

Misty mountains (Full extended version)

Far over the misty mountains cold
To dungeons deep and caverns old
We must away ere break of day
To seek the pale enchanted gold

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 king and elvish lord
There many a gleaming golden hoard
They shaped and wrought, and light they caught
To hide in gems on hilt of sword.

On silver necklaces they strung
The flowering stars, on crowns they hung
The dragon-fire, in twisted wire
They meshed the light of moon and sun.

Far over the misty mountains cold
To dungeons deep and caverns old
We must away, ere break of day,
To claim our long-forgotten gold.

Goblets they carved there for themselves
And harps of gold; where no man delves
There lay they long, and many a song
Was sung unheard by men or elves.

The pines were roaring on the height,
The winds were moaning in the night,
The fire was red, it flaming spread,
The trees like torches blazed with light.

The bells were ringing in the dale
And men looked up with faces pale;
The dragon's ire more fierce than fire
Laid low their towers and houses frail.

Wir werden lieben

Wir werden lieben, so wie es Jesus tat,
als Er am Kreuz für uns alle starb
mit Bittgebet für Seine Feind‘,
von denen keiner wusste, was er tat.

Wir werden loben, was unser Jesus tat,
als Er die Himmelslehre uns gebracht.
Sein Grab ist leer, Er ist der Herr
voller Liebe und voll Macht.

Wir werden beten zu jenem Mann am Kreuz,
der selbst die Armut nicht hat gescheut.
Als ew'ger Gott wählt' Er die Not,
einfache Menschen haben Ihn erfreut.

Wir werden singen für unsern Jesus Christ,
weil Seine Liebe so überwält'gend ist:
Ein kleines Stück gibt man zurück
dem Himmelsvater mit Musik.

Wir werden reden, was die Wahrheit ist,
auch wenn die Welt innig die Lüge küsst,
denn das Gebot von unserm Gott
steht uns im Herz ganz felsenfest.

Wir werden lesen, was Gott uns schreiben ließ,
damit Sein Geist tief in die Seelen fließt.
Sein ew'ges Wort ist unser Hort,
wenn Hass und Sünde uns umgibt.

Wir werden reisen, wenn Gottes Geist uns drängt,
damit bald jeder die Frohe Botschaft kennt.
Mit frohem Mut unter Seiner Hut
reisen wir bis an der Erde End'!

Und auch zuhause singen wir Gottes Lob,
selbst wenn dort draußen die Feindesmeute tobt.
Die Furcht vergeht, die Lieb' besteht.
So schaffen wir die Lebensprob'!

The mountain smoked beneath the moon;
The dwarves, they heard the tramp of doom.
They fled their hall to dying fall
Beneath his feet, beneath the moon.

Far over the misty mountains grim
To dungeons deep and caverns dim
We must away, ere break of day,
To win our harps and gold from him!

The wind was on the withered heath,
But in the forest stirred no leaf:
There shadows lay by night and day,
And dark things silent crept beneath.

The wind came down from mountains cold,
And like a tide it roared and rolled.
The branches groaned, the forest moaned,
And leaves were laid upon the mould.

The wind went on from West to East;
All movement in the forest ceased.
But shrill and harsh across the marsh,
Its whistling voices were released.

The grasses hissed, their tassels bent,
The reeds were rattling—on it went.
O'er shaken pool under heavens cool,
Where racing clouds were torn and rent.

It passed the Lonely Mountain bare,
And swept above the dragon's lair:
There black and dark lay boulders stark,
And flying smoke was in the air.

It left the world and took its flight
Over the wide seas of the night.
The moon set pale upon the gale,
And stars were fanned to leaping light.

Under the Mountain dark and tall,
The King has come unto his hall!
His foe is dead, the Worm of Dread,
And ever so his foes shall fall!

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.

Unsere Ehen halten wir treu und rein,
denn Eheliebe soll ein Abbild sein
der Lieb' von Gott, dem Schöpfergott
für Seine Menschen schwach und klein.

Wir werden leiden, wenn das nötig ist,
um euch zu zeigen, wie einst der Jesus Christ:
Dies Leben geht, vom Wind verweht,
in Ewigkeit zählt nur Liebesdienst.

Wir werden lieben, so wie es Jesus tat,
als Er am Kreuz für uns alle starb
mit Bittgebet für Seine Feind',
von denen keiner wusste, was er tat.

Wir werden siegen in der Ewigkeit
und wenn Gott will, auch in der Erdenzeit,
denn Wahr und Gut, das kommt von Gott,
Er hat gesiegt über Tod und Leid.

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.

On silver necklaces they strung
The light of stars, on crowns they hung.
The dragon-fire from twisted wire
The melody of harps they wrung.

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

Now we call over the 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 has come unto his hall
Under the Mountain dark and tall.
The Wurm of Dread is slain and dead,
And ever so our foes shall fall!

Farewell we call to hearth and hall!
Though wind may blow and rain may fall,
We must away, ere break of day,
Far over the wood and mountain tall.

To Rivendell, where Elves yet dwell
In glades beneath the misty fell.
Through moor and waste we ride in haste,
And whither then we cannot tell.

With foes ahead, behind us dread,
Beneath the sky shall be our bed,
Until at last our toil be passed,
Our journey done, our errand sped.

We must away! We must away!
We ride before the break of day!

J.R.R. Tolkien

