

An excerpt from "The Flight of the Noldoli" in *The Lays of Beleriand*

'Lo! slain is my sire by the swords of fiends,
his death he has drunk at the doors of his hall
and deep fastness, where darkly hidden
the Three were guarded, the things unmatched
that Gnome and Elf and the Nine Valar
can never remake or renew on earth,
recarve or rekindle by craft or magic,
not Fëanor Finn's son who fashioned them of yore --
the light is lost whence he lit them first,
the fate of Faërie hath found its hour

Thus the witless wisdom its reward hath earned
of the Gods' jealousy, who guard us here
to serve them, sing to them in our sweet cages
to contrive them gems and jewelled trinkets,
their leisure to please with our loveliness,
while they waste and squander work of ages,
nor can Morgoth master in their mansions sitting
at countless councils. Now come ye all,
who have courage and hope! My call harken
to flight, to freedom in far places!
The woods of the world who wide mansions
yet in darkness dream drowned in slumber,
the pathless plains and perilous shores
no moon yet shines on nor mounting dawn
in dew and daylight hath drenched for ever,
far better were these for bold footsteps
than gardens of the Gods gloom-encircled
with idleness filled and empty days.
Yea! Though the light lit them and the loveliness
beyond the heart's desire that hath held us slaves
here long and long. But that light is dead.
Our gems are gone, our jewels ravished;
and the Three, my Three, thrice-enchanted
globes of crystal by gleam undying
illuminated, lit by living splendour
and all hues' essence, their eager flame --
Morgoth has them in his monstrous hold,

my Silmarils.
unbreakable bonds
by Timbreoting
of Bredhil the Blessed
may she hear and heed --
unwearying unwavering
through leaguered lands,
over fens and forest
till I find those fair ones,
of the folk of Elfland
where alone now lies

I swear here oaths,
to bind me ever,
and the timeless halls
that abides thereon --
to hunt endlessly
through world and sea,
Lonely mountains,
and the fearful snows,
where the fate is hid
and their fortune locked,
the light divine.'

Then his sons beside him,
crafty Curufin,
Damrod and Díriel
Maglor the mighty,
(the eldest, whose ardour
than his father's flame,
him fate awaited
these leapt with laughter
with linkēd hands
the oath unbreakable;
it spilled like a sea
of endless armies,

the seven kinsmen,
Celegorm the fair,
and dark Cranthir,
and Maidros tall
yet more eager burnt
than Fëanor's wrath;
with fell purpose),
their lord beside,
there lightly took
blood thereafter
and spent the swords
nor hath ended yet:

'Be he friend or foe
of Morgoth Bauglir,
that in after days
shall no law nor love
no might nor mercy,
defend him for ever
of the sons of Fëanor,
or finding keep
globes of crystal
the Silmarils.

or foul offspring
be he mortal dark
on earth shall dwell,
nor league of Gods,
not moveless fate,
from the fierce vengeance
whoso seize or steal
the fair enchanted
whoso glory dies not,
We have sworn for ever!'