

TV18/990 Zoncolan

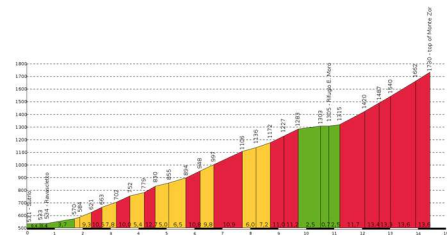
Je hebt van die dagen
dat je niets kunt verdragen
alles is teveel
loopt uit in gekrakeel
en je hoofd wilt vertragen.



Zo kijken ook die gasten
in de Giro naar de lasten
zoals vandaag het slotstuk
een fraaie, waanzinnige indruk
en op de Zoncolan ga je niet matsen.

Een muur in de natuur
met het hoofd op je stuur
wordt er naar boven gezwoegd
legendes weer toegevoegd
en eenieder verkooft zijn huid duur.

Afgemat over de streep
tot het uiterste, daar zit 'm de
kneep
wie zal het best herstellen
en zo zijn knopen tellen
en de overwinning als eindgreep?



19-05-2018



Rivendell – Misty Mountains

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 gloaming 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 biased 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.

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



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=k7hcUTAubco>