

Poems, Prayers and Promises

From

Middle Earth

A warm summer night breeze blowing high among the trees,
As you ponder Lord of the Kings,
Maybe tonight you will see strange things.

Hobbits, Trolls, Elves and more, is that Gandalf at your door?
Not to quick to let him in,
It could be Dwarfs with long beards on their chinny, chin, chins.

Search for Dragon's gold, so I am told,
Beneath the mountain it gets
Very cold,
If you return, you maybe old, then what good is Dragon's gold?

By Veritac Loamsdown of Deephallow

(AKA, Eoghain Sheroan)



In a hole in the ground there lived a hobbit.
Not a nasty, dirty, wet hole,
filled with the ends of worms and an oozy smell,
nor yet a dry, bare sandy hole with nothing in it
to sit down on or to eat:
it was a hobbit-hole, and that means comfort.
It had a perfectly round door like a porthole,
painted green,
with a shiny yellow brass knob in the exact middle
The door opened on to a tube-shaped hall like a tu-
a very comfortable tunnel without smoke,
with panelled walls, and floors tiled and carpeted,
provided with polished chairs.

(Illustration by John Howe)

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*Chip the glasses and crack the plates!
Blunt the knives and bend the forks!
That's what Bilbo hates -
Smash the bottles and burn the corks!*

*Cut the cloth and tread on the fat!
Pour the milk on the pantry floor!
Leave the bones on the bedroom mat!
Splash the wine on every door!*

*Dump the crocks in a boiling bowl;
Pound them up with a thumping pole;
And when you've finished, if any are whole,
Send them down the hall to roll!
That's what Bilbo Baggins hates!
So, carefully! carefully! with the plates!*



*Clap! Snap! the black crack!
Grip, grab! Pinch, nab!
And down to Goblin-town
You go, my lad!*

*Clash, crash! Crush, smash!
Hammer and tongs! Knocker and gongs!
Pound, pound, far underground!
Ho, ho! my lad!*

*Swish, smack! Whip crack!
Batter and beat! Yammer and bleat!
Work, work! Nor dare to shirk,
While Goblins quaff, and Goblins laugh,
Round and round far underground
Below, my lad!*



His head was swimming, and he was far from certain even of the direction
they had been going in when he had his fall.
He guessed as well as he could, and crawled along for a good way,
till suddenly his hand met what felt like a tiny ring of cold metal lying on the
floor
of the tunnel.

It was a turning point in his career, but he did not know it.

He put the ring in his pocket almost without thinking:
certainly it did not seem of any particular use at the moment.

He did not go much further,
but sat down on the cold floor and gave himself up to complete miserableness.

Riddles in the Dark!

*What has roots as nobody sees,
Is taller than trees
Up, up it goes,
And yet never grows?*



*This thing all things devours:
Birds, beasts, trees, flowers:
Gnaws iron, bites steel:
Grinds hard stones to meal:
Slays king, ruins town,
And beats high mountains down!*

What have I got in my pocket?

*A box without hinges, key or lid,
Yet golden treasure inside is hid!*



Not far away was his island, of which Bilbo knew nothing,
and there in his hiding-place he kept a few wretched oddments,
and one very beautiful thing, very beautiful, very wonderful.

He had a ring, a golden ring, a precious ring.

"My birthday-present!" he whispered to himself, as he had
often done in the endless dark days.

"That's what he wants now, yes; we wants it!"

He wanted it because it was a ring of power, and if you slipped that ring
on your finger, you were invisible; only in the full sunlight could you be seen,
and then only by your shadow, and that would be shaky and faint.

"My birthday-present! It came to me on my birthday, my precious."

They could still see his hood above the water then they ran to the bank.

Quickly they flung a rope with a hook towards him.

His hand caught it, and they pulled him to the shore.

He was drenched from hair to boots, of course, but that was not the worst.

When they laid him on the bank he was already fast asleep, with one hand

clutching the rope so tight that they could not get it from his grasp:

and fast asleep he remained in spite of all they could do.



The King beneath the mountains,

*The King of carven stone,
The lord of silver fountains
Shall come into his own!*

*His crown shall be upholden,
His harp shall be restrung,
His halls shall echo golden
To songs of yore re-sung.*

*The woods shall wave on mountains
And grass beneath the sun:
His wealth shall flow in fountains
And the rivers golden run.*

*The streams shall run in gladness,
The lakes shall shine and burn,
All sorrow fail and sadness
At the Mountain-king's return!*

"Truly songs and tales fall utterly short of the reality,

*O Smaug the Chiefest and Greatest of Calamities," replied Bilbo.
"You have nice manners for a thief and a liar," said the dragon.
"You seem familiar with my name, but I don't seem to remember smelling
you before. Who are you and where do you come from, may I ask?"
"You may indeed! I come from under the hill, and under the hills and over
the hills my paths led. And through the air. I am he that walks unseen."
"So I can well believe," said Smaug, "but that is hardly your usual name."
"I am the clue-finder, the web-cutter, the stinging fly.
I was chosen for the lucky number."
"Lovely titles!" sneered the dragon. "But lucky numbers don't always
come off."*

His sword he hung over the mantelpiece.
His coat of mail was arranged on a stand in the hall (until he lent it to a
Museum)
His gold and silver was largely spent in presents, both useful and extravagant -
which to a certain extent accounts for the affection of his nephews and his nieces.
His magic ring he kept a great secret,
for he chiefly used it when unpleasant callers came!

*Roads go ever ever on,
Over rock and under tree,
By caves where never sun has shone,
By streams that never find the sea:
Over snow by winter sown,
And through the merry flowers of June,
Over grass and over stone,
And under mountains in the moon.*

*Roads go ever ever on
Under cloud and under star,
Yet feet that wandering have gone
Turn at last to home afar,
Eyes that fire and sword have seen
And horror in the halls of stone
Look at last on meadows green
And trees and hills they long have known.*



Verses from "The Lord of the Rings" by J.R.R. Tolkien

Frodo's Lament for Gandalf

*When evening in the Shire was grey
his footsteps on the Hill were heard;
before the dawn he went away
on journey long without a word.*

*From Wilderland to Western shore,
from northern waste to southern hill,
through dragon-lair and hidden door
and darkling woods he walked at will.*

*With Dwarf and Hobbit, Elves and Men,
with mortal and immortal folk,
with bird on bough and beast in den,
in their own secret tongues he spoke.*

*A deadly sword, a healing hand,
a back that bent beneath its load;
a trumpet-voice, a burning brand,
a weary pilgrim on the road.*

*A lord of wisdom throned he sat,
swift in anger, quick to laugh;
an old man in a battered hat
who leaned upon a thorny staff.*

*He stood upon the bridge alone
and Fire and Shadow both defied;
his staff was broken on the stone,
in Khazad-dûm his wisdom died.*

Sam's addition:

*The finest rockets ever seen:
they burst in stars of blue and green,
or after thunder golden showers
came falling like a rain of flowers.*





GANDALF COMES TO THE GUARDED CITY

And there where the White Mountains of Ered Nimrais came to their end he saw, as Gandalf had promised, the dark mass of Mount Mindolluin, the deep purple shadows of its high glens, and its tall face whitening in the rising day. And upon its out-thrust knee was the Guarded City,

with its seven walls of stone so strong and old that it seemed to have been not builded but carven by giants out of the bones of the earth.



THE WHITE TOWER OF ELWING

On those journeys Elwing did not go, for she had not the strength to endure the cold and pathless voids, and she loved rather the earth and the sweet winds that blow on sea and hill. Therefore she let build for her a white tower upon the borders of the outer world, in the northern region of the

Sundering Seas; and thither all the sea-birds of the earth at times repaired.

THE DOOR OF NIGHT

Its pillars are of the mightiest basalt and its lintel likewise, but great dragons of black stone are carved thereon, and shadowy smoke pours slowly from their jaws.

