

Arcenstone

Summoning

Here Thorin, lay your Arcenstone, upon your breast
and let it lay there until the moutain falls
and may it bring good fortune to all your folk that dwell here
after

In your tomb Thorin, lay your sword Orcrist,
never was it wielded by a mightier hand.

Did you see the Arcenstone?

It was like a gloom, with a thousand facetts
It shone like silver in the firelight
like water in the sun,
like snow under the stars,
like rain upon the moon

The adventure starts my friend off we go

Far away, Lonely Mountain its dark head in (a) torn cloud

This night was the worst, and then became pitchdark, so dark,
(that you can) see nothing.