

# The Anvil Of Storms

Folkearth

The The mountains rang with the song  
Of hammers 'pon the anvil of storms!  
Red flaming gold -  
The flames danced in the forge!  
Dwarf-smiths pounded on the ore  
To shape the hammer of Thor!

Before the first dawn of Time,  
When the Moon was not  
The stars reigned alone on high...

Before Valhalla's Hall was roofed,  
When men could speak with wolves  
And Odin has both eyes...

The flames danced in the forge!  
Dwarf-smiths pounded on the ore  
To shape the hammer of Thor!

When Bifrost unguarded lay,  
'Ere the first rainbow sprung  
And the pot was bereft of gold...

Before the oceans rose,  
When the monoliths were young  
And the ravens knew it all...

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Of hammers 'pon the anvil of storms!  
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The flames danced in the forge!  
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To shape the hammer of Thor!