

# Durin's Song

Clamavi De Profundis



The world was young, the mountains green, No stain yet on the Moon was



seen, No words were laid on stream or stone, When Du-rin woke and walked a -



lone. He named the name-less hills and dells, He drank from yet un-tas-ted



wells, He stooped and looked in Mir-ror - mere, And saw a crown of stars ap -



pear, As gems u-pon a sil-ver thread, A-bove the shad-ows of his head.



The world was fair, the moun-tains tall, In El-der days be-fore the



fall, Of migh-ty kings in Nar-go-thrond And Gon-do - lin, who now be-yond The



wes-tern seas have passed a-way, The world was fair in Du-rin's day.



A king he was on car-ven throne In ma-n-y pil-lared halls of stone With



gol-den roof and sil-ver floor, And runes of power u-pon the door. The



light of sun and star and moon In shi-ning lamps of crys-tal hewn Un-



dim-med by cloud or shade of night There shone for ev-er fair and bright.



There ham-mer on the an-vil smote, There chi-sel clove, and gra-ver wrote, There

59



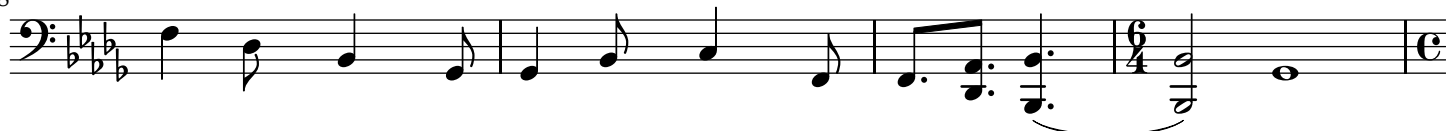
forged was blade, and bound was hilt, The del-ver mined, the ma-son built. There

63



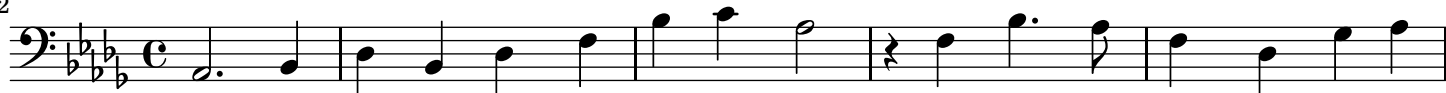
beryl, pearl, and o - pal pale, And met-al wrought like fish es' mail, Buckler and corslet,

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axe and sword, And shi-ning spears were laid in hoard.

72



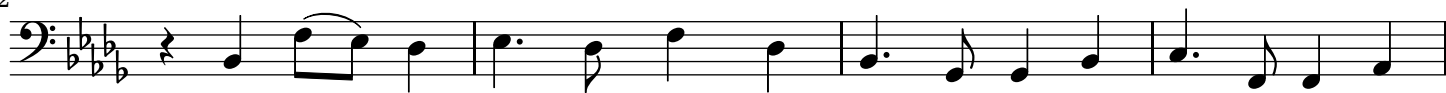
Un-wear-ied then were Du-rin's folk, Be-neath the moun-tains mu-sic

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woke, The harp-ers harped, the min-strels sang, And at the gates the trum-pets rang.

82



The world is grey, the moun-tains old, The for-ge's fire is ash - en -

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cold, No harp is wrung, no ham-mer falls, The dark-ness dwells in Du-rin's

90



halls, The sha-dow lies u - pon his tomb In Mo - ri - a, in Kha-zad-dûm. But

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still the sun-ken stars ap - pear In dark and wind-less Mir-ror-mere, There