

## Rivendell

# "The King Beneath The Mountains"

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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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The King of carven stone,  
The lord of silver fountains  
Shall come into his own!  
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His harp shall be restrung,  
His halls shall echo golden  
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