

# In Hollow Halls Beneath the Fells

## Summoning

Far over the misty mountains cold  
To dungeons deep and carvens old  
We must away ere break of day  
To seek the pale enchanted gold  
The pines were roaring on the height  
The winds were moaning in the night  
The fire was read, it flaming spread  
The trees like torches blazed with light  
The dwarves of yore made mighty spells  
While hammers fell like ringing bells  
In places deep where dark things sleep  
In hollow halls beneath the fells  
For ancient kind and elvish lord  
There many a gleaming golden hord  
They shaped and wrought, and light they caught  
To hide in gems on hilt of sword

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