# **Classic Poetry Series**

# **JRR Tolkien**

- poems -

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#### All That is Gold Does Not Glitter

All that is gold does not glitter,
Not all those who wander are lost;
The old that is strong does not wither,
Deep roots are not reached by the frost.
From the ashes a fire shall be woken,
A light from the shadows shall spring;
Renewed shall be blade that was broken,
The crownless again shall be king.

#### **All Woods Must Fail**

O! Wanderers in the shadowed land Despair not! For though dark they stand, All woods there be must end at last, And see the open sun go past: The setting sun, the rising sun, The day's end, or the day begun. For east or west all woods must fail.

## All Ye Joyful

Sing all ye joyful, now sing all together! The wind's in the tree-top, the wind's in the heather; The stars are in blossom, the moon is in flower, And bright are the windows of night in her tower.

Dance all ye joyful, now dance all together! Soft is the grass, and let foot be like feather! The river is silver, the shadows are fleeting; Merry is May-time, and merry our meeting.

Sigh no more pine, till the wind of the morn! Fall Moon! Dark be the land! Hush! Hush! Oak, ash and thorn! Hushed by all water, till dawn is at hand!

## **Athelas**

When the black breath blows, And death's shadow grows, Come Athelas! Come Athelas! Life to the dying, In the king's hand lying!

## **Bath-Song**

Sing hey! For the bath at close of day that washes the weary mud away A loon is he that will not sing O! Water Hot is a noble thing!

O! Sweet is the sound of falling rain, and the brook that leaps from hill to plain; but better then rain or rippling streams is Water Hot that smokes and steams.

O! Water cold we may pour at need down a thirsty throat and be glad indeed but better is beer if drink we lack, and Water Hot poured down the back.

O! Water is fair that leaps on high in a fountain white beneath the sky; but never did fountain sound so sweet as splashing Hot Water with my feet!

## Bilbo's Last Song (At the Grey Havens)

Day is ended, dim my eyes, But journey long before me lies. Farewell, friends! I hear the call. The ship's beside the stony wall. Foam is white and waves are grey; beyond the sunset leads my way. Foam is salt, the wind is free; I hear the rising of the sea.

Farewell, friends! The sails are set, the wind is east, the moorings fret. Shadows long before me lie, beneath the ever-bending sky, but islands lie behind the Sun that i shall raise ere all is done; lands there are to west of West, where night is quiet and sleep is rest.

Guided by the Lonely Star, beyond the utmost harbour-bar, I'll find the heavens fair and free, and beaches of the Starlit Sea. Ship my ship! I seek the West, and fields and mountains ever blest. Farewell to Middle-earth at last. I see the star above my mast!

## **Bregalad's Lament**

O Orofarne, Lassemista, Carnimirie!
O rowan fair, upon your hair how white the blossom lay!
O rowan mine, I saw you shine upon a summer's day,
Your rind so bright, your leaves so light, your voice so cool and soft!
Upon your head how golden-red the crown you bare aloft!
O rowan dead, upon your head your haif is dry and grey;
Your crown is spilled, your voice is stilled for ever and a day.
O Orofarne, Lassemista, Carnimirie!

#### Cat

The fat cat on the mat may seem to dream of nice mice that suffice for him, or cream; but he free, maybe, walks in thought unbowed, proud, where loud roared and fought his kin, lean and slim, or deep in den in the East feasted on beasts and tender men. The giant lion with iron claw in paw, and huge ruthless tooth in gory jaw; the pard dark-starred, fleet upon feet, that oft soft from aloft leaps upon his meat where woods loom in gloom -far now they be, fierce and free, and tamed is he; but fat cat on the mat kept as a pet he does not forget.

#### Durin

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 along. He named the nameless hills and dales; He drank from yet untasted wells; He stopped and looked in Mirrormere, And saw a crown of stars appear, As gems upon a silver thread, Above the shadow 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 shown 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.
Unwearied then were Durin's folk;
Beneath the mountain music woke:
The harpers harped, the minstrels sang,
And at the gates the trumpets rang.

The world is grey, 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-dum. But still the sunken stars appear In dark and windless Mirrormere; There lies his crown in water deep. Till Durin wakes again from sleep.

#### **Earendil**

Earendil was a mariner that tarried in Arvernien; he built a boat of timber felled in Nimbrethil to journey in; her sails he wove of silver fair, of silver were her lanterns made, her prow was fashioned like a swan and light upon her banners laid.

In panolpy of ancient kings, in chained rings he armoured him; his shining shield was scored with runes to ward all wounds and harm from him; his bow was made of dragon-horn, his arrows shorn of ebony; of silver was his habergeon, his scabbard of chalcedony; his sword of steel was valient, of adamant his helmet tall, an eagle-plume upon his crest, upon his breast an emerald.

Beneath the Moon and under star he wandered far from northern strands, bewildered on enchanted ways beyond the days of mortal lands.

From gnashing of the Narrow Ice where shadow lies on frozen hills, from nether heats and burning waste he turned in haste, and roving still on starless waters far astray at last he came to Night of Naught, and passed, and never sight he saw of shining shore nor light he sought.

The winds of wrath came driving him, and blindly in the foam he fled from west to east and errandless, unheralded he homeward sped.

There flying Elwing came to him, and flame was in the darkness lit; more bright than light of diamond the fire on her carcanet.

The Silmaril she bound on him and crowned him with the living light, and dauntless then with burning brow he turned his prow; and in the night from otherworld beyond the Sea there strong and free a storm arose,

a wind of power in Tarmenel; by paths that seldom mortal goes his boat it bore with biting breath as might of death across the grey and long forsaken seas distressed; from east to west he passed away.

Thought Evernight he back was borne on black and roaring waves that ran o'er leagues unlit and foundered shores that drowned before the Days began, until he hears on strands of pearl where end the world the music long, where ever-foaming billows roll the yellow gold and jewels wan.

He saw the Mountain silent rise where twilight lies upon the knees of Valinor, and Eldamar beheld afar beyond the seas.

A wanderer escaped from night to haven white he came at last, to Elvenhome the green and fair where keen the air, where pale as glass beneath the Hill of Ilmarin a-glimmer in a valley sheer the lamplit towers of Tirion are mirrored on the Shadowmere.

He tarried there from errantry, and melodies they taught to him, and sages old him marvels told, and harps of gold they brought to him.

They clothed him then in elven-white, and seven lights before him sent, as through the Calacirian to hidden land forlorn he went.

He came unto the timeless halls where shining fall the countless years, and endless reigns the Elder King in Ilmarin on Mountain sheer; and words unheard were spoken then of folk and Men and Elven-kin, beyond the world were visions showed forbid to those that dwell therein.

A ship then new they built for him of mithril and of elven glass with shining prow; no shaven oar

nor sail she bore on silver mast: the Silmaril as lantern light and banner bright with living flame to gleam thereon by Elbereth herself was set, who thither came and wings immortal made for him, and laid on him undying doom, to sail the shoreless skies and come behind the Sun and light of Moon.

From Evergreen's lofty hills where softly silver fountains fall his wings him bore, a wandering light, beyond the mighty Mountain Wall.

From a World's End there he turned away, and yearned again to find afar his home through shadows journeying, and burning as an island star on high above the mists he came, a distant flame before the Sun, a wonder ere the waking dawn where grey the Norland waters run.

And over Middle-Earth he passed and heard at last the weeping sore of women and of elven-maids in Elder Days, in years of yore.

But on him mighty doom was laid, till Moon should fade, an orbed star to pass, and tarry never more on Hither Shores where Mortals are; or ever still a herald on an errand that should never rest to bear his shining lamp afar, to Flammifer of Westernesse.

#### **Elbereth**

Snow-white! Snow-white! O lady clear!
O Queen beyond the Western Sea!
O Light to us that wander here
Amid the world of woven trees!

Gilthoniel! O Elbereth! Clear are thy eyes and bright thy breath. Snow-white! Snow-white! We sing to thee In a far land beyond the Sea.

O stars that in the Sunless Year With shining hand by her were sown, In windy fields now bright and clear We see your silver blossom blown.

O Elbereth! Gilthoniel! We still remember, we who dwell In this far land beneath the trees, Thy starlight on the Western Seas.

A Elbereth Gilthoniel, Silivren penna miriel O menal aglar elenath! Na-chaered palan-diriel O galadhremmin ennorath, Fanuilos, le linnathon nef aear, si nef aearon!

Ai! laurie lantar lassi surinen! Yeni unotime ve ramar aldaron, Yeni ve linte yuldar vanier Mi oromardi lisse-miruvoreva Andune pella Vardo tellumar Nu luini yassen tintilar i eleni Omaryo airetari-lirinen.

Si man i yulma nin enquantuva?

An si Tintalle Varda Oilosseo
Ve fanyar maryat Elentari ortane,
Ar ilye tier undulare lumbule;
Ar sindanoriello caita mornie
I falmalinnar imbe met, ar hisie
Untupa Calaciryo miri oiale.
Si vanwa na, Romello vanwa, Valimar!
Namarie! Nai hiruvalye Valimar.
Nai elye hiruva. Namarie!

Ah! Like gold fall the leaves in the wind, Long years numberless as the wings of trees! The long years have passed like swift draughts of the sweet mead In lofty halls beyond the West Beneath the blue vaults of Varda Wherein the stars tremble in the song of her voice, Holy and queenly.

Who now shall refill the cup for me?

For now the Kindler, Varda,
The Queen of the Stars, from Mount Everwhite
Has uplifted her hands like clouds,
And all paths are drowned deep in shadow;
And out of a grey country darkness lies on the foaming waves between us,
And mist covers the jewels of Calacirya for ever.
Now lost, lost to those from the East is Valimar!

Farewell! Maybe thou shalt find Valimar. Maybe even thou shalt find it! Farewell!

Gilthoniel A Elbereth! A Elbereth Gilthoniel O menel palan-diriel, Le nallon si dinguruthos! A tiro nin, Fanuilos!

A! Elbereth Gilthoniel!
Silivren penna miriel
O menal aglar elenath,
Gilthoniel, A! Elbereth!
We still remember, we who dwell
In this far land beneath the trees
Thy starlight on the Western Seas.

#### Finrod's Song

He chanted a song of wizardry, Of piercing, opening, of treachery, Revealing, uncovering, betraying. Then sudden Felagund there swaying Sang in answer a song of staying, Resisting, battling against power, Of secrets kept, strength like a tower, And trust unbroken, freedom, escape; Of changing and of shifting shape Of snares eluded, broken traps, The prison opening, the chain that snaps. Backwards and forwards swayed their song. Reeling and foundering, as ever more strong The chanting swelled, Felagund fought, And all the magic and might he brought Of Elvenesse into his words. Softly in the gloom they heard the birds Singing afar in Nargothrond, The sighing of the Sea beyond, Beyond the western world, on sand, On sand of pearls in Elvenland. Then the gloom gathered; darkness growing In Valinor, the red blood flowing Beside the Sea, where the Noldor slew The Foamriders, and stealing drew Their white ships with their white sails From lamplit havens. The wind wails, The wolf howls. The ravens flee. The ice mutters in the mouths of the Sea. The captives sad in Angband mourn. Thunder rumbles, the fires burn ---And Finrod fell before the throne.

## **Gandalf's Song of Lorien**

In Dwimordene, in Lorien
Seldom have walked the feet of men,
Few mortal eyes have seen the light
That lies there ever, long and bright.
Galadriel! Galadriel!
Clear is the water of your well;
White is the stars in your white hand;
Unmarred, unstained is leaf and land
In Dwimordene, in Lorien
More fair than thoughts of Mortal Men.

## **Gil-galad**

Gil-galad was an Elven-king. Of him the harpers sadly sing: The last whose realm was fair and free Between the mountains and the sea.

His sword was long, his lance was keen. His shining helm afar was seen. The countless stars of heaven's field Were mirrored in his silver shield.

But long ago he rode away, And where he dwelleth none can say. For into darkness fell his star; In Mordor, where the shadows are.

#### I Sit and Think

I sit beside the fire and think of all that I have seen, of meadow-flowers and butterflies in summers that have been;

Of yellow leaves and gossamer in autumns that there were, with morning mist and silver sun and wind upon my hair.

I sit beside the fire and think of how the world will be when winter comes without a spring that I shall never see.

For still there are so many things that I have never seen: in every wood in every spring there is a different green.

I sit beside the fire and think of people long ago, and people who will see a world that I shall never know.

But all the while I sit and think of times there were before, I listen for returning feet and voices at the door.

## **Journey's End**

In western lands beneath the Sun The flowers may rise in Spring, The trees may bud, the waters run, The merry finches sing. Or there maybe 'tis cloudless night, And swaying branches bear The Elven-stars as jewels white Amid their branching hair.

Though here at journey's end I lie In darkness buried deep, Beyond all towers strong and high, Beyond all mountains steep, Above all shadows rides the Sun And Stars for ever dwell: I will not say the Day is done, Nor bid the Stars farewell.

#### **Lament for Boromir**

Through Rohan over fen and field where the long grass grows,
The West Wind comes walking, and about the walls it goes.
'What news from the West, O wandering wind, do you bring to me tonight?
Have you seen Boromir the Tall by moon or by starlight?'
'I saw him ride over seven streams, over waters wide and grey.
I saw him walk in empty lands, until he passed away
Into the shadows of the North. I saw him then no more.
The North Wind may have heard the horn of the son of Denethor.'
'O Boromir! From the high walls westward I looked afar,
But you came not from the empty lands where no men are.'

From the mouths of the sea the South Wind flies, from the sandhills and the stones; The wailing of the gulls it hears, and at the gate it moans. 'What news from the South, O sighing wind, do you bring to me at eve? Where now is Boromir the fair? He tarries and I grieve!' 'Ask me not of where he doth dwell--so many bones there lie On the white shores and the dark shores under the stormy sky; So many have passed down Anduin to find the flowing Sea. Ask of the North Wind news of them the North Wind sends to me!' 'O Boromir! Beyond the gate the seaward road runs south, But you came not with the wailing gulls from the grey sea's mouth.'

From the Gate of Kings the North Wind rides, and past the roaring falls; And clear and cold about the tower its loud horn calls. 'What news from the North, O mighty wind, do you bring to me today? What news of Boromir the Bold? For he is long away.' 'Beneath Amon Hen I heard his cry. There many foes he fought. His cloven sheild, his broken sword, they to the water brought. His head so proud, his face so fair, his limbs they laid to rest; And Rauros, golden Rauros-falls, bore him upon its breast.' 'O Boromir! The Tower of Guard shall ever northward gaze To Rauros, golden Rauros-falls, until the end of days.'

## **Lament for Eorl the Young**

Where now is the horse and the rider? Where is the horn that was blowing? Where is the helm and the hauberk, and the bright hair flowing? Where is the hand on the harpstring, and the red fire glowing? They have passed like rain on the mountain, like a wind in the meadow; The days have gone down in the West behind the hills into shadow. Who shall gather the smoke of the deadwood burning, Or behold the flowing years from the Sea returning?

#### Lebennin

Silver flow the streams from Colos to Erui In the green fields of Lebennin! Tall grows the grass there. In the wind from the Sea The white lilies sway, And the golden bells are shaken of mallos and alfirin In the green fields of Lebennin, In the wind from the Sea!

#### Namárië

Ai! laurië lantar lassi súrinen, Yéni únótimë ve rámar aldaron! Yéni ve lintë yuldar avánier Mi oromardi lissë-miruvóreva Andúnë pella, Vardo tellumar Nu luini yassen tintilar i eleni Omaryo airetári-lírinen. Sí man i yulma nin enquantuva?

An sí Tintallë Varda Oiolossëo Ve fanyar máryat Elentári ortanë Ar ilyë tier undulávë lumbulë Ar sindanóriello caita mornië I falmalinnar imbë met, Ar hísië untúpa Calaciryo míri oialë. Sí vanwa ná, Rómello vanwa, Valimar!

Namárië! Nai hiruvalyë Valimar! Nai elyë hiruva! Namárië!

Ah! like gold fall the leaves in the wind, Long years numberless as the wings of trees! The long years have passed like swift draughts Of the sweet mead in lofty halls Beyond the West, beneath the blue vaults of Varda Wherein the stars tremble In the voice of her song, holy and queenly. Who now shall refill the cup for me?

For now the Kindler, Varda, the Queen of the stars, From Mount Everwhite has uplifted her hands like clouds And all paths are drowned deep in shadow; And out of a grey country darkness lies On the foaming waves between us, And mist covers the jewels of Calacirya for ever. Now lost, lost to those of the East is Valimar!

Farewell! Maybe thou shalt find Valimar! Maybe even thou shalt find it! Farewell!

#### **Nimrodel**

An Elven-maid there was of old, A shining star by day. Her mantle white was hemmed with gold, Her shoes of silver-grey.

A star was bound upon her brows, A light was on her hair As sun upon the golden boughs In Lorien the fair.

Her hair was long, her limbs were white, And fair she was and free; And in the wind she went as light As leaf of linden-tree.

Beside the falls of Nimrodel, By water clear and cool, Her voice as falling silver fell Into the shining pool.

Where now she wanders none can tell, In sunlight or in shade; For lost of yore was Nimrodel And in the mountains strayed.

The elven-ships in haven grey Beneath the mountain-lee Awaited her for many a day Beside the roaring sea.

A wind by night in Northern lands Arose, and loud it cried, And drove the ship from elven-strands Across the steaming tide.

When dawn came dim the land was lost, The mountains sinking grey Beyond the heaving waves that tossed Their plumes of blinding spray.

Amroth beheld the fading shore Now low beyond the swell, And cursed the faithless ship that bore Him far from Nimrodel.

Of old he was an Elven-king, A lord of tree and glen, When golden were the boughs in spring In fair Lothlorien.

From helm to sea they saw him leap, As arrow from the string,

And dive into the water deep, As mew upon the wing.

The wind was in his flowing hair, The foam about him shone; Afar they saw him strong and fair Go riding like a swan.

But from the West has come no word, And on the Hither Shore No tidings Elven-folk have heard Of Amroth evermore.

## O! Where Are You Going?

O! What are you doing, And where are you going? Your ponies need shoeing! The River is flowing! O! Tra-la-la-lally Here down in the valley!

O! What are you seeking, And where are you making? The faggots are reeking! The bannocks are baking! O! Tril-lil-lil-lolly The valley is jolly Ha ha!

O! Where are you going, With beards all a-wagging? No knowing, no knowing What brings Mister Baggins, And Balin and Dwalin Down into the valley In June Ha ha!

O! Will you be staying, Or will you be flying? Your ponies are straying! The daylight is dying! To fly would be folly, To stay would be jolly! And listen and hark Till the end of the dark To our tune. Ha ha!

The dragon is withered,
His bones are now crumbled!
His armor is shivered,
His splendour is humbled!
Though sword shall be rusted
And throne and crown perish,
With strength that men trusted
And wealth that they cherish,
Here grass is still growing,
And leaves are yet swinging!
The white water is flowing,
And elves are yet singing!
Come! Tra-la-la-lally!
Come back to the valley!

The stars are far brighter Than gems without measure,

The moon is far whiter Than silver in treasure: The fire is more shining On hearth in the gloaming Than gold won by mining, So why so a-roaming? O! Tra-la-la-lally! Come back to the Valley!

O! Where are you going? So late in returning? The water is flowing! The stars are all burning! O! Whither so laden, So sad and so dreary? Here elf and elf-maiden Now welcome the weary! With tra-la-la-lally Come back to the Valley, Tra-la-la-lally Fa-la-la-lally Ha ha!

## **One Ring**

Ash nazg durbatulûk, ash nazg gimbatul, Ash nazg thrakutulûk agh burzum-ishi krimpatul.

Three Rings for the Elven-kings under the sky, Seven for the dwarf-lords in their halls of stone, Nine for Mortal Men doomed to die, One for the Dark Lord on his dark throne, In the Land of Mordor where the Shadows lie. One Ring to rule them all, One Ring to find them, One Ring to bring them all and in the darkness bind them In the Land of Mordor where the Shadows lie.

## **One White Tree**

Tall ships and tall kings
Three times three.
What brought they from the foundered land
Over the flowing sea?
Seven stars and seven stones
And one white tree.

## **Over the Misty Mountains Cold**

Far over the Misty Mountains cold, To dungeons deep and caverns old, We must away, ere break of day, To seek our 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, on 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 heights, The wind was 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.

The mountain smoked beneath the moon. The dwarves, they heard the tramp of doom. They fled the 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 be night or 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 sale 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.

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 freind and kin has need.

Now call we 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 Worm 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!

#### Roads Go Ever On

Roads go ever ever on,
Over rock and under tree,
By caves where never sun has shone,
By streams that never find the sea;
Over snow by winter sown,
And through the merry flowers of June,
Over grass and over stone,
And under mountains in the moon.

Roads go ever ever on, Under cloud and under star. Yet feet that wandering have gone Turn at last to home afar. Eyes that fire and sword have seen, And horror in the halls of stone Look at last on meadows green, And trees and hills they long have known.

The Road goes ever on and on Down from the door where it began. Now far ahead the Road has gone, And I must follow, if I can, Pursuing it with eager feet, Until it joins some larger way, Where many paths and errands meet.

The Road goes ever on and on Down from the door where it began. Now far ahead the Road has gone, And I must follow, if I can, Pursuing it with weary feet, Until it joins some larger way, Where many paths and errands meet. And whither then? I cannot say.

The Road goes ever on and on Out from the door where it began. Now far ahead the Road has gone. Let others follow, if they can! Let them a journety new begin. But I at last with weary feet Will turn towards the lighted inn, My evening-rest and sleep to meet.

Still 'round the corner there may wait A new road or secret gate; And though I oft have passed them by, A day will come at last when I Shall take the hidden paths that run West of the Moon, East of the Sun.

#### Seasons

In the willow-meads of Tasarinan I walked in the Spring.

Ah! The sight and smell of the Spring in Nantasarion!

And I said that was good.

I wandered in Summer in the elm-woods of Ossiriand.

Ah! The light and the music in the Summer by the Seven Rivers of Ossir!

And I thought that was best.

To the beeches of Neldoreth I came in the Autumn.

Ah! The gold and red and the sighing of leaves in the Autumn in Taur-na-neldor!

It was more than my desire.

To the pine-trees upon the highland of Dorthonion I climbed in Winter.

Ah! The wind and the whiteness and the black branches of Winter upon Orod-na-Thon!

My voice went up and sang in the sky.

And now all those lands lie under the wave,

And I walk in Ambarona, in Tauremorna, in Aldalome,

In my own land, in the country of Fangorn,

Where the roots are long,

And the years lie thicker than leaves

In Tauremornalome.

## Sing All Ye People!

Sing now, ye people of the Tower of Anor, For the Realm of Sauron is ended for ever, And the Dark Tower is thrown down.

Sing and rejoice, ye people of the Tower of Guard, For your watch hath not been in vain, And the Black Gate is broken, And your King hath passed through, And he is victorious.

Sing and be glad, all ye children of the West, For your King shall come again, And he shall dwell amoung you All the days of your life.

And the Tree that was withered shall be renewed, And he shall plant it in the high places, And the City shall be blessed.

Sing all ye people!

# The King

The King beneath the mountains, The King of carven stone, The lord of silver fountains, Shall come into his own!

His crown shall be upholden, His harp shall be restrung, His halls shall echo golden, To songs of yore re-sung.

The woods shall wave on mountains, And grass beneath the sun; His wealth shall flow in fountains, And the rivers golden run.

The streams shall run in gladness, The lakes shall shine and burn, All sorrow fail and sadness, At the Mountain-king's return.

# The Little House of Lost Play (Mar Vanwa Tyalieva)

We knew that land once, You and I, and once we wandered there in the long days now long gone by, a dark child and a fair.

Was it on the paths of firelight thought in winter cold and white, or in the blue-spun twilit hours of little early tucked-up beds in drowsy summer night, that you and I in Sleep went down to meet each other there, your dark hair on your white nightgown and mine was tangled fair?

We wandered shyly hand in hand, small footprints in the golden sand, and gathered pearls and shells in pails, while all about the nightengales were singing in the trees. We dug for silver with our spades, and caught the sparkle of the seas, then ran ashore to greenlit glades, and found the warm and winding lane that now we cannot find again, between tall whispering trees.

The air was neither night nor day, an ever-eve of gloaming light, when first there alimmered into sight the Little House of Play. New-built it was, yet very old, white, and thatched with straws of gold, and pierced with peeping lattices that looked toward the sea; and our own children's garden-plots were there: our own forgetmenots, red daisies, cress and mustard, and radishes for tea. There all the borders, trimmed with box, were filled with favourite flowers, with phlox, with lupins, pinks, and hollyhocks, beneath a red may-tree; and all the gardens full of folk that their own little language spoke, but not to You and Me.

For some had silver watering-cans and watered all their gowns, or sprayed each other; some laid plans to build their houses, little towns and dwellings in the trees. And some were clambering on the roof;

some crooning lonely and aloof; some dancing round the fairy-rings all garlanded in daisy-strings, while some upon their knees before a little white-robed king crowned with marigold would sing their rhymes of long ago. But side by side a little pair with heads together, mingled hair, went walking to and fro still hand in hand; and what they said, ere Waking far apart them led, that only we now know.

## The Man in the Moon Came Down Too Soon

There is an inn, a merry old inn beneath an old grey hill, And there they brew a beer so brown That the Man in the Moon himself came down one night to drink his fill.

The ostler has a tipsy cat that plays a five-stringed fiddle; And up and down he saws his bow Now squeaking high, now purring low, now sawing in the middle.

The landlord keeps a little dog that is mighty fond of jokes; When there's good cheer among the guests, He cocks an ear at all the jests and laughs until he chokes.

They also keep a hornéd cow as proud as any queen; But music turns her head like ale, And makes her wave her tufted tail and dance upon the green.

And O! the rows of silver dishes and the store of silver spoons! For Sunday there's a special pair, And these they polish up with care on Saturday afternoons.

The Man in the Moon was drinking deep, and the cat began to wail; A dish and a spoon on the table danced, The cow in the garden madly pranced and the little dog chased his tail.

The Man in the Moon took another mug, and then rolled beneath his chair; And there he dozed and dreamed of ale, Till in the sky the stars were pale, and dawn was in the air.

Then the ostler said to his tipsy cat: 'The white horses of the Moon, They neigh and champ their silver bits; But their master's been and drowned his wits, and the Sun'll be rising soon!'

So the cat on the fiddle played hey-diddle-diddle, a jig that would wake the dead: He squeaked and sawed and quickened the tune, While the landlord shook the Man in the Moon:

'It's after three!' he said.

They rolled the Man slowly up the hill and bundled him into the Moon, While his horses galloped up in rear, And the cow came capering like a deer, and a dish ran up with the spoon.

Now quicker the fiddle went deedle-dum-diddle; the dog began to roar, The cow and the horses stood on their heads; The guests all bounded from their beds and danced upon the floor.

With a ping and a pang the fiddle-strings broke! the cow jumped over the Moon, And the little dog laughed to see such fun, And the Saturday dish went off at a run with the silver Sunday spoon.

The round Moon rolled behind the hill, as the Sun raised up her head. She\* hardly believed her fiery eyes; For though it was day, to her surprise they all went back to bed!

## The Sea

To the Sea, to the Sea! The white gulls are crying, The wind is blowing, and the white foam is flying. West, west away, the round sun is falling. Grey ship, grey ship, do you hear them calling? The voices of my people gone before me? I will leave, I will leave the woods that bore me; For our days are ending and our years failing. I will pass the wide waters lonely sailing. Long are the waves on the Last Shore falling, Sweet are the voices in the Lost Isle calling. In Eressea, in Elvenhome, that no man can discover, Where the leaves fall not: land of my people forever!

#### **Theoden**

From dark Dunharrow in the dim morning With thane and captain rode Thengel's son: To Edoras he came, the ancient halls Of the Mark-wardens mist-enshrouded; Golden timbers were in gloom mantled. Farewell he bade to his free people, Hearth and high-seat, and the hallowed places, Where long he had feasted ere the light faded. Forth rode the king, fear behind him, Fate before him. Fealty kept he; Oaths he had taken, all fulfilled them. Forth rode Theoden. Five nights and days East and onward rode the Eolingas. Through Folde and Fenmarch and the Firienwood, Six thousand spears to Sunlending, Mundberg the mighty under Mindolluin, Sea-kings city in the South-kingdom Foe-beleaguered, fire-encircled. Doom drove them on. Darkness took them, Horse and horseman; hoofbeats afar Sank into silence: so the songs tell us.

#### Theoden's Fall

We heard of the horns in the hills ringing, The swords shining in the South-kingdom. Steeds went striding to the stoning land As wind in the morning. War was kindled. There Theoden fell, Thengling mighty, To his golden halls and green pastures In the Northern fields never returning, High lord of the host. Harding and Guthlaf, Dunhere and Deorwine, doughty Grimbold, Herefara and Herubrand, Horn and Fastred, Fought and fell there in a far country: In the Mounds of Mundberg under mould they lie With their leauge-fellows, lords of Gondor. Neither Hirluin the Fair to the hills by the sea, Nor Forlong the old to the flowering vales Ever, to Arnach, to his own country Returned in triumph; nor the tall bowmen, Derufin and Duilin, to their dark waters, Meres of Morthond under mountain-shadows. Death in the morning and at day's ending Lords took and lowly. Long now they sleep Under grass in Gondor by the Great River. Grey now as tears, gleaming silver Red then it rolled, roaring water. Foam dyed with blood flamed at sunset; As beacons mountains burned at evening; Red fell the dew in Rammas Echor.

#### **Tinuviel**

The leaves were long, the grass was green,
The hemlock-umbels tall and fair,
And in the glade a light was seen
Of stars in shadow shimmering.
Tinuviel was dancing there
To music of a pipe unseen,
And light of stars was in her hair,
And in her raiment glimmering.

There Beren came from mountains cold, And lost he wandered under leaves, And where the Elven-river rolled, He walked alone and sorrowing. He peered between the hemlock-leaves And saw in wonder flowers of gold Upon her mantle and her sleeves, And her hair like shadow following.

Enchantment healed his weary feet
That over hills were doomed to roam;
And forth he hastened, strong and fleet,
And grasped at moonbeams glistening.
Through woven woods in Elvenhome
She lightly fled on dancing feet,
And left him lonely still to roam
In the silent forest listening.

He heard there oft the flying sound Of feet as light as linden-leaves, Or music welling underground, In hidden hollows quavering. Now withered lay the hemlock-leaves, And one by one with sighing sound, Whispering fell the beechen leaves In the wintry woodland wavering.

He sought her ever, wandering far Where leaves of years were thickly strewn, By light of moon and ray of star In frosty heavens shivering. Her mantle glinted in the moon, As on a hill-top high and far She danced, and at her feet was strewn A mist of silver quivering.

When winter passed, she came again,
And her song released the sudden spring,
Like rising lark, and falling rain,
And melting water bubbling.
He saw the elven-flowers spring
About her feet, and healed again,
He longed by her to dance and sing

Upon the grass untroubling.

Again she fled, but swift he came. Tinuviel! Tinuviel! He called her by her elvish name; And there she halted listening. One moment stood she, and a spell His voice lay on her: Beren came, And doom fell on Tinuviel That in his arms lay glistening.

As Beren looked into her eyes Within the shadows of her hair, The trembling starlight of the skies He saw there mirrored shimmering. Tinuviel the elven-fair, Immortal maiden elven-wise, About him cast her shadowy hair And arms like silver glimmering.

Long was the way that fate them bore, O'er stony mountains cold and grey, Through halls of iron and darkling door, And woods of nightshade morrowless. The Sundering Seas between them lay, And yet at last they met once more, And long ago they passed away In the forest singing sorrowless.

# To the Bottle I Go

Ho! Ho! Ho! To the bottle I go
To heal my heart and drown my woe.
Rain may fall and wind may blow,
And many miles be still to go
But under a tall tree I will lie,
And let the clouds go sailing by.

## **Troll Sat Alone on His Seat of Stone**

Troll sat alone on his seat of stone,
And munched and mumbled a bare old bone;
For many a year he had gnawed it near,
For meat was hard to come by.
Done by! Gum by!
In a cave in the hills he dwelt alone,
And meat was hard to come by.

Up came Tom with his big boots on.
Said he to Troll: 'Pray, what is yon?
For it looks like the shin o' my nuncle Tim.
As should be a-lyin' in the graveyard.
Caveyard! Paveyard!
This many a year has Tim been gone,
And I thought he were lyin' in the graveyard.'

'My lad,' said Troll, 'this bone I stole. But what be bones that lie in a hole? Thy nuncle was dead as a lump o' lead, Afore I found his shinbone. Tinbone! Skinbone! He can spare a share for a poor old troll, For he don't need his shinbone.'

Said Tom: 'I don't see why the likes o' thee Without axin' leave should go makin' free With the shank or the shin o' my father's kin; So hand the old bone over! Rover! Trover! Though dead he be, it belongs to he; So hand the old bone over!'

'For a couple o' pins,' says Troll, and grins, 'I'll eat thee too, and gnaw thy shins. A bit o' fresh meat will go down sweet! I'll try my teeth on thee now. Hee now! See now! I'm tired o' gnawing old bones and skins; I've a mind to dine on thee now.'

But just as he thought his dinner was caught, He found his hands had hold of naught. Before he could mind, Tom slipped behind And gave him the boot to larn him. Warn him! Darn him! A bump o' the boot on the seat, Tom thought, Would be the way to larn him.

But harder than stone is the flesh and bone Of a troll that sits in the hills alone. As well set your boot to the mountain's root, For the seat of a troll don't feel it.

Peel it! Heal it! Old Troll laughed, when he heard Tom groan, And he knew his toes could feel it.

Tom's leg is game, since home he came, And his bootless foot is lasting lame; But Troll don't care, and he's still there With the bone he boned from its owner. Doner! Boner! Troll's old seat is still the same, And the bone he boned from its owner!