

LEGOLAS ON ANDUIN

Silent rocks the elven-ship
Built to bear me home.
Her sails are white, her flanks are grey,
Her silver bows are wet with spray,
About her feet a foam.

Of fair lebethrin is she built,
And carved of many trees,
And wrought with cunning in her bows
To pass the sundering seas.

With heavy load her holds are stowed,
Her cables coiled in trim;
She rocks and waits her elven-lord
To board at evendim.

But I before I board will go
Through and beyond the trees,
Once more to roam Lebennin's fields
Where golden gleaming lillies yield
Before the gilded breeze,

Once more to walk Ithilien's woods
Under the evening skies,
To wander in the timeworn halls,
To hear the night birds' quiet calls,
In lands where leaf forever falls
And stars forever rise.

For though the stars of elvenhome
Are fairer yet than these,
Yet in the cool of evendim
They bloom in different trees.

Though bright and fair its meadows be,
Though fragrantly they blow,
Yet different lilies gleam and glance
And other grasses shivering dance
Beneath the afterglow.

And though its music timeless falls
In drops of singing light,
I would remember if I may
The merry birds that mock the day
And those that now on every spray
Bring honour to the night.

Once more I walk beneath the trees
In this dim land of men;
And then, Farewell, Pelargir strands,
Lebennin's fields, Ithilien's lands.
On Anduin's flood my carved stands.
I will not come again.

-Pat McIntosh.