

Summoning, The Mountain King's Return

The king beneath the mountains
The king of carven stone
The lord of silver fountains
Shall come into his own!

His crown shall be upholden
His harp shall be restrung
His halls shall echo golden
To songs of yore resung

The woods shall wave on mountains
And grass beneath the sun
His wealth shall flow in fountains
And rivers golden run

The streams shall run in gladness
The lakes shall shine and burn
All sorrow fail and sadness
At mountains king's return