Elfstone

Summoning

All that is gold does not glitter
All that is long does not last
All that is old does not wither
Not all that is over is past
And I may not get through in time
Oh, Elfstone - bearer of my green stone
In the south under snow a green stone thou shalt see
Elfstone - in the shadow of the dark throne
For the hour is at hand that long hath awaited thee
Greenleaf - bearer of the Elvenbow
Far beyond Mirkwood many trees on earth grow
Thy last shaft when thou hast shot
Under the mournful trees thou shalt walk
For dark are the waters of Kheledzaram
And my heart trembles at the thought that I may see them soon
I am longing for harmony - the freedom within me
Out of dark to the day's rising
I came crying in the sun - sword unsheathing
To hope's end I rode and to heart's breaking
Now for wrath
Now for ruin - and a red nightfall
When the black breath blows - and death's shadows grow
All lights pass
Life to the dying - in my hand lying
Shrivel like the old mist - like the winds go wailing
Lost and forgotten be - darker than the darkness
Where gates stand for ever shut
'Til the world is mended

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