

Clamavi de Profundis - Song Of Durin

tom:

Am

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

Aaah Aaah

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

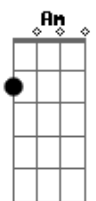
But still the sunken stars appear

In dark and windless Mirrormere

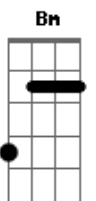
There lies his crown in water deep

Till Durin wakes again from sleep

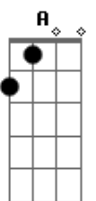
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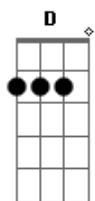
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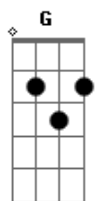
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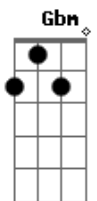
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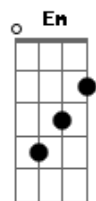
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