

Christopher Lee - Durin's Song

tom:

Mmm Mmm mmm
Mmm mmm
Mmm mmm mmm mmm
Mmm mmm

The world was young, the mountains green
No stain yet on, the moon was seen
No words were laid, on stream or stone
When Durin woke, and walked alone
He named the nameless hills and dells
He drank from yet untasted wells
He stooped and looked in Mirrormere
And saw a crown of stars appear
As gems upon a silver thread
Above the shadows of his head

The world was fair, the mountains tall
In Elder Days before the fall
Of mighty kings in Nargothrond
And Gondolin, who now beyond
The Western Seas have passed away
The world was fair in Durin's Day

A king he was on carven throne
In many-pillared halls of stone
With golden roof and silver floor
And runes of power upon the door
The light of sun and star and moon

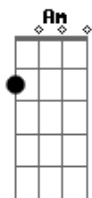
In shining lamps of crystal hewn
Undimmed by cloud or shade of night
There shone for ever fair and bright

There hammer on the anvil smote
There chisel clove, and graver wrote
There forged was blade, and bound was hilt
The delver mined, the mason built
There beryl, pearl, and opal pale
And metal wrought like fishes' mail
Buckler and corslet, axe and sword
And shining spears were laid in hoard
Aah Aah

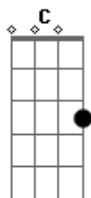
Unwearied then were Durin's folk
Beneath the mountains music woke
The harpers harped, the minstrels sang
And at the gates the trumpets rang

The world is gray, the mountains old
The forge's fire, is ashen cold
No harp is wrung, no hammer falls
The darkness dwells in Durin's halls
The shadow lies upon his tomb
In Moria, in Khazad-dûm
But still the sunken stars appear
In dark and windless Mirrormere
There lies his crown in water deep
Till Durin wakes again from sleep

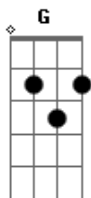
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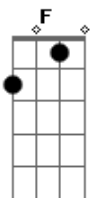
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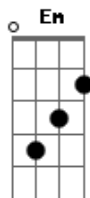
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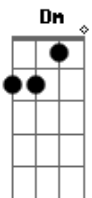
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