

Jimmy Page & Robert Plant

"The Battle of Evermore"

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The queen of light took her bow
And then she turned to go.
The prince of peace embraced the gloom
And walked the night alone.

Oh dance in the dark of night,
Sing to the morning light.

The dark Lord rides in force tonight,
And time will tell us all.
Oh throw down your plough and hoe,
Rest not to lock your homes.
Side by side we wait the might of the darkest of them
all.

I hear the horses' thunder down in the valley below,
I'm waiting for the angels of Avalon,
Waiting for the eastern glow.

The apples of the valley hold the seeds of happiness,
The ground is rich from tender care,
Repay, do not forget, no no.

Oh dance in the dark of night, sing to the morning light.

The apples turn to brown and black, the tyrant's face is
red.
Oh war is the common cry, pick up your swords and fly.
The sky is filled with good and bad that mortals never
know.
Oh now, oh.

Oh well, the night is long, the beads of time pass slow.
Tired eyes on the sunrise, waiting for the eastern glow.

The pain of war cannot exceed the woe of after-math.
The drums will shake the castle wall,
The ring wraiths ride in black, ride on.

Ah sing as you raise your bow, (ride on)
Shoot straighter than before.

No comfort has the fire at night that lights the face so cold.

Dance in the dark of night, sing to the morning light.
The magic runes are writ in gold
To bring the balance back. Bring it back!

At last the sun is shining, the clouds of blue roll by.
With flames from the dragon of darkness,
The sunlight blinds his eyes. Ah!

Bring it back, bring it back, bring it back, bring i

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