Thorin slowly nods his accession to Bilbo. They turn and go down the tunnel

[11] Scene Six

In the darkness the inner curtain has risen, to disclose the stage as in Scene Three. The dwarves, led by Bilbo, creep down the tunnel. Smaug is nowhere to be seen. Óin carries a torch, which he hands to Bilbo. Bilbo steps out from the tunnel and walks forward across the floor, lighting his way by the torch.

Suddenly he stops

BILBO Confound you, Smaug, you worm! Stop playing hide-and-seek! Give me a light, and then eat me, if you can catch me!

Faint echoes run round the unseen hall, but there comes no answer

[to himself] Now I wonder what on earth he is playing at?

He steps forward, and suddenly stops. At his feet he sees a large gem, shining from within like a moon-gem. He bends down to look at it more closely, and then picks it up and puts it in his pocket. Bilbo turns back and calls to his companions

Come along and help!

THORIN Well, then!...

He steps forward, and the others follow. Thorin comes quickly forward and begins to search through the treasure

BILBO [to Balin] What is he looking for?

BALIN The white gem which we found beneath the roots of the Mountain, the Arkenstone of Thráin.

THORIN The Arkenstone! The Arkenstone! It was like a globe with a thousand facets: it shone like silver in the firelight, like water in the sun, like snow under the stars, like rain under the moon!

Bilbo is about to speak, when a sudden shaft of light comes through the hall.

Down it there flies the Thrush

FILI Look! there is the thrush again!

The THRUSH O Thorin son of Thráin, and Balin son of Fundin! the birds are gathering back to the Mountain and to Dale, for the word has gone out that Smaug is dead!

The DWARVES Dead? Dead?

KILI Then the treasure is ours!

The THRUSH I saw him fall.

BALIN Smaug is dead!...

The THRUSH But others gather here beside the birds. Men come from the Lake, for Smaug has destroyed their town; and they think to find amends from your treasure. And elves come from the Forest. If you will listen to my counsel, you will trust only him that shot the Dragon with his bow: Bard is he, of the Line of Girion, a grim man but true.

THORIN My thanks, O worthy bird. You shall not be forgotten. But none of this gold shall the violent carry off while we are alive. Also I would beg you that you would fly at once to my cousin Dáin in the Iron Hills, and tell him of our plight.

The THRUSH I will do what can be done.

The bird flies up the beam of light and vanishes

THORIN Forward to the Gate! There is little time to lose!

The DWARVES Forward to the Gate!

All prepare for a state of siege and defence of the mountain as the curtain falls

CD 4 THE CLOUDS BURST

[1] Scene One

The scene, by the Great Gate, entrance to the Mountain. Thorin is seated, and before there stand all the dwarves except Balin, with their instruments.

Bilbo sits apart, looking totally dismal and depressed. Beyond the Gate the land is shrouded as night begins to fall

DORI, ORI, NORI, GLÓIN and BOMBUR

Under the Mountain dark and tall

The King is come unto his hall!

His foe is dead, the Worm of Dread, and ever so his foes will fall!

The sword is sharp, the spear is long, the arrow swift, the Gate is strong; the heart is bold that looks on gold; the dwarves no more shall suffer wrong.

FILI, KILI, ÓIN, BIFUR, BOFUR and DWALIN

The dwarves of yore wove mighty spells while hammers fell like ringing bells in places deep, where dark things sleep, in hollow halls beneath the fells.

On silver necklaces they strung the light of stars, on crowns they hung the dragon-fire, from twisted wire the melody of harps they wrung.

All the DWARVES

The Mountain Throne once more is freed!

O wandering folk, the summons heed!

Come haste! Come haste! across the waste!

The King of friend and kin has need!

BALIN [enters hastily] They have come! and their camp is very great.

Thorin rises from his seat and the dwarves at once put away their instruments. At the same time a herald climbs up above the Gate at the back and Bard joins him

THORIN [calling to them] Who are you that come as if in war to the gates of Thorin son of Thráin, King under the Mountain, and what do you desire?

The herald blows his trumpet

BARD Hail, Thorin! Why do you fence yourself like a lion in his lair? We are not yet foes, and we rejoice that you are alive beyond our hope. I am Bard, and by my hand was the Dragon slain and your treasure delivered. Moreover, I am by right descent the heir of Girion, Lord of Dale. And we here wish to parley.

THORIN I will not parley with armed men at my doors. Nor at all with the people of the Elvenking, whom I remember with small kindness. In this debate they have no place.

BARD The Elvenking is my friend, and he has succoured the people of the Lake in their need, although they had no claim but friendship on him. We will give you time to repent your words. Gather your wisdom ere we return!

He and the Herald go down. Thorin turns to the dwarves

THORIN We must set a watch. Mister Baggins will take the first.

Bilbo moves along and takes up his position as watch on the Gate. Thorin and the other dwarves go within the Mountain, but as they go Thorin halts
We go to seek for the Arkenstone of Thráin, for it is worth more than a river of gold in itself, and to me it is beyond price. That stone of all the treasure I name to myself, and I will be revenged on anyone who finds it and withholds it.

They go within. Bilbo walks up and down, but finally sits down unhappily

BILBO Now I am a burglar indeed! But my mind is made up.

He goes back to the Gate, and takes a torch from the wall lit by Óin as he passed in. He waves it three times and replaces it on the wall. It casts a flickering light as he stands in silence looking out across the landscape. Bard appears in the gateway and Bilbo looks at him

Bard! I must speak to you. I must avoid conflict. I have an offer to make to you.

BARD I will hear it.

BILBO You may see it. It is this!

He stands up and draws the Arkenstone from beneath his cloak

This is the Arkenstone of Thráin, the Heart of the Mountain; and it is also the heart of Thorin. He values it above a river of gold. I give it you. It will aid you in your parley.

He hands it to Bard, who holds it in his hand as though dazed

BARD Bilbo Baggins! You are more worthy than I. But I wonder if Thorin Oakenshield will see it so. I advise you to come down with me, and there you shall be honoured and thrice welcome.

BILBO Thank you very much, I am sure. But I really cannot desert my friends like this, after all we have come through together.

Bard looks at him in amazement, and finally presses the hobbit's hand and passes down the mountainside. Bilbo looks out into the night and shivers

[2] Scene Two

The inner curtain rises: the scene is as before, save that it has turned through a quarter circle so that it is seen from outside rather than from within the Gate. Dawn is breaking and Bilbo is still on watch. Day breaks: a cold grey morning. Thorin comes out onto the wall, with Balin, Dwalin, Fili, Kili, Óin and Glóin at his side. He bears in his arms a coat of silver mail

THORIN Mister Baggins! Here is the first share of your reward! Cast off your old coat and put on this!

Bilbo rises and the dwarves help him off with his jacket and put the mail on him. He remains totally impassive. As the robing is complete, the trumpet sounds again from below

That will be Dáin! They will have got wind of his coming! I thought that would soften their mood.

Up towards the Gate there come Bard and Thranduill, the Elvenking, side by side. Behind them comes an old man bearing a casket

BARD Hail, Thorin! Are you still of the same mind?

THORIN My mind does not change with the rising and setting of the sun. Did you come to ask me idle questions? Still the elf-host has not departed as I bade! Till then you come in vain to parley with me.

BARD Is there then nothing for which you would yield any of your gold?

THORIN Nothing that you or your friends have to offer.

BARD What of the Arkenstone of Thráin?

At once the old man opens the casket and holds aloft the jewel. The light of it leaps from his hand, bright and white in the morning. There is a long silence

THORIN That stone was my father's, and is mine. Why should I purchase my own? But how came you by such an heirloom of my house—if there is need to ask such a question of thieves?

BARD We are not thieves. Your own we will give back in return for our own.

THORIN How came you by it?

BILBO [suddenly] I gave it them!

THORIN You!...you!...miserable hobbit! By the beard of Durin! I wish I had Gandalf here! Curse him for his choice of you! As for you, I will throw you to the rocks!

He advances on Bilbo, ready to throw him over the wall onto the stones, when the old man steps forward, throwing aside his disguise

GANDALF Stay! Your wish is granted!

Here is Gandalf! and none too soon, it seems. If you don't like my burglar, please don't damage him. Put him down, and listen first to what he has to say!

THORIN [releasing Bilbo in surprise]

You seem all in league! Never again will I have dealings with any wizard or his friends. What have you got to say, you descendant of rats?

BILBO Dear me, dear me! I am sure this is all very uncomfortable. Is this all the service of you and your family that I was promised, Thorin?

THORIN Aye; and may we never meet again! I am betrayed. It was rightly guessed that I could not forbear to redeem the Arkenstone, the heirloom of my house. For it I will give one tenth of the hoard in silver and gold; but with that shall this traitor depart, and you may divide it as you will. Take him, if you wish him to live; and no friendship of mine goes with him.

BARD Not so hasty!

GANDALF You are not making a very splendid figure as King under the Mountain; but things may change yet.

THORIN [with sudden triumph] They may indeed!

The others look round with surprise. Behind them on the hillside the light suddenly falls on Dáin and his army of dwarves, with great axes

BARD Who are you?

DÁIN I am Dáin, the son of Náin, hastening to my kinsmen in the Mountain, since I learn that the kingdom of old is renewed. But who are you that sit in the plain before defended walls?

BARD [to Thranduill] Fools! to come thus beneath the Mountain's arm! There are many of our archers and spearmen now hidden in the rocks upon their flank. Let us set on them now from both sides!

THRANDUILL Long will I wait, ere I begin this war for gold. Let us hope still for something that will bring reconciliation.

DÁIN Make way!

His archers step forward with bows drawn. Suddenly there is a roar of thunder, and the sky grows dark

GANDALF [stepping forward] Halt! halt! Dread has come upon you all! Alas! it has come more swiftly than I guessed. The Goblins are upon you! Bolg of the North is coming, O Dáin! whose father you slew in Moria. Behold! the bats are above his army like a sea of locusts. They ride upon wolves, and Wargs are in their train!

[3] Scene Three

Amazement and confusion falls upon the darkened scene. Mists rise quickly from the ground. There is a crying of many voices. Dáin comes quickly forward to

Gandalf's side and Thorin and his companions go quickly within. The smokes cover the stage totally as the battle begins. Towards the front Bilbo and Gandalf sit. Through the mist appear a group of elves and goblins fighting; many of the elves are slain, and the goblins pursue them towards the left. There appears a group of men of the Lake and dwarves of the Iron Hills, who attack them from the back. There is a sudden cry from the back, and the goblins pour in to the counter-attack. The allies are driven back towards the position of the Gate. Suddenly there comes a trumpet call, and Thorin appears. He is clad in golden armour, and a red glow follows him

THORIN To me! to me! Elves and Men! To me! O my kinsfolk!

The goblins retreat as many more men and elves come to the dwarf's aid. But soon the tide of battle turns again. Dimly through the mist Thorin is seen to be wounded. Goblins and wolves run howling towards the Gate. Bilbo has risen and looks out to the North. Suddenly he gives a great cry

BILBO The Eagles are coming! the Eagles are coming!

Through the mists the eagles are seen, large and majestic in the skies above

Many ELVES

The Eagles! The Eagles! The Eagles are coming!

BILBO The Eagles!...

One Goblin turns on Bilbo and aims a spear at him. It strikes him full in the chest and, although it is deflected by the hidden coat of mail, the hobbit falls to the ground unconscious. At once the light fades and the mists begin to disperse

[4] Scene Four

The same scene, as the lights rise, is still covered with mists but these are now slowly dispersing. But at first all that may be seen is Bilbo lying on the hillside. Slowly he raises himself up and peers into the mists. After a moment Gandalf appears, coming towards him

BILBO Hullo! Hullo! What news?

GANDALF Baggins! Well, I never! Alive after all—I am glad! A terrible business, and it was never disastrous.

BILBO Where are the Eagles?

GANDALF Some are pursuing the goblins, but most have gone back to their eyries. It was a great victory, but news can wait. Come! You are called for.

The mists disperse more as Gandalf and Bilbo walk towards the back. Through the mist is seen once more the Gate, and on a bier before it lies Thorin, wounded with many wounds, and his rent armour and notched axe are cast upon the floor. He looks up as Bilbo comes beside him

THORIN Farewell, good thief. I go now to the Halls of Waiting to sit beside my fathers, until the world is renewed. Since I leave now all gold and silver, and go where it is of little worth, I wish to part in friendship from you, and would take back my words and deeds at the Gate.

BILBO Farewell, oh King under the Mountain! This is a bitter adventure, if it must end so; and not a mountain of gold can amend it. Yet I am glad that I have shared in your perils—that is more than I have deserved.

THORIN No! There is more in you of good than you know, child of the kindly West. Much goodness and much wisdom, blended in measure. If more of us valued food and cheer and song above hoarded gold, it would be a merrier world. But sad or merry, I must leave it now. Farewell!

He dies. Bilbo turns away, overcome with emotion. Dáin steps forward from the shadows, clad in armour and crowned as King under the Mountain. The bier is borne off in a solemn march as the inner curtain falls

[5] Scene Five

The light rises slowly to show a grassy valley floor with trees clustered thick on every side. Rivendell is seen again, but this time all that stand in wait on the valley floor are Gandalf and Bilbo, the latter with two ponies carrying gold

Voices of ELVES

The Dragon is withered, his bones are now crumbled! his armour is shivered, his splendour is humbled! Though sword shall be rusted and throne and crown perish with strength that men trusted and wealth that they cherish, here grass is yet growing and leaves are yet swinging, the white water flowing and elves are yet singing
Come tra la la lally, come back to the valley. The stars are far brighter than gems without measure, the moon is far whiter than silver in treasure; the fire is more shining in hearth on the gloaming than gold won by mining, so why go a-roaming?
O tra la la lally, come back to the valley. O where are you going, so late in returning? The river is flowing, the stars are all burning! O whither so laden, so sad and so dreary? Here elf and elf-maiden now welcome the weary with *Tra la la lally, come back to the valley.* Ha ha!

From the trees Elrond comes forth and bows to Gandalf and Bilbo

ELROND Hail, O Gandalf!

GANDALF Hail, Master Elrond!

ELROND Hail, O Bilbo the magnificent! I name you Elf-friend and blessed. May your shadow never grow less, or stealing would be too easy!

They stand together as the light fades

Voices of ELVES

Sing, all ye joyful, now sing all together!
The wind's in the treetop, the wind's in the heather,
the stars are in blossom, the moon is in flower,
and bright are the windows of Night in her tower.
Dance, all ye joyful, now dance all together!
Soft is the grass, and let food be like feather!
The river is silver, the shadows are fleeting;
merry is May-time, and merry our meeting.
Sing we now softly, and dreams let us weave him!
Wind him in slumber, and there let us leave him!
The wanderer sleepeth. Now soft be his pillow!
Lullaby, lullaby, alder and willow!
Sigh no more, pine, till the wind of the morn!

Fall, moon! Dark be the land!
Hush! hush! oak, ash and thorn!
Hushed be all water, till dawn is at hand!

Bilbo and Gandalf are seen on the road

BILBO Merry is May-time! but our back is to legends, and we are coming home.

GANDALF There is a long road yet.

BILBO But it is the last road.

The distant voices of the elves fade away

[6] Scene Six

BILBO
Roads go ever ever on,
over rock and under tree,
by caves where never sun has shone,
by streams that never find the sea;
over snow by winter sown,
and through the merry flowers of June,
over grass and over stone
and under mountains in the moon.
Roads go ever ever on,
under cloud and under star,
yet feet that wandering have gone
turn at last to home afar.

At the end of the road there appears the familiar door of Bag End. Bilbo turns and walks towards it, his voice growing fainter as he approaches it. Gandalf alone remains at the front of the stage

Eyes that fire and sword have seen
and horror in the halls of stone
look at last on meadows green
and trees and hills they long have known.

As Bilbo approaches his home, the curtain falls very slowly

The End

APPENDIX

The Quest of Erebor exists in an appendix to The Lord of the Rings as 'Durin's Folk', and is told by Gandalf after the fall of Sauron in a house in Minas Tirith

THE QUEST OF EREBOR

[7] *A house in Minas Tirith is represented on the stage; present are Frodo, Gimli and Gandalf the White seated comfortably beside the fireplace in mid-conversation*

GIMLI But did you not plan all this then, Gandalf? To find the Ring and bring it far away into the West for hiding, and then to choose the Ringbearer, and to restore the Mountain Kingdom as a mere deed by the way: was that not your design?

Gandalf stands and walks around in contemplation

GANDALF I do not know the answer. But what I knew in my heart, or knew before I stepped on these grey shores: that is another matter.

FRODO I understand you a little better, Gandalf, than I did before. But I am still curious to know why you did what you did, as you were then, an old grey man as you seemed.

GANDALF The state of things in the North was very bad. The Kingdom under the Mountain and the strong men of Dale were no more. But at Bree I chanced upon Thorin Oakenshield, who lived then in exile beyond the borders of the Shire. His heart was hot with brooding on his wrongs, and burdened too with the duty of revenge upon Smaug that he had inherited. I was as eager as he to see the end of Smaug, but Thorin was all for plans of battle and war, and I could see no hope in that.

Lights up on Gandalf the Grey and a conclave of dwarves led by Thorin: Balin, Glóin, Fili and others

THORIN Well, what have you got to say?

GANDALF This first: your own ideas are those of a king, Thorin Oakenshield; but your kingdom is gone. If it is to be restored, it must be from small beginnings. Far away here, I wonder if you fully realise the strength of a great dragon. But that is not all: there is a Shadow growing in the world far more terrible. They will help one another. Open war would be quite useless; and anyway it is impossible for you to arrange it. You will have to try something simpler and yet bolder, indeed something desperate.

THORIN You are both vague and disquieting; speak more plainly!

GANDALF Well, for one thing, you will have to go on this quest yourself, and you will have to go secretly. At most you can take with you a few kinsmen and faithful followers. But you will need something more, something unexpected.

THORIN Name it!

GANDALF You hope to deal with a dragon; and he is not only very great, but he is now also old and very cunning. From the beginning of your adventure you must allow for this: his memory, and his sense of smell.

THORIN Naturally, dwarves have had more dealings with dragons than hobbits, and you are not instructing the ignorant.

GANDALF Very well; but your own plans did not seem to me to consider this point. My plan is one of stealth. Smaug does not lie on his costly bed without dreams, Thorin Oakenshield. He dreams of dwarves!

BALIN You make your stealth sound as difficult and hopeless as any open attack. Impossibly difficult!

GANDALF Not impossibly difficult, or I would not waste my time here. I would say absurdly difficult. So I am going to suggest an absurd solution to the problem. Take a hobbit with you! Smaug has probably never heard of Hobbits, and he has certainly never smelt them.

GLÓIN What! One of those simpletons down in the Shire? What use on earth, or under it, would he possibly be? Let him smell as he may, he would never dare to come within smelling distance of the nakedst dragonet new from the shell!

GANDALF Now, now, that is quite unfair. Anyway, there is one that I have my eye on as a companion for you, Thorin. He is neat-handed and clever, though shrewd, and far from rash. And I think he has courage. Great courage, I guess, according to the way of his people. You have to put these hobbits in a tight place before you find out what is in them.

THORIN The test cannot be made. As far as I have observed, they do all that they can to avoid tight places.

GANDALF Quite so: they are a very sensible people. But this hobbit is rather unusual, I think. When I said that you would need stealth, I meant it: professional stealth.

BALIN Professional stealth? Do you mean a trained treasure-seeker? Can they still be found?

GANDALF [hesitating] I think so. For a reward they will go in where you cannot, and get what you desire.

THORIN That might be considered, if the reward was not too high. But what has all this to do with one of the villagers? They drink out of clay, and they cannot tell a gem from a bead of glass.

GANDALF I wish you would not always speak so confidently without knowledge. The hobbit that I have in mind has ornaments of gold, and eats with silver tools, and drinks wine out of shapely crystal.

BALIN Ah! he is a thief, then? That is why you recommend him?

GANDALF A thief? Why yes, a professional thief, of course! How else would a hobbit come by a silver spoon? I will put the thief's mark on his door, and then you will find it. You must look for that door, Thorin Oakenshield! If you persuade this hobbit to join you, you will succeed. If you do not, you will fail. If you refuse even to try, then I have finished with you. You will get no more advice from me until the Shadow falls upon you!

THORIN Strong words! Very well, I will come. Some foresight is on you, if you are not merely crazed.

GANDALF Good! But you must come with good will, not merely in the hope of proving me a fool. You must be patient and not easily put off, if neither the courage nor the desire for adventure that I speak of are plain to see at first sight. He will try to back out; but you must not let him.

THORIN Haggling will not help him, if that is what you mean.

FILI He sounds a very strange creature, this burglar of yours. What is his name, or the one that he uses?

GANDALF The only one he has is Bilbo Baggins.

FILI [laughing] What a name!

GANDALF Look now, Thorin, make everything ready as soon as you can. I will ride on ahead to prepare the ground. Then we will all visit him together on the following day.

Lights down on the dwarves and Gandalf the Grey. Gandalf the White takes up the tale

The morning I called to see Bilbo, I must say that my confidence was shaken. I saw that things would be far more difficult than I had thought. But I persevered. Next day, I brought Thorin and his companions to Bag End. And of course Bilbo was completely bewildered and behaved ridiculously. But I knew in my heart that Bilbo must go with them, or the whole quest would be a failure.

Gandalf the Grey is seen once again with Thorin, now in Bag End

THORIN He is soft, soft as the mud of his Shire, and silly. You are playing some crooked game of your own, Master Gandalf. I am sure that you have other purposes than helping me.

GANDALF You are quite right. If I had no other purposes, I should not be helping you at all. But that should make my advice more weighty, not less.

THORIN I know your fame; I hope it is merited. But this foolish business with your hobbit makes me wonder whether it is foresight that is on you, and you are not crazed rather than foreseeing. So many cares may have disordered your wits.

GANDALF They have certainly been enough to do so, and among them a proud dwarf who seeks advice from me, and then rewards me with insolence. Go your own ways, Thorin Oakenshield, if you will. But if you flout my advice, you will walk to disaster. And curb your pride and your greed, or you will fall at the end of whatever path you may take, though your hands be full of gold.

THORIN Very well, he shall set out with my company, if he dares (which I doubt). But you must come too, and look after him.

GANDALF Good! I will come, and stay with you as long as I can: at least until you have discovered his worth.

Lights down on Gandalf the Grey and Thorin

GANDALF So it was that the Quest of Erebor set out. But alas! Thorin did not live to enjoy his triumph or his treasure. But Dáin Ironfoot was a worthy successor. And now we hear that he fell fighting before Erebor again, even while we fought here. I should call it a heavy loss, if it was not a wonder rather that he could still with his axe as mightily as they say he did, standing over the body of King Brand before the Gate of Erebor until the darkness fell. But it might have all gone differently indeed.

Think of what might have been! Dragon-fire and savage swords in Eriador! We might return from here to ruin and ash. But that has been averted: because I met Thorin Oakenshield one evening on the edge of spring not far from Bree. A chance meeting, as we say in Middle-earth.

GIMLI Well, I am glad to have heard the full tale. If it is full. I do not really suppose that even now you are telling us all you know.

GANDALF Of course not.

Gimli and Frodo stare at each other intensely, contemplating Gandalf's words; then all three burst out in laughter

If you wish to hear this appendix in context of The Lord of the Rings, listen after the musical chapter The Steward and the King

