

The King Beneath The Mountains

Rivendell

The King beneath the mountains,
The King of carven stone,
The lord of silver fountains
Shall come into his own!
The woods shall wave on mountains
And grass beneath the sun:
His wealth shall flow in fountains
And the rivers golden run.
His crown shall be upholden,
His harp shall be restrung,
His halls shall echo golden
To songs of yore re-sung.
The streams shall run in gladness,
The lakes shall shine and burn,
All sorrow fail and sadness
At the Mountain-king's return!
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