Carcharoth

Summoning

Upon the threshold, watchful, dire,
His eyes new-kindled with dull fire,
His teeth were bare, his tongue aflame,
Aroused he watched the no one came,

No flitting shade nor hunted shape,
Seeking from Angband to escape.
Now past that guard what guile or might
Could thrust from death into the light?

As gleam of swords in fire there flashed
The fangs of Carcharoth, and crashed
Together like a trap, and tore
His hand about the wrist, and shore

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