

Hymn to Eärendil

*All hail Eärendil! for Elf-folk and Mortal-kind
sent once to intercede, seeking for grace,
help against hell-powers, from the holy Valar,
Lords of the West; launched from Middle-earth
into darkness and dread, driven by storm,
till you attained to Tirion, told then your errand
from the people oppressed. With their prayers you were freighted,
their tears and their need, in that time of evil.*

*Now, a messenger once more, to men and Elven-kin
you heralded a new hope. On high in the star-region
the vision of Vingilot, by Varda made glorious,
outshone all the stars, the ship of Gil-Estel.*

*And still even yet, through the years innumerable,
your brow hallowed with the bright beams
of the Jewel of Fëanor, as on journeys beyond the world
you come and go, then, carrying the tidings
that the Children in their need are never forsaken
by the Powers of Good, there appears in the twilight
the Silmaril, the signal, the symbol of rescue
to Men in Middle-earth whenever Morgoth's legacy
of strife and deceit grows strong again in Arda;
that, when evil seems over-strong in our age of the world,
our hope may reawaken, beholding in your beacon,
still lovely and living, the light of the Two Trees.*

All hail Eärendil, most excellent of stars!

Pat Masson

