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