



Mythopoeic Society

mythLORE

A Journal of J.R.R. Tolkien, C.S. Lewis,  
Charles Williams, and Mythopoeic Literature

---

Volume 1 | Number 4 | Issue 4, October

Article 15

---

10-15-1969

## *Song of Joy*

Bruce McMenemy

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/mythlore>



Part of the [Children's and Young Adult Literature Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

McMenemy, Bruce (1969) "Song of Joy," *Mythlore: A Journal of J.R.R. Tolkien, C.S. Lewis, Charles Williams, and Mythopoeic Literature*: Vol. 1 : No. 4 , Article 15.

Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/mythlore/vol1/iss4/15>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Mythopoeic Society at SWOSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in *Mythlore: A Journal of J.R.R. Tolkien, C.S. Lewis, Charles Williams, and Mythopoeic Literature* by an authorized editor of SWOSU Digital Commons. An ADA compliant document is available upon request. For more information, please contact [phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu](mailto:phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu).



---

## *Song of Joy*

### **Abstract**

"Based around the Eagle's song, from J.R.R. Tolkien's *The Return of the King*."

# Song of Joy

composed by Bruce McMenomy

Based around the Eagle's song, from J.R.R. Tolkien's The Return of The King  
Boston: Houghton Mifflin. p. 241.

Down from the hills it rings; ever glorious and triumphant it ascends to the highest summits of the earth. Like a golden note from a silver trumpet it mounts up into the western sky upon the wings of eagles and wraps the world in its commanding cloak of joy.

Sing now, ye people of the Tower of Anor,  
for the Realm of Sauron is ended for ever,  
and the Dark Tower is thrown down.

It rises to mingle with the droplets of the feathery clouds; it thunders through the base earth until it shudders like a banner in the wind. It flies from every lip to every ear, and leaps from every heart to every mind to every heart again.

Sing and rejoice, ye people of the Tower of Guard,  
for your watch hath not been in vain,  
and the Black Gate is broken,  
and your king hath passed through,  
and he is victorious.

The drums of the deep speak again, and their voice sounds the end of the old and the beginning of the new. The tumult is ended, the order has begun. The throne is filled again, the elf-stone shines forth brilliantly between sun and moon, and mantle white flows upon the wind.

Sing and be glad, all ye children of the West,  
for your King shall come again,  
and he shall dwell among you  
all the days of your life.

In the way of the lofty eagle and beneath the track of the lowly ant echoes song; it is chanted by the mighty choirs of great and small, and is taken up by all creatures. The stars and the planets and the winds of the vastness of