

Beneath the Moon and under star
he wandered far from strands,
bewildered on enchanted ways
beyond the days of mortal lands.
From gnashing of the Narrow Ice
where shadow lies on hills,
from nether heats and burning waste
he turned in haste, and roving still.

He came unto the timeless halls
where shining fall the countless years,
and endless reigns the Elder King
in Ilmarin on Mountain sheer;
and words unheard were spoken then
of folk of Men and Elven-kin.
Beyond the world were visions showed
forbid to those that dwell therein.

He saw the Mountain silent rise
where twilight lies upon
of Valinor, and Eldamar
beheld afar beyond the seas.

He came unto the timeless halls
where shining fall the countless years,
and endless reigns the Elder King
in Ilmarin on Mountain sheer;
and words unheard were spoken then
of folk of Men and Elven-kin.
Beyond the world were visions showed
forbid to those that dwell therein.

The Silmaril she bound on him
and crowned him with the light
and dauntless then with burning brow
he turned his prow; in the night
from Otherworld beyond the Sea
strong and free a storm arose,
his boat it bore with biting breath
as might of death across the grey
and long-forsaken seas.

And over Middle-earth he passed
and heard at last the weeping sore
of women and of elven-maids
in Elder Days, in years of yore.
But on him mighty doom was laid,
till Moon should fade, an orbéd star.