

## Silvertine

### Summoning

High on the mountains highest ridge  
Where oft the stormy winter gale  
Cuts life a scythe, while through the clouds  
It sweeps from vale to vale;

Not five yards from the mountain path,  
Silvertine you on the left espy;  
And to the left, three yards beyond,  
You see a little muddy pound.

I looked around, I thought I saw  
A jutting crag, and off I ran,  
Head-foremost, through the driving rain,  
The shelter of the crag to gain;

And, as I am a man,  
Instead a jutting crag, I found  
Durins tower up from the ground...