Song of Joy

Bruce McMenomy

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Song of Joy
SONG of JOY

Composed by Bruce McMenomy

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

Here is the poem in full, that was printed only two-thirds finished in Mythlore 4. My apologies to Bruce McMenomy. The full page illo done by George Barr for this poem can be found in the fourth issue. — GG.

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 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 the heavens spin and reel with the mighty rhythm of the great dance. The trees grow and the grass aways and death is transformed to life.

And the tree that is withered shall be renewed, and he shall plant it in high places, and the city shall be blessed.

With single mighty voice the great rise to praise the small, and the small to praise the great. The earth and the sky become as one and all things are illuminated and bright. O gift of joyous song, leave the earth nevermore, for all things are passed away, sound from this day unto the dawn of eternity!

Sing all ye people!

And the people sang in all the ways of the City.