

Durin's Song

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Clamavi De Profundis



The world was young, the moun-tains 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-ny 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.

54 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 cors-let,

68 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

77 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-cold, No harp is

87 wrung, no ham-mer falls, The dark-ness dwells in Du-rin's halls, The sha-dow lies u -

92 pon his tomb In Mo - ri - a, in Kha-zad-dûm. But still the sun-ken

97 stars ap - pear In dark and wind-less Mir-ror-mere, There lies his crown in

102 wa - ter deep, Till Du - rin wakes a - gain from sleep.