Old Mornings Dawn

Summoning

The windy years have strewn down distant ways;
and in the halls still doth thy spirit sing
songs of old memory amid thy present tears,
or hope of days to come half sad with many fears.Though along thy paths no longer runs
while war untimely takes thy many sons,
no tide of treason can thy glory drown
robed in sad majesty, the stars thy crown.
I am the blood!Old mornings dawn,
i am not the light you see,
but only that which is falling on me.The misty stars thy crown, the night thy dress,
most peerless magical thou dost possess my heart,
and old days come to life again,
old mornings dawn...

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