

Noekk

"Song Of Durin"

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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 woked and walked alone

The world was fair, the mountains tall, in elder days before the fall
The western seas have passed: 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 world was fair, the mountains tall, in elder days before the fall
The western seas have passed: The world was fair in Durin's Day

The world is grey, the mountains old. The darkness dwells in Durin's halls
But still the sunken star appears in dark and windless mirrormere
There lies his crown in water deep, 'till Durin wakes again from sleep

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