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 goldThe 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 lightThe dwarves of yore made mighty spells
While hammers fell like ringing bells
In places deep where dark things sleep
In hollow halls beneath the fellsFor 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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/