Kor

Summoning

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 goneAll thy trees, Kortirion, were bent,
And shook with sudden whispering lament:
For passing were the days, and doomed the nights
When flittering ghost-moths danced round
tapers in the moveless air nighttimeAnd doomed already were the radiant dawns,
The odour and the noise of meads,
when all thy trees were bent,and shook with sudden whispering lamentAnd slowly thither many years have gone
since first the elves here built ancient, renowned Kortirion

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