

## Summon

### "Kor"

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O fading town upon an island hill,  
Old shadows linger in thine ancient gate,  
Thy robe is grey, thine old heart now is still;  
Thy towers silent in the mist await their crumbling end  
While through the storeyed elms  
The gliding black water leaves these inland realms,  
And slips between long meadows to the Sea,  
Still bearing downward over murmurous falls  
One day and then another to the Sea  
And slowly thither many years have gone

All thy trees, Kortirion, were bent,  
And shook with sudden whispering lament:  
For passing were the days, and doomed the nights  
When fluttering ghost-moths danced round  
Tapers in the moveless air nighttime

And doomed already were the radiant dawns,  
The odour and the noise of meads,  
When all thy trees were bent, and shook with sudden  
whispering lament

And slowly thither many years have gone  
Since first the elves here built ancient, renowned  
Kortirion

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