

## Summoning "Our Foes Shall Fall"

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The sword is sharp, the spear is long  
The arrow swift, the gate is strong  
The heart is bold that looks on gold  
The dwarves no more shall suffer wrong

The mountain throne once more is freed  
O! Wandering fold, the summons heed  
Come haste! Come haste! Across the waste  
The king of friend and kin has need.

Now call we over mountains cold  
Come back unto the caverns old  
Here at the gates the king awaits  
His hands are rich with gems and gold

The king is come unto his hall  
Under the mountain dark and tall  
The worm of dread is slain and dead  
And ever so our foes shall fall

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