

Summoning, Menegroth

A king there was in days of the old
Ere men yet walked upon the mould
His power was reared in caverns shade
His hand was over glen and glade

His shields were shining as the moon
His lances keen of steel were hewn
Of silver grey his crown was wrought
The starlight in his banners caught

"(Refrain)"

And silver thrilled his trumpets long
Beneath the stars in challenge strong
Enchantment did his realm enfold
Where might and glory wealth untold