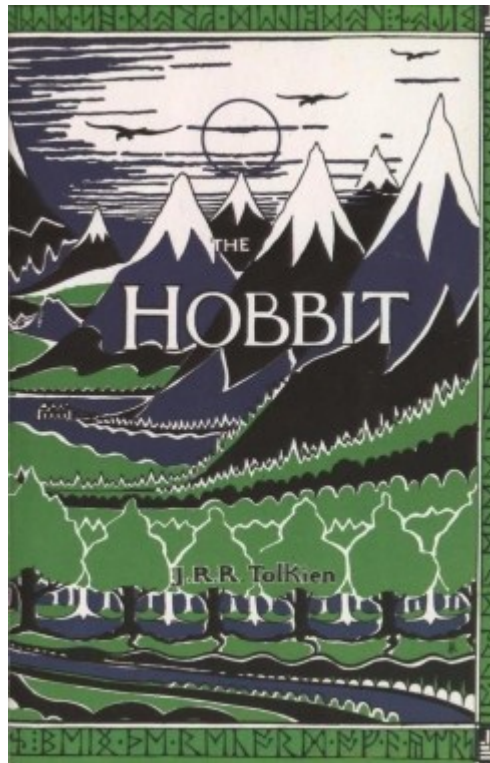


Copywork Quotes From

THE HOBBIT



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In a hole in the ground there lived a hobbit. Not a nasty, dirty, wet hole, filled with the ends of worms and an oozy smell, nor yet a dry, bare, sandy hole with nothing in it to sit down on or to eat: it was a hobbit-hole, and that means comfort. - **J. R. R. Tolkien, *The Hobbit***

It does not do to leave a live dragon out of your calculations, if you live near him. - **J. R. R. Tolkien, *The Hobbit***

There is nothing like looking, if you want to find something. You certainly usually find something, if you look, but it is not always quite the something you were after.

- J. R. R. Tolkien, *The Hobbit*

Do you wish me a good morning, or mean that it is a good morning whether I want it or not; or that you feel good this morning, or that it is a morning to be good on?

- J. R. R. Tolkien, *The Hobbit*

“Do we really have to go through?” groaned the hobbit.

“Yes, you do!” said the wizard, “if you want to get to the other side. You must either go through or give up your quest.”

- J. R. R. Tolkien, *The Hobbit*

A sudden understanding, a pity mixed with horror, welled up in Bilbo's heart: a glimpse of endless unmarked days without light or hope of betterment, hard stone, cold fish, sneaking and whispering. **- J. R. R. Tolkien, *The Hobbit***

Where there's life there's hope. - **J. R. R. Tolkien, *The Hobbit***

May the wind under your wings bear you where the sun sails
and the moon walks. - **J. R. R. Tolkien, *The Hobbit***

Some of the younger people in the town openly doubted
the existence of any dragon in the mountain, and laughed
at the greybeards and gammers who said they had seen
him flying in the sky in their young days.

- **J. R. R. Tolkien, *The Hobbit***

“Go back?” he thought. “No good at all! Go sideways? Impossible! Go forward? Only thing to do! On we go!” So up he got, and trotted along with his little sword held in front of him and one hand feeling the wall, and his heart all of a patter and a pitter. - **J. R. R. Tolkien, *The Hobbit***

There is more in you of good than you know, child of the kindly West. Some courage and some wisdom, blended in measure. If more of us valued food and cheer and song above hoarded gold, it would be a merrier world.

- **J. R. R. Tolkien, *The Hobbit***

May the hair on his toes never fall out!

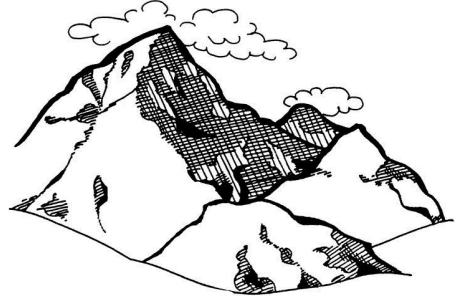
- **J. R. R. Tolkien, *The Hobbit***

So comes snow after fire, and even dragons have their ending. - **J. R. R. Tolkien, *The Hobbit***

“Never laugh at live dragons, Bilbo you fool!” he said to himself, and it became a favorite saying of his later, and passed into a proverb. - **J. R. R. Tolkien, *The Hobbit***

Over the Misty Mountains Cold by J. R. R. Tolkien

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.

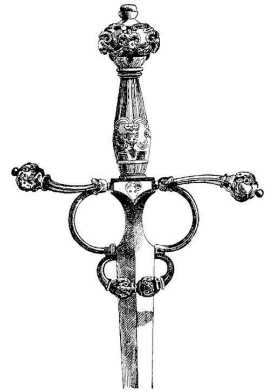


The dwarves of yore made mighty spells,
While hammers fell like ringing bells
In places deep, where dark things sleep,
In hollow halls beneath the fells.

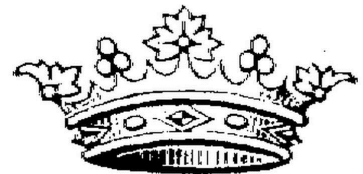


Over the Misty Mountains Cold *continued*

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.

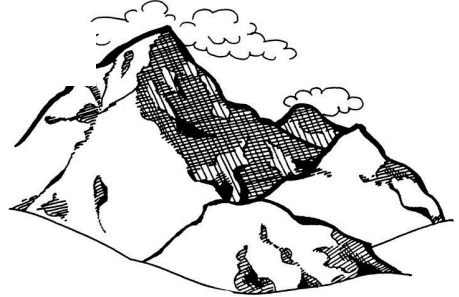


On silver necklaces they strung
The flowering stars, on crowns they hung
The dragon-fire, in twisted wire
They meshed the light of moon and sun.



Over the Misty Mountains Cold *continued*

Far over the misty mountains cold
To dungeons deep and caverns old
We must away, ere break of day,
To claim our long-forgotten gold.



Goblets they carved there for themselves
And harps of gold; where no man delves
There lay they long, and many a song
Was sung unheard by men or elves.

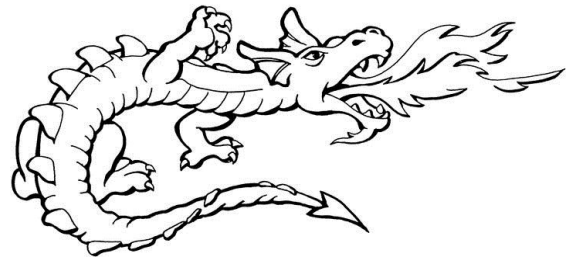


Over the Misty Mountains Cold *continued*

The pines were roaring on the height,
The wind was moaning in the night.
The fire was red, it flaming spread;
The trees like torches blazed with light.



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.



Over the Misty Mountains Cold *continued*

The mountain smoked beneath the moon;
The dwarves, they heard the tramp of doom.
They fled their hall to dying fall
Beneath his feet, beneath the moon.



Far over the misty mountains grim
To dungeons deep and caverns dim
We must away, ere break of day,
To win our harps and gold from him!"

