Caradhras

Summoning

When winter winds are piercing chill,
and through the hawthorn blows the gale,
with solemn feet i tread the peak,
that overbrows the mountains vale.Redhorn; my doom!Where twisted round the barren oak,
the winter vine in beauty clung,
and howling winds the stillness broke,
the crystal icicle is hung.Redhorn; my doom!But still wild music is abroad,
pale, desert woods! within your crowd;
and gathering winds, in hoarse accord,
amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.High upon the land,
on the highest (mountain) peak i hear
(the echoes of) the world profound.

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