

J. R. R. TOLKIEN.  
 THE LAYS OF  
 BELERIAND.  
 Edited by  
 Christopher Tolkien.

Harper Collins Publishers.

HarperCollins Publishers  
 77 -- 85 Fulham Palace Road,  
 Hammersmith, London W6 8JB  
 This paperback edition 1994  
 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1  
 Previously published in paperback by Grafton 1992  
 Reprinted twice  
 First published in Great Britain by  
 George Allen & Unwin 1985  
 First published by Unwin Paperbacks 1987  
 (C) George Allen & Unwin  
 (Publishers) Ltd 1985  
 The text of the commentary by C. S. Lewis  
 on The Lay of Leithian (C) C. S. Lewis  
 PTE Limited 1985  
 (C) 1990 Frank Richard Williamson  
 and Christopher Reuel Tolkien,  
 executors of the estate of the late  
 John Ronald Reuel Tolkien.  
 ISBN 0 261 10226 5  
 Printed in Great Britain by

The Guernsey Press Co. Ltd, Guernsey, Channel Islands  
 All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be  
 reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted,  
 in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical,  
 photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior  
 permission of the publishers.

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not,  
 by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out or  
 otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent  
 in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it  
 is published and without similar condition including this  
 condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

## CONTENTS.

Preface

page 1

I THE LAY OF THE CHILDREN

Prologue (Hurin and Morgoth)

I Turin's Fostering

II Beleg

III Failivrin

Second Version of the Lay:

I (Hurin and Morgoth)

II Turin's Fostering

OF HURIN

II POEMS EARLY ABANDONED.

The Flight of the Noldoli

Fragment of an alliterative Lay of Earendel

The Lay of the Fall of Gondolin

3.

6.

8.

29.

56.

95.

104.

131.

141.

144.

III

THE LAY OF LEITHIAN

Canto

I (Of Thingol)

II (Gorlim's betrayal and Beren's revenge)

III (Beren's meeting with Luthien)

IV (Beren before Thingol)

V (Luthien's captivity in Doriath)

VI (Beren in Nargothrond)

VII (Beren and Felagund before Thu)

VIII (Luthien in Nargothrond)

IX (The defeat of Thu)

X (The attack by Celegorm and Curufin)

XI (The disguising of Beren and Luthien and  
the journey to Angband)

XII (Fingolfin and Morgoth; the meeting with  
Carcharoth)

XIII (Beren and Luthien in Angband)

XIV (Escape from Angband)

Unwritten Cantos

Appendix: Commentary by C. S. Lewis

150.

154.

161.

171.

183.

198.

210.

224

235.

248.

259.

275.

284.  
294.  
306.  
308.  
315.

IV THE LAY OF LEITHIAN RECOMMENCED page 330.

Note on the original submission on the Lay of Leithian  
and The Silmarillion in 1937

Glossary of Obsolete, Archaic, and Rare Words and  
Meanings

Index

364.  
368.  
373.

PREFACE.

This third part of 'The History of Middle-earth' contains the two major poems by J. R. R. Tolkien concerned with the legends of the Elder Days: the Lay of the Children of Hurin in alliterative verse, and the Lay of Leithian in octosyllabic couplets. The alliterative poem was composed while my father held appointments at the University of Leeds (1920 -- 5); he abandoned it for the Lay of Leithian at the end of that time, and never turned to it again. I have found no reference to it in any letter or other writing of his that has survived (other than the few words cited on p. 3), and I do not recollect his ever speaking of it. But this poem, which though extending to more than 2000 lines is only a fragment in relation to what he once planned, is the most sustained embodiment of his abiding love of the resonance and richness of sound that might be achieved in the ancient English metre. It marks also an important stage in the evolution of the Matter of the Elder Days, and contains passages that strongly illumine his imagination of Beleriand; it was, for example, in this poem that the great redoubt of Nargothrond arose from the primitive caves of the Rodothlim in the Lost Tales, and only in this poem was Nargothrond described. It exists in two versions, the second being a revision and enlargement that proceeds much less far into the story, and both are given in this book.

My father worked on the Lay of Leithian for six years, abandoning it in its turn in September 1931. In 1929 it was read so far as it then went by C. S. Lewis, who sent him a most ingenious commentary on a part of it; I acknowledge with thanks the permission of C. S. Lewis PTE Limited to include this.

In 1937 he said in a letter that 'in spite of certain virtuous passages' the Lay of Leithian had 'grave defects' (see p. 366). A decade or more later, he received a detailed, and remarkably unconstrained, criticism of the poem from someone who knew and admired his poetry. I do not know for certain who this was. In choosing 'the staple octosyllabic couplet of romance,' he wrote,

my father had chosen one of the most difficult of forms 'if one wishes to avoid monotony and sing-song in a very long poem. I am often astonished by your success, but it is by no means consistently maintained.' His strictures on the diction of the Lay

included archaisms so archaic that they needed annotation, distorted order, use of emphatic doth or did where there is no emphasis, and language sometimes flat and conventional (in contrast to passages of 'gorgeous description'). There is no record of what my father thought of this criticism (written when *The Lord of the Rings* was already completed), but it must be associated in some way with the fact that in 1949 or 1950 he returned to the Lay of Leithian and began a revision that soon became virtually a new poem; and relatively little though he wrote of it, its advance on the old version in all those respects in which that had been censured is so great as to give it a sad prominence in the long list of his works that might have been. The new Lay is included in this book, and a page from a fine manuscript of it is reproduced as frontispiece.

The sections of both poems are interleaved with commentaries which are primarily concerned to trace the evolution of the legends and the lands they are set in.

The two pages reproduced from the Lay of the Children of Hurin (p. 15) are from the original manuscript of the first version, 'lines 297 -- 317 and 318 -- 33. For differences between the readings of the manuscript and those of the printed text see pp. 4 -- 5. The page from the Lay of Leithian in Elvish script (p. 299) comes from the 'A' version of the original Lay (see pp. 150 -- 1), and there are certain differences in the text from the 'B' version which is that printed. These pages from the original manuscripts are reproduced with the permission of the Bodleian Library, Oxford, and I thank the staff of the Department of Western Manuscripts at the Bodleian for their assistance.

The two earlier volumes in this series (the first and second parts of *The Book of Lost Tales*) are referred to as 'I' and 'II'. The fourth volume will contain the 'Sketch of the Mythology' (1926), from which the *Silmarillion* 'tradition' derived; the *Quenta Noldorinwa* or *History of the Noldoli* (1930); the first map of the North-west of Middle-earth; the *Ambarkanta* ('Shape of the World') by Rumil, together with the only existing maps of the entire World; the earliest *Annals of Valinor* and *Annals of Beleriand*, by Pengolod the Wise of Gondolin; and the fragments of translations of the *Quenta* and *Annals* from Elvish into Anglo-Saxon by AElfwine of England.

#### I. THE LAY OF THE CHILDREN OF HURIN.

There exists a substantial manuscript (28 pages long) entitled 'Sketch of the Mythology with especial reference to "The Children of Hurin"', and this 'Sketch' is the next complete narrative, in the prose tradition, after

the Lost Tales (though a few fragmentary writings are extant from the intervening time). On the envelope containing this manuscript my father wrote at some later time:

Original 'Silmarillion'. Form orig[inally] composed c. 1926 -- 30 for R. W. Reynolds to explain background of 'alliterative version' of Turin R the Dragon: then in progress (unfinished) (begun c. 1918). He seems to have written first '1921' before correcting this to '1918'. R. W. Reynolds taught my father at King Edward's School, Birmingham (see Humphrey Carpenter, *Biography*, p. 47). In a passage of his diary written in August 1926 he wrote that 'at the end of last year' he had heard again from R. W. Reynolds, that they had corresponded subsequently, and that he had sent Reynolds many of his poems, including Tinuviel and Turin ('Tinueiel meets with qualified approval, it is too prolix, but how could I ever cut it down, and the specimen I sent of Turin with little or none'). This would date the 'Sketch' as originally written (it was subsequently heavily revised) definitely in 1926, probably fairly early in the year. It must have accompanied the specimen of Turin (the alliterative poem), the background of which it was written to explain, to Anacapri, where Reynolds was then living in retirement. My father took up his appointment to the Professorship of Anglo-Saxon at Oxford in the winter term (October -- December) of 1925, though for that term he had to continue to teach at Leeds also, since the appointments overlapped. There can be no doubt that at any rate the great bulk of the alliterative Children of Hurin (or Turin) was completed at Leeds, and I think it virtually certain that he had ceased to work on it before he moved south: in fact there seems nothing to oppose to the natural assumption that he left 'Turin' for 'Tinuviel' (the Lay of Leithian), which he began according to his diary in the summer of 1925 (see p. 159 and footnote).

For the date of its commencement we have only my father's later (and perhaps hesitant) statement that it was 'begun c. 1918'. A terminus a quo is provided by a page of the earliest manuscript of the poem, which is

written on a slip from the Oxford English Dictionary bearing the printer's stamp May 1918. On the other hand the name Melian which occurs near the beginning of the earliest manuscript shows it to be later than the typescript version of the Tale of Tinuviel, where the Queen's name was Gwenethlin and only became Melian in the course of its composition (II. 51); and the manuscript version of that Tale which underlies the typescript seems itself to have been one of the last completed elements in the Lost Tales (see I. 204).

The Children of Hurin exists in two versions, which I shall refer to as I and II, both of them found in manuscript and later typescript (IA, IB; IIA, IIB). I do not think that the second is significantly later than the first; it is indeed possible, and would not be in any way uncharacteristic, that my father began work on II while he was still composing at a later point in I. II is essentially an expansion of I, with many lines, and blocks of lines, left virtually unchanged. Until the second version is reached it will be sufficient to refer simply to 'A' and 'B', the manuscript and typescript of the first version.

The manuscript A consists of two parts: first (a) a bundle of small slips, numbered 1 -- 32. The poem is here in a very rough state with many alternative readings, and in places at least may represent the actual beginnings, the first words written down. This is followed by (b) a set of large sheets of examination paper from the University of Leeds, numbered 33 ff., where the poem is for the most part written out in a more finished form -- the second stage of composition; but my father wrote in line-numbers continuously through (a) and (b) -- lines 1 -- 528 in (a), lines 528 ff. in (b). We have thus one sole text, not two, without any overlap; and if (a), the slips, ever existed in the form of (b), the examination sheets, that part has disappeared. In part (b) there are many later emendations in pencil.

Based on this manuscript is the typescript B. This introduces changes not found in A or its emendations; and it was itself emended both in ink and pencil, doubtless involving several movements of revision. To take a single line as exemplification: line 8 was written first in A:

Lo! Thalion in the throng of thickest battle

The line was emended, in two stages, to

Lo! Thalion Hurin in the throng of battle

and this was the form in B as typed; but B was emended, in two stages, to

Lo! Hurin Thalion in the hosts of war

It is obvious that to set this and a great many other similar cases out in a textual apparatus would be a huge task and the result impossibly complicated. The text that follows is therefore, so far as purely metrical-stylistic

changes are concerned, that of B as emended, and apart from a few special cases there is no mention in the notes of earlier readings.

In the matter of names, however, the poem presents great difficulty; for changes were made at quite different times and were not introduced consistently throughout. If the latest form in any particular passage is made the principle of choice, irrespective of any other consideration, then the text will have Morwin at lines 105, 129, Mavwin 137 etc., Morwen 438, 472; Ulmo 1469, but Ylmir 1529 and subsequently; Nirnaith Ornoth 1448, but Nirnaith Unoth 1543. If the later Nirnaith Onroth is adopted at 1543, it seems scarcely justifiable to intrude it at lines 13 and 218 (where the final form is Ninin Unothradin). I have decided finally to abandon overall consistency, and to treat individual names as seems best in the circumstances; for example, I give Ylmir rather than Ulmo at line 1469, for consistency with all the other occurrences, and while changing Unoth to Ornoth at line 1543 I retain Ornoth rather than the much later Arnediad at line 26 of the second version -- similarly I prefer the earlier Finweg to Fingon (1975, second version 19, 520) and Bansil, Glingol to Belthil, Glingal (2027 -- 8). All such points are documented in the notes.

A has no title. In B as typed the title was *The Golden Dragon*, but this was emended to *Turin Son of Hurin O' Glorund the Dragon*. The second version of the poem was first titled *Turin*, but this was changed to *The Children of Hurin*, and I adopt this, the title by which my father referred to the poem in the 1926 'Sketch', as the general title of the work.

The poem in the first version is divided into a short prologue (Hurin and Morgoth) without sub-title and three long sections, of which the first two ('Turin's Fostering' and 'Beleg') were only introduced later into the typescript; the third ('Failivrin') is marked both in A and in B as typed.

The detail of the typescript is largely preserved in the present text, but I have made the capitalisation rather more consistent, added in occasional accents, and increased the number of breaks in the text. The space between the half-lines is marked in the second part of the A-text and begins at line 543 in B.

I have avoided the use of numbered notes to the text, and all annotation is related to the line-numbers of the poem. This annotation (very largely concerned with variations of names, and comparisons with names in the *Lost Tales*) is found at the end of each of the three major parts, followed by a commentary on the matter of that part.

Throughout, the Tale refers to the Tale of Turambar and the Foaloke (II. 69 ff.); Narn refers to the Narn i Hin Hurin, in *Unfinished Tales* pp. 57 ff.

## GLORUND THE DRAGON.

Lo! the golden dragon of the God of Hell,  
 the gloom of the woods of the world now gone,  
 the woes of Men, and weeping of Elves  
 fading faintly down forest pathways,  
 is now to tell, and the name most tearful  
 of Niniel the sorrowful, and the name most sad  
 of Thalion's son Turin o'erthrown by fate.

5

Lo! Hurin Thalion in the hosts of war  
 was whelmed, what time the white-clad armies  
 of Elfinesse were all to ruin  
 by the dread hate driven of Delu-Morgoth.  
 That field is yet by the folk named  
 Ninin Unothradin, Unnumbered Tears.  
 There the children of Men, chieftain and warrior,  
 fled and fought not, but the folk of the Elves  
 they betrayed with treason, save that true man only,  
 Thalion Erithamrod and his thanes like gods.  
 There in host on host the hill-fiend Orcs  
 overbore him at last in that battle terrible,  
 by the bidding of Bauglir bound him living,  
 and pulled down the proudest of the princes of Men.  
 To Bauglir's halls in the hills builded,  
 to the Hells of Iron and the hidden caverns  
 they haled the hero of Hithlum's land,  
 Thalion Erithamrod, to their throned lord,  
 whose breast was burnt with a bitter hatred,  
 and wroth he was that the wrack of war  
 had not taken Turgon ten times a king,  
 even Finweg's heir; nor Feanor's children,  
 makers of the magic and immortal gems.  
 For Turgon towering in terrible anger  
 a pathway clove him with his pale sword-blade  
 out of that slaughter -- yea, his swath was plain  
 through the hosts of Hell like hay that lieth  
 all low on the lea where the long scythe goes.  
 A countless company that king did lead  
 through the darkened dales and drear mountains

10  
 15  
 20  
 25  
 30  
 35

out of ken of his foes, and he comes not more  
 in the tale; but the triumph he turned to doubt  
 of Morgoth the evil, whom mad wrath took.  
 Nor spies sped him, nor spirits of evil,  
 nor his wealth of wisdom to win him tidings,  
 whither the nation of the Gnomes was gone.  
 Now a thought of malice, when Thalion stood,  
 bound, unbending, in his black dungeon,  
 then moved in his mind that remembered well  
 how Men were accounted all mightless and frail  
 by the Elves and their kindred; how only treason  
 could master the magic whose mazes wrapped  
 the children of Corthun, and cheated his purpose.

40  
 45  
 50

'Is it dauntless Hurin,' quoth Delu-Morgoth,  
'stout steel-handed, who stands before me,  
a captive living as a coward might be?  
Knowest thou my name, or need'st be told  
what hope he has who is haled to Angband --  
the bale most bitter, the Balrogs' torment?'

55

'I know and I hate. For that knowledge I fought thee  
by fear unfettered, nor fear I now,'  
said Thalion there, and a thane of Morgoth  
on the mouth smote him; but Morgoth smiled:  
'Fear when thou feelest, and the flames lick thee,  
and the whips of the Balrogs thy white flesh brand.  
Yet a way canst win, an thou wishest, still  
to lessen thy lot of lingering woe.

Go question the captives of the accursed people  
I have taken, and tell me where Turgon is hid;  
how with fire and death I may find him soon,  
where he lurketh lost in lands forgot.  
Thou must feign thee a friend faithful in anguish,  
and their inmost hearts thus open and search.  
Then, if truth thou tellest, thy triple bonds  
I will bid men unbind, that abroad thou fare  
in my service to search the secret places  
following the footsteps of these foes of the Gods.'

60

65

70

'Build not thy hopes so high, O Bauglir --  
I am no tool for thy evil treasons;  
torment were sweeter than a traitor's stain.'

75

'If torment be sweet, treasure is liever.  
The hoards of a hundred hundred ages,  
the gems and jewels of the jealous Gods,  
are mine, and a meed shall I mete thee thence,  
yea, wealth to glut the Worm of Greed.'

80

'Canst not learn of thy lore when thou look'st on a foe,  
O Bauglir unblest? Bray no longer  
of the things thou hast thieved from the Three Kindreds. 85  
In hate I hold thee, and thy hests in scorn.'

'Boldly thou bravest me. Be thy boast rewarded,'  
in mirth quod Morgoth, 'to me now the deeds,  
and thy aid I ask not; but anger thee nought  
if little they like thee. Yea, look thereon  
helpless to hinder, or thy hand to raise.'

90

Then Thalion was thrust to Thangorodrim,  
that mountain that meets the misty skies  
on high o'er the hills that Hithlum sees  
blackly brooding on the borders of the north.  
To a stool of stone on its steepest peak  
they bound him in bonds, an unbreakable chain,  
and the Lord of Woe there laughing stood,  
then cursed him for ever and his kin and seed  
with a doom of dread, of death and horror.  
There the mighty man unmoved sat;  
but unveiled was his vision, that he viewed afar  
all earthly things with eyes enchanted  
that fell on his folk -- a fiend's torment.

95

100

I.

## TURIN'S FOSTERING.

Lo! the lady Morwin in the Land of Shadows  
waited in the woodland for her well-beloved;  
but he came never from the combat home.  
No tidings told her whether taken or dead,  
or lost in flight he lingered yet.  
Laid waste his lands, and his lieges slain,  
and men unmindful of his mighty lordship  
dwelt in Dorlomin and dealt unkindly

105

110

with his widowed wife; and she went with child,  
who a son must succour now sadly orphaned,  
Turin Thaliodrin of tender years.  
Then in days of blackness was her daughter born,  
and was named Nienor, a name of tears  
that in language of eld is Lamentation.  
Then her thoughts turned to Thingol the Elf-king,  
and the dancer of Doriath, his daughter Tinuviel,  
whom the boldest of the brave, Beren Ermabwed,  
had won to wife. He once had known  
firmest friendship to his fellow in arms,  
Thalion Erithamrod -- so thought she now,  
and said to her son, 'My sweetest child,  
our friends are few, and thy father comes not.  
Thou must fare afar to the folk of the wood,  
where Thingol is throned in the Thousand Caves.  
If he remember Morwin and thy mighty sire  
he will fain foster thee, and feats of arms  
he will teach thee, the trade of targe and sword,  
and Thalion's son no thrall shall be --  
but remember thy mother when thy manhood nears.'

115

120

125

130

Heavy boded the heart of Hurin's son,  
yet he weened her words were wild with grief,  
and he denied her not, for no need him seemed.  
Lo! henchmen had Morwin, Halog and Gumlin,  
who were young of yore ere the youth of Thalion,  
who alone of the lieges of that lord of Men  
steadfast in service staid beside her:  
now she bade them brave the black mountains,  
and the woods whose ways wander to evil;  
though Turin be tender and to travail unused,  
they must gird them and go; but glad they were not,  
and Morwin mourned when men saw not.

135

140

145

Came a summer day when sun filtered  
warm through the woodland's waving branches.  
Then Morwin stood her mourning hiding  
by the gate of her garth in a glade of the woods.  
At the breast she mothered her babe unweaned,  
and the doorpost held lest she droop for anguish.

There Gumlin guided her gallant boy,  
and a heavy burden was borne by Halog;  
150

but the heart of Turin was heavy as stone  
uncomprehending its coming anguish.  
He sought for comfort, with courage saying:  
'Quickly will I come from the courts of Thingol;  
long ere manhood I will lead to Morwin  
great tale of treasure, and true comrades' --  
for he wist not the weird woven by Bauglir,  
nor the sundering sorrow that swept between.  
The farewells are taken: their footsteps are turned  
to the dark forest: the dwelling fadeth  
in the tangled trees. Then in Turin leapt  
his awakened heart, and he wept blindly,  
calling 'I cannot, I cannot leave thee.  
O Morwin, my mother, why makest me go?  
Hateful are the hills where hope is lost.  
O Morwin, my mother, I am meshed in tears.  
Grim are the hills, and my home is gone.'  
And there came his cries calling faintly  
down the dark alleys of the dreary trees,  
and one who wept weary on the threshold  
heard how the hills said 'my home is gone.'

155

160

165

170

The ways were weary and woven with deceit  
o'er the hills of Hithlum to the hidden kingdom  
deep in the darkness of Doriath's forest;  
and never ere now for need or wonder  
had children of Men chosen that pathway,  
and few of the folk have followed it since.  
There Turin and the twain knew torment of thirst,  
and hunger and fear and hideous nights,  
for wolfriders and wandering Orcs  
and the Things of Morgoth thronged the woodland.  
Magics were about them, that they missed their ways  
and strayed steerless, and the stars were hid.  
Thus they passed the mountains, but the mazes of Doriath  
wildered and wayworn in wanhope bound them.  
They had nor bread nor water, and bled of strength  
their death they deemed it to die forewandered,  
when they heard a horn that hooted afar,  
and baying dogs. It was Beleg the hunter,  
who farthest fared of his folk abroad  
ahunting by hill and hollow valley,

175

180

185

190

who cared not for concourse and commerce of men.  
He was great of growth and goodly-limbed,  
but lithe of girth, and lightly on the ground  
his footsteps fell as he fared towards them,  
all garbed in grey and green and brown --  
a son of the wilderness who wist no sire.

195

200

'Who are ye?' he asked. 'Outlaws, or maybe  
hard hunted men whom hate pursueth? '  
'Nay, for famine and thirst we faint,' saith Halog,  
'wayworn and wildered, and wot not the road.  
Or hast not heard of the hills of slain,  
or the tear-drenched field where the terror and fire  
of Morgoth devoured both Men and Elves?  
There Thalion Erithamrod and his thanes like gods  
vanished from the earth, and his valiant lady  
weeps yet widowed as she waits in Hithlum.  
Thou lookest on the last of the lieges of Morwin  
and Thalion's son Turin, who to Thingol's court  
are wending by the word of the wife of Hurin.'

205

210

Then Beleg bade them be blithe, and said:  
'The Gods have guided you to good keeping.  
I have heard of the house of Hurin the Steadfast --  
and who hath not heard of the hills of slain,  
of Ninin Unothradin, the Unnumbered Tears?  
To that war I went not, but wage a feud  
with the Orcs unending, whom mine arrows bitter  
oft stab unseen and strike to death.  
I am the huntsman Beleg of the Hidden People.'

215

220

Then he bade them drink, and drew from his belt  
a flask of leather full filled with wine  
that is bruised from the berries of the burning South-- 225  
and the Gnome-folk know it, and the nation of the Elves,  
and by long ways lead it to the lands of the North.  
There baked flesh and bread from his wallet  
they had to their hearts' joy; but their heads were mazed  
by the wine of Dor-Winion that went in their veins, 230  
and they soundly slept on the soft needles  
of the tall pine-trees that towered above.  
Later they wakened and were led by ways  
devious winding through the dark wood-realm

by slade and slope and swampy thicket  
through lonely days and long night-times,  
and but for Beleg had been baffled utterly  
by the magic mazes of Melian the Queen.  
To the shadowy shores he showed the way  
where stilly that stream strikes 'fore the gates  
of the cavernous court of the King of Doriath.  
O'er the guarded bridge he gained a passage,  
and thrice they thanked him, and thought in their hearts  
'the Gods are good' -- had they guessed maybe  
what the future enfolded they had feared to live.

235

240

245

To the throne of Thingol the three were come,  
and their speech sped them; for he spake them fair,  
and held in honour Hurin the steadfast,  
Beren Ermabwed's brother-in-arms.  
Remembering Morwin, of mortals fairest,  
he turned not Turin in contempt away;  
said: 'O son of Hurin, here shalt sojourn  
in my cavernous court for thy kindred's sake.

Nor as slave or servant, but a second king's son  
 thou shalt dwell in dear love, till thou deem'st it time  
 to remember thy mother Morwin's loneliness.  
 Thou wisdom shalt win unwist of Men  
 and weapons shalt wield as the warrior Elves,  
 and Thalion's son no thrall shall be.'

250

255

There tarried the twain that had tended the child,  
 till their limbs were lightened and they longed to fare  
 through dread and danger to their dear lady.

But Gumlin was gone in greater years  
 than Halog, and hoped not to home again.

Then sickness took him, and he stayed by Turin,  
 while Halog hardened his heart to go.

An Elfin escort to his aid was given  
 and magics of Melian, and a meed of gold.

In his mouth a message to Morwin was set,  
 words of the king's will, how her wish was granted;  
 how Thingol called her to the Thousand Caves  
 to fare unfearing with his folk again,  
 there to sojourn in solace, till her son be grown;  
 for Hurin the hero was held in mind,  
 and no might had Morgoth where Melian dwelt.

260

265

270

275

Of the errand of the Elves and that other Halog  
 the tale tells not, save in time they came  
 to the threshold of Morwin, and Thingol's message  
 was said where she sate in her solitary hall.

But she dared not do as was dearly bidden,  
 for Nienor her nestling was not yet weaned.

More, the pride of her people, princes of Men,  
 had suffered her send her son to Thingol  
 when despair sped her, but to spend her days  
 as alms-guest of others, even Elfin kings,  
 it liked her little; and there lived e'en now  
 a hope in her heart that Hurin would come,  
 and the dwelling was dear where he dwelt of old.

At night she would listen for a knock at the doors,  
 or a footstep falling that she fondly knew;  
 so she fared not forth, and her fate was woven.

Yet the thanes of Thingol she thanked nobly,  
 and her shame she showed not, how shorn of glory  
 to reward their wending she had wealth too scant;  
 but gave them in gift her golden things

that last lingered, and they led away  
 a helm of Hurin that was hewn in war  
 when he battled with Beren his brother-in-arms  
 against ogres and Orcs and evil foemen;  
 'twas o'erwritten with runes by wrights of old.  
 She bade Thingol receive it and think of her.

280

285

290

295

300

Thus Halog her henchman came home, but the Elves,  
 the thanes of Thingol, thrust through the woods,

and the message of Morwin in a month's journey,  
 so quick their coming, to the king was said.  
 Then was Melian moved to ruth,  
 and courteously received the king her gift,  
 who deeply delved had dungeons filled  
 with Elfin armouries of ancient gear,  
 but he handled the helm as his hoard were scant;  
 said: 'High were the head that upheld this thing  
 with that token crowned of the towering dragon  
 that Thalion Erithamrod thrice-renowned  
 oft bore into battle with baleful foes.'  
 Then a thought was thrust into Thingol's heart,  
 and Turin he called and told when come

305

310

315

that Morwin his mother a mighty thing  
 had sent to her son, his sire's heirloom,  
 a helm that hammers had hardened of old,  
 whose makers had mingled a magic therein  
 that its worth was a wonder and its wearer safe,  
 guarded from glaive or gleaming axe --  
 'Lo! Hurin's helm hoard thou till manhood  
 bids thee battle; then bravely don it',  
 and Turin touched it, but took it not,  
 too weak to wield that weight as yet,  
 and his mind mourned for Morwin's answer,  
 and the first of his sorrows o'erfilled his soul.

320

325

Thus came it to pass in the court of Thingol  
 that Turin tarried for twelve long years  
 with Gumlin his guardian, who guided him thither  
 when but seven summers their sorrows had laid  
 on the son of Thalion. For the seven first  
 his lot was lightened, since he learnt at whiles  
 from faring folk what befell in Hithlum,  
 and tidings were told by trusty Elves,  
 how Morwin his mother was more at ease;  
 and they named Nienor that now was growing  
 to the sweet beauty of a slender maiden.  
 Thus his heart knew hope, and his hap was fairer.  
 There he waxed wonderly and won him praise  
 in all lands where Thingol as lord was held  
 for the strength of his body and stoutness of heart.  
 Much lore he learned, and loved wisdom,  
 but fortune followed him in few desires;  
 oft wrong and awry what he wrought turned;  
 what he loved he lost, what he longed for he won not;  
 and full friendship he found not easily,  
 nor was lightly loved for his looks were sad.  
 He was gloomy-hearted, and glad seldom,  
 for the sundering sorrow that seared his youth.

330

335

340

345

350

On manhood's threshold he was mighty holden  
 in the wielding of weapons; and in weaving song  
 he had a minstrel's mastery, but mirth was not in it,

for he mourned the misery of the Men of Hithlum.  
 Yet greater his grief grew thereafter,  
 when from Hithlum's hills he heard no more,  
 355

Two pages from the original manuscript of *The Lay of the Children of Hurin.*)

and no traveller told him tidings of Morwin.  
 For those days were drawing to the Doom of the Gnomes,  
 and the power of the Prince of the People of Hell, 360  
 of the grim Glamhoth, was grown apace,  
 till the lands of the North were loud with their noise,  
 and they fell on the folk with flame and ruin  
 who bent not to Bauglir, or the borders passed  
 of dark Dorlomin with its dreary pines  
 that Hithlum unhappy is hight by Men.  
 There Morgoth shut them, and the Shadowy Mountains  
 fenced them from Faerie and the folk of the wood.  
 Even Beleg fared not so far abroad  
 as once was his wont, and the woods were filled  
 with the armies of Angband and evil deeds,  
 370  
 365

while murder walked on the marches of Doriath;  
 only mighty magic of Melian the Queen  
 yet held their havoc from the Hidden People.  
 To assuage his sorrow and to sate the rage  
 and hate of his heart for the hurts of his folk  
 then Hurin's son took the helm of his sire  
 and weapons weighty for the wielding of men,  
 and went to the woods with warlike Elves;  
 and far in the fight his feet led him,  
 into black battle yet a boy in years.  
 Ere manhood's measure he met and slew  
 the Orcs of Angband and evil things  
 that roamed and ravened on the realm's borders.  
 There hard his life, and hurts he got him,  
 the wounds of shaft and warfain sword,  
 and his prowess was proven and his praise renowned,  
 and beyond his years he was yielded honour;  
 for by him was holden the hand of ruin  
 from Thingol's folk, and Thu feared him --  
 Thu who was throned as thane most mighty  
 neath Morgoth Bauglir; whom that mighty one bade  
 'Go ravage the realm of the robber Thingol,  
 and mar the magic of Melian the Queen.'  
 375

380

385

390

Only one was there in war greater,  
 higher in honour in the hearts of the Elves,  
 than Turin son of Hurin untamed in war --  
 even the huntsman Beleg of the Hidden People,  
 395

the son of the wilderness who wist no sire  
 (to bend whose bow of the black yew-tree  
 had none the might), unmatched in knowledge  
 of the wood's secrets and the weary hills.  
 He was leader beloved of the light-armed bands,  
 the scouts that scoured, scorning danger,

afar o'er the fells their foemen's lairs;  
 and tales and tidings timely won them  
 of camps and councils, of comings and goings --  
 all the movements of the might of Morgoth the Terrible.  
 Thus Turin, who trusted to targe and sword,  
 who was fain of fighting with foes well seen,  
 and the banded troops of his brave comrades  
 were snared seldom and smote unlooked-for.

400

405

410

Then the fame of the fights on the far marches  
 were carried to the court of the King of Doriath,  
 and tales of Turin were told in his halls,  
 and how Beleg the ageless was brother-in-arms  
 to the black-haired boy from the beaten people.  
 Then the king called them to come before him  
 ever and anon when the Orc-raids waned;  
 to rest them and revel, and to raise awhile  
 the secret songs of the sons of Ing.

On a time was Turin at the table of Thingol --  
 there was laughter long and the loud clamour  
 of a countless company that quaffed the mead,  
 amid the wine of Dor-Winion that went ungrudged  
 in their golden goblets; and goodly meats  
 there burdened the boards, neath the blazing torches  
 set high in those halls that were hewn of stone.

There mirth fell on many; . there minstrels clear  
 did sing to them songs of the city of Tun  
 neath Tain-Gwethil, towering mountain,  
 where the great gods sit and gaze on the world  
 from the guarded shores of the gulf of Faerie.  
 Then one sang of the slaying at the Swanships' Haven  
 and the curse that had come on the kindreds since:  
 all silent sat and soundless harkened,  
 and waited the words save one alone --  
 the Man among Elves that Morwin bore.

Unheeding he heard or high feasting

415

420

425

430

435

or lay or laughter, and looked, it seemed,  
 to a deep distance in the dark without,  
 and strained for sounds in the still spaces,  
 for voices that vanished in the veils of night.  
 He was lithe and lean, and his locks were wild,  
 and woodland weeds he wore of brown  
 and grey and green, and gay jewel  
 or golden trinket his garb knew not.

440

445

An Elf there was -- Orgof -- of the ancient race  
 that was lost in the lands where the long marches  
 from the quiet waters of Cuivienen  
 were made in the mirk of the midworld's gloom,  
 ere light was lifted aloft o'er earth;  
 but blood of the Gnomes was blent in his veins.  
 He was close akin to the King of Doriath --  
 a hardy hunter and his heart was brave,

but loose his laughter and light his tongue,  
 and his pride outran his prowess in arms.  
 He was fain before all of fine raiment  
 and of gems and jewels, and jealous of such  
 as found favour before himself.  
 Now costly clad in colours gleaming  
 he sat on a seat that was set on high  
 near the king and queen and close to Turin.  
 When those twain were at table he had taunted him oft,  
 lightly with laughter, for his loveless ways,  
 his haggard raiment and hair unshorn;  
 but Turin untroubled neither turned his head  
 nor wasted words on the wit of Orgof.  
 But this day of the feast more deep his gloom  
 than of wont, and his words men won harder;  
 for of twelve long years the tale was full  
 since on Morwin his mother through a maze of tears  
 he looked the last, and the long shadows  
 of the forest had fallen on his fading home;  
 and he answered few, and Orgof nought.  
 Then the fool's mirth was filled the more,  
 to a keener edge was his carping whetted  
 at the clothes uncouth and the uncombed hair  
 of Turin newcome from the tangled forest.  
 He drew forth daintily a dear treasure,  
 450  
 455  
 460  
 465  
 470  
 475  
 480

a comb of gold that he kept about him,  
 and tendered it to Turin; but he turned not his eyes,  
 nor deigned to heed or harken to Orgof,  
 who too deep drunken that disdain should quell him:  
 'Nay, an thou knowest not thy need of comb,  
 nor its use,' quoth he, 'too young thou leftest  
 thy mother's ministry, and 'twere meet to go  
 that she teach thee tame thy tangled locks --  
 if the women of Hithlum be not wild and loveless,  
 uncouth and unkempt as their cast-off sons.'  
 485  
 490

Then a fierce fury, like a fire blazing,  
 was born of bitterness in his bruised heart;  
 his white wrath woke at the words of scorn  
 for the women of Hithlum washed in tears;  
 and a heavy horn to his hand lying,  
 with gold adorned for good drinking,  
 of his might unmindful thus moved in ire  
 he seized and, swinging, swiftly flung it  
 in the face of Orgof. 'Thou fool', he said,  
 'fill thy mouth therewith, and to me no further  
 thus witless prate by wine bemused' --  
 but his face was broken, and he fell backward,  
 and heavy his head there hit upon the stone  
 of the floor rock-paved mid flagons and vessels  
 of the o'eturned table that tumbled on him  
 as clutching he fell; and carped no more,  
 in death silent. There dumb were all

at bench and board; in blank amaze  
 they rose around him, as with ruth of heart  
 he gazed aghast on his grievous deed,  
 on his wine-stained hand, with wondering eyes  
 half-comprehending. On his heel then he turned  
 into the night striding, and none stayed him;  
 but some their swords half slipped from sheaths  
 -- they were Orgof's kin -- yet for awe of Thingol  
 they dared not draw while the dazed king  
 stonefaced stared on his stricken thane  
 and no sign showed them. But the slayer weary  
 his hands laved in the hidden stream  
 that strikes 'fore the gates, nor stayed his tears:  
 'Who has cast,' he cried, 'a curse upon me;

495

500

505

510

515

520

for all I do is ill, and an outlaw now,  
 in bitter banishment and blood-guilty,  
 of my fosterfather I must flee the halls,  
 nor look on the lady beloved again' --  
 yea, his heart to Hithlum had hastened him now,  
 but that road he dared not, lest the wrath he draw  
 of the Elves after him, and their anger alight  
 should speed the spears in despite of Morgoth  
 o'er the hills of Hithlum to hunt him down;  
 lest a doom more dire than they dreaded of old  
 be meted his mother and the Maid of Tears.

525

530

In the furthest folds of the Forest of Doriath,  
 in the darkest dales on its drear borders,  
 in haste he hid him, lest the hunt take him;  
 and they found not his footsteps who fared after,  
 the thanes of Thingol; who thirty days  
 sought him sorrowing, and searched in vain  
 with no purpose of ill, but the pardon bearing  
 of Thingol throned in the Thousand Caves.  
 He in council constrained the kin of Orgof  
 to forget their grief and forgiveness show,  
 in that wilful bitterness had barbed the words  
 of Orgof the Elf; said 'his hour had come  
 that his soul should seek the sad pathway  
 to the deep valley of the Dead Awaiting,  
 there a thousand years thrice to ponder  
 in the gloom of Gurthron his grim jesting,  
 ere he fare to Faerie to feast again.'  
 Yet of his own treasure he oped the gates,  
 and gifts ungrudging of gold and gems  
 to the sons he gave of the slain; and his folk  
 well deemed the deed. But that doom of the King  
 Turin knew not, and turned against him  
 the hands of the Elves he unhappy believed,  
 wandering the woodland woeful-hearted;  
 for his fate would not that the folk of the caves  
 should harbour longer Hurin's offspring.

535

540

545  
550  
555  
\*

## NOTES.

8.  
13.  
17.  
20.  
22.  
25.  
29.  
50.  
51.  
73.

(Throughout the Notes statements such as 'Delimorgoth A, and B as typed' (line x x) imply that the reading in the printed text (in that case Delu-Morgoth) is a later emendation made to B).

Hurin is Urin in the Lost Tales (and still when this poem was begun, see note to line 213), and his name Thalion 'Steadfast', found in The Silmarillion and the Narn, does not occur in them (though he is called 'the Steadfast').<sup>11</sup>

Delimorgoth A, and B as typed. Morgoth occurs once only in the Lost Tales, in the typescript version of the Tale of Tinuviel (II.44); see note to line 20.

Ninin Udathriol A, and B as typed; this occurs in the Tale (II. 84; for explanation of the name see II. 346). When changing Udathriol to Unothradin my father wrote in the margin of B: 'or Nirnaitos Unothradin'.

Above Erithamrod is pencilled in A Urinthalion.

B as typed had Belcha, which was then changed through Belegor, Melegor, to Bauglir. (A has a different reading here: as a myriad rats in measureless army/might pull down the proudest...) Belcha occurs in the typescript version of the Tale of Tinuviel (II. 44), where Belcha Morgoth are said to be Melko's names among the Gnomes. Bauglir is found as a name of Morgoth in The Silmarillion and the Narn.

Melko's A; Belcha's B as typed, then the line changed to To the halls of Belegor (> Melegor), and finally to the reading given. See note to line 20.

Above Erithamrod in A is written Urin Thalion (see note to line 17); Urin > Hurin, and a direction to read Thalion Hurin.

Finweg's son A, and B as typed; the emendation is a later one, and at the same time my father wrote in the margin of B 'he was Fingolfin's son', clearly a comment on the change of son to heir. Finweg is Finwe Noleme Lord of the Noldoli, who in the Last Tales was Turgon's father (I. 115), not as he afterwards became his grandfather.

Kor > Cor A, Cor B as typed. When emending Cor to Corthun my father wrote in the margin of B: 'Corthun or Tun'.

Thalion A, and B as typed.

Delimorgoth A, and B as typed (as at line 11).

In B there is a mark of insertion between lines 72 and 73. This probably refers to a line in A, not taken up into B: bound by the (> my) spell of bottomless (> unbroken) might.

75.

84.

105.

117.

120.

121.

137.

160.

213.

218.

226.

230.

306.

Belcha A, and B as typed; the same chain of emendations in B as at lines 20 and 22.

Bauglir: as at line 75.

Mavwin A, and B as typed; in B then emended to Mailwin, and back to Mavwin; Morwin written later in the margin of B. Exactly the same at 129, and at 137 though here without Morwin in the margin; at 145 Mavwin unemended, but Morwin in the margin. Thereafter Mavwin stands unemended and without marginal note, as far as 438 (see note). For consistency I read Morwin throughout the first version of the poem. -- Mavwin is the form in the Tale; Mailwin does not occur elsewhere.

On the variation Nienori/Nienor in the Tale see II. 118 -- 19.

Tinuviel A, Tinwiel B unemended but with Tinuviel in the margin. Tinwiel does not occur elsewhere.

Ermabwed 'One-handed' is Beren's title or nickname in the Lost Tales.

Gumlin is named in the Tale (II. 74, etc.); the younger of the two guardians of Turin on his journey to Doriath (here called Halog) is not.

Belcha A, and B as typed, emended to Bauglir. Cf. notes to lines 20, 22, 75.

Urin > Hurin A; but Hurin A in line 216.

Ninin Udathriol A, and B as typed; cf. line 13.

The distinction between 'Gnomes' and 'Elves' is still made; see I. 43 -- 4.

Dorwinion A.

For Mavwin was Melian moved to ruth A, and B as typed, with Then was Melian moved written in the margin. The second half-line has only three syllables unless moved is read moved, which is not satisfactory. The second version of the poem has here For Morwen Melian was moved to ruth. Cf. lines 494, 519.

333.

Turin Thaliadrin A (cf. line 115), emended to the son of

361.

364.

392.

408.

430.

431.

Thalion.

Glamhoth appears in The Fall of Gondolin (II. 160), with is the translation 'folk of dreadful hate'.

Belcha A, and B as typed; then > Melegor > Bauglir in B.

Bauglir: as at line 364.

Morgoth Belcha A, and B as typed.

Kor > Cor A, Cor B as typed. Cf. line 50.

Tengwethil A, and B as typed. In the early Gnomish dictionary and in the Name-list to *The Fall of Gondolin* the Gnomish name of Taniquetil is Danigwethil (I. 266, II. 337).

438.

Mavwin A, and B as typed, but Mavwin > Morwen a later

450.

461-3.

471.

472.

494

514-16.

517.

519.

emendation in 8. I read Morwin throughout the first version of the poem (see note to line 105).

Cuinlimfin A, and B as typed; Cuivienen a later emendation in B. The form in the *Lost Tales* is Koivie-Neni; Cuinlimfin occurs nowhere else.

These lines bracketed and marked with an X in B.

This line marked with an X in B.

Mavwin > Morwen B; see line 438.

all mashed in tears A, washed in tears B (half-line of three syllables), with an X in the margin and an illegible word written in pencil before washed. Cf. lines 306, 519. The second version of the poem does not reach this point.

Against these lines my father wrote in the margin of B: 'Make Orgof's kin set on him and T. fight his way out.'

stonefaced stared: the accent on stonefaced was put in later and the line marked with an X. -- In his essay *On Translating Beowulf* (1940; *The Monsters and the Critics and Other Essays* (1983) p. 67) my father gave stared stonyfaced as an example of an Old English metrical type.

his hands laved: the line is marked with an X in B. Cf. lines 528.

529.

548.

306, 494.

With the half-line and their anger alight the second, more finished, part of the manuscript A begins; see p. 4.

Belcha A, Morgoth B as typed.

Guthrond A, and B as typed.

Commentary on the Prologue and Part I 'Turin's Fostering'.

The opening section or 'Prologue' of the poem derives from the opening of the Tale (II. 70 -- 1) and in strictly narrative terms there has been little development. In lines 18 -- z t (and especially in the rejected line in A, as a myriad rats in measureless army lmight pull down the proudest) is clearly foreshadowed the story in *The Silmarillion* (p. 195):

... they took him at last alive, by the command of Morgoth, for the Orcs grappled him with their hands, which clung to him though he hewed off their arms; and ever their numbers were renewed, until at last he fell buried beneath them.

On the other hand the motive in the later story for capturing him alive (Morgoth knew that Hurin had been to Gondolin) is necessarily not present, since Gondolin in the older phases of the legends was not discovered till Turgon retreated down Sirion after the Battle of Unnumbered Tears (II. 120, 208). That he was taken alive by Morgoth's

command is however already stated in the poem (line 20), though it is not explained why. In the Tale Morgoth's interest in Hurin as a tool for the

discovery of Turgon arose from his knowledge that the Elves of Kor thought little of Men, holding them in scant fear or suspicion for their blindness and lack of skill -- an idea that is repeated in the poem (46 -- 8); but this idea seems only to have arisen in Morgoth's mind when he came to Hurin in his dungeon (44ff.).

The place of Hurin's torment (in the Tale 'a lofty place of the mountains') is now defined as a stool of stone on the steepest peak of, Thangorodrim; and this is the first occurrence of that name.

In the change of son to heir in line 29 is seen the first hint of a development in the kingly house of the Noldoli, with the appearance of a second generation between Finwe (Finweg) and Turgon; but by the time that my father pencilled this change on the text (and noted 'He was Fingolfin's son') the later genealogical structure was already in being, and this is as it were a casual indication of it.

In 'Turin's Fostering' there is a close relationship between the Tale ] and the poem, extending to many close similarities of wording -- especially abundant in the scene in Thingol's hall leading to the death of Orgof; and some phrases had a long life, surviving from the Tale, through the poem, and into the Narn i Hin Hurin, as

rather would she dwell poor among Men than live sweetly as an almsguest among the woodland Elves(II. 73)

but to spend her days

as alms-guest of others, even Elfin kings,

it liked her little

(284 -- 6)

she would not yet humble her pride to be an alms-guest, not even of a king(Narn p. 70)

-- though in the Narn the 'alms-guest' passage occurs at a different point, before Turin left Hithlum (Morwen's hope that Hurin would come back is in the Narn her reason for not journeying to Doriath with her son, not for refusing the later invitation to her to go).

Of Morwen's situation in Dor-lomin after the Battle of Unnumbered

Tears there are a few things to say. In the poem (111--13)

men unmindful of his mighty lordship

dwelt in Dorlomin and dealt unkindly

with his widowed wife

-- echoing the Tale: 'the strange men who dwelt nigh knew not the dignity of the Lady Mavwin', but there is still no indication of who these men were or where they came from (see II. 126). As so often, the narrative

situation was prepared but its explanation had not emerged. The unclarity of the Tale as to where Urin dwelt before the great Battle (see II.120) is no longer present: the dwelling was dear where he dwelt of old (288). Nienor was born before Turin left (on the contradiction in the Tale on this point see II. 131); and the chronology of Turin's childhood is still that of the Tale (see II. 142): seven years old when he left Hithlum (332), seven years in Doriath while tidings still came from Morwen (333), twelve years since he came to Doriath when he slew Orgof (471). In the later story the last figure remained unchanged, which suggests that the X (mark of dissatisfaction) placed against line 471 had some other reason.

There are several references in the poem to Hurin and Beren having been friends and fellows-in-arms (122 -- 4., 248 -- 9, 298). In the Tale it was said originally (when Beren was a Man) that Egnor Beren's father was akin to Mavwin; this was replaced by a different passage (when Beren had become a Gnome) according to which Egnor was a friend of Urin ('and Beren Ermabwed son of Egnor he knew'); see I I. 71 -- 2, 139. In the later version of the Tale of Tinuviel (II.44) Urin is named as the 'brother in arms' of Egnor; this was emended to make Urin's relationship with Beren himself -- as in the poem. In The Silmarillion (p. 198) Morwen

thought to send Turin to Thingol 'for Beren son of Barahir was her father's kinsman, and he had been moreover a friend of Hurin, ere evil befell'. There is no mention of the fact in the Narn (p. 63): Morwen merely says: 'Am I not now kin of the king [Thingol]? For Beren son of Barahir was grandson of Bregor, as was my father also.'

That Beren was still an Elf, not a Man, (deducible on other grounds) is apparent from lines 178 -- 9:

and never ere now for need or wonder

had children of Men chosen that pathway

-- cf. the Tale (II. 72): 'and Turin son of Urin was the first of Men to tread that way', changed from the earlier reading 'and Beren Ermabwed was the first of Men...'

In the parting of Turin from his mother comparison with the Tale will show some subtle differences which need not be spelled out here. The younger of Turin's guardians is now named, Halog (and it is said that Gumlin and Halog were the only 'henchmen' left to Morwen).

Some very curious things are said of Beleg in the poem. He is twice (200, 399) called 'a (the) son of the wilderness who wist no sire', and at line 416 he is 'Beleg the ageless'. There seems to be a mystery about him, an otherness that sets him apart (as he set himself apart, 195) from the Elves of Thingol's lordship (see further p. 127). It may be that there is still a trace of this in the 1930 'Silmarillion', where it is said that none went from Doriath to the Battle of Unnumbered Tears save Mablung,

and Beleg 'who obeyed no man' (in the later text this becomes 'nor any out of Doriath save Mablung and Beleg, who were unwilling to have no part in these great deeds. To them Thingol gave leave to go...', The Silmarillion p. 189). In the poem (219) Beleg says expressly that he did not go to the great Battle. -- His great bow of black yew-wood (so in The Silmarillion, p. 208, where it is named Belthroning) now appears (400): in the Tale he is not particularly marked out as a bowman (II. 123).

Beleg's 'The gods have guided you (215) and Turin's guardians' thought the gods are good (244) accord with references in the Lost Tales to the influence of the Valar on Men and Elves in the Great Lands: see II. 141.

The potent wine that Beleg carried and gave to the travellers from his flask (223 ff.) is notable -- brought from the burning South and by long ways carried to the lands of the North -- as is the name of the land from which it came: Dor-Winion (230, 425). The only other places in my father's writings where this name occurs (so far as I know) are in The Hobbit, Chapter IX Barrels out of Bond: 'the heady vintage of the great gardens of Dorwinion', and 'the wine of Dorwinion brings deep and pleasant dreams'.\* See further p. 127.

The curious element in Thingol's message to Morwen in the Tale, explaining why he did not go with his people to the Battle of Unnumbered Tears (II. 73), has now been rejected; but with Morwen's response to the messengers out of Doriath there enters the legend the Dragon-helm of Dor-lomin (297 ff.). As yet little is told of it (though more is said in the second version of the poem, see p. 126): Hurin often bore it in battle (in the Narn it is denied that he used it, p. 76); it magically protected its wearer (as still in the Narn, p. 75); and it was arith that token crowned of the towering dragon, and o'er-written with runes by wrights of old (cf. the Narn: 'on it were graven runes of victory'). But nothing is here said of how Hurin came by it, beyond the fact that it was his heirloom. Very notable is the passage (307 ff.) in which is described Thingol's handling of the helm as his hoard were scant, despite his possession of dungeons filled with Elfin armouries of ancient gear. I have commented previously (see II. 128 -- 9, 245 -- 6) on the early emphasis on the poverty of Tinwelint (Thingol): here we have the first appearance of the idea of his wealth

(present also at the beginning of the Lay of Leithian). Also notable is the close echoing of the lines of the poem in the words of the Narn, p. 76:

\*Doncinion is marked on the decorated map by Pauline Baynacs, as a region on the North-western shores of the Sea of Rhun. It must be presumed that this, like other names on that map, was communicated to her by my father (see *Unfinished Tales* p. 261, footnote), but its placing seems surprising.)

Yet Thingol handled the Helm of Hador as though his hoard were scanty, and he spoke courteous words, saying: 'Proud were the head that bore this helm, which the sires of Hurin bore.'

There is also a clear echo of lines 315-18

Then a thought was thrust into Thingol's heart,  
and Turin he called and told when come  
that Morwin his mother a mighty thing  
had sent to her son, his sire's heirloom  
in the prose of the Narn:

Then a thought came to him, and he summoned Turin, and told him  
that Morwen had sent to her son a mighty thing, the heirloom of his  
fathers.

Compare also the passages that follow in both works, concerning Turin's being too young to lift the Helm, and being in any case too unhappy to heed it on account of his mother's refusal to leave Hithlum. This was the first of his sorrows (328); in the Narn (p. 75) the second.

The account of Turin's character in boyhood (341 ff.) is very close to that in the Tale (II. 74), which as I have noted before (II. 121) survived into the Narn (p. 77): the latter account indeed echoes the poem ('he learned much lore', 'neither did he win friendship easily'). In the poem it is now added that in cueaving song/he had a minstrel's mastery, but mirth was not in it.

An important new element in the narrative enters with the companionship of Beleg and Turin (wearing the Dragon-helm, 377) in warfare on the marches of Doriath:

how Beleg the ageless was brother-in-arms

to the black-haired boy from the beaten people. (416 -- 17)

Of this there is no mention in the Tale at all (II. 74). Cf. my Commentary, II. 122:

Turin's prowess against the Orcs during his sojourn in Artanor is given a more central or indeed unique importance in the tale ('he held the wrath of Melko from them for many years'), especially as Beleg, his companion-in-arms in the later versions, is not here mentioned.

In the poem the importance to Doriath of Turin's warfare is not diminished, however:

for by him was holden the hand of ruin

from Thingol's folk, and Thu feared him (389 -- 90)

We meet here for the first time Thu, thane most mighty/neath

Morgoth Bauglir. It is interesting to learn that Thu knew of Turin and feared him, also that Morgoth ordered Thu to assault Doriath: this story will reappear in the Lay of Leithian.

In the story of Turin and Orgof the verses are very clearly following the prose of the Tale, and there are many close likenesses of wording, as already noted. The relation of this scene to the later story has been discussed previously (II. 121 -- 2). Orgof still has Gnome-blood, which may imply the continuance of the story that there were Gnomes among Thingol's people (see II. 43). The occasion of Turin's return from the forest to the Thousand Caves (a name that first occurs in the poem) becomes, as it seems, a great feast, with songs of Valinor -- quite unlike the later story, where the occasion is in no way marked out and Thingol and Melian were not in Menegroth (Narn p. 79); and Turin and Orgof were set on high/near the king and queen (i.e. presumably on the dais, at the 'high table'). Whether it was a rejection of this idea that caused my father to bracket lines 461 -- 3 and mark them with an X I

cannot say. The secret songs of the sons of Ing referred to in this passage (421) are not indeed songs of the sons of Ing of the AElfwine history (II. 301 ff.); this Ing is the Gnomish form of Ingwe, Lord of the First Kindred of the Elves (earlier Inwe Lord of the Teleri).\*

The lines concerning Orgof dead are noteworthy:

his hour had come  
that his soul should seek the sad pathway  
to the deep valley of the Dead Awaiting,  
there a thousand years thrice: o ponder  
in the gloom of Gurthronð his grim jesting,  
ere he fare to Faerie to feast again.  
(544-9)

With this compare the tale of The Coming of the Valar and the Building of Valinor (I. 76):

There [in the hall of Ve] Mandos spake their doom, and there they waited in the darkness, dreaming of their past deeds, until such time as he appointed when they might again be born into their children, and go forth to laugh and sing again.

The name Gurthronð (< Guthronð) occurs nowhere else; the first element is doubtless gurth 'death', as in the name of Turin's sword Gurtholfin (II. 342).

\*That Ing is the Gnomish form of Ingwe appears from the 1926 'Sketch of the Mythology' and the 1930 'Silmarillion'. Ing was replaced by Inn e in The Cottage of Lost Play, but there the Gnomish name of Inwe is Inwithiel, changed from Gim Githil (I. 16, 22).)

There remain a few particular points concerning names. At line 366 Hithlum is explained as the name of Dorlomin among Men:

of dark Dorlomin with its dreary pines  
that Hithlum unhappy is hight by Men.

This is curious. In the Lost Tales the name of the land among Men was Aryador; so in the Tale of Turambar (II. 70):

In those days my folk dwelt in a vale of Hisilome and that land did Men name Aryador in the tongues they then used.

In the 1930 'Silmarillion' it is specifically stated that Hithlum and Dorlomin were Gnomish names for Hisilome', and there seems every reason to suppose that this was always the case. The answer to the puzzle may however lie in the same passage of the Tale of Turambar, where it is said that

often was the story of Turambar and the Foaloke in their [i.e. Men's] mouths -- but rather after the fashion of the Gnomes did they say Turumart and the Fuithlug.

Perhaps then the meaning of line 366 is that Men called Hisilome Hithlum because they used the Gnomish name, not that it was the name in their own tongue.

In the following lines (367 -- 8)

the Shadowy Mountains  
fenced them from Faerie and the folk of the wood.

This is the first occurrence of the name Shadowy Mountains, and it is used as it was afterwards (Ered Wethrin); in the Last Tales the mountains forming the southern fence of Hithlum are called the Iron Mountains or the Bitter Hills (see II. 61).

The name Cuinlimfin of the Waters of Awakening (note to line 450) seems to have been a passing idea, soon abandoned.

Lastly, at line 50 occurs (by emendation in B from Cor) the unique compound name Corthun, while at 430 the city of Cor was emended to the city of Tun; see II. 292.

\*

II.

BELEG.

Long time alone he lived in the hills  
a hunter of beast and hater of Men,

or Orcs, or Elves, till outcast folk  
560

there one by one, wild and reckless  
around him rallied; and roaming far  
they were feared by both foe and friend of old.  
For hot with hate was the heart of Turin,  
nor a friend found him such folk of Thingol  
as he wandering met in the wood's fastness.  
565

There Beleg the brave on the borders of Doriath  
they found and fought -- and few were with him --  
and o'erborne by numbers they bound him at last,  
till their captain came to their camp at eve.  
Afar from that fight his fate that day  
had taken Turin on the trail of the Orcs,  
as they hastened home to the Hills of Iron  
with the loot laden of the lands of Men.  
Then soon was him said that a servant of Thingol  
they had tied to a tree -- and Turin coming  
stared astonished on the stern visage  
of Beleg the brave his brother in arms,  
of whom he learned the lore of leaping blades,  
and of bended bow and barbed shaft,  
and the wild woodland's wisdom secret,  
when they blent in battle the blood of their wounds.  
570

575

580

Then Turin's heart was turned from hate,  
and he bade unbind Beleg the huntsman.  
'Now fare thou free! But, of friendship aught  
if thy heart yet holds for Hurin's son,  
never tell thou tale that Turin thou sawst  
an outlaw unloved from Elves and Men,  
whom Thingol's thanes yet thirst to slay.  
Betray not my trust or thy troth of yore! '  
Then Beleg of the bow embraced him there --  
he had not fared to the feast or the fall of Orgof --  
there kissed him kindly comfort speaking:  
'Lo! nought know I of the news thou tellest;  
but outlawed or honoured thou ever shalt be  
the brother of Beleg, come bliss come woe!  
Yet little me likes that thy leaping sword  
the life should drink of the leaguered Elves.  
Are the grim Glamhoth then grown so few,  
or the foes of Faerie feeble-hearted,  
that warlike Men have no work to do?

585

590

595

600

Shall the foes of Faerie be friends of Men?  
Betrayest thou thy troth whom we trusted of yore? '  
'Nor of armed Orc, nor [of] Elf of the wood,  
nor of any on earth have I honour or love,  
O Beleg the Bowman. This band alone  
I count as comrades, my kindred in woe  
and friendless fate -- our foes the world.'

605

'Let the bow of Beleg to your band be joined;  
and swearing death to the sons of darkness  
let us suage our sorrow and the smart of fate!  
Our valour is not vanquished, nor vain the glory  
that once we did win in the woods of old.'

610

Thus hope in the heart of Hurin's offspring  
awoke at those words; and them well liked  
of that band the boldest, save Blodrin only --  
Blodrin Bor's son, who for blood and for gold  
alone lusted, and little he recked  
whom he robbed of riches or reft of life,  
were it Elf or Orc; but he opened not  
the thoughts of his heart. There throbbed the harp,  
where the fires flickered, and the flaming brands  
of pine were piled in the place of their camp;  
where glad men gathered in good friendship  
as dusk fell down on the drear woodland.  
Then a song on a sudden soaring loudly --  
and the trees up-looming towering harkened --  
was raised of the Wrack of the Realm of the Gods;  
of the need of the Gnomes on the Narrow Crossing;  
of the fight at Fangros, and Feanor's sons'  
oath unbreakable. Then up sprang Beleg:  
'That our vaunt and our vows be not vain for ever,  
even such as they swore, those seven chieftains,  
an oath let us swear that is unchanging  
as Tain-Gwethil's towering mountain!'  
Their blades were bared, as blood shining  
in the flame of the fires while they flashed and touched.  
As with one man's voice the words were spoken,  
and the oath uttered that must unrecalled  
abide for ever, a bond of truth  
and friendship in arms, and faith in peril.

615

620

625

630

635

640

Thus war was waked in the woods once more  
for the foes of Faerie, and its fame widely,  
and the fear of that fellowship, now fared abroad;  
when the horn was heard of the hunting Elves  
that shook the shaws and the sheer valleys.  
Blades were naked and bows twanging,  
and shafts from the shadows shooting winged,  
and the sons of darkness slain and conquered;  
even in Angband the Orcs trembled.  
Then the word wandered down the ways of the forest  
that Turin Thalion was returned to war;  
and Thingol heard it, and his thanes were sped  
to lead the lost one in love to his halls --  
but his fate was fashioned that they found him not.  
Little gold they got in that grim warfare,  
but weary watches and wounds for guerdon;  
nor on robber-raids now rode they ever,  
who fended from Faerie the fiends of Hell.  
But Blodrin Bor's son for booty lusted,  
for the loud laughter of the lawless days,

and meats unmeasured, and mead-goblets  
 refilled and filled, and the flagons of wine  
 that went as water in their wild revels.  
 Now tales have told that trapped as a child  
 he was dragged by the Dwarves to their deep mansions,  
 and in Nogrod nurtured, and in nought was like,  
 spite blood and birth, to the blissful Elves.  
 His heart hated Hurin's offspring  
 and the Bowman Beleg; so biding his while  
 he fled their fellowship and forest hidings  
 to the merciless Orcs, whose moon-pallid  
 cruel-curved blades to kill spare not;  
 than whose greed for gold none greater burns  
 save in hungry hearts of the hell-dragons.  
 He betrayed his troth; traitor made him  
 and the forest fastness of his fellows in arms  
 he opened to the Orcs, nor his oath heeded.  
 There they fought and fell by foes outnumbered,  
 by treachery trapped at a time of night  
 when their fires faded and few were waking --  
 some wakened never, not for wild noises,  
 nor cries nor curses, nor clashing steel,  
 645  
 650  
 655  
 660  
 665  
 670  
 675  
 680

swept as they slumbered to the blades of death.  
 But Turin they took, though towering mighty  
 at the Huntsman's hand he hewed his foemen,  
 as a bear at bay mid bellowing hounds,  
 unheeding his hurts; at the hest of Morgoth  
 yet living they lapped him, his limbs entwining,  
 with hairy hands and hideous arms.  
 Then Beleg was buried in the bodies of the fallen,  
 as sorely wounded he swooned away;  
 and all was over, and the Orcs triumphed.  
 The dawn over Doriath dimly kindled  
 saw Blodrin Bor's son by a beech standing  
 with throat thirled by a thrusting arrow,  
 whose shaven shaft, shod with poison,  
 and feather-winged, was fast in the tree.  
 He bargained the blood of his brothers for gold:  
 thus his meed was meted -- in the mirk at random  
 by an orc-arrow his oath came home.  
 685  
 690  
 695  
 700

From the magic mazes of Melian the Queen  
 they haled unhappy Hurin's offspring,  
 lest he flee his fate; but they fared slowly  
 and the leagues were long of their laboured way  
 over hill and hollow to the high places,  
 where the peaks and pinnacles of pitiless stone  
 looming up lofty are lapped in cloud,  
 and veiled in vapours vast and sable;  
 where Eglir Engrin, the Iron Hills, lie

o'er the hopeless halls of Hell upreared  
 wrought at the roots of the roaring cliffs  
 of Thangorodrim's thunderous mountain.  
 Thither led they laden with loot and evil;  
 but Beleg yet breathed in blood drenched  
 aswoon, till the sun to the South hastened,  
 and the eye of day was opened wide.

705

710

715

720

725

Then he woke and wondered, and weeping took him,  
 and to Turin Thalion his thoughts were turned,  
 that o'erborne in battle and bound he had seen.  
 Then he crawled from the corpses that had covered him over,  
 weary, wounded, too weak to stand.  
 So Thingol's thanes athirst and bleeding  
 in the forest found him: his fate willed not

that he should drink the draught of death from foes.

Thus they bore him back in bitter torment  
 his tidings to tell in the torchlit halls  
 of Thingol the king; in the Thousand Caves  
 to be healed whole by the hands enchanted  
 of Melian Mablui, the moonlit queen.

730

Ere a week was outworn his wounds were cured,  
 but his heart's heaviness those hands of snow  
 nor soothed nor softened, and sorrow-laden  
 he fared to the forest. No fellows sought he  
 in his hopeless hazard, but in haste alone  
 he followed the feet of the foes of Elfland,  
 the dread daring, and the dire anguish,  
 that held the hearts of Hithlum's men  
 and Doriath's doughtiest in a dream of fear.  
 Unmatched among Men, or magic-wielding  
 Elves, or hunters of the Orc-kindred,  
 or beasts of prey for blood pining,  
 was his craft and cunning, that cold and dead  
 an unseen slot could scent o'er stone,  
 foot-prints could find on forest pathways  
 that lightly on the leaves were laid in moons  
 long waned, and washed by windy rains.  
 The grim Glamhoth's goblin armies  
 go cunning-footed, but his craft failed not  
 to tread their trail, till the lands were darkened,  
 and the light was lost in lands unknown.  
 Never-dawning night was netted clinging  
 in the black branches of the beetling trees;  
 oppressed by pungent pinewood's odours,  
 and drowsed with dreams as the darkness thickened,  
 he strayed steerless. The stars were hid,  
 and the moon mantled. There magic foundered  
 in the gathering glooms, there goblins even  
 (whose deep eyes drill the darkest shadows)  
 bewildered wandered, who the way forsook  
 to grope in the glades, there greyly loomed  
 of girth unguessed in growth of ages  
 the topless trunks of trees enchanted.  
 That fathomless fold by folk of Elfland  
 is Taur-na-Fuin, the Trackless Forest

of Deadly Nightshade, dreadly named.

735

740

745

750

755

760

765

Abandoned, beaten, there Beleg lying  
to the wind harkened winding, moaning  
in bending boughs; to branches creaking  
up high over head, where huge pinions  
of the plumed pine-trees complained darkly  
in black foreboding. There bowed hopeless,  
in wit wildered, and wooing death,  
he saw on a sudden a slender sheen  
shine a-shimmering in the shades afar,  
like a glow-worm's lamp a-gleaming dim.  
He marvelled what it might be as he moved softly;  
for he knew not the Gnomes of need delving  
in the deep dungeons of dark Morgoth.  
Unmatched their magic in metal-working,  
who jewels and gems that rejoiced the Gods  
aforetime fashioned, when they freedom held,  
now swinking slaves of ceaseless labour  
in Angband's smithies, nor ever were suffered  
to wander away, warded always.  
But little lanterns of lucent crystal  
and silver cold with subtlest cunning  
they strangely fashioned, and steadfast a flame  
burnt unblinking there blue and pale,  
unquenched for ever. The craft that lit them  
was the jewel-makers' most jealous secret.  
Not Morgoth's might, nor meed nor torment  
them vowed, availed to reveal that lore;  
yet lights and lamps of living radiance,  
many and magical, they made for him.  
No dark could dim them the deeps wandering;  
whose lode they lit was lost seldom  
in groundless grot, or gulfs far under.

770

775

780

785

790

795

'Twas a Gnome he beheld on the heaped needles  
of a pine-tree pillowed, when peering wary  
he crept closer. The covering pelt  
was loosed from the lamp of living radiance  
by his side shining. Slumber-shrouded  
his fear-worn face was fallen in shade.  
Lest in webs woven of unwaking sleep,  
spun round by spells in those spaces dark,  
he lie forlorn and lost for ever,  
the Hunter hailed him in the hushed forest --  
800  
805

to the drowsy deeps of his dream profound  
fear ever-following came falling loud;

as the lancing lightning he leapt to his feet  
 full deeming that dread and death were upon him,  
 Flinding go-Fuilin fleeing in anguish  
 from the mines of Morgoth. Marvelling he heard  
 the ancient tongue of the Elves of Tun;  
 and Beleg the Bowman embraced him there,  
 and learnt his lineage and luckless fate,  
 how thrust to thraldom in a throng of captives,  
 from the kindred carried and the cavernous halls  
 of the Gnomes renowned of Nargothrond,  
 long years he laboured under lashes and flails  
 of the baleful Balrogs, abiding his time.  
 A tale he unfolded of terrible flight  
 o'er flaming fell and fuming hollow,  
 o'er the parched dunes of the Plains of Drouth,  
 till his heart took hope and his heed was less.  
 'Then Taur-na-Fuin entangled my feet  
 in its mazes enmeshed; and madness took me  
 that I wandered witless, unwary stumbling  
 and beating the boles of the brooding pines  
 in idle anger -- and the Orcs heard me.  
 They were camped in a clearing, that close at hand  
 by mercy I missed. Their marching road  
 is beaten broad through the black shadows  
 by wizardry warded from wandering Elves;  
 but dread they know of the Deadly Nightshade,  
 and in haste only do they hie that way.  
 Now cruel cries and clamorous voices  
 awoke in the wood, and winged arrows  
 from horny bows hummed about me;  
 and following feet, fleet and stealthy,  
 were padding and pattering on the pine-needles;  
 and hairy hands and hungry fingers  
 in the glooms groping, as I grovelled fainting  
 till they cowering found me. Fast they clutched me  
 beaten and bleeding, and broken in spirit  
 they laughing led me, my lagging footsteps  
 with their spears speeding. Their spoils were piled,  
 and countless captives in that camp were chained,  
 and Elfin maids their anguish mourning.

810

815

820

825

830

835

840

845

850

put one they watched, warded sleepless,  
 was stern-visaged, strong, and in stature tall  
 as are Hithlum's men of the misty hills.  
 Full length he lay and lashed to pickets  
 in baleful bonds, yet bold-hearted  
 his mouth no mercy of Morgoth sued,  
 but defied his foes. Foully they smote him.  
 Then he called, as clear as cry of hunter  
 that hails his hounds in hollow places,  
 on the name renowned of that noblest king --  
 but men unmindful remember him little --  
 Hurin Thalion, who Erithamrod hight,

the Unbending, for Orc and Balrog  
and Morgoth's might on the mountain yet  
he defies fearless, on a fanged peak  
of thunder-riven Thangorodrim.'

855

860

865

In eager anger then up sprang Beleg,  
crying and calling, careless of Flinding:  
'O Turin, Turin, my troth-brother,  
to the brazen bonds shall I abandon thee,  
and the darkling doors of the Deeps of Hell?'

870

'Thou wilt join his journey to the jaws of sorrow,  
O Bowman crazed, if thy bellowing cry  
to the Orcs should come; their ears than cats'  
:are keener whetted, and though the camp from here  
be a day distant where those deeds I saw,  
who knows if the Gnome they now pursue  
that crept from their clutches, as a crawling worm  
on belly cowering, whom they bleeding cast  
in deathly swoon on the dung and slough  
of their loathsome lair. O Light of Valinor!  
and ye glorious Gods! How gleam their eyes,  
and their tongues are red! ' 'Yet I Turin will wrest  
from their hungry hands, or to Hell be dragged,  
or sleep with the slain in the slades of Death.

Thy lamp shall lead us, and my lore rekindle  
and wise wood-craft! ' 'O witless hunter,  
thy words are wild -- wolves unsleeping  
and wizardry ward their woeful captives;  
unerring their arrows; the icy steel  
of their curved blades cleaves unblunted

875

880

885

890

the meshes of mail; the mirk to pierce  
those eyes are able; their awful laughter  
the flesh freezes! I fare not thither,  
for fear fetters me in the Forest of Night:  
better die in the dark dazed, forwandered,  
than wilfully woo that woe and anguish!  
I know not the way.' 'Are the knees then weak  
of Flinding go-Fuilin? Shall free-born Gnome  
thus show himself a shrinking slave,  
who twice entrapped has twice escaped?  
Remember the might and the mirth of yore,  
the renown of the Gnomes of Nargothrond! '

895

900

Thus Beleg the Bowman quoth bold-hearted,  
but Flinding fought the fear of his heart,  
and loosed the light of his lamp of blue,  
now brighter burning. In the black mazes  
enwound they wandered, weary searching;  
by the tall tree-boles towering silent  
oft barred and baffled; blindly stumbling  
over rock-fast roots writhing coiled;  
and drowsed with dreams by the dark odours,  
till hope was hidden. 'Hark thee, Flinding;

viewless voices vague and distant,  
 a muffled murmur of marching feet  
 that are shod with stealth shakes the stillness.'

905

910

915

'No noise I hear', the Gnome answered,  
 'thy hope cheats thee.' 'I hear the chains  
 clinking, creaking, the cords straining,  
 and wolves padding on worn pathways.  
 I smell the blood that is smeared on blades  
 that are cruel and crooked; the croaking laughter --  
 now, listen! louder and louder comes,'  
 the hunter said. 'I hear no sound',  
 quoth Flinding fearful. 'Then follow after! '  
 with bended bow then Beleg answered,  
 'my cunning rekindles, my craft needs not  
 thy lamp's leading.' Leaping swiftly  
 he shrank in the shadows; with shrouded lantern  
 Flinding followed him, and the forest-darkness  
 and drowsy dimness drifted slowly  
 unfolding from them in fleeing shadows,

920

925

930

and its magic was minished, till they marvelling saw  
 they were brought to its borders. There black-gaping  
 an archway opened. By ancient trunks  
 it was framed darkly, that in far-off days  
 the lightning felled, now leaning gaunt  
 their lichen-leprous limbs uprooted.  
 There shadowy bats that shrilled thinly  
 flew in and flew out the air brushing  
 as they swerved soundless. A swooning light  
 faint filtered in, for facing North  
 they looked o'er the leagues of the lands of mourning,  
 o'er the bleak boulders, o'er the blistered dunes  
 and dusty drouth of Dor-na-Fauglith;  
 o'er that Thirsty Plain, to the threatening peaks,  
 now glimpsed grey through the grim archway,  
 of the marching might of the Mountains of Iron,  
 and faint and far in the flickering dusk  
 the thunderous towers of Thangorodrim.  
 But backward broad through the black shadows  
 from that darkling door dimly wandered  
 the ancient Orc-road; and even as they gazed  
 the silence suddenly with sounds of dread  
 was shaken behind them, and shivering echoes  
 from afar came fleeting. Feet were tramping;  
 trappings tinkling; and the troublous murmur  
 of viewless voices in the vaulted gloom  
 came near and nearer. 'Ah! now I hear',  
 said Flinding fearful; 'flee we swiftly  
 from hate and horror and hideous faces,  
 from fiery eyes and feet relentless!  
 Ah! woe that I wandered thus witless hither!'

935

940

945

950

955

960

Then beat in his breast, foreboding evil,  
 with dread unwonted the dauntless heart  
 of Beleg the brave. With blanched cheeks  
 in faded fern and the feathery leaves  
 -- of brown bracken they buried them deep,  
 where dank and dark a ditch was cloven  
 on the wood's borders by waters oozing,  
 dripping down to die in the drouth below.  
 Yet hardly were they hid when a host to view  
 round a dark turning in the dusky shadows

965

970

came swinging sudden with a swift thudding  
 of feet after feet on fallen leaves.  
 In rank on rank of ruthless spears  
 that war-host went; weary stumbling  
 countless captives, cruelly laden  
 with bloodstained booty, in bonds of iron  
 they haled behind them, and held in ward  
 by the wolf-riders and the wolves of Hell.  
 Their road of ruin was a-reek with tears:  
 many a hall and homestead, many a hidden refuge  
 of Gnomish lords by night beleaguered  
 their o'ermastering might of mirth bereft,  
 and fair things fouled, and fields curdled  
 with the bravest blood of the beaten people.

975

980

985

To an army of war was the Orc-band waxen  
 that Blodrin Bor's son to his bane guided  
 to the wood-marches, by the welded hosts  
 homeward hurrying to the halls of mourning  
 swiftly swollen to a sweeping plague.  
 Like a throbbing thunder in the threatening deeps  
 of cavernous clouds o'ercast with gloom  
 now swelled on a sudden a song most dire,  
 and their hellward hymn their home greeted;  
 flung from the foremost of the fierce spearmen,  
 who viewed mid vapours vast and sable  
 the threefold peaks of Thangorodrim,  
 it rolled rearward, rumbling darkly,  
 like drums in distant dungeons empty.  
 Then a werewolf howled; a word was shouted  
 like steel on stone; and stiffly raised  
 their spears and swords sprang up thickly  
 as the wild wheatfields of the wargod's realm  
 with points that palely pricked the twilight.  
 As by wind wafted then waved they all,  
 and bowed, as the bands with beating measured  
 moved on mirthless from the mirky woods,  
 from the topless trunks of Taur-na-Fuin,  
 neath the leprous limbs of the leaning gate.

990

995

1000

1005

1010

Then Beleg the Bowman in bracken cowering,  
 on the loathly legions through the leaves peering,

saw Turin the tall as he tottered forward  
1015

neath the whips of the Orcs as they whistled o'er him;  
and rage arose in his wrathful heart,  
and piercing pity outpoured his tears.  
The hymn was hushed; the host vanished  
down the hellward slopes of the hill beyond;  
and silence sank slow and gloomy  
round the trunks of the trees of Taur-na-Fuin,  
and nethermost night drew near outside.

1020

'Follow me, Flinding, from the forest cursed!  
Let us haste to his help, to Hell if need be  
or to death by the darts of the dread Glamhoth!':  
and Beleg bounded from the bracken madly,  
like a deer driven by dogs baying  
from his hiding in the hills and hollow places;  
and Flinding followed fearful after him  
neath the yawning gate, þ through yew-thickets,  
through bogs and bents and bushes shrunken,  
till they reached the rocks and the riven moorlands  
and friendless fells falling darkly  
to the dusty dunes of Dor-na-Fauglith.  
In a cup outcarven on the cold hillside,  
whose broken brink was bleakly fringed  
with bended bushes bowed in anguish  
from the North-wind's knife, beneath them far  
the feasting camp of their foes was laid;  
the fiery flare of fuming torches,  
and black bodies in the blaze they saw  
crossing countlessly, and cries they heard  
and the hollow howling of hungry wolves.

1025

1030

1035

1040

Then a moon mounted o'er the mists riding,  
and the keen radiance of the cold moonshine  
the shadows sharpened in the sheer hollows,  
and slashed the slopes with slanting blackness;  
in wreaths uprising the reek of fires  
was touched to tremulous trails of silver.  
Then the fires faded, and their foemen slumbered  
in a sleep of surfeit. No sentinel watched,  
nor guards them girdled -- what good were it  
to watch wakeful in those withered regions  
neath Eglir Engrin, whence the eyes of Bauglir  
gazed unclosing from the gates of Hell?

1045

1050

1055

Did not werewolves' eyes unwinking gleam  
in the wan moonlight -- the wolves that sleep not,  
that sit in circles with slaving tongues  
round camp or clearing of the cruel Glamhoth?  
Then was Beleg a-shudder, and the unblinking eyes  
nigh chilled his marrow and chained his flesh  
in fear unfathomed, as' flat to earth  
by a boulder he lay. Lo! black cloud-drifts  
surged up like smoke from the sable North,

and the sheen was shrouded of the shivering moon;  
 the wind came wailing from the woeful mountains,  
 and the heath unhappy hissed and whispered;  
 and the moans came faint of men in torment  
 in the camp accursed. His quiver rattled  
 as he found his feet and felt his bow,  
 hard horn-pointed, by hands of cunning  
 of black yew wrought; with bears' sinews  
 it was stoutly strung; strength to bend it  
 had nor Man nor Elf save the magic helped him  
 that Beleg the Bowman now bore alone.  
 No arrows of the Orcs so unerring winged  
 as his shaven shafts that could shoot to a mark  
 that was seen but in glance ere gloom seized it.  
 Then Dailir he drew, his dart beloved;  
 howso far fared it, or fell unnoted,  
 unsought he found it with sound feathers  
 and barbs unbroken (till it broke at last);  
 and fleet bade he fly that feather-pinioned  
 snaketongued shaft, as he snicked the string  
 in the notch nimbly, and with naked arm  
 to his ear drew it. The air whistled,  
 and the tingling string twanged behind it,  
 soundless a sentinel sank before it --  
 there was one of the wolves that awaked no more.  
 Now arrows after he aimed swiftly  
 that missed not their mark and meted silent  
 death in the darkness dreadly stinging,  
 till three of the wolves with throats pierced,  
 and four had fallen with fleet-winged  
 arrows a-quivering in their quenched eyes.  
 Then great was the gap in the guard opened,  
 and Beleg his bow unbent, and said:

1060

1065

1070

1075

1080

1085

1090

1095

Wilt come to the camp, comrade Flinding,  
 or await me watchful? If woe betide  
 thou might win with word through the woods homeward  
 to Thingol the king how throve my quest,  
 how Turin the tall was trapped by fate,  
 how Beleg the Bowman to his bane hasted.'  
 -: Then Flinding fiercely, though fear shook him:  
 -' I have followed thee far, O forest-walker,  
 nor will leave thee now our league denying! '  
 ' Then both bow and sword Beleg left there  
 : with his belt unbound in the bushes tangled  
 of a dark thicket in a dell nigh them,  
 -' and Flinding there laid his flickering lamp  
 = and his nailed shoes, and his knife only  
 . he kept, that uncumbered he might creep silent.

1100

1105

1110

Thus those brave in dread down the bare hillside  
 wards the camp clambered creeping wary,

', and dared that deed in days long past  
 whose glory has gone through the gates of earth,  
 and songs have sung unceasing ringig  
 ." wherever the Elves in ancient places  
 ',: bad light or laughter in the later world.  
 With breath bated on the brink of the dale  
 :. they stood and stared through stealthy shadows,  
 ' till they saw where the circle of sleepless eyes  
 e broken; with hearts beating dully  
 ' they passed the places where pierced and bleeding  
 : the wolves weltered by winged death  
 unseen smitten; as smoke noiseless  
 they slipped silent through the slumbering throngs  
 as shadowy wraiths shifting vaguely  
 from gloom to gloom, till the Gods brought them  
 and the craft and cunning of the keen huntsman  
 to Turin the tall where he tumbled lay  
 with face downward in the filthy mire,  
 and his feet were fettered, and fast in bonds  
 anguish enchained his arms behind him.  
 ere he slept or swooned, as sunk in oblivion  
 drugs of darkness deadly blended;  
 he heard not their whispers; no hope stirred him  
 nor the deep despair of his dreams fathomed;  
 1115  
 1120  
 1125  
 1130  
 1135

to awake his wit no words availed.  
 No blade would bite on the bonds he wore,  
 though Flinding felt for the forged knife  
 of dwarfen steel, his dagger prized,  
 that at waist he wore awake or sleeping,  
 whose edge would eat through iron noiseless  
 as a clod of clay is cleft by the share.  
 It was wrought by wrights in the realms of the East,  
 in black Belegost, by the bearded Dwarves  
 of troth unmindful; it betrayed him now  
 from its sheath slipping as o'er shaggy slades  
 and roughhewn rocks their road they wended.  
 1140  
 1145  
 1150

'We must bear him back as best we may,'  
 said Beleg, bending his broad shoulders.  
 Then the head he lifted of Hurin's offspring,  
 and Flinding go-Fuilin the feet clasped;  
 and doughty that deed, for in days long gone  
 though Men were of mould less mighty builded  
 ere the earth's goodness from the Elves they drew,  
 though the Elfin kindreds ere old was the sun  
 were of might unminished, nor the moon haunted  
 faintly fading as formed of shadows  
 in places unpeopled, yet peers they were not  
 in bone and flesh and body's fashioning,  
 and Turin was tallest of the ten races  
 that in Hithlum's hills their homes builded.  
 Like a log they lifted his limbs mighty,  
 and straining staggered with stealth and fear,  
 with bodies bending and bones aching,

from the cruel dreaming of the camp of dread,  
 where spearmen drowsed sprawling drunken  
 by their moon-blades keen with murder whetted  
 mid their shaven shafts in sheaves piled.

1155

1160

1165

1170

Now Beleg the brave backward led them,  
 but his foot fumbled and he fell thudding  
 with Turin atop of him, and trembling stumbled  
 Flinding forward; there frozen lying  
 long while they listened for alarm stirring,  
 for hue and cry, and their hearts cowered;  
 but unbroken the breathing of the bands sleeping,  
 as darkness deepened to dead midnight,

1175

1180

d the lifeless hour when the loosened soulo  
 ft sheds the shackles of the shivering flesh.  
 Then dared their dread to draw its breath,  
 and they found their feet in the fouled earth,  
 and bent they both their backs once more  
 to their task of toil, for Turin woke not.  
 There the huntsman's hand was hurt deeply,  
 as he groped on the ground, by a gleaming point --  
 'twas Dailir his dart dearly prized  
 he had found by his foot in fragments twain,  
 and with barbs bended: it broke at last  
 neath his body falling. It boded ill.

1185

1190

As in dim dreaming, and dazed with horror,  
 they won their way with weary slowness,  
 foot by footstep, till fate them granted  
 the leaguer at last of those lairs to pass,  
 and their burden laid they, breathless gasping,  
 on bare-bosmed earth, and abode a while,  
 ere by winding ways they won their path  
 up the slanting slopes with silent labour,  
 with spended strength sprawling to cast them  
 in the darkling dell neath the deep thicket.  
 Then sought his sword, and songs of magic  
 o'er its eager edge with Elfin voice  
 there Beleg murmured, while bluely glimmered  
 the lamp of Flinding neath the laced thorns.  
 There wondrous wove he words of sharpness,  
 and the names of knives and Gnomish blades  
 he uttered o'er it: even Ogbar's spear  
 and the glaive of Gaurin whose gleaming stroke  
 did rive the rocks of Rodrim's hall;  
 the sword of Saithnar, and the silver blades  
 of the enchanted children of chains forged  
 in their deep dungeon; the dirk of Nargil,  
 the knife of the North in Nogrod smithied;  
 the sweeping sickle of the slashing tempest,  
 the lambent lightning's leaping falchion  
 even Celeg Aithorn that shall cleave the world.

1195

1200

1205

1210

1215

Then whistling whirled he the whetted sword-blade  
 and three times three it threshed the gloom,  
 till flame was kindled flickering strangely  
 1220

like licking firelight in the lamp's glimmer  
 blue and baleful at the blade's edges.  
 Lo! a leering laugh lone and dreadful  
 by the wind wafted wavered nigh them;  
 their limbs were loosened in listening horror;  
 they fancied the feet of foes approaching,  
 for the horns hearkening of the hunt afoot  
 in the rustling murmur of roving breezes.  
 Then quickly curtained with its covering pelt  
 was the lantern's light, and leaping Beleg  
 with his sword severed the searing bonds  
 on wrist and arm like ropes of hemp  
 so strong that whetting; in stupor lying  
 entangled still lay Turin moveless.  
 For the feet's fetters then feeling in the dark  
 Beleg blundering with his blade's keenness  
 unwary wounded the weary flesh  
 of wayworn foot, and welling blood  
 bedewed his hand -- too dark his magic:  
 that sleep profound was sudden fathomed;  
 in fear woke Turin, and a form he guessed  
 o'er his body bending with blade naked.  
 His death or torment he deemed was come,  
 for oft had the Orcs for evil pastime  
 him goaded gleeful and gashed with knives  
 that they cast with cunning, with cruel spears.  
 Lo! the bonds were burst that had bound his hands:  
 his cry of battle calling hoarsely  
 he flung him fiercely on the foe he dreamed,  
 and Beleg falling breathless earthward  
 was crushed beneath him. Crazy with anguish  
 then seized that sword the son of Hurin,  
 to his hand lying by the help of doom;  
 at the throat he thrust; through he pierced it,  
 that the blood was buried in the blood-wet mould;  
 ere Flinding knew what fared that night,  
 all was over. With oath and curse  
 he bade the goblins now guard them well,  
 or sup on his sword: 'Lo! the son of Hurin  
 is freed from his fetters.' His fancy wandered  
 in the camps and clearings of the cruel Glamhoth.  
 Flight he sought not at Flinding leaping  
 1225  
 1230  
 1235  
 1240  
 1245  
 1250  
 1255  
 1260

with his last laughter, his life to sell  
 amid foes imagined; but Fuilin's son  
 there stricken with amaze, starting backward,

cried: 'Magic of Morgoth! A! madness damned!  
 with friends thou fightest! ' -- then falling suddenly  
 the lamp o'erturned in the leaves shrouded  
 that its light released illumined pale  
 with its flickering flame the face of Beleg.  
 Then the boles of the trees more breathless rooted  
 stone-faced he stood staring frozen  
 on that dreadful death, and his deed knowing  
 wildeyed he gazed with waking horror,  
 as in endless anguish an image carven.  
 So fearful his face that Flinding crouched  
 and watched him, wondering what webs of doom  
 dark, remorseless, dreadly meshed him  
 by the might of Morgoth; and he mourned for him,  
 and for Beleg, who bow should bend no more,  
 his black yew-wood in battle twanging --  
 his life had winged to its long waiting  
 in the halls of the Moon o'er the hills of the sea.

1265

1270

1275

1280

Hark! he heard the horns hooting loudly,  
 no ghostly laughter of grim phantom,  
 no wraithlike feet rustling dimly --  
 the Orcs were up; their ears had hearkened  
 the cries of Turin; their camp was tumult,  
 their lust was alight ere the last shadows  
 of night were lifted. Then numb with fear  
 in hoarse whisper to unhearing ears  
 he told his terror; for Turin now  
 with limbs loosened leaden-eyed was bent  
 crouching crumpled by the corpse moveless;  
 nor sight nor sound his senses knew,  
 and wavering words he witless murmured,  
 'A! Beleg,' he whispered, 'my brother-in-arms.'  
 Though Flinding shook him, he felt it not:  
 had he comprehended he had cared little.  
 Then winds were wakened in wild dungeons  
 where thrumming thunders throbbed and rumbled;  
 storm came striding with streaming banners  
 from the four corners of the fainting world;

1285

I 290

1295

1300

then the clouds were cloven with a crash of lightning,  
 and slung like stones from slings uncounted  
 the hurtling hail came hissing earthward,  
 with a deluge dark of driving rain.  
 Now wafted high, now wavering far,  
 the cries of the Glamhoth called and hooted,  
 and the howl of wolves in the heavens' roaring  
 was mingled mournful: they missed their paths,  
 for swollen swept there swirling torrents  
 down the blackening slopes, and the slot was blind,  
 so that blundering back up the beaten road  
 to the gates of gloom many goblins wildered  
 were drowned or drawn in Deadly Nightshade  
 to die in the dark; while dawn came not,  
 while the storm-riders strove and thundered

all the sunless day, and soaked and drenched  
 Flinding go-Fuilin with fear speechless  
 there crouched aquake; cold and lifeless  
 lay Beleg the Bowman; brooding dumbly  
 Turin Thalion neath the tangled thorns  
 sat unseeing without sound or movement.

1305

1310

1315

1320:

1325

The dusty dunes of Dor-na-Fauglith  
 hissed and spouted. Huge rose the spires  
 of smoking vapour swathed and reeking,  
 thick-billowing clouds from thirst unquenched,  
 and dawn was kindled dimly lurid  
 when a day and night had dragged away.  
 The Orcs had gone, their anger baffled,  
 o'er the weltering ways weary faring  
 to their hopeless halls in Hell's kingdom;  
 no thrall took they Turin Thalion --  
 a burden bore he than their bonds heavier,  
 in despair fettered with spirit empty  
 in mourning hopeless he remained behind.

1330

'335

\*

## NOTES.

617. Blodrin: Bauglir A, and B as typed. See line 618.

618. Bauglir Ban's son A, and B as typed (Bauglir > Blodrin

631.

636.

653.

661, 696.

711.

carefully-made early change, Ban > Bor hasty and later).

See lines 661, 696, 990.

Fangair A, Fangros B as typed.

Tengwethiel [sic] A, Tain-Gwethil B as typed. Cf. line 431.

Turin Thaliodrin A, and B as typed. Cf. lines I 15, 333, 720.

As at line 618.

Aiglir-angrin A, Aiglir Angrin B as typed, emended  
 roughly in pencil to Eiglir Engrin; cf. line 1055. In the Tale  
 of Turambar occurs Angorodin (the Iron Mountains),  
 II.77.

711-14.

These lines read in A (and as typed in B, with of Hell is  
 reared for of the Hells of Iron):

where Aiglir-angrin the Iron Hills lie  
 and Thangorodrim's thunderous mountain  
 o'er the hopeless halls of the Hells of iron  
 wrought at the roots of the ruthless hills.

718.

720.

780.

816.

818 -- 20.

826.

834.

0.

1055.

1098.

1137.

1147.

1198.

1214.

1324.

335.

Cf. Bilbo's second riddle to Gollum.

As at line 653.

Delimorgoth A, Delu-Morgoth B as typed, dark Morgoth a late pencilled emendation. At lines 11 and 51 Delu-Morgoth is an emendation of Delimorgoth in B.

Tun also in A; see lines 50, 430.

Against these lines my father wrote in the margin of B:

'Captured in battle at gates of Angband.'

o'er the black boulders of the Blasted Plain A (marked with query).

mercy: magic A, and B as typed; mercy in pencil and not quite certain.

Daideloth A emended at time of writing to Dor-na-Maiglos, Dor-na-Faughlith B as typed. In margin of A is written: 'a plateau from Dai "high", Deloth "plain"; contrast II. 337, entry Dor-na-Dhaideloth.<sup>99</sup>

Blodrin Ban's son A, and B as typed; Ban's > Bor's later in B. At lines 617 -- 18, 661, 696 A, and B as typed, had Bauglir, changed to Blodrin in B.

Aiglir Angrin A, and B as typed; see line 711.

Bauglir A and B.

This line is emended in B, but the reading is uncertain:

apparently Then his bow unbending Beleg asked him:

In the margin of B is written r?, i.e. dreadly for deadly.

East: South A, and B as typed.

bosmed (bosomed) written thus in both A and B.

Nargil: Loruin A, with Nargil added as an alternative.

Turin Thaliodrin A, and B as typed; see lines 653, 720.1

Thalion-Turin A, and B as typed.

#### Commentary on Part II 'Beleg'.

In this part of the poem there are some narrative developments of much interest. The poem follows the Tale (II. 76) in making Beleg become one of Turin's band on the marches of Doriath not long after Turin's departure from the Thousand Caves, and with no intervening event -- in The Silmarillion (p. 200) Beleg came to Menegroth, and after speaking to Thingol set out to seek Turin, while in the Narn (pp. 82 -- 5) there is the 'trial of Turin', and the intervention of Beleg bringing Nellas as witness, before he set out on Turin's trail. In the poem it is explicit that Beleg was not searching for him, and indeed knew nothing whatever of what had passed in the Thousand Caves (595). But Turin's band are no longer the 'wild spirits' of the Tale; they are hostile to all comers, whether Orcs or Men or Elves, including the Elves of Doriath (560 -- 1, 566), as in The Silmarillion, and in far greater detail in the Narn, where the band is called Gaurwaith, the Wolf-men, 'to be feared as wolves'.

The element of Beleg's capture and maltreatment by the band now appears, and also that of Turin's absence from the camp at the time.

Several features of the story in the Nant are indeed already present in the poem, though absent from the more condensed account in The Silmarillion: as Beleg's being tied to a tree by the outlaws (577, Narn pp. 92 -- 3), and the occasion of Turin's absence -- he was on the trail of the Orcs,

as they hastened home to the Hills of Iron  
with the loot laden of the lands of Men

just as in the Narn (pp. 91 -- 2), where however the story is part of a complex set of movements among the Woodmen of Brethil, Beleg, the Gaurwaith, and the Orcs.

Whereas in the Tale it was only now that Beleg and Turin became companions-in-arms, we have already seen that the poem has the later story whereby they had fought together on the marches of Doriath before Turin's flight from the Thousand Caves (p.27); and we now have also the development that Turin's altered mood at the sight of Beleg tied to the tree (Then Turin's heart was tamed from hate, 584), and-Beleg's own reproaches (Shall the foes of Faerie be friends of Men? 603), led to the band's turning their arms henceforth only against the foes of Faerie (644). Of the great oath sworn by the members of the band,, explicitly echoing that of the Sons of Feanor (634) -- and showing incidentally that in that oath the holy mountain of Taniquetil (Tain-Gwethil) was taken in witness (636), there is no trace in The Silmarillion or the Narn: in the latter, indeed, the outlaws are not conceived in such a way as to make such an oath-taking at all probable.

Lines 643 ff., describing the prowess of the fellowship in the forest, are the ultimate origin of the never finally achieved story of the Land of Dor-Cuarthol (The Silmarillion p. 205, Narn pp. 152-4); lines 651-4

even in Angband the Orcs trembled.

Then the word wandered down the ways of the forest  
that Turin Thalion was returned to war;  
and Thingol heard it...

lead in the end to

In Menegroth, and in the deep halls of Nargothrond, and even in the hidden realm of Gondolin, the fame of the deeds of the Two Captains was heard; and in Angband also they were known.

But in the later story Turin was hidden under the name Gorthol, the read Helm, and it was his wearing of the Dragon-helm that revealed him to Morgoth. There is no suggestion of this in the earlier phase of the legend; the Dragon-helm makes no further appearance here in the poem. A table may serve to clarify the development:

Tale.

Turin's prowess on the  
marches of Doriath  
(Beleg not mentioned).  
Death of Orgof.  
Turin leaves Doriath;  
a band forms round him  
which includes Beleg.  
Great prowess of the  
band.

Lay.

Turin and Beleg  
companions-in-arms on  
the marches of Doriath;  
Turin wears the  
Dragon-helm.  
Death of Orgof.  
Turin leaves Doriath;  
a band of outlaws forms  
round him which attacks  
all comers.

The band captures Beleg  
(who knows nothing of  
Turin's leaving Doriath)

and ties him to a tree.

Turin has him set free;  
suffers a change of heart;  
Beleg joins the band; all  
swear an oath.

Great prowess of the band  
against the Orcs.

Silmarillion and Narn  
As in the poem.  
Death of Saeros.  
Turin leaves Doriath  
and joins a band of  
desperate outlaws.  
The band captures Beleg  
(who is searching for  
Turin bearing Thingol's  
pardon) (and ties him to a  
tree, Narn).  
Turin has him set free;  
suffers a change of heart;  
but Beleg will not join the  
band and departs. (No  
mention of oath.)  
(Later Beleg returns and  
joins the band:)  
Land of Dor-Cuarthol.

Before leaving this part of the story, it may be suggested that lines  
605 ff., in which Turin declares to Beleg that This band alone /I count

as comrades, contain the germ of Turin's words to him in the Xarn,  
p.94:

The grace of Thingol will not stretch to receive these companions of  
my fall, I think; but I will not part with them now, if they do not wish  
to part with me, &c.

The traitor, who betrayed the band to the Orcs, now first appears. At  
first he is called Bauglir both in A and in B as originally typed; and it  
might be thought that the name had much too obviously an evil signific-  
ance. The explanation is quite clearly, however, that Bauglir became  
Blodrin at the same time as Bauglir replaced Belcha as a name of:  
Morgoth. (By the time my father reached line 990 Blodrin is the name as  
first written in both A and B; while similarly at line 1055 Bauglir is  
Morgoth's name, not Belcha, both in A and B as first written.) The  
change of Ban (father of Blodrin) to Bor was passing; he is Ban in  
the 1926 'Sketch of the Mythology', and so remained until, much later,  
he disappeared.

Blodrin's origin is interesting:

trapped as a child

he was dragged by the Dwarves to their deep mansions,

and in Nogrod nurtured, and in nought was like,

spite blood and birth, to the blissful Elves. (666 -- g)

Thus Blodrin's evil nature is explicitly ascribed to the influence of the  
bearded Dwarves / of troth unmindful (1148-9); and Blodrin follows  
Ufedhin of the Tale of the Nauglafring as an example of the sinister .

effect of Elvish association with Dwarves -- not altogether absent in the tale of Eol and Maeglin as it appears in *The Silmarillion*. Though the nature -- and name -- of the traitor in Turin's band went through Protean mutations afterwards, it is not inconceivable that recollection of the Dwarvish element in Blodrin's history played some part in the emergence of Mim in this role. On the early hostile view of the Dwarves see II. 247. The words of the poem just cited arise from the 'betrayal' of Flinding by his dwarvish knife, which slipped from its sheath; so later, in the Lay of Leithian, when Beren attempted to cut a second Silmaril from the Iron Crown (lines 4160-2)

The dwarvish steel of cunning blade  
by treacherous smiths of Nogrod made  
snapped...

The idea expressed in the Tale (II. 76) that Turin was taken alive by Morgoth's command 'lest he cheat the doom that was devised for him' reappears in the poem: lest he flee his fate (705).

The rest of the story as told in the poem differs only in detail from that

in the Tale. The survival of Beleg in the attack by Orcs and his swift recovery from his grievous wounds (II. 77), present in much changed circumstances in *The Silmarillion* (p. 206), is here made perhaps more comprehensible, in that Elves from Doriath, who were searching for Turin (654 -- 5), found Beleg and took him back to be healed by Melian in the Thousand Caves (727 -- 31). In the account of Beleg's meeting with Flinding in Taur-na-Fuin, led to him by his blue lamp, the poem is following the Tale very closely.\* My father's painting of the scene (Pictures by J. R. R. Tolkien no. 37) was almost certainly made a few years later, when the Elf lying under the tree was still called Flinding son of Fuilin (in the Tale *bo-Dhuilin*, earlier *go-Dhuilin*, son of Duilin; the patronymic prefix has in the poem (814, 900) reverted to the earlier form *go-*, see II. 119).

In the Tale it is only said (II. 81) that Flinding was of the people of the - Rodothlim 'before the Orcs captured him', from the poem (819 -- 21) it seems that he was carried off, with many others, from Nargothrond, but this can scarcely be the meaning, since nought yet knew they [the Orcs] of Nargothrond (1578). The marginal note in B against these lines 'Captured in battle at gates of Angband' refers to the later story, first appearing in the 1930 'Silmarillion'.

The poem follows the Tale in the detail of Flinding's story to Beleg, except that in the poem he was recaptured by the Orcs in Taur-na-Fuin (846ff.) and escaped again (crept from their clutches as a crawling worm, 879), whereas in the Tale he was not recaptured but 'fled heedlessly'(II. 79). The notable point in the Tale that Flinding 'was overjoyed to have speech with a free Noldo' reappears in the poem: Marvelling he heard/the ancient tongue of the Elves of Tun. The detail of their encountering of the Orc-host is slightly different: in the Tale the Orcs had changed their path, in the poem it seems that Beleg and Flinding merely came more quickly than did the Orcs to the point where the Orc-road emerged from the edge of the forest. In the Tale it seems indeed that the Orcs had not left the forest when they encamped for the night: the eyes of the wolves 'shone like points of red light among the trees', and 'Beleg and Flinding laid Turin down after his rescue 'in the woods at no great distance from the camp'. The cup outcarven on the cold hill-of the poem (1036), where the Orcs made their bivouac, is the 'bare dell' of *The Silmarillion*.

In contrast to the Tale (see p. 26) Beleg is now frequently called :Beleg the Bowman, his great bow (not yet named) is fully described, "and his unmatched skill as an archer (1071 ff.). There is also in the poem the feature of the arrow Dailir, unfailingly found and always unharmed (1080 ff.), until it broke when Beleg fell upon it while carrying Turin :,(1189 -- 92): of this there is never a mention later. The element of Beleg's

The element of the blue lamp is lacking from the account in *The Silmarillion*; see *Unfinished Tales* p. 51 note 2.)

archery either arose from, or itself caused, the change in the story of the entry of Beleg and Flinding into the Orc-camp that now appears: in the Tale they merely 'crept between the wolves at a point where there was a great gap between them', whereas in the poem Beleg performed the feat of shooting seven wolves in the darkness, and only so was 'a great gap opened' (1097). But the words of the Tale, 'as the luck of the Valar had it Turin was lying nigh', are echoed in

till the Gods brought them  
and the craft and cunning of the keen huntsman  
to Turin the tall where he tumbled lay (I 130 -- 2):

The lifting and carrying of Turin by the two Elves, referred to in the Tale as 'a great feat', 'seeing that he was a Man and of greater stature than they' (II. So), is expanded in the poem (1156 ff.) into a comment on the stature of Men and Elves in the ancient time, which agrees with earlier statements on this topic (see I. 235, II. 142, 220). The notable lines though Men were of mould less mighty builded

ere the earth's goodness from the Elves they drew (1157 -- 8)  
are to be related to the statements cited in II. 326: 'As Men's stature grows [the Elves'] diminishes', and 'ever as Men wax more powerful and numerous so the fairies fade and grow small and tenuous, filmy and transparent, but Men larger and more dense and gross'. The mention here (1164) of the ten races of Hithlum occurs nowhere else, and it is not clear whether it refers to all the peoples of Men and Elves who in one place or another in the *Lost Tales* are set in Hithlum, which as I have remarked 'seems to have been in danger of having too many inhabitants' (see II. 249 251).

The Tale has it that it was Beleg's knife that had slipped from him as he crept into the camp; in the poem it is Flinding's (1142 ff.). In the Tale Beleg returned to fetch his sword from the place where he had left it, since they could carry Turin no further; in the poem they carried Turin all the way up to the dark thicket in a dell whence they had set out (1110, 1202). The 'whetting spell' of Beleg over his (still unnamed) sword is an entirely new element (and without trace later); it arises in association with line 1141, No blade mould bite on the bonds he more. In style it is reminiscent of Luthien's 'lengthening spell' in Canto V of the *Lay of Leithian*; but of the names in the spell, of Ogbar, Caurin, Rodrim, Saithnar, Nargil, Celeg Aithorn, there seems to be now no other trace.

There now occurs in the poem the mysterious leering laugh (1224), to which it seems that the ghostly laughter of grim phantom in line 1286 refers, and which is mentioned again in the next part of the poem (1488 -- 90). The narrative purpose of this is evidently to cause the covering of the lamp and to cause Beleg to work too quickly in the darkness at the cutting of the bonds. It may be also that the wounding of

leg's hand when he put it on the point of Dailir his arrow (1187) accounts for his clumsiness; for every aspect of this powerful scene had been pondered and refined.

In the poem the great storm is introduced: first presaged in lines 1064 ff., when Beleg and Flinding were at the edge of the dell (as it is in *The Silmarillion*):

Lo! black cloud-drifts  
surged up like smoke from the sable North,  
and the sheen was shrouded of the shivering moon;  
the wind came wailing from the woeful mountains,

and the heath unhappy hissed and whispered and bursting at last after Beleg's death (1301 ff.), to last all through the following day, during which Turin and Flinding crouched on the hillside (1320, 1330 -- r). On account of the storm the Orcs were unable to find Turin, and departed, as in *The Silmarillion*; in the Tale Flinding roused Turin to flee as soon as the shouts of discovery were heard from the Orc-camp, and nothing more is said of the matter. But in the poem it is still, as in the Tale, the sudden uncovering of Flinding's lamp as he fell back from Turin's assault that illumined Beleg's face; in the last account that my father wrote of this episode he was undecided whether it was the cover falling off the lamp or a great flash of lightning that gave the light, and in the published work I chose the latter.

There remain a few isolated points, mostly concerning names. In this part of the poem we meet for the first time:

Nargothrond 821, 904;

Taur-ma-Fuin (for Taur Fuin of the Lost Tales) 766, 828; called also Deadly Nightshade 767, 837, 1317, and Forest of Night 896;

Dor-na-Fauglith 946, 1035, 1326, called also the Plains of Drouth 826, the Thirsty Plain 947 (and in A, note to 826, the Blasted Plain).

The name Dor-na-Fauglith arose during the composition of the poem (see note to 946). By this time the story of the blasting of the great northern plain, so that it became a dusty desert, in the battle that ended the Siege of Angband, must have been conceived, though it does not appear in writing for several years.

Here also is the first reference to the triple peaks of Thangorodrim (1000), called the thunderous towers (951), though in the 'Prologue' to the poem it is said that Hurin was set on its steepest peak (96); and from lines 713-14 (as rewritten in the B-text) we learn that Angband was wrought at the roots of the great mountain.

The name Fangros (631; Fangair A) occurs once elsewhere, in a very obscure note, where it is apparently connected with the burning of the ships of the Noldoli.

Melian's name Mablui -- by the hands enchanted of Melian

Mablui, 731 -- clearly contains mab 'hand', as in Mablung, Ermabwed (see II. 339).

That the Dwarves were said in A and originally in B to dwell in the South (1147, emended in B to East) is perhaps to be related to the statement in the Tale of the Nauglafring that Nogrod lay 'a very long journey southward beyond the wide forest on the borders of those great heaths nigh Umboth-muilin the Pools of Twilight' (II. 225).

I cannot explain the reference in line 1006 to the wild wheatfields of the wargod's realm; nor that in the lines concerning Beleg's fate after death to the long waiting of the dead in the halls of the Moon (1284).

III.

FAILIVRIN.

Flinding go-Fuilin faithful-hearted  
 the brand of Beleg with blood stained  
 lifted with loathing from the leafy mould,  
 and hid it in the hollow of a huge thorn-tree;  
 then he turned to Turin yet tranced brooding,  
 and softly said he: 'O son of Hurin,  
 unhappy-hearted, what helpeth it  
 to sit thus in sorrow's silent torment  
 without hope or counsel?' But Hurin's son,  
 by those words wakened, wildly answered:  
 'I abide by Beleg; nor bid me leave him,  
 thou voice unfaithful. Vain are all things.  
 O Death dark-handed, draw thou near me;  
 if remorse may move thee, from mourning loosed  
 crush me conquered to his cold bosom!'

Flinding answered, and fear left him  
 for wrath and pity: 'Arouse thy pride!  
 Not thus unthinking on Thangorodrim's  
 heights enchained did Hurin speak.'  
 'Curse thy comfort! Less cold were steel.  
 If Death comes not to the death-craving,  
 I will seek him by the sword. The sword -- where lies it?  
 O cold and cruel, where cowerest now,  
 murderer of thy master? Amends shalt work,  
 and slay me swift, O sleep-giver.'  
 Look not, luckless, thy life to steal,  
 1340  
 1345  
 1350  
 1355  
 1360

nor sully anew his sword unhappy  
 in the flesh of the friend whose freedom seeking  
 he fell by fate, by foes unwounded.

Yea, think that amends are thine to make,  
 his wronged blade with wrath appeasing,  
 its thirst cooling in the thrice-abhorred  
 blood of Bauglir's baleful legions.  
 Is the feud achieved thy father's chains  
 on thee laid, or lessened by this last evil?  
 Dream not that Morgoth will mourn thy death,  
 or thy dirges chant the dread Glamhoth --  
 less would like them thy living hatred  
 and vows of vengeance; nor vain is courage,  
 though victory seldom be valour's ending.'  
 1365  
 1370  
 1375

Then fiercely Turin to his feet leaping  
 cried new-crazed: 'Ye coward Orcs,  
 why turn ye tail? Why tarry ye now,  
 when the son of Hurin and the sword of Beleg  
 in wrath await you? For wrong and woe  
 here is vengeance ready. If ye venture it not,  
 I will follow your feet to the four corners  
 of the angry earth. Have after you!'  
 Saining Flinding there fought with him,  
 and words of wisdom to his witless ears  
 he breathless spake: 'Abide, O Turin,  
 for need hast thou now to nurse thy hurt,  
 and strength to gather and strong counsel.  
 Who flees to fight wears not fear's token,  
 and vengeance delayed its vow achieves.'  
 The madness passed; amazed pondering  
 neath the tangled trees sat Turin wordless  
 brooding blackly on bitter vengeance,  
 till the dusk deepened on his day of waking,  
 and the early stars were opened pale.

1380  
 1385  
 1390  
 1395

Then Beleg's burial in those bleak regions  
 did Flinding fashion; where he fell sadly  
 he left him lying, and lightly o'er him  
 with long labour the leaves he poured.

But Turin tearless turning suddenly  
 on the corse cast him, and kissed the mouth  
 cold and open, and closed the eyes.

1400

1405

His bow laid he black beside him,  
 and words of parting wove about him:  
 'Now fare well, Beleg, to feasting long  
 neath Tengwethil in the timeless halls  
 where drink the Gods, neath domes golden  
 o'er the sea shining.' His song was shaken,  
 but the tears were dried in his tortured eyes  
 by the flames of anguish that filled his soul.  
 His mind once more was meshed in darkness  
 as heaped they high o'er the head beloved  
 a mound of mould and mingled leaves.  
 Light lay the earth on the lonely dead;  
 heavy lay the woe on the heart that lived.  
 That grief was graven with grim token  
 on his face and form, nor faded ever:  
 and this was the third of the throes of Turin.

1410

1415

1420

Thence he wandered witless without wish or purpose;  
 but for Flinding the faithful he had fared to death,  
 or been lost in the lands of lurking evil.  
 Renewed in that Gnome of Nargothrond  
 was heart and valour by hatred wakened,  
 that he guarded and guided his grim comrade;  
 with the light of his lamp he lit their ways,  
 and they hid by day to hasten by night,  
 by darkness shrouded or dim vapours.

1425

1430

The tale tells not of their trave) weary,  
 how roamed their road by the rim of the forest,  
 whose beetling branches, black o'erhanging,  
 did greedy grope with gloomy malice  
 to ensnare their souls in silent darkness.  
 Yet west they wandered, by ways of thirst  
 and haggard hunger, hunted often,  
 and hiding in holes and hollow caverns,  
 by their fate defended. At the furthest end  
 of Dor-na-Faughlith's dusty spaces  
 to a mighty mound in the moon looming  
 they came at midnight: it was crowned with mist,  
 bedewed as by drops of drooping tears.  
 'A! green that hill with grass fadeless,  
 where sleep the swords of seven kindreds,  
 where the folk of Faerie once fell uncounted.

1435

1445

There was fought the field by folk named  
 Nirnaith Ornoth, Unnumbered Tears.  
 'Twas built with the blood of the beaten people;  
 neath moon nor sun is it mounted ever  
 by Man nor Elf; not Morgoth's host  
 ever dare for dread to delve therein.'  
 Thus Flinding faltered, faintly stirring

Turin's heaviness, that he turned his hand  
toward Thangorodrim, and thrice he cursed  
the maker of mourning, Morgoth Bauglir.

1450

1455

Thence later led them their lagging footsteps  
o'er the slender stream of Sirion's youth;  
not long had he leapt a lace of silver  
from his shining well in those shrouded hills,  
the Shadowy Mountains whose sheer summits  
there bend humbled towards the brooding heights  
in mist mantled, the mountains of the North.  
Here the Orcs might pass him; they else dared not  
o'er Sirion swim, whose swelling water  
through moor and marsh, mead and woodland,  
through caverns carven in the cold bosom  
of Earth far under, through empty lands  
and leagues untrodden, beloved of Ylmir,  
fleeting floweth, with fame undying  
in the songs of the Gnomes, to the sea at last.  
Thus reached they the roots and the ruinous feet  
of those hoary hills that Hithlum girdle,  
the shaggy pinewoods of the Shadowy Mountains.  
There the twain enfolded phantom twilight  
and dim mazes dark, unholy,  
in Nan Dungorthin where nameless gods  
have shrouded shrines in shadows secret,  
more old than Morgoth or the ancient lords  
the golden Gods of the guarded West.  
But the ghostly dwellers of that grey valley  
hindered nor hurt them, and they held their course  
with creeping flesh and quaking limb.  
Yet laughter at whiles with lingering echo,  
as distant mockery of demon voices  
there harsh and hollow in the hushed twilight  
Flinding fancied, fell, unwholesome

1460

1465

1470

1475

1480

485

as that leering laughter lost and dreadful  
that rang in the rocks in the ruthless hour  
of Beleg's slaughter. 'Tis Bauglir's voice  
that dogs us darkly with deadly scorn'  
he shuddering thought; but the shreds of fear  
and black foreboding were banished utterly  
when they clomb the cliffs and crumbling rocks  
that walled that vale of watchful evil,  
and southward saw the slopes of Hithlum  
more warm and friendly. That way they fared  
during the daylight o'er dale and ghyll,  
o'er mountain pasture, moor and boulder,  
over fell and fall of flashing waters  
that slipped down to Sirion, to swell his tide  
in his eastward basin onward sweeping  
to the South, to the sea, to his sandy delta.

1490

1495

1500

After seven journeys lo! sleep took them  
 on a night of stars when they nigh had stridden  
 to those lands beloved that long had known  
 Flinding aforeside. At first morning  
 the white arrows of the wheeling sun  
 gazed down gladly on green hollows  
 and smiling slopes that swept before them.  
 There builded boles of beeches ancient  
 marched in majesty in myriad leaves  
 of golden russet greyly rooted,  
 in leaves translucent lightly robed;  
 their boughs up-bending blown at morning  
 by the wings of winds that wandered down  
 o'er blossomy bent breathing odours  
 to the wavering water's winking margin.  
 There rush and reed their rustling plumes  
 and leaves like lances louted trembling  
 peen with sunlight. Then glad the soul  
 of Flinding the fugitive; in his face the morning  
 here glimmered golden, his gleaming hair  
 was washed with sunlight. 'Awake from sadness,  
 Turion Thalion, and troublous thoughts!  
 On Ivrin's lake is endless laughter.  
 o! cool and clear by crystal fountains  
 he is fed unfailing, from defilement warded  
 1505  
 1510  
 1515  
 1520  
 1525

by Ylmir the old, who in ancient days,  
 wielder of waters, here worked her beauty.  
 From outmost Ocean yet often comes  
 his message hither his magic bearing,  
 the healing of hearts and hope and valour  
 for foes of Bauglir. Friend is Ylmir  
 who alone remembers in the Lands of Mirth  
 the need of the Gnomes. Here Narog's waters  
 (that in tongue of the Gnomes is 'torrent' named)  
 are born, and blithely boulders leaping  
 o'er the bents bounding with broken foam  
 swirl down southward to the secret halls  
 of Nargothrond by the Gnomes builded  
 that death and thralldom in the dreadful throes  
 of Nirnaith Ornoth, a number scanty,  
 escaped unscathed. Thence skirting wild  
 the Hills of the Hunters, the home of Beren  
 and the Dancer of Doriath daughter of Thingol,  
 it winds and wanders ere the willowy meads,  
 Nan- Tathrin's land, for nineteen leagues  
 it journeys joyful to join its flood  
 with Sirion in the South. To the salt marshes  
 where snipe and seamew and the sea-breezes  
 first pipe and play they press together  
 sweeping soundless to the seats of Ylmir,  
 where the waters of Sirion and the waves of the sea  
 murmurous mingle. A marge of sand  
 there lies, all lit by the long sunshine;  
 there all day rustles wrinkled Ocean,  
 and the sea-birds call in solemn conclave,  
 whitewinged hosts whistling sadly,

uncounted voices crying endlessly.  
 There a shining shingle on that shore lieth,  
 whose pebbles as pearl or pale marble  
 by spray and spindrift splashed at evening  
 in the moon do gleam, or moan and grind  
 when the Dweller in the Deep drives in fury  
 the waters white to the walls of the land;  
 when the long-haired riders on their lathered horses  
 with bit and bridle of blowing foam,  
 in wrack wreathed and ropes of seaweed,  
 to the thunder gallop of the thudding of the surf.'

1530

'535

1540

1545

1550

1555

1560

1565

1570

Thus Flinding spake the spell feeling  
 of Ylmir the old and unforgetful,  
 which hale and holy haunted Ivrin  
 and foaming Narog, so that fared there never  
 Orc of Morgoth, and that eager stream  
 no plunderer passed. If their purpose held  
 to reach the realms that roamed beyond  
 (nought yet knew they of Nargothrond)  
 they harried o'er Hithlum the heights scaling  
 that lay behind the lake's hollow,  
 the Shadowy Mountains in the sheen mirrored  
 of the pools of Ivrin. Pale and eager  
 Turin hearkened to the tale of Flinding:  
 the washing of waters in his words sounded,  
 an echo as of Ylmir's awful conches  
 in the abyss blowing. There born anew  
 was hope in his heart as they hastened down  
 to the lake of laughter. A long and narrow  
 arm it reaches that ancient rocks  
 o'ergrown with green girdle strongly,  
 at whose outer end there open sudden  
 a gap, a gateway in the grey boulders;  
 whence thrusteth thin in threadlike jets  
 newborn Narog, nineteen fathoms  
 o'er a flickering force falls in wonder,  
 and a glimmering goblet with glass-lucent  
 fountains fills he by his freshets carven  
 in the cool bosom of the crystal stones.

1575

1580

1585

1590

1595

There deeply drank ere day was fallen  
 Turin the toilworn and his true comrade;  
 hurt's ease found he, heart's refreshment,  
 from the meshes of misery his mind was loosed,  
 as they sat on the sward by the sound of water,  
 and watched in wonder the westering sun  
 o'er the wall wading of the wild mountains,

whose peaks empurpled pricked the evening.  
 Then it dropped to the dark and deep shadows  
 up the cliffs creeping quenched in twilight  
 the last beacons leashed with crimson.  
 To the stars upstanding stony-mantled  
 the mountains waited till the moon arose  
 1600  
 1605  
 1610

o'er the endless East, and Ivrin's pools  
 dreaming deeply dim reflected  
 their pallid faces. In pondering fast  
 woven, wordless, they waked no sound,  
 till cold breezes keenly breathing  
 clear and fragrant curled about them;  
 then sought they for sleep a sand-paved  
 cove outcarven; there kindled fire,  
 that brightly blossomed the beechen faggots  
 in flowers of flame; floated upward  
 a slender smoke, when sudden Turin  
 on the firelit face of Flinding gazed,  
 and wondering words he wavering spake:  
 'O Gnome, I know not thy name or purpose  
 or father's blood -- what fate binds thee  
 to a witless wayworn wanderer's footsteps,  
 the bane of Beleg, his brother-in-arms?'  
 1615  
 1620  
 1625

Then Flinding fearful lest fresh madness  
 should seize for sorrow on the soul of Turin,  
 retold the tale of his toil and wandering;  
 how the trackless folds of Taur-na-Fuin,  
 Deadly Nightshade, dreadly meshed him;  
 of Beleg the Bowman bold, undaunted,  
 and that deed they dared on the dim hillside,  
 that song has since unceasing wakened;  
 of the fate that fell, he faltering spake,  
 in the tangled thicket neath the twining thorns  
 when Morgoth's might was moved abroad.  
 Then his voice vanished veiled in mourning,  
 and lo! tears trickled on Turin's face  
 till loosed at last were the leashed torrents  
 of his whelming woe. Long while he wept  
 soundless, shaken, the sand clutching  
 with griping fingers in grief unfathomed.<sup>1</sup>  
 But Flinding the faithful feared no longer;  
 no comfort cold he kindly found,  
 for sleep swept him into slumber dead.  
 There a singing voice sweetly vexed him  
 and he woke and wondered: the watchfire faded;  
 the night was aging, nought was moving  
 but a song upsoaring in the soundless dark  
 1630  
 1635  
 1640  
 645  
 1650

went strong and stern to the starlit heaven.  
 'Twas Turin that towering on the tarn's margin,

up high o'er the head of the hushed water  
 now falling faintly, let flare and echo  
 a song of sorrow and sad splendour,  
 the dirge of Beleg's deathless glory.  
 There wondrous wove he words enchanted,  
 that woods and water waked and answered,  
 the rocks were wrung with ruth for Beleg.  
 That song he sang is since remembered,  
 by Gnomes renewed in Nargothrond  
 it widely has wakened warfain armies  
 to battle with Bauglir -- 'The Bowman's Friendship'.

1655

1660

1665

'Tis told that Turin then turned him back  
 and fared to Flinding, and flung him down  
 to sleep soundless till the sun mounted  
 to the high heavens and hasted westward.  
 A vision he viewed in the vast spaces  
 of slumber roving: it seemed he roamed  
 up the bleak boulders of a bare hillside  
 to a cup outcarven in a cruel hollow,  
 whose broken brink bushes limb-wracked  
 by the North-wind's knife in knotted anguish  
 did fringe forbidding. There black unfriendly  
 was a dark thicket, a dell of thorn-trees  
 with yews mingled that the years had fretted.  
 The leafless limbs they lifted hopeless  
 were blotched and blackened, barkless, naked,  
 a lifeless remnant of the levin's flame,  
 charred chill fingers changeless pointing  
 to the cold twilight.. There called he longing:  
 'O Beleg, my brother, O Beleg, tell me  
 where is buried thy body in these bitter regions?' --  
 and the echoes always him answered 'Beleg';  
 yet a veiled voice vague and distant  
 he caught that called like a cry at night  
 o'er the sea's silence: 'Seek no longer.  
 My bow is rotten in the barrow ruinous;  
 my grove is burned by grim lightning;  
 here dread dwelleth, none dare profane  
 this angry earth, Orc nor goblin;

1670

1675

1680

1685

1690

none gain the gate of the gloomy forest  
 by this perilous path; pass they may not,  
 yet my life has winged to the long waiting  
 in the halls of the Moon o'er the hills of the sea.  
 Courage be thy comfort, comrade lonely!'

1695

Then he woke in wonder; his wit was healed,  
 courage him comforted, and he called aloud  
 Flinding go-Fuilin, to his feet striding.  
 There the sun slanted its silver arrows  
 through the wild tresses of the waters tumbling  
 roofed with a radiant rainbow trembling.  
 'Whither, O Flinding, our feet now turn we,  
 or dwell we for ever by the dancing water,

by the lake of laughter, alone, untroubled?'  
 'To Nargothrond of the Gnomes, methinks,'  
 said Flinding, 'my feet would fain wander,  
 that Celegorm and Curufin, the crafty sons  
 of Feanor founded when they fled southward;  
 there built a bulwark against Bauglir's hate,  
 who live now lurking in league secret  
 with those five others in the forests of the East,  
 fell unflinching foes of Morgoth.  
 Maidros whom Morgoth maimed and tortured  
 is lord and leader, his left wieldeth  
 his sweeping sword; there is swift Maglor,  
 there Damrod and Diriel and dark Cranthir,  
 the seven seekers of their sire's treasure.  
 Now Orodreth rules the realms and caverns,  
 the numbered hosts of Nargothrond.  
 'There to woman's stature will be waxen full  
 frail Finduilas the fleet maiden  
 his daughter dear, in his darkling halls  
 a light, a laughter, that I loved of yore,  
 and yet love in longing, and love calls me.'

1700

1705

1710o

1715

1720N

1725

Where Narog's torrent gnashed and spouted  
 down his stream bestrewn with stone and boulder,  
 swiftly southward they sought their paths,  
 and summer smiling smoothed their journey  
 through day on day, down dale and wood  
 where birds blithely with brimming music  
 thrilled and trembled in thronging trees.

1730

No eyes them watched onward wending  
 till they gained the gorge where Ginglith turns  
 all glad and golden to greet the Narog.  
 There her gentler torrent joins his tumult,  
 and they glide together on the guarded plain  
 to the Hunters' Hills that high to southward  
 uprear their rocks robed in verdure.  
 There watchful waited the Wards of Narog,  
 lest the need of the Gnomes from the North should come,  
 for the sea in the South them safe guarded,  
 and eager Narog the East defended.  
 Their treegirt towers on the tall hilltops  
 no light betrayed in the trees lurking,  
 no horns hooted in the hills ringing  
 in loud alarm; a leaguer silent  
 unseen, stealthy, beset the stranger,  
 as of wild things wary that watch moveless,  
 then follow fleetly with feet of velvet  
 their heedless prey with padding hatred.  
 In this fashion fought they, phantom hunters  
 that wandering Orc and wild foeman  
 unheard harried, hemmed in ambush.  
 The slain are silent, and silent were the shafts  
 of the nimble Gnomes of Nargothrond,  
 who word or whisper warded sleepless

from their homes deep-hidden, that hearsay never  
 was to Bauglir brought. Bright hope knew they,  
 and east over Narog to open battle  
 no cause or counsel had called them yet,  
 though of shield and shaft and sheathed swords,  
 of warriors wieldy now waxed their host  
 to power and prowess, and paths afar  
 their scouts and woodmen scoured in hunting.

1735

1740

1745

1750

1755

1760

1765

Thus the twain were tracked till the trees thickened  
 and the river went rushing neath a rising bank,  
 in foam hastened o'er the feet of the hills.

In a gloom of green there they groped forward;  
 there his fate defended from flying death

Turin Thalion -- a twisted thong

of writhing roots enwrapped his foot;

as he fell there flashed, fleet, whitewinged,

1770

1775

a shrill-shafted arrow that shore his hair,  
 and trembled sudden in a tree behind.

Then Flinding o'er the fallen fiercely shouted:

'Who shoots unsure his shafts at friends?

Flinding go-Fuilin of the folk of Narog

and the son of Hurin his sworn comrade

here flee to freedom from the foes of the North.'

1780

His words in the woods awoke no echo;  
 no leaf there lisp'd, nor loosened twig  
 there cracked, no creak of crawling movement  
 stirred the silence. Still and soundless  
 in the glades about were the green shadows.

Thus fared they on, and felt that eyes  
 unseen saw them, and swift footsteps

unheard hastened behind them ever,

till each shaken bush or shadowy thicket

they fled furtive in fear needless,

for thereafter was aimed no arrow winged,

and they came to a country kindly tended;

through flowery frith and fair acres

they fared, and found of folk empty

the leas and leasows and the lawns of Narog,

the teeming tilth by trees enfolded

twixt hills and river. The hoes unrecked

in the fields were flung, and fallen ladders

in the long grass lay of the lush orchards;

every tree there turned its tangled head

and eyed them secretly, and the ears listened

of the nodding grasses; though noontide glowed

on land and leaf, their limbs were chilled.

Never hall or homestead its high gables

in the light uplifting in that land saw they,

but a pathway plain by passing feet

was broadly beaten. Thither bent their steps

Flinding go-Fuilin, whose feet remembered

that white roadway. In a while they reached  
to the acres' end, that ever narrowing  
twixt wall and water did wane at last  
to blossomy banks by the borders of the way.  
A spuming torrent, in spate tumbling  
from the highest hill of the Hunters' Wold

1785

1790

1795

1800

1805

1810

1815

clove and crossed it; there of carven stone  
with slim and shapely slender archway  
a bridge was builded, a bow gleaming  
in the froth and flashing foam of Ingwil,  
that headlong hurried and hissed beneath.  
Where it found the flood, far-journeyed Narog,  
there steeply stood the strong shoulders  
of the hills, o'erhanging the hurrying water;  
there shrouded in trees a sheer terrace,  
wide and winding, worn to smoothness,  
was fashioned in the face of the falling slope.  
Doors there darkly dim gigantic  
were hewn in the hillside; huge their timbers,  
and their posts and lintels of ponderous stone.

1820

1825

1830

They were shut unshakeable. Then shrilled a trumpet  
as a phantom fanfare faintly winding  
in the hill from hollow halls far under;  
a creaking portal with clangour backward  
was flung, and forth there flashed a throng,  
leaping lightly, lances wielding,  
and swift encircling seized bewildered  
the wanderers wayworn, wordless haled them  
through the gaping gateway to the glooms beyond.  
Ground and grumbled on its great hinges  
the door gigantic; with din ponderous  
it clanged and closed like clap of thunder,  
and echoes awful in empty corridors  
there ran and rumbled under roofs unseen;  
the light was lost. Then led them on  
down long and winding lanes of darkness  
their guards guiding their groping feet,  
till the faint flicker of fiery torches  
flared before them; fitful murmur  
as of many voices in meeting thronged  
they heard as they hastened. High sprang the roof.  
Round a sudden turning they swung amazed,  
and saw a solemn silent conclave,  
where hundreds hushed in huge twilight  
neath distant domes darkly vaulted  
them wordless waited. There waters flowed  
with washing echoes winding swiftly

1835

1840

1845

1850  
855

amid the multitude, and mounting pale  
for fifty fathoms a fountain sprang,  
and wavering wan, with winking redness  
flushed and flickering in the fiery lights,  
it fell at the feet in the far shadows  
of a king with crown and carven throne.

1860

A voice they heard neath the vault rolling,  
and the king them called: Who come ye here  
from the North unloved to Nargothrond,  
a Gnome of bondage and a nameless Man?  
No welcome finds here wandering outlaw;  
save his wish be death he wins it not,  
for those that have looked on our last refuge  
it boots not to beg other boon of me.'  
Then Flinding go-Fuilin freely answered:  
'Has the watch then waned in the woods of Narog,  
since Orodreth ruled this realm and folk?  
Or how have the hunted thus hither wandered,  
if the warders willed it not thy word obeying;  
or how hast not heard that thy hidden archer,  
who shot his shaft in the shades of the forest,  
there learned our lineage, O Lord of Narog,  
and knowing our names his notched arrows,  
loosed no longer?' Then low and hushed  
a murmur moved in the multitude,  
and some were who said: 'Tis the same in truth:  
the long looked-for, the lost is found,  
the narrow path he knew to Nargothrond  
who was born and bred here from babe to youth';  
and some were who said: 'The son of Fuilin  
was lost and looked for long years ago.  
What sign or token that the same returns  
have we heard or seen? Is this haggard fugitive  
with back bended the bold leader,  
the scout who scoured, scorning danger,  
most far afield of the folk of Narog?'  
'That tale was told us,' returned answer  
the Lord Orodreth, 'but belief were rash.  
That alone of the lost, whom leagues afar  
the Orcs of Angband in evil bonds  
have dragged to the deeps, thou darest home,

1865

1870

1875

1880

1885

1890

1895

by grace or valour, from grim thraldom,  
what proof dost thou proffer? What plea dost show  
that a Man, a mortal, on our mansions hidden  
should look and live, our league sharing?'

1900

Thus the curse on the kindred for the cruel slaughter  
at the Swans' Haven there swayed his heart,  
but Flinding go-Fuilin fiercely answered:  
'Is the son of Hurin, who sits on high

in a deathless doom dreadly chained,  
 unknown, nameless, in need of plea  
 to fend from him the fate of foe and spy?  
 Flinding the faithful, the far wanderer,  
 though form and face fires of anguish  
 and bitter bondage, Balrogs' torment,  
 have seared and twisted, for a song of welcome  
 had hoped in his heart at that home-coming  
 that he dreamed of long in dark labour.  
 Are these deep places to dungeons turned,  
 a lesser Angband in the land of the Gnomes?'

1905

1910

1915

Thereat was wrath aroused in Orodreth's heart,  
 and the muttering waxed to many voices,  
 and this and that the throng shouted;  
 when sweet and sudden a song awoke,  
 a voice of music o'er that vast murmur  
 mounted in melody to the misty domes;  
 with clear echoes the caverned arches  
 it filled, and trembled frail and slender,  
 those words weaving of welcome home  
 that the wayweary had wooed from care  
 since the Gnomes first knew need and wandering.  
 Then hushed was the host; no head was turned,  
 for long known and loved was that lifted voice,  
 and Flinding knew it at the feet of the king  
 like stone graven standing silent  
 with heart laden; but Hurin's son  
 was waked to wonder and to wistful thought,  
 and searching the shadows that the seat shrouded,  
 the kingly throne, there caught he thrice  
 a gleam, a glimmer, as of garments white.  
 'Twas frail Finduilas, fleet and slender,  
 to woman's stature, wondrous beauty,

1920

1925

1930

1935

now grown in glory, that glad welcome  
 there raised in ruth, and wrath was stilled.  
 Locked fast the love had lain in her heart  
 that in laughter grew long years ago  
 when in the meads merrily a maiden played  
 with fleet-footed Fuilin's youngling.  
 No searing scars of sundering years  
 could blind those eyes bright with welcome,  
 and wet with tears wistful trembling  
 at the grief there graven in grim furrows  
 on the face of Flinding. 'Father, ' said she,  
 'what dream of doubt dreadly binds thee?  
 'Tis Flinding go-Fuilin, whose faith of yore  
 none dared to doubt. This dark, lonely,  
 mournful-fated Man beside him  
 if his oath avows the very offspring  
 of Hurin Thalion, what heart in this throng  
 shall lack belief or love refuse?  
 But are none yet nigh us that knew of yore  
 that mighty of Men, mark of kinship  
 to seek and see in these sorrow-laden

form and features? The friends of Morgoth  
not thus, methinks, through thirst and hunger  
come without comrades, nor have countenance  
thus grave and guileless, glance unflinching.'

1940

1945

1950

1955

1960

Then did Turin's heart tremble wondering  
at the sweet pity soft and gentle  
of that tender voice touched with wisdom  
that years of yearning had yielded slow;  
and Orodreth, whose heart knew ruth seldom,  
yet loved deeply that lady dear,  
gave ear and answer to her eager words,  
and his doubt and dread of dire treachery,  
and his quick anger, he quelled within him.  
No few were there found who had fought of old  
where Finweg fell in flame of swords,  
and Hurin Thalion had hewn the throngs,  
the dark Glamhoth's demon legions,  
and who called there looked and cried aloud:  
"Tis the face of the father new found on earth,  
and his strong stature and stalwart arms;

1965

1970

1975

1980

though such care and sorrow never claimed his sire,  
whose laughing eyes were lighted clear  
at board or battle, in bliss or in woe.'

Nor could lack belief for long the words  
and faith of Flinding when friend and kin  
and his father hastening that face beheld.  
Lo! sire and son did sweet embrace  
neath trees entwining tangled branches  
at the dark doorways of those deep mansions  
that Fuilin's folk afar builded,  
and dwelt in the deep of the dark woodland  
to the West on the slopes of the Wold of Hunters.  
Of the four kindreds that followed the king,  
the watchtowers' lords, the wold's keepers  
and the guards of the bridge, the gleaming bow  
that was flung o'er the foaming froth of Ingwil,  
from Fuilin's children were first chosen,  
most noble of name, renowned in valour.

1985

1990

1995

In those halls in the hills at that homecoming  
mirth was mingled with melting tears  
for the unyielding years whose yoke of pain  
the form and face of Fuilin's son  
had changed and burdened, chilled the laughter  
that leapt once lightly to his lips and eyes.  
Now in kindly love was care lessened,  
with song assuaged sadness of hearts;  
the lights were lit and lamps kindled  
o'er the burdened board; there bade they feast  
Turin Thalion with his true comrade

at the long tables' laden plenty,  
 where dish and goblet on the dark-gleaming  
 wood well-waxed, where the wine-flagons  
 engraven glistened gold and silver.  
 Then Fuilin filled with flowing mead,  
 dear-hoarded drink dark and potent  
 a carven cup with curious brim,  
 by ancient art of olden smiths  
 fairly fashioned, filled with marvels;  
 there gleamed and lived in grey silver  
 the folk of Faerie in the first noontide  
 of the Blissful Realms; with their brows wreathed  
 2000  
 2005  
 2010  
 2015  
 2020

in garlands golden with their gleaming hair  
 in the wind flying and their wayward feet  
 fitful flickering, on unfading lawns  
 the ancient Elves there everlasting  
 danced undying in the deep pasture  
 of the gardens of the Gods; there Glingol shone  
 and Bansil bloomed with beams shimmering,  
 mothwhite moonlight from its misty flowers;  
 the hilltops of Tun there high and green  
 were crowned by Cor, climbing, winding,  
 town white-walled where the tower of Ing  
 with pale pinnacle pierced the twilight,  
 and its crystal lamp illumined clear  
 with slender shaft the Shadowy Seas.  
 Through wrack and ruin, the wrath of the Gods,  
 through weary wandering, waste and exile,  
 had come that cup, carved in gladness,  
 in woe hoarded, in waning hope  
 when little was left of the lore of old.  
 Now Fuilin at feast filled it seldom  
 save in pledge of love to proven friend;  
 blithely bade he of that beaker drink  
 for the sake of his son that sate nigh him  
 Turin Thalion in token sure  
 of a league of love long enduring.  
 'O Hurin's child chief of Hithlum,  
 with mourning marred, may the mead of the Elves  
 thy heart uplift with hope lightened;  
 nor fare thou from us the feast ended,  
 here deign to dwell; if this deep mansion  
 thus dark-dolven dimly vaulted  
 displease thee not, a place awaits thee.'  
 There deeply drank a draught of sweetness  
 Turin Thalion and returned his thanks  
 in eager earnest, while all the folk  
 with loud laughter and long feasting,  
 with mournful lay or music wild  
 of magic minstrels that mighty songs  
 did weave with wonder, there wooed their hearts  
 from black foreboding; there bed's repose  
 their guest was granted, when in gloom silent  
 the light and laughter and the living voices

2025  
 2030  
 2035  
 2040  
 2045  
 2050  
 2055  
 2060

were quenched in slumber. Now cold and slim  
 the sickle of the Moon was silver tilted  
 o'er the wan waters that washed unsleeping,  
 nightshadowed Narog, the Gnome-river.  
 In tall treetops of the tangled wood  
 there hooted hollow the hunting owls.  
 Thus fate it fashioned that in Fuilin's house  
 the dark destiny now dwelt awhile  
 of Turin the tall. There he toiled and fought  
 with the folk of Fuilin for Flinding's love;  
 lore long forgotten learned among them,  
 for light yet lingered in those leaguered places,  
 and wisdom yet lived in that wild people,  
 whose minds yet remembered the Mountains of the West  
 and the faces of the Gods, yet filled with glory  
 more clear and keen than kindreds of the dark  
 or Men unwitting of the mirth of old.  
 Thus Fuilin and Flinding friendship showed him,  
 and their halls were his home, while high summer  
 waned to autumn and the western gales  
 the leaves loosened from the labouring boughs;  
 the feet of the forest in fading gold  
 and burnished brown were buried deeply;  
 a restless rustle down the roofless aisles  
 sighed and whispered. Lo! the Silver Wherry,  
 the sailing Moon with slender mast,  
 was filled with fires as of furnace golden  
 whose hold had hoarded the heats of summer,  
 whose shrouds were shaped of shining flame  
 uprising ruddy o'er the rim of Evening  
 by the misty wharves on the margin of the world.  
 Thus the months fleeted and mightily he fared  
 in the forest with Flinding, and his fate waited  
 slumbering a season, while he sought for joy  
 the lore learning and the league sharing  
 of the Gnomes renowned of Nargothrond.

2065  
 2070  
 2075  
 2080  
 2085  
 2090  
 2095

The ways of the woods  
 and the land's secrets  
 by winter unhindered  
 whether snow or sleet  
 he wandered far,  
 he learned swiftly  
 to weathers hardened,  
 or slanting rain  
 2100

from glowering heavens grey and sunless  
 cold and cruel was cast to earth,  
 till the floods were loosed and the fallow waters  
 of sweeping Narog, swollen, angry,  
 were filled with flotsam and foaming turbid  
 passed in tumult; or twinkling pale  
 ice-hung evening was opened wide,  
 a dome of crystal o'er the deep silence  
 of the windless wastes and the woods standing  
 like frozen phantoms under flickering stars.  
 By day or night danger needless  
 he dared and sought for, his dread vengeance  
 ever seeking unsated on the sons of Angband;  
 yet as winter waxed wild and pathless,  
 and biting blizzards the bare faces  
 lashed and tortured of the lonely tors  
 and haggard hilltops, in the halls more often  
 : was he found in fellowship with the folk of Narog,  
 and cunning there added in the crafts of hand,  
 and in subtle mastery of song and music  
 and peerless poesy, to his proven lore  
 and wise woodcraft; there wondrous tales  
 were told to Turin in tongues of gold  
 in those mansions deep, there many a day  
 to the hearth and halls of the haughty king  
 did those friends now fare to feast and game,  
 for frail Finduilas her father urged  
 to his board and favour to bid those twain,  
 and it grudging her granted that grimhearted  
 king deep-counselled -- cold his anger,  
 his ruth unready, his wrath enduring;  
 yet fierce and fell by the fires of hate  
 his breast was burned for the broods of Hell  
 (his son had they slain, the swift-footed  
 Halmir the hunter of hart and boar),  
 and kinship therein the king ere long  
 in his heart discovered for Hurin's son,  
 dark and silent, as in dreams walking  
 of anguish and regret and evergrowing  
 feud unsated. Thus favour soon  
 by the king accorded of the company of his board  
 he was member made, and in many a deed

2105

2110

2115

2120

2125

2130

2135

2140

2145

and wild venture to West and North  
 he achieved renown among the chosen warriors  
 and fearless bowmen; in far battles  
 in secret ambush and sudden onslaught,  
 where fell-tongued flew the flying serpents,  
 their shafts envenomed, in valleys shrouded  
 he played his part, but it pleased him little,  
 who trusted to targe and tempered sword,  
 whose hand was hungry for the hilts it missed

2150

2155

but dared never a blade since the doom of Beleg  
to draw or handle. Dear-holden was he,  
though he wished nor willed it, and his works were praised.  
When tales were told of times gone by,  
of valour they had known, of vanished triumph,  
glory half-forgot, grief remembered,  
then they bade and begged him be blithe and sing  
of deeds in Doriath in the dark forest  
by the shadowy shores that shunned the light  
where Esgalduin the Elf-river  
by root-fenced pools roofed with silence,  
by deep eddies darkly gurgling,  
Rowed fleetly on past the frowning portals  
of the Thousand Caves. Thus his thought recalled  
the woodland ways where once of yore  
Beleg the Bowman had a boy guided  
by slade and slope and swampy thicket  
neath trees enchanted; then his tongue faltered  
and his tale was stilled.

2160

2165

2170

At Turin's sorrow  
one marvelled and was moved, a maiden fair  
the frail Finduilas that Failivrin,  
the glimmering sheen on the glassy pools  
of Ivrin's lake the Elves in love  
had named anew. By night she pondered  
and by day wondered what depth of woe  
lay locked in his heart his life marring;  
for the doom of dread and death that had fallen  
on Beleg the Bowman in unbroken silence  
Turin warded, nor might tale be won  
of Flinding the faithful of their fare and deeds  
in the waste together. Now waned her love

2175

2180

2185

for the form and face furrowed with anguish,  
for the bended back and broken strength,  
the wistful eyes and the withered laughter  
of Flinding the faithful, though filled was her heart  
with deepwelling pity and dear friendship.  
Grown old betimes and grey-frosted,  
he was wise and kindly with wit and counsel,  
with sight and foresight, but slow to wrath  
nor fiercely valiant, yet if fight he must  
his share he shirked not, though the shreds of fear  
in his heart yet hung; he hated no man,  
but he seldom smiled, save suddenly a light  
in his grave face glimmered and his glance was fired:  
Finduilas maybe faring lightly  
on the sward he saw or swinging pale,  
a sheen of silver down some shadowy hall.\*  
Yet to Turin was turned her troublous heart  
against will and wisdom and waking thought:  
in dreams she sought him, his dark sorrow  
with love lightening, so that laughter shone  
in eyes new-kindled, and her Elfin name

he eager spake, as in endless spring  
 they fared free-hearted through flowers enchanted  
 with hand in hand o'er the happy pastures  
 of that land that is lit by no light of Earth,  
 by no moon nor sun, down mazy ways  
 to the black abysmal brink of waking.

2190

2195

2200

2205

2210

From woe unhealed the wounded heart  
 of Turin the tall was turned to her.  
 Amazed and moved, his mind's secret  
 half-guessed, half-guarded, in gloomy hour  
 of night's watches, when down narrow winding  
 paths of pondering he paced wearily,  
 he would lonely unlock, then loyal-hearted  
 shut fast and shun, or shroud his grief  
 in dreamless sleep, deep oblivion  
 where no echo entered of the endless war  
 of waking worlds, woe nor friendship,  
 Bower nor firelight nor the foam of seas,

2215

2220

Here the B-typescript ends, and the remainder of the text is manuscript. See the Note on the Texts, p. 81.)

a land illumined by no light at all.

2225

'O! hands unholy, O! heart of sorrow,  
 O! outlaw whose evil is yet unatoned,  
 wilt thou, troth-breaker, a treason new  
 to thy burden bind; thy brother-in-arms,  
 Flinding go-Fuilin thus foully betray,  
 who thy madness tended in mortal perils,  
 to thy waters of healing thy wandering feet  
 did lead at the last to lands of peace,  
 where his life is rooted and his love dwelleth?  
 O! stained hands his hope steal not! '

2230

2235

Thus love was fettered in loyal fastness  
 and coldly clad in courteous word;  
 yet he would look and long for her loveliness,  
 in her gentle words his joy finding,  
 her face watching when he feared no eye  
 might mark his mood. One marked it all --  
 Failivrin's face, the fleeting gleams,  
 like sun through clouds sailing hurriedly  
 over faded fields, that flickered and went out  
 as Turin passed; the tremulous smiles,  
 his grave glances out of guarded shade,  
 his sighs in secret -- one saw them all,  
 Flinding go-Fuilin, who had found his home  
 and lost his love to the lying years,  
 he watched and wondered, no word speaking,  
 and his heart grew dark 'twixt hate and pity,  
 bewildered, weary, in the webs of fate.  
 Then Finduilas, more frail and wan  
 twixt olden love now overthrown  
 and new refused, did nightly weep;

and folk wondered at the fair pallor  
of the hands upon her harp, her hair of gold  
on slender shoulders slipped in tumult,  
the glory of her eyes that gleamed with fires  
of secret thought in silent deeps.

2240

2245

2250

2255

2260

Many bosoms burdened with foreboding vague  
their glooms disowned neath glad laughter.  
In song and silence, snow and tempest,  
winter wore away; to the world there came

a year once more in youth unstained,  
r were leaves less green, light less golden,  
the flowers less fair, though in faded hearts  
no spring was born, though speeding nigh  
danger and dread and doom's footsteps  
to their halls hasted. Of the host of iron  
came tale and tidings ever treading nearer;  
Orcs unnumbered to the East of Narog  
roamed and ravened on the realm's borders,  
the might of Morgoth was moved abroad.  
No ambush stayed them; the archers yielded  
each vale by vale, though venomed arrows

2265no

2270

2275

ere both A and B end abruptly, and I think it is certain that no more of  
the poem was ever written.

NOTES.

1409.

1417-18.

448.

469.

1525.

1529.

1537.

1542-3.

1558.

1673-6.

Tengwethil B, Taingwethil A. This is the reverse of the  
previous occurrences; see lines 43 I, 636.

These lines are bracketed in B, and line 1418 struck through;  
in the margin is a mark of deletion, but with a query  
beside it.<sup>1</sup>

Nirnaith Unoth A, and B as typed; emended in pencil in  
B to Nirnaith Ornoth. Earlier in the poem (lines 13, 218)  
the forms were Ninin Udathriol emended in B to Ninin  
Unothradin (also Nimaithos Unothradin at line 13). Cf.  
line 1543.<sup>1</sup>

Ulmo A, and B as typed; in B Ulmo struck through in pencil  
and replaced by Ylmir, but this also struck through. I read  
Ylmir; see note to line 1529.

Turin Thalion A, and B as typed (not Turin Thaliodrin, see  
note to line 1324).

Ylmir: so already in A and B as typed; so also at lines 1534,  
1553, 1572, 1585. See note to line 1469.

This line was struck through in pencil in B.

These lines were bracketed in pencil in B, and Not so written in margin. Though Unoth was not here emended I read Ornoth (see note to line 1448).

the sea-birds call in solemn conclave: cf. the tale of The Coming of the Elves and the Making of Kor, I. 124.

Cf. lines 1036 -- 9.

1696 -- 7.

1710 -- 11.

Cf. lines 1283 -- 4.

Line 1710 is wholly and 1711 partly crossed out in B, with marginal additions to make 1711 read:

[by) Felagund founded flying southward

1713 -- 20

Also written in the margin is, before Nirnaith Unoth . At line 1711 A has found for founded, but as the manuscript was written very rapidly this may not be significant.

These lines are bracketed in B, as if needing revision, and two lines are written in the margin for insertion after 1715:

that home came never to their halls of old

since the field of tears was fought and lost.

I have not included these lines (written, it seems, at the same time as the other marginal comments in this passage) in the text in view of the complexity of the 'historical background' at this point; see the Commentary, pp. 84 -- 5.

Against this passage is written in the margin:

but Nargothrond was founded by Felagund Finrod's son (whose brothers were Angrod Egnor & Orodreth). Curufin and Celegorm dwelt at Nargothrond.

1719.

1724

Cranthor A, Cranthir B as typed.

Finduilas: Failivrin A, and B as typed; Finduilas written in pencil in the margin of B; so also at line 1938. See lines 2130, 2175, 2199.

1938.

1945.

1974-5.

1975.

,993-8

Finduilas: as at line 1724.

The word youngling is struck out in B and Flinding written against it, but the resulting Fuilin's Flinding (with alliteration in the second half-line) cannot possibly have been intended. Subsequently another word was written in the margin, but this is illegible.

Not so written in the margin of B.

Finmeg A, and B as typed; late emendation to Fingon in B.

I retain Firnweg since that is still the name in the 1930 'Silmarillion'.

In A and in B as typed these lines were differently ordered:

Of the four kindreds that followed the king,

most noble of name, renowned in valour,

the watchtowers' lords, the wold's keepers

from Fuilin's children were first chosen,

and the guards of the bridge, the gleaming bow

that was flung o'er the foaming froth of Ingwil.

2027

Glingol A, and B as typed; late emendation to Glingal in B. I retain Glingol, the form in the Lost Tales and still in the 1930

'Silmarillion', in the published work *Glingal* is the name of the golden tree of Gondolin.

2028. *Bansil* A, and B as typed; late emendation to *Belthil* in B. I retain *Bansil* for the same reason as *Glingol* in line 2027.

2030. there high and green the hill of *Tun* A, and B as typed; emended in pencil in B to the reading given; was 2031 not corrected to mere, but that hilltops (plural) was intended is shown by the text C, see p. 82.

2130. I give *Finduilas*, though *Failivrin* was not so emended here in B, as it was at lines 1724, 1938. See notes to lines 2175.

2199.

2164. *Esgaduin* A, and B as typed; emended in pencil to *Esgalduin* in B.

2175. the frail *Finduilas* that *Failivrin* as typed B; the frail *Failivrin* changed at the time of writing in A to *Findoriel* (sc. the frail *Findoriel* that *Failivrin* &c.).

2199. *Finduilas* A and B; *Failivrin* written in the margin of A. At the subsequent occurrences (*Failivrin* 2242, *Finduilas* 2253) the names both in A and in B are as in the printed text.

Note on the texts of the section '*Failivrin*'.

B comes to an end as a typescript at line 2201, but continues as a well-written manuscript for a further 75 lines. This last part is written on the paper of good quality that my father used for many years in all his writing (University lectures, *The Silmarillion*, *The Lord of the Rings*, etc.) in ink or pencil (i.e. when not typing): this plain paper was supplied to him by the Examination Schools at Oxford University, being the used pages of the booklets of paper provided for examination candidates. The change in paper does not show however that he had moved from Leeds to Oxford (cf. p. 3), since he acted as an external examiner at Oxford in 1924 and 1925; but it does suggest that the final work on the Lay (before *Leithian* was begun) dates from the latter part of the one year or the earlier part of the next. The conclusion of A is also written on paper.

There is a further short text to be considered here, a well-written manuscript that extends from line 2005 to line 2225, which I will call 'C'. Textual details show clearly that C followed B -- not, I think, at any long interval. Some emendations made to B were made to C also. I give here a list of the more important differences of C from B (small changes of punctuation and sentence-connection are not noticed).

C bears the title *Turin* in the House of *Fuilin* and his son *Flinding*.

It is not clear whether this was to be the title of a fourth section of the poem, but it seems unlikely, if the third section was to remain *Failivrin*.

2005 Now was care lessened in kindly love C

2020 noontide] summer pencil emendation in C

2027-8.

2029.

2030-- 2.

*Clingol* > *Clingal* and *Bansil* > *Belthil* pencil emendations in C as in B

The original reading of B and C was like magic moonlight from its mothwhite flowers; this was differently emended in C, to like moths of pearl in moonlit flowers.

C as written was exactly as the text of B after emendation (with were for was 2031); these lines were then crossed out and the following substituted:

there high and green that hill by the sea  
was crowned by *Tun*, climbing, winding  
in tall walls of white, where the tower of *Ing*

2036-53.

2069.

2083.

2090.

2114 -- 16.

2123 -8.

are omitted in C (with Thence for There 2054).

After hunting owls C has lines of omission dots, and the text takes up again at line 2081.

maned to autumn] waned lowards winter pencil emendations in C

as of furnace golden] as a furnace of gold C are omitted in C.

C omits 2124, 2125b -- 7, and reads:

and in subtle mastery of song and music  
to his wise woodcraft and wielding of arms.

To the hearth and halls of the haughty king

2135-8.

C omits these lines (referring to Orodreth's son Halmir, slain by Orcs) and reads:

his ruth unready, his wrath enduring.

But kinship of mood the king ere long

2142b -- 2143a. C omits these lines, and reads:

of anguish and regret. Thus was honour granted  
by the king to Turin; of the company of his board

2158. were told] men told emendation in C.

2164. Esgalduin C as written; see note to this line above.

Commentary on Part III 'Failivrin'.

In this very remarkable section of the poem a great development has taken place in the story since the Tale of Turambar (if there was an intervening stage there is now no trace of it); while concurrently the history of the exiled Noldoli was being deepened and extended from its representation in the outlines for Gilfanon's Tale -- a factor that compli-

cates the presentation of the poems, since statements about that history were often superseded during the long process of composition.

Most notable of all in this part of the poem is the description of Nargothrond, unique in the Lay. In all the later rewritings and restructurings of the Turin saga this part was never touched, apart from the development of the relations between Turin, Gwindor, and Finduilas which I have given in *Unfinished Tales*, pp. 155 -- 9. In this there is a parallel to Gondolin, very fully described in the tale of *The Fall of Gondolin*, but never again. As I said in the introduction to *Unfinished Tales* (p. 5):

It is thus the remarkable fact that the only full account that my father ever wrote of the story of Tuor's sojourn in Gondolin, his union with Idril Celebrindal, the birth of Earendil, the treachery of Maeglin, the sack of the city, and the escape of the fugitives -- a story that was a central element in his imagination of the First Age -- was the narrative composed in his youth.

Gondolin and Nargothrond were each made once, and not remade. They remained powerful sources and images -- the more powerful, perhaps, because never remade, and never remade, perhaps, because so powerful.

Both Tuor and Turin were indeed to receive written form outside the condensed *Silmarillion* as long prose narratives, and what my father achieved of this intention I have given in the first two sections of *Unfinished Tales*; but though he set out to remake Gondolin he never reached the city again: after climbing the endless slope of the Orfalch Echor and passing through the long line of heraldic gates he paused with Tuor at the vision of Gondolin amid the plain, and never recrossed Tumladen. The remaking of Turin went much further, but here too he skirted the imaginative focus of Nargothrond.

The founding of Nargothrond.

I shall discuss first the 'background' history, which centres on the

complex question of the founding of Nargothrond. In the Tale (I I. 81 -- 2) Nargothrond is not named, and is represented by the Caves of the Rodothlim; as in the poem, Orodreth was the chief of these Gnomes, but he was then an isolated figure, and not yet associated in kinship with other princes. Nothing is said there of the origin of the redoubt, but that it was imagined to have arisen (like Gondolin) after the Battle of Unnumbered Tears is, I think, certain, since in the earliest phase of the legends, as I remarked in commenting on Cilfanon's Tale (I. 242), the entire later history of the long years of the Siege of Angband, ending with the Battle of Sudden Flame (Dagor Bragollach), of the passage of Men over the Mountains into Beleriand and their taking service with the Noldorin Kings, had yet to emerge; indeed these outlines give the effect of only a brief time elapsing between the

coming of the Noldoli from Kor and their great defeat [in the Battle of: Unnumbered Tears].

In the poem, this idea is still clearly present in lines 1542-- 4:

the secret halls  
of Nargothrond by the Gnomes builded  
that death and thralldom in the dreadful throes  
of Nirnaith Ornoth, a number scanty,  
escaped unscathed.

Against this passage my father wrote 'Not so', and this comment obviously means 'Nargothrond was not founded after the Battle of Unnumbered Tears', as is further shown by his note to lines 1710 -- 11:

(to Nargothrond)

that Celegorm and Curufin, the crafty sons  
of Feanor founded when they fled southward  
against which he wrote: 'before Nirnaith Unoth'. When, then, was it founded? The 'Sketch of the Mythology', certainly later than the poem (the background of which it was written to explain), already in its earliest form knows of the Leaguer of Angband and of Morgoth's breaking of the: Leaguer -- though described in the barest possible way, without any reference to the battle that ended it; and it is said there that at that time 'Gnomes and Ilkorins and Men are scattered... Celegorm and Curufin found the realm of Nargothrond on the banks of Narog in the south of the Northern lands.' The 'Sketch' (again, in its earliest, unrevised, form) also states that Celegorm and Curufin despatched a host from Nargothrond to the Battle of Unnumbered Tears, that this host joined with that of Maidros and Maglor, but 'arrived too late for the main battle'. 'They are beaten back and driven into the South-east, where they long time dwelt, and did not go back to Nargothrond. There Orodreth ruled the remnant.'

The problem is to explain how it comes about in the earlier story, as found in the poem (Nargothrond founded by Celegorm and Curufin after the Battle of Unnumbered Tears), that Celegorm and Curufin are no longer there when Turin comes, and Orodreth is king. Why do they live now lurking... in the forests of the East with their five brothers (1713-14)?

The only explanation that I can put forward is as follows. When my father wrote lines 1542--4 his view was that Nargothrond was founded after the Battle of Unnumbered Tears (this is quite explicit). But when he wrote lines 1710 -- 15

(to Nargothrond)

that Celegorm and Curufin, the crafty sons  
of Feanor founded when they fled southward;  
there built a bulwark against Bauglir's hate,  
1710

who live now lurking in league secret

with those five others in the forests of the East  
 fell unflinching foes of Morgoth 1715  
 the later story was already present. (There would be nothing uncharacteristic about this; in the Lay of Leithian the story changes from one Canto to the next.) Thus when they fled southward refers to the flight of Celegorm and Curufin from the battle that ended the Leaguer of Angband; they live now lurking... in the forests of the East refers to the period after the Battle of Unnumbered Tears, when 'they did not go back to Nargothrond' and 'Orodreth ruled the remnant', as stated in the 'Sketch'.\* On this view, my father's note against lines 1710 -- 11 ('before Nirnaith Unoth') was mistaken -- he took the lines to refer to the old story (as 1542 -- 4 certainly do), whereas in fact they refer to the later. This explanation may seem far-fetched, but it is less so than the demonstrably correct solutions to other puzzles in the history of 'The Silmarillion', and I see no other way out of the difficulty. -- The two additional lines to follow 1715:

that home came never to their halls of old  
 since the field of tears was fought and lost  
 refer (I think) to Celegorm and Curufin, and reinforce the reference to the later story (i.e. that after the Battle of Unnumbered Tears they did not return to Nargothrond).

The change of lines 1710 -- 11 to make the passage read  
 (to Nargothrond)

by Felagund founded flying southward  
 and the marginal note against 1713 -- 20 'but Nargothrond was founded by Felagund Finrod's son' etc., reflect of course a further stage, though a stage that came in soon after the 'Sketch' was first written. The essential shifts in the history of Nargothrond to this point are certainly thus:  
 (1) Orodreth ruled the Rodothlim in their caves, first inhabited after the Battle of Unnumbered Tears.  
 (2) Celegorm and Curufin founded Nargothrond after the Battle of Unnumbered Tears.

Celegorm and Curufin founded Nargothrond after the breaking of the Leaguer of Angband; they went with a host to the Battle of Unnumbered Tears and did not return, but remained in the East; Orodreth ruled the remnant of the Gnomes of Nargothrond.

Felagund son of Finrod and his brothers Angrod, Egnor, and  
 (\* Cf. lines 1873 -- 4:

Has the watch then waned in the woods of Narog  
 since Orodreth ruled this realm and folk? )

Orodreth founded Nargothrond after the breaking of the Leaguer of Angband; Celegorm and Curufin dwelt there.

Another sign of development in the history and genealogy of the Gnomish princes is the mention of Finweg, later emended in the B-text to Fingon, who fell in flame of swords at the Battle of Unnumbered Tears (1975). Finweg has appeared early in the poem (line 29), but there as a spelling or form of Finwe (Noleme), founder of the line; this Finweg appears in the 'Sketch', as originally written, as the son of Fingolfin.

The Sons of Feanor have previously all been named only in the Tale of the Nauglafring (II. 241); now (1716 ff.), with Cranthir (emended from Cranthor in B), and Diriel for earlier Dinithel (?Durithel), they reach the forms they long retained. Characteristic epithets appear: Maglor is 'swift', Cranthir 'dark', and Curufin's 'craftiness', already appearing in the Tale of the Nauglafring, extends here to Celegorm. Maidros' wielding his sword with his left hand is mentioned, which clearly implies that the story that Morgoth had him hung from a cliff by his right hand, and that Finweg (> Fingon) rescued him, was already present, as it is in the 'Sketch'. His torment and maiming was mentioned in the outlines for Gilfanon's Tale (I. 238, 240), but not described.

To turn now to the foreground narrative of this part of the poem. The

poem advances on the Tale by mentioning the disposal of Beleg's sword, not mentioned in the Tale; but here Flinding hides it in the hollow of a tree (1342), and it plays no further part in the story. If the poem had gone further Turin would have received his black sword in Nargothrond in gift from Orodreth, as happens in the Tale (II. 83). In the Tale it is said that Turin 'had not wielded a sword since the slaying of Beleg, but rather had he been contented with a mighty club', in the poem this reappears with the implication made explicit (2155 -- 6):

dared never a blade since the doom of Beleg  
to draw or handle.

The burial of Beleg now appears, with his great bow beside him (1399 ff.), and Turin's kiss survives from the Tale; that the mark of his grief over the death of Beleg (called the third of his sorrows, 1421) never left his face was an enduring feature of the legend.

Geography.

In the Tale (II. 80 -- 1) very little is made of the journey of Flinding and Turin from the place of Beleg's death to Nargothrond: by the light of Flinding's lamp they 'fared by night and hid by day and were lost in the hills, and the Orcs found them not'. In the poem, on the other hand, the journey is quite fully described, and contains some noteworthy features; moreover there is nothing in the description that contradicts the earliest

'Silmarillion' map (to be given in the next volume), which dates from this period and may have been made originally in association with this poem. The wanderers pass at midnight by the Mound of Slain, looming up under the moon at the furthest end/of Dor-na-Fauglith's dusty spaces (1439 -- 40); this feature does not recur again in the story of Turin. The only previous reference to the great burial-mound is in the outlines for Cilfanon's Tale, where it is called the Hill of Death, and was raised by the Sons of Feanor (I. 241). It is said in the poem that Turin despite his heavy listlessness turned his hand/ toward Thangorodrim at Flinding's words concerning the Mound, and cursed Morgoth thrice -- as did Feanor in the hour of his death after the Battle-under-Stars (The Silmarillion p. 107); the one was doubtless the precursor of the other. The inviolability of the Mound now appears (1450 -- 2).

Turin and Flinding now crossed Sirion not far from his source in the Shadowy Mountains, where the river was fordable (1457 ff.); this is the first reference to Sirion's Well. Sirion's great journey to the Sea is described, with references to his passage underground (1467; cf. II. 195, 217) and through lands beloved of Ylmir (Ulmo). The travellers then find themselves in Nan Dungorthin, which was mentioned in the Tale of Tinuviel (see II. 35, 62 -- 3): Huan found Beren and Tinuviel after their escape from Angband in 'that northward region of Artanor that was called afterward Nan Dumgorthin, the land of the dark idols', 'even then a dark land and gloomy and foreboding, and dread wandered beneath its lowering trees'. My father hesitated long about the placing of this land: in the Gnomish dictionary it was east of Artanor (II. 62), in the Tale of Tinuviel a 'northward region of Artanor', while here it is west of Sirion, in a valley of the southern slopes of the Shadowy Mountains. In the earliest 'Silmarillion' map Nan Dungorthin was first likewise placed west of Sirion (west of the Isle of Werewolves), before being returned once more to the region north of Doriath, where it remained.

It is said that when Turin and Flinding climbed out of the vale of Nan Dungorthin they southward sam the slopes of Hithlum/more warm and friendly (1496 -- 7). At first sight this seems difficult to understand, but I think that the meaning is: they were indeed on the slopes of Hithlum at the time (i.e. below the southern faces of the Shadowy Mountains that fenced Hithlum), but looking southward (actually southwestward) they saw more agreeable regions further along the foothills, towards Ivrin. This is the first appearance of Ivrin, source of the Narog, and it is seen very clearly. The line (1537) giving the meaning of Narog (Gnomish, 'torrent') was struck out, but this (I think)

was because my father felt that it was intrusive, not that the etymology was rejected. In this connection it may be mentioned that in a list of Old English equivalents of Elvish names, composed some years after the time of the present poem and associated with AElfwine's translations of Elvish texts into his own language, occur Narog: Hlyda and Nargothrond: Hlydingaburg. Hlyda was the name in Old English of March ('the noisy

month of wind', cf. the Quenya name Sulime' and the Sindarin name . Grearon); related words are hlud (Modern English loud), hlyd 'sound', hlydan 'make a sound'. The meaning is here undoubtedly 'the loud one'; it lies behind the English stream-name Lydbrook.

Following the course of the Narog southward from Ivrin, the travellers gained the gorge where Ginglith turns  
all glad and golden to greet the Narog.

There her gentler torrent joins his tumult,  
and they glide together on the guarded plain  
to the Hunters' Hills that high to southward  
uprear their rocks robed in verdure.(1736 -- 41)

A little earlier Flinding has described to Turin how Narog, passing Nargothrond, 'thence skirted wild the Hills of the Hunters, the home of Beren and the Dancer of Doriath' (1544-- 6). In these verses are the first appearances of the river Ginglith, the Guarded Plain, and the Hills of the Hunters (all shown on the earliest map), though the hills themselves are described without being named in the Tale, II. 96. On the map Nargothrond is shown near the northern extremity of the Hills of the Hunters, which extend far to the southward, falling down to the coast of the Sea west of Sirion's mouths. Various things are said of these hills. In the Tale they are 'high and tree-grown', in the poem they uprear their rocks robed in verdure; in *The Silmarillion* (p. 122), where they are called Taur-en-Faroth or the High Faroth, they are 'great wooded highlands', in the Narn (p. 116) they are 'brown and bare'. In the poem they are also called the Hunters' Wold (1816), the Wold of Hunters (1992), where the word is probably used in the old sense of 'forest, wooded uplands'. If we judge by my father's unfinished watercolour of the Doors of Nargothrond, painted in all probability in 1928 (see Pictures by J. R. R. Tolkien no. 33), he saw the hills as great rocky heights standing up from thick forest on their lower slopes. At line 1746 the Wards of Narog look out from their treegirt towers on the tall hilltops; these watchtowers were in the north of the Hills of the Hunters and looking northwards (1743-5), and it may not be casual therefore that on the earliest map the northern end (only) of the hills are shown as heavily forested.

As Turin and Flinding came south down the west bank of Narog the river hastened o'er the feet of the hills (1770), and the fields and orchards through which they passed  
ever narrowing  
twixt wall and water did wane at last

to blossomy banks by the borders of the way (1812 -- 14)

The map likewise shows the Narog drawing steadily closer to the northeastern edge of the Hills of the Hunters. Here the travellers crossed the foaming Ingwil, falling down from the hills, by a slender bridge; this

is the first appearance of this stream (cf. *The Silmarillion* p. 122: 'the short and foaming stream Ringwil tumbled headlong into Narog from the High Faroth'), and the bridge over it is mentioned nowhere else.

The Land of the Dead that Live (Beren and Tinuviel after their return) is now placed in the Hills of the Hunters (1545 -- 6), where it was originally placed also on the map. This land was moved even more often than was Nan Dungorthin. In the Tale of the Nauglafring it was in Hisilome (but with a note on the manuscript saying that it must be placed

in 'Doriath beyond Sirion', II. 249); in the Tale of Tinuviel Beren and Tinuviel 'became mighty fairies in the lands about the north of Sirion' (II. 41). From the Hills of the Hunters it would subsequently be moved several times more.

Before leaving the Narog, we meet here for the first time in narrative writing the name Nan-Tathrin (1548), in the Lost Tales always called by its name in Eldarissa, Tasarinan (but Nantathrin occurs in the Gnomish dictionary, I. 265, entry Sirion and Dor-tathrin in the Name-list to The Fall of Gondolin, II. 346).

Far fuller than in any later account is the story in the poem of the sojourn of Turin and his companion at Ivrin, and much that lies behind the passage in The Silmarillion (p. 209) is here revealed. In The Silmarillion Turin drank from the water of Ivrin and was at last able to weep, and his madness passed; then he made a song for Beleg (Laer Cu Beleg, the Song of the Great Bow), 'singing it aloud heedless of peril'; and then he asked Gwindor who he was. In the Lay all these features of the story are present, somewhat differently ordered. Flinding describes to Turin the courses of Narog and Sirion and the protection of Ulmo, and Turin feels some return of hope (1586 -- 7); they hasten down to the lake and drink (1599 -- 1600); and from the meshes of misery his mind was loosed (1602). In the early night, as they sat beside their fire by the pools of Ivrin, Turin asked Flinding his name and fate, and it was Flinding's reply that led Turin at last to weep. Flinding fell asleep, but woke towards the end of the night to hear Turin singing the dirge of Beleg by the edge of the lake (and here the song is called 'the Bowman's Friendship'). Turin then himself fell asleep, and in his sleep he returned to the terrible place on the edge of Taur-na-Fuin where he slew Beleg, seeking the place of his burial and the lightning-blackened trees, and heard the voice of Beleg far off telling him to seek no longer but to take comfort in courage.

Then he woke in wonder; his wit was healed,  
courage him comforted, and he called aloud  
Flinding go-Fuilin, to his feet striding. (1699 -- 1701)

The structure of the episode in the Lay is firm and clear, the images strong and enduring. I said in the introduction to Unfinished Tales that it was grievous that my father went no further, in the later Tale of Tuor,

than the coming of Tuor and Voronwe to the last gate and Tuor's sight of Gondolin across the plain. It is no less grievous that he never retold, in his later prose, the story of Turin and Gwindor at the Lake of Ivrin. The passage in The Silmarillion is no substitute; and it is only from this poem that we can fully grasp the extremity of the disaster for Turin, that he had killed his friend.

The description in the poem of the stealth and secrecy of the defenders of Nargothrond is derived, in concept, from the Tale (II. 81). In the Tale the spies and watchers of the Rodothlim... gave warning of their approach, and the folk withdrew before them, such as were abroad from their dwelling. Then they closed their doors and hoped that the strangers might not discover their caves...

When Flinding and Turin came to the mouths of the caves,  
the Rodothlim sallied and made them prisoners and drew them within  
their rocky halls, and they were led before the chief, Orodreth.

All this is taken up into the poem and greatly elaborated; there is also the incident of Turin's stumbling on a root and thus being missed by the arrow aimed at him, and Flinding's cry of reproach to the unseen archers, after which they were not further molested. It is perhaps not so clear in the poem as in the Tale that the farmlands and orchards of Nargothrond were deserted lest the travellers should find the entrance to the caves, especially since a pathway plain by passing feet/was broadly beaten (1808 -- 9) -- though it is said that the throng in the great hall of Nargothrond was waiting for them (1856). Moreover, in the Tale they were not attacked. As the story is told in the poem, one might wonder

why the hidden archers in the woods, if they believed Flinding's cry sufficiently to withhold their arrows, did not emerge at that point and conduct them as prisoners to the caves. The new element of the arrow shot in the woods has not, I think, been altogether assimilated to the old account of the timorous withdrawal of the Rodothlim in the hope that Turin and Flinding would not find the entrance. But the passage describing the 'home-fields' of Nargothrond is of great interest in itself, for rarely are there references to the agriculture of the peoples of Middle-earth in the Elder Days.

The great Doors of Nargothrond are here first described -- the triple doors of timber as my father imagined them are seen in his drawing of the entrance made in Dorset in the summer of 1928, and (in a different conception) their posts and lintels of ponderous stone (1830) in the watercolour of the same period referred to above (Pictures nos 33 34).

In the Tale the fear and suspicion among the Rodothlim of Noldoli who had been slaves is attributed to 'the evil deeds of the Gnomes at Cúmas Alqalunt', and this element reappears in the poem (1903 -- 4).

Nevertheless, there is no suggestion in the Tale of any serious questioning of the identity and goodwill of Flinding, greatly changed in aspect though he was, so that 'few knew him again'. In the poem, on the other hand, Orodreth emerges as hostile and formidable, and his character is carefully outlined: he is quick to anger (1973) but his wrath is cold and long-enduring (2133 -- 4), he is seldom moved to pity (1969, 2134), grim-hearted and deep-counselled (2132 -- 3), but capable of deep love (1970) as also of fierce hate (2135). Afterwards, as the legends developed, Orodreth underwent a steady decline into weakness and insignificance, which is very curious. Many years later, when meditating the development of the Turin saga, my father noted that Orodreth was 'rather a weak character'; cf. the Narn, p. 160: 'he turned as he ever did to Turin for counsel'. Ultimately he was to be displaced as the second King of Nargothrond (Unfinished Tales p. 255, note 20). But all this is a far cry from the hard and grim king in his underground hall depicted in the poem; Felagund had not yet emerged, nor the rebellious power of Celegorm and Curufin in Nargothrond (see further p. 246).

The killing of Orodreth's son Halmir the hunter by Orcs (2137 -- 8; omitted in the C-text, p. 82) is a new element, which will reappear, though not found in *The Silmarillion*, where the name Halmir is borne by a ruler of the People of Haleth.

In the Tale, as I noticed in my commentary (II. 124),

Failivrin is already present, and her unrequited love for Turin, but the complication of her former relation with Gwindor is quite absent, and she is not the daughter of Orodreth the King but of one Galweg (who was to disappear utterly).

In the poem Galweg has already disappeared, and Failivrin has become Orodreth's daughter, loved by Flinding and returning his love before his captivity; and it is her plea to her father before the assembled multitude that sways the king and leads to the admission of Flinding and Turin to Nargothrond. Of this intervention there is probably a trace in the very condensed account in *The Silmarillion* (p. 209):

At first his own people did not know Gwindor, who went out young and strong, and returned now seeming as one of the aged among mortal Men, because of his torments and his labours; but Finduilas daughter of Orodreth the King knew him and welcomed him, for she had loved him before the Nirnaeth, and so greatly did Gwindor love her beauty that he named her Faelivrin, which is the gleam of the sun on the pools of Ivrin.

In the poem she is called Failivrin in A and B as written, emended or not in B to Finduilas (1724, 1938, 2130), but the name Finduilas emerges towards the end in the texts as first written (2175, 2199), and Failivrin (the glimmering sheen on the glassy pools/of Ivrin's

lake) is the name by which the Elves renamed Finduilas.

In the Lay as in the Tale there is no hiding of Turin's identity, as there is in *The Silmarillion*, where he checked Gwindor, when Gwindor would declare his name, saying that he was Agarwaen, the Bloodstained, son of Umarth, Ill-fate (p. 210). Finduilas (Failivrin) asks:

But are none yet nigh us that knew of yore  
that mighty of Men [Hurin], mark of kinship  
to seek and see in these sorrow-laden  
form and features?

(1958 -- 61 )

and then

No few were there found who had fought of old  
where Finweg fell in flame of swords  
and Hurin Thalion had hewn the throngs,  
the dark Glamhoth's demon legions (1974 -- 7)  
and they declared that Turin's face was the face of the father new  
found on earth. Against the second of these passages my father wrote in  
the margin: 'Not so.' This is a comment on the idea that there were many  
Gnomes in Nargothrond who had fought in the Battle of Unnumbered  
Tears (see pp. 84 -- 5); according to the later story scarcely any went from  
Nargothrond, and of the small company that did none came back, save  
Flinding/Gwindor himself. -- In *The Silmarillion* (p. 210) Turin is not  
said to be the image of his father; on the contrary,  
he was in truth the son of Morwen Eledhwen to look upon: dark-haired  
and pale-skinned, with grey eyes.

Cf. also the Narn, p. 161, where Turin said to Arminas:

But if my head be dark and not golden, of that I am not ashamed. For I  
am not the first of sons in the likeness of his mother.

Hurin himself was

shorter in stature than other men of his kin; in this he took after his  
mother's people, but in all else he was like Hador his grandfather, fair  
of face and golden-haired, strong in body and fiery of mood (Nant  
P 57)-

But Turin was already conceived to be dark-haired in the Lay:

the black-haired boy from the beaten people (417)

and in the second version of the poem Hurin also has dark tresses (p. 97,  
line 88).

At the feast of welcome in the house of Fuilin Flinding's father, deep in  
the woods on the slopes of the Hunters' Wold (1989 -- 92), Fuilin filled  
with mead a great ancient silver cup that had come from Valinor:

carved in gladness,  
in woe hoarded, in waning hope  
when little was left of the lore of old. (2038 -- 40)

It was of such things as that cup, carved with images of the folk of  
Faerie in the first noontide/of the Blissful Realms, of the Two  
Trees, and of the tower of Ing on the hill of Cor, that my father was  
thinking when he wrote of the treasures that Finrod Felagund brought  
put of Tirion (*The Silmarillion* p. 114); 'a solace and a burden on the  
road' (ibid. p. 85). -- This is the first reference to the tower of Ing  
(Ingwe, see p. 28) in the Elvish city, whose  
pale pinnacle pierced the twilight,  
and its crystal lamp illumined clear  
with slender shaft the Shadowy Seas  
(2033-5)

as afterwards the silver lamp of the Mindon Eldalieva 'shone far out into  
the mists of the sea' (*The Silmarillion* p. 59).

According to the readings of the A and B texts at lines 2030 -- 2 the hill  
on which the Elvish city was built, figured on Fuilin's cup, is Tun,

þ crowned by the white-walled city of Cor; and this is anomalous, since the name Tun certainly arose as the name of the city (see II. 292), and in the 'Sketch of the Mythology' and the 1930 'Silmarillion' Kor is the hill and Tun the city. In the C-text of the poem, however, these lines were changed, and the city is named Tun (p. 82).

The elaboration at the end of the relationship of Turin and Finduilas is an indication of the large scale on which this work was planned: seeing how much in bare narrative terms is yet to come (the fall of Nargothrond, the Dragon, the loss of Finduilas, Turin's journey to Dor-lomin, Morwen and Nienor in Doriath and the journey to Nargothrond, the enspelling of Nienor, Turin and Nienor among the Woodmen, the coming and death of the Dragon, and the deaths of Nienor and Turin) it must have run to many more thousands of lines.

There remain a few isolated matters. The name, Esgalduin now first appears, but the form in A and B as typed (2164), Esgaduin, is the original name. The C-text has Esgalduin (p. 82).

The Moon is seen in lines 2088 -- 94 as a ship, the Silver Wherry, with mast, hold, and shrouds, sailing from wharves on the margin of the world; but the imagery has no real point of contact with the Ship of the Moon in the Tale of the Sun and Moon (I. 192 -- 3).

Ulmo is now called Ylmir (first appearing by emendation in B at line 1469, but thereafter in both A and B as first written); in the 'Sketch' he first appears as Ulmo (Ylmir), thereafter as Ylmir, suggesting that at this time Ylmir was the Gnomish form of his name (in the Gnomish dictionary it was Gulma, I. 270). He is also called the Dweller in the Deep at line

1565, as he is in the later Tuor (Unfinished Tales pp. 22, 28). Flinding mentions messages from Ulmo that are heard at Ivrin, and says that Ulmo alone remembers in the Lands of Mirth / the need of the Gnomes (153 I ff.); cf. the Tale, II. 77.

Lastly may be noticed Turin's words of parting to Beleg at his burial (1408 -- 11), in which he foresees for him an afterlife in Valinor, in the halls of the Gods, and does not speak of a time of 'waiting'; cf. lines 1283 -- 4, 1696-7.

#### THE SECOND VERSION OF

#### THE CHILDREN OF HURIN.

This version of the poem (II) is extant in a bundle of very rough manuscript notes (IIA), which do not constitute a complete text, and a typescript (IIB) -- the twia of the typescript (IB) of the first version, done with the same distinctive purple ribbon -- based on I I A. That II is a later work than I is obvious from a casual scrutiny -- to give a single example, the name Morwen appears thus both in IIA and I IB. As I have said (p. 4), I do not think that II is significantly later than I, and may indeed have been composed before my father ceased work on I.\* Towards the end of II the amount of expansion and change from I becomes very much less, but it seems best to give II in full.

The text of the opening of the second version is complicated by the existence of two further texts, both extending from lines II. x -- 94. The earlier of these is another typescript (IIC), which takes up emendations made to I IB and is itself emended: the second is a manuscript (I ID) written on 'Oxford' paper (see p. 81), which takes up the changes made to IIC and introduces yet further changes. At the beginning of the poem, therefore, we have lines that exhibit a continuous development through six different texts, as for example line 18 in the first version, which is line 34 in the second:

IA. Yet in host upon host the hillfiends, the orcs emended in the manuscript to:

Yet in host upon host the hillfiend orcs

IB. There in host on host the hill-fiend Orcs

(\* The only external evidence for date (other than the physical nature of the texts, which were clearly made at Leeds, not at Oxford) is the fact that a page of IIA is written on the

back of a formal letter from *The Microcosm* (a Leeds literary quarterly, in which my father published the poem *The City of the Gods* in the Spring 1923 issue, see I. 136) acknowledging receipt of a subscription for 1922; the letter was evidently written in 1923.)

IIA. but in host on host from the hills of darkness (with from the hills swarming as an alternative).

IIB. but in host on host from the hills swarming.

IIC. as IIB but emended on the typescript to:  
and in host on host from the hills swarming.

IID. In host upon host from the hills swarming.

The majority of the changes throughout the successive texts of the poem were made for metrical reasons -- in the later revisions, especially for the removal of 'little words', to achieve an effect nearer to that of Old English lines, and to get rid of metrical aids such as *ed* pronounced as a separate syllable; and as I have said, the provision of a full apparatus would be exceedingly lengthy and complex (and in places scarcely possible, for the actual texts are often more obscure than appears in print). For the second version of the poem, therefore, I give the text of I ID (the last one) to its end at line 94 (since the changes from IIB though pervasive are extremely minor), and continue thereafter with IIB (the major typescript of the second version); and as before purely verbal/metrical alterations that have no bearing on the story or on names are not cited in the notes.

IIA has no title; in IIB it was *TURIN*, then *THE CHILDREN OF HURIN*, which is also the title in IIC and I ID.

The 'Prologue', greatly expanded in the second version, is still given no subheading, except that in IIC it is marked 'I'; in IIB Turin's *Fostering* is a section-heading, to which my father afterwards added 'II'.  
*THE CHILDREN OF HURIN*.

Ye Gods who girt your guarded realms  
with moveless pinnacles, mountains pathless,  
o'er shrouded shores sheer uprising  
of the Bay of Faery on the borders of the World!  
Ye Men unmindful of the mirth of yore,  
wars and weeping in the worlds of old,  
of Morgoth's might remembering nought!  
Lo! hear what Elves with ancient harps,  
lingering forlorn in lands untrodden,  
fading faintly down forest pathways,  
in shadowy isles on the Shadowy Seas,

5

10

sing still in sorrow of the son of Hurin,  
how his webs of doom were woven dark  
with Niniel's sorrow: names most mournful.  
A! Hurin Thalion in the hosts of battle  
was whelmed in war, when the white banners  
of the ruined king were rent with spears,  
in blood beaten; when the blazing helm  
of Finweg fell in flame of swords,  
and his gleaming armies' gold and silver  
shields were shaken, shining emblems  
in darkling tide of dire hatred,  
the cruel Glamhoth's countless legions,  
were lost and foundered -- their light was quenched!  
That field yet now the folk name it  
Nirnaith Ornoth, Unnumbered Tears:  
the seven chieftains of the sons of Men  
fled there and fought not, the folk of the Elves  
betrayed with treason. Their troth alone  
unmoved remembered in the mouths of Hell

Thalion Erithamrod and his thanes renowned.  
 Torn and trampled the triple standard  
 of the house of Hithlum was heaped with slain.  
 In host upon host from the hills swarming  
 with hideous arms the hungry Orcs  
 enmeshed his might, and marred with wounds  
 pulled down the proud Prince of Mithrim.  
 At Bauglir's bidding they bound him living;  
 to the halls of Hell neath the hills builded,  
 to the Mountains of Iron, mournful, gloomy,  
 they led the lord of the Lands of Mist,  
 Hurin Thalion, to the throne of hate  
 in halls upheld with huge pillars  
 of black basalt. There bats wandered,  
 worms and serpents enwound the columns;  
 there Bauglir's breast was burned within  
 with blazing rage, balked of purpose:  
 from his trap had broken Turgon the mighty,  
 Fingolfin's son; Feanor's children,  
 the makers of the magic and immortal gems.  
 For Hurin standing storm unheeding,  
 unbent in battle, with bitter laughter

15  
 20  
 25  
 30  
 35  
 40  
 45  
 50

his axe wielded -- as eagle's wings  
 the sound of its sweep, swinging deadly;  
 as livid lightning it leaped and fell,  
 as toppling trunks of trees riven  
 his foes had fallen. Thus fought he on,  
 where blades were blunted and in blood foundered  
 the Men of Mithrim; thus a moment stemmed  
 with sad remnant the raging surge  
 of ruthless Orcs, and the rear guarded,  
 that Turgon the terrible towering in anger  
 a pathway clove with pale falchion  
 from swirling slaughter. Yea! his swath was plain  
 through the hosts of Hell, as hay that is laid  
 on the lea in lines, where long and keen  
 goes sweeping scythe. Thus seven kindreds,  
 a countless company, that king guided  
 through darkened dales and drear mountains  
 out of ken of his foes -- he comes no more  
 in the tale of Turin. Triumph of Morgoth  
 thus to doubt was turned, dreams of vengeance,  
 thus his mind was moved with malice fathomless,  
 thoughts of darkness, when the Thalion stood  
 bound, unbending, in his black dungeon.

55  
 60  
 65  
 70  
 75

Said the dread Lord of Hell: 'Dauntless Hurin,  
 stout steel-handed, stands before me  
 yet quick a captive, as a coward might be!

Then knows he my name, or needs be told  
 what hope he has in the halls of iron?  
 The bale most bitter, Balrogs' torment! '

80

Then Hurin answered, Hithlum's chieftain --  
 his shining eyes with sheen of fire  
 in wrath were reddened: 'O ruinous one,  
 by fear unfettered I have fought thee long,  
 nor dread thee now, nor thy demon slaves,  
 fiends and phantoms, thou foe of Gods! '  
 His dark tresses, drenched and tangled,  
 that fell o'er his face he flung backward,  
 in the eye he looked of the evil Lord --  
 since that day of dread to dare his glance  
 has no mortal Man had might of soul.

There the mind of Hurin in a mist of dark

85

90

neath gaze unfathomed groped and foundered,\*  
 yet his heart yielded not nor his haughty pride.  
 But Lungorthin Lord of Balrogs  
 on the mouth smote him, and Morgoth smiled:  
 'Nay, fear when thou feelest, when the flames lick thee  
 and the whistling whips thy white body  
 and wilting flesh weal and torture! '

Then hung they helpless Hurin dauntless  
 in chains by fell enchantments forged  
 that with fiery anguish his flesh devoured,  
 yet loosed not lips locked in silence  
 to pray for pity. Thus prisoned saw he  
 on the sable walls the sultry glare  
 of far-off fires fiercely burning  
 down deep corridors and dark archways  
 in the blind abysses of those bottomless halls;  
 there with mourning mingled mighty tumult  
 the throb and thunder of the thudding forges'  
 brazen clangour; belched and spouted  
 flaming furnaces; there faces sad  
 through the glooms glided as the gloating Orcs  
 their captives herded under cruel lashes.  
 Many a hopeless glance on Hurin fell,  
 for his tearless torment many tears were spilled.

95

100

105

110

115

Lo! Morgoth remembered the mighty doom,  
 the weird of old, that the Elves in woe,  
 in ruin and wrack by the reckless hearts  
 of mortal Men should be meshed at last;  
 that treason alone of trusted friend  
 should master the magic whose mazes wrapped  
 the children of Cor, cheating his purpose,  
 from defeat fending Fingolfin's son,  
 Turgon the terrible, and the troth-brethren  
 the sons of Feanor, and secret, far,  
 homes hid darkly in the hoar forest  
 where Thingol was throned in the Thousand Caves.

120

125

Then the Lord of Hell lying-hearted  
to where Hurin hung hastened swiftly,  
130

\* Here the latest text IID ends, and I IB is followed from this point; sec p. 95.)

and the Balrogs about him brazen-handed  
with flails of flame and forged iron  
there laughed as they looked on his lonely woe;  
but Bauglir said: 'O bravest of Men,  
'tis fate unfitting for thus fellhanded  
warrior warfain that to worthless friends  
his sword he should sell, who seek no more  
to free him from fetters or his fall avenge.  
While shrinking in the shadows they shake fearful  
in the hungry hills hiding outcast  
their league belying, lurking faithless,  
he by evil lot in everlasting  
dungeons droopeth doomed to torment  
and anguish endless. That thy arms unchained  
I had fainer far should a falchion keen  
or axe with edge eager flaming  
wield in warfare where the wind bloweth  
the banners of battle -- such a brand as might  
in my sounding smithies on the smitten anvil  
of glowing steel to glad thy soul  
be forged and fashioned, yea, and fair harness  
and mail unmatched -- than that marred with flails  
my mercy waiving thou shouldst moan enchained  
neath the brazen Balrogs' burning scourges:  
who art worthy to win reward and honour  
as a captain of arms when cloven is mail  
and shields are shorn, when they shake the hosts  
of their foes like fire in fell onset.  
Lo! receive my service; forswear hatred,  
ancient enmity thus ill-counselled --  
I am a mild master who remembers well  
his servants' deeds. A sword of terror  
thy hand should hold, and a high lordship  
as Bauglir's champion, chief of Balrogs,  
to lead o'er the lands my loud armies,  
whose royal array I already furnish;  
on Turgon the troll (who turned to flight  
and left thee alone, now leaguered fast  
in waterless wastes and weary mountains)  
my wrath to wreak, and on rehdanded  
robber-Gnomes, rebels, and roaming Elves,  
that forlorn witless the Lord of the World

135

140

145

I SO

155

160

165

170

defy in their folly -- they shall feel my might.  
I will bid men unbind thee, and thy body comfort!  
Go follow their footsteps with fire and steel,  
with thy sword go search their secret dwellings;  
when in triumph victorious thou returnest hither,  
I have hoards unthought-of -- but Hurin Thalion

suffered no longer silent wordless;  
 through clenched teeth in clinging pain,  
 'O accursed king', cried unwavering,  
 'thy hopes build not so high, Bauglir;  
 no tool am I for thy treasons vile,  
 who tryst nor troth ever true holdest--  
 seek traitors elsewhere.'

175

180

185

Then returned answer

Morgoth amazed his mood hiding:

'Nay, madness holds thee; thy mind wanders;  
 my measureless hoards are mountains high  
 in places secret piled uncounted  
 agelong unopened; Elfin silver  
 and gold in the gloom there glister pale;  
 the gems and jewels once jealous-warded  
 in the mansions of the Gods, who mourn them yet,  
 are mine, and a meed I will mete thee thence  
 of wealth to glut the Worm of Greed.'

190:

195

Then Hurin, hanging, in hate answered:

'Canst not learn of thy lore when thou look'st on a foe,  
 O Bauglir unblest? Bray no longer

205

of the things thou hast thieved from the Three Kindreds! 200

In hate I hold thee. Thou art humbled indeed  
 and thy might is minished if thy murderous hope  
 and cruel counsels on a captive sad  
 must wait, on a weak and weary man.'

To the hosts of Hell his head then he turned:

'Let thy foul banners go forth to battle,  
 ye Balrogs and Orcs; let your black legions  
 go seek the sweeping sword of Turgon.  
 Through the dismal dales you shall be driven wailing  
 like startled starlings from the stooks of wheat. 210

Minions miserable of master base,  
 your doom dread ye, dire disaster!

The tide shall turn; your triumph brief

and victory shall vanish. I view afar  
 the wrath of the Gods roused in anger.'

215

Then tumult awoke, a tempest wild  
 in rage roaring that rocked the walls;  
 consuming madness seized on Morgoth,  
 yet with lowered voice and leering mouth  
 thus Thalion Erithamrod he threatened darkly:  
 'Thou hast said it! See how my swift purpose  
 shall march to its mark unmarred of thee,  
 nor thy aid be asked, overweening  
 mortal mightless. I command thee gaze  
 on my deeds of power dreadly proven.  
 Yet if little they like thee, thou must look thereon  
 helpless to hinder or thy hand to raise,  
 and thy lidless eyes lit with anguish  
 shall not shut for ever, shorn of slumber  
 like the Gods shall gaze there grim, tearless,  
 on the might of Morgoth and the meed he deals

to fools who refuse fealty gracious.'

220

225

230

To Thangorodrim was the Thalion borne,  
 that mountain that meets the misty skies  
 on high over the hills that Hithlum sees  
 blackly brooding on the borders of the North.  
 There stretched on the stone of steepest peak  
 in bonds unbreakable they bound him living;  
 there the lord of woe in laughter stood,  
 there cursed him for ever and his kindred all  
 that should walk and wander in woe's shadow  
 to a doom of death and dreadful end.  
 There the mighty man unmoved sat,  
 but unveiled was his vision that he viewed afar  
 with eyes enchanted all earthly things,  
 and the weird of woe woven darkly  
 that fell on his folk -- a fiend's torment.

235

240

245

\*

#### NOTES.

14. After this line IIB had the following:

how the golden dragon of the God of darkness  
 wrought wrack and ruin in realms now lost --  
 only the mighty of soul, of Men or Elves,  
 doom can conquer, and in death only.

These lines were struck out in I IB, and do not appear in I IC, I ID.

19. Cf. I. 1975:

where Finweg fell in flame of swords  
 with Finweg > Fingon a later pencilled change in IB. All the  
 texts of II have Finweg (IIA Fingmeg), but Fingon appears in a  
 late pencilled emendation to I ID.

26. Nirnaith Unoth IIB, IIC; Nirnaith Ornoth IID, emended in  
 pencil to Nirnaith Arnediad. For Unoth, Ornoth in the first version  
 see p. 79, notes to lines 1448, 1542 -- 3. I read Ornoth here, since  
 Arnediad is a form that arose much later.

27 All the texts of II have the chosen chieftains of the children  
 of Men, but IID is emended in pencil to the seven chieftains of  
 the sons of Men.

49. Fingolfin's son: see p. 21, note to line 29.

Feanor's children I ID; and Feanor's children IIA, B, C.

76. 'Is it dauntless Hurin,' quoth Delu-Morgoth IIB, as in IB  
 (line 51).

157. as a captain among them I IB as typed. Cf line 165.

Commentary on Part I  
 of the second version.

This part has been expanded to two and a half times its former length,  
 partly through the introduction of descriptions of Angband (42 -- 5,  
 105 -- 15) -- to be greatly enlarged some years later in the Lay of Leithian,  
 and of Hurin's last stand (51 -- 61), but chiefly through the much ex-  
 tended account of Morgoth's dealings with Hurin, his attempted seduc-  
 tion of 'the Thalion', and his great rage (not found at all in the first  
 version) at his failure to break his will. The rewritten scene is altogether  
 fiercer, the sense of lying, brutality, and pain (and the heroic power of  
 Hurin's resistance) much stronger.

There are some interesting details in this opening section. Hurin's  
 dark hair (88) has been referred to above (p. 92). The thane of Mor-

goth who smote him on the mouth (version I, 59) now becomes Lungorthin, Lord of Balrogs (96) -- which is probably to be interpreted as 'a

Balrog lord', since Gothmog, Lord or Captain of the Balrogs in The Fall of Condolin, soon reappears in the 'Silmarillion' tradition. Notable is the passage (88 -- 94) in which Hurin, thrusting back his long hair, looked into Morgoth's eye, and his mind in a mist of dark... groped and foundered: the originator of the power of the eye of Glorund his servant, which this poem did not reach.

A line that occurs much later in the first version (1975)

where Finweg [> Fingon] fell in flame of swords

is introduced here (19), and there is mention also of his white banners... in blood beaten, and his blazing helm: this is ultimately the origin of the passage in The Silmarillion (pp. 193-4):

a white flame sprang up from the helm of Fingon as it was cloven...

they beat him into the dust with their maces, and his banner, blue and silver, they trod into the mire of his blood.

At line 26 is the first occurrence of Nirnaith Arnediad, but this is a hasty pencilled change to the last text (I ID) and belongs to a later phase of nomenclature.

It is said that Turgon guided seven kindreds (67) out of the battle; in the tale of The Fall of Condolin there were twelve kindreds of the Gondothlim.

Hurin is named the Prince of Mithrim (37), and his men the Men of Mithrim (59). This may suggest that the meaning of Mithrim, hitherto the name of the lake only, was being extended to the region in which the lake lay; on the earliest 'Silmarillion' map, however, this is not suggested. The land of Mithrim occurs at line 248, but the phrase was changed.

The passage in the first version (46 -- 50) saying that Morgoth remembered well

how Men were accounted all mightless and frail  
by the Elves and their kindred; how only treason  
could master the magic whose mazes wrapped  
the children of Corthun

is changed in the second (118 -- 24) to

Lo! Morgoth remembered the mighty doom,  
the weird of old, that the Elves in woe,  
in ruin and wrack by the reckless hearts  
of mortal Men should be meshed at last;  
that treason alone of trusted friend  
should master the magic whose mazes wrapped  
the children of Cor

There has been no reference in the Lost Tales to any such ancient 'doom' or 'weird'. It is possible that the reference to 'treason' is to the 'Prophecy of the North', spoken by Mandos or his messenger as the host of the

Noldor moved northward up the coast of Valinor after the Kinslaying (The Silmarillion pp. 87 -- 8); in the earliest version of this, in the tale of The Flight of the Noldoli (I. 167), there is no trace of the idea, but it is already explicit in the 1930 Silmarillion that the Gnomes should pay for the deeds at Swanhaven in 'treachery and the fear of treachery among their own kindred'. On the other hand, to the mighty doom, the weird of old is ascribed also the ultimate ruin of the Elves which is to come to pass through Men; and this is not found in any version of the Prophecy of the North. This passage in the revised version of the poem is echoed in the same scene in the 1930 Silmarillion'.

Afterward Morgoth remembering that treachery or the fear of it, and especially the treachery of Men, alone would work the ruin of the Gnomes, came to Hurin...

**TURIN'S FOSTERING**

Lo! the lady Morwen in the land of shadow

waited in the woodland for her well-beloved,  
 but he came never to clasp her nigh  
 from that black battle. She abode in vain;  
 no tidings told her whether taken or dead  
 or lost in flight he lingered yet.  
 Laid waste his lands and his lieges slain,  
 and men unmindful of that mighty lord  
 in Dorlomin dwelling dealt unkindly  
 with his wife in widowhood; she went with child,  
 and a son must succour sadly orphaned,  
 Turin Thalion of tender years.  
 In days of blackness was her daughter born,  
 and named Nienor, a name of tears  
 that in language of eld is Lamentation.  
 Then her thoughts were turned to Thingol the Elf,  
 and Luthien the lissom with limbs shining,  
 his daughter dear, by Dairon loved,  
 who Tinuviel was named both near and far,  
 the Star-mantled, still remembered,  
 who light as leaf on linden tree  
 had danced in Doriath in days agoe,  
 on the lawns had lilted in the long moonshine,  
 250  
 255  
 260  
 265  
 270

while deftly was drawn Dairon's music  
 with fingers fleet from flutes of silver.  
 The boldest of the brave, Beren Ermabwed,  
 to wife had won her, who once of old  
 had vowed fellowship and friendly love  
 with Hurin of Hithlum, hero dauntless  
 by the marge of Mithrim's misty waters.  
 Thus to her son she said: 'My sweetest child,  
 our friends are few; thy father is gone.  
 Thou must fare afar to the folk of the wood,  
 where Thingol is throned in the Thousand Caves.  
 If he remember Morwen and thy mighty sire  
 he will foster thee fairly, and feats of arms,  
 the trade he will teach thee of targe and sword,  
 that no slave in Hithlum shall be son of Hurin.  
 A! return my Turin when time passeth;  
 remember thy mother when thy manhood cometh  
 or when sorrows snare thee.' Then silence took her,  
 for fears troubled her trembling voice.  
 Heavy boded the heart of Hurin's son,  
 who unwitting of her woe wondered vaguely,  
 yet weened her words were wild with grief  
 and denied her not; no need him seemed.  
 275  
 280  
 285  
 290  
 Lo! Mailrond and Halog, Morwen's henchmen,  
 were young of yore ere the youth of Hurin,  
 and alone of the lieges of that lord of Men  
 now steadfast in service stayed beside her:  
 now she bade them brave the black mountains

and the woods whose ways wander to evil;  
 though Turin be tender, to travail unused,  
 they must gird them and go. Glad they were not,  
 but to doubt the wisdom dared not openly  
 of Morwen who mourned when men saw not.

295

300

Came a day of summer when the dark silence  
 of the towering trees trembled dimly  
 to murmurs moving in the milder airs  
 far and faintly; flecked with dancing  
 sheen of silver and shadow-filtered  
 sudden sunbeams were the secret glades  
 where winds came wayward wavering softly  
 warm through the woodland's woven branches.

305

310

Then Morwen stood, her mourning hidden,  
 by the gate of her garth in a glade of Hithlum;  
 at her breast bore she her babe unweaned,  
 crooning lowly to its careless ears  
 a song of sweet and sad cadence,  
 lest she droop for anguish. Then the doors opened,  
 and Halog hastened neath a heavy burden,  
 and Mailrond the old to his mistress led  
 her gallant Turin, grave and tearless,  
 with heart heavy as stone hard and lifeless,  
 uncomprehending his coming torment.  
 There he cried with courage, comfort seeking:  
 'Lo! quickly will I come from the court's afar,  
 I will long ere manhood lead to Morwen  
 great tale of treasure and true comrades.'  
 He wist not the weird woven of Morgoth,  
 nor the sundering sorrow that them swept between,  
 as farewells they took with faltering lips.  
 The last kisses and lingering words  
 are over and ended; and empty is the glen  
 in the dark forest, where the dwelling faded  
 in trees entangled, Then in Turin woke  
 to woe's knowledge his bewildered heart,  
 that he wept blindly awakening echoes  
 sad resounding in sombre hollows,  
 as he called: 'I cannot, I cannot leave thee.  
 O! Morwen my mother, why makest me go?  
 The hills are hateful, where hope is lost;  
 O! Morwen my mother, I am meshed in tears,  
 for grim are the hills and my home is gone.'  
 And there came his cries calling faintly  
 down the dark alleys of the dreary trees,  
 that one there weeping weary on the threshold  
 heard how the hills said 'my home is gone.'

315

320

325

330

335

340

345

\*\*\*

The ways were weary and woven with deceit  
 o'er the hills of Hithlum to the hidden kingdom

deep in the darkness of Doriath's forest,  
 and never ere now for need or wonder  
 had children of Men chosen that pathway,  
 save Beren the brave who bounds knew not  
 350

to his wandering feet nor feared the woods  
 or fells or forest or frozen mountain,  
 and few had followed his feet after.  
 There was told to Turin that tale by Halog  
 that in the Lay of Leithian, Release from Bonds,  
 in linked words has long been woven,  
 of Beren Ermabwed, the boldhearted;  
 how Luthien the lissom he loved of yore  
 in the enchanted forest chained with wonder --  
 Tinuviel he named her, than nightingale  
 more sweet her voice, as veiled in soft  
 and wavering wisps of woven dusk  
 shot with starlight, with shining eyes  
 she danced like dreams of drifting sheen,  
 pale-twinkling pearls in pools of darkness;  
 how for love of Luthien he left the woods  
 on that quest perilous men quail to tell,  
 thrust by Thingol o'er the thirst and terror  
 of the Lands of Mourning; of Luthien's tresses,  
 and Melian's magic, and the marvellous deeds  
 that after happened in Angband's halls,  
 and the flight o'er fell and forest pathless  
 when Carcharoth the cruel-fanged,  
 the wolf-warden of the Woeful Gates,  
 whose vitals fire devoured in torment  
 them hunted howling (the hand of Beren  
 he had bitten from the wrist where that brave one held  
 the nameless wonder, the Gnome-crystal  
 where light living was locked enchanted,  
 all hue's essence. His heart was eaten,  
 and the woods were filled with wild madness  
 in his dreadful torment, and Doriath's trees  
 did shudder darkly in the shrieking glens);  
 how the hound of Hithlum, Huan wolf-bane,  
 to the hunt hasted to the help of Thingol,  
 and as dawn came dimly in Doriath's woods  
 was the slayer slain, but silent lay  
 there Beren bleeding nigh brought to death,  
 till the lips of Luthien . in love's despair  
 awoke him to words, ere he winged afar  
 to the long awaiting; thence Luthien won him,  
 the Elf-maiden, and the arts of Melian,  
 355  
 360  
 365  
 370  
 375  
 380  
 385  
 390

her mother Mablui of the moonlit hand,  
 that they dwell for ever in days ageless  
 and the grass greys not in the green forest  
 where East or West they ever wander.  
 Then a song he made them for sorrow's lightning,

a sudden sweetness in the silent wood,  
 that is 'Light as Leaf on Linden' called,  
 whose music of mirth and mourning blended  
 yet in hearts does echo. This did Halog sing them:\*

395

400 '

The grass was very long and thin,  
 The leaves of many years lay thick,  
 The old tree-roots wound out and in,  
 And the early moon was glimmering.  
 There went her white feet liltng quick,  
 And Dairon's flute did bubble thin,  
 As neath the hemlock umbels thick  
 Tinuviel danced a-shimmering.

405

410

The pale moths lumbered noiselessly,  
 And daylight died among the leaves,  
 As Beren from the wild country  
 Came thither wayworn sorrowing.  
 He peered between the hemlock sheaves,  
 And watched in wonder noiselessly  
 Her dancing through the moonlit leaves  
 And the ghostly moths a-following.

415

There magic took his weary feet,  
 And he forgot his loneliness,  
 And out he danced, unheeding, fleet,  
 Where the moonbeams were a-glistening.  
 Through the tangled woods of Elfinesse  
 They fled on nimble fairy feet,  
 And left him to his loneliness  
 In the silent forest listening,

420

425

Still hearkening for the imagined sound  
 Of lissom feet upon the leaves,

For the textual history of this poem's insertion into the Lay see the Note on pp.120-2.)

For music welling underground  
 In the dim-lit caves of Doriath.  
 But withered are the hemlock sheaves,  
 And one by one with mournful sound  
 Whispering fall the beechen leaves  
 In the dying woods of Doriath.

430

He sought her wandering near and far  
 Where the leaves of one more year were strewn,  
 By winter moon and frosty star  
 With shaken light a-shivering.  
 He found her neath a misty moon,  
 A silver wraith that danced afar,  
 And the mists beneath her feet were strewn  
 In moonlight palely quivering.

435

440

She danced upon a hillock green  
 Whose grass unfading kissed her feet,  
 While Dairon's fingers played unseen  
 O'er his magic flute a-flickering;  
 And out he danced, unheeding, fleet,  
 In the moonlight to the hillock green:

No impress found he of her feet  
That fled him swiftly flickering.

445

450

And longing filled his voice that called  
'Tinuviel, Tinuviel,'

And longing sped his feet enthralled  
Behind her wayward shimmering.

She heard as echo of a spell

His lonely voice that longing called  
'Tinuviel, Tinuviel':

One moment paused she glimmering.

455

And Beren caught that elfin maid

And kissed her trembling starlit eyes,

Tinuviel whom love delayed

In the woods of evening morrowless.

Till moonlight and till music dies

Shall Beren by the elfin maid

Dance in the starlight of her eyes

In the forest singing sorrowless.

460

465

Wherever grass is long and thin,

And the leaves of countless years lie thick,

And ancient roots wind out and in,

As once they did in Doriath,

Shall go their white feet liting quick,

But never Dairon's music thin

Be heard beneath the hemlocks thick

Since Beren came to Doriath.

470

This for hearts' uplifting did Halog sing them

as the frowning fortress of the forest clasped them

and nethermost night in its net caught them.

There Turin and the twain knew torture of thirst

and hunger and fear, and hideous flight

from wolfriders and wandering Orcs

and the things of Morgoth that thronged the woods.

There numbed and wetted they had nights of waking

cold and clinging, when the creaking winds

summer had vanquished and in silent valleys

a dismal dripping in the distant shadows

ever splashed and spilt over spaces endless

from rainy leaves, till arose the light

greyly, grudgingly, gleaming thinly

at drenching dawn. They were drawn as flies

in the magic mazes; they missed their ways

and strayed steerless, and the stars were hid

and the sun sickened. Sombre and weary

had the mountains been; the marches of Doriath

bewildered and wayworn wound them helpless

in despair and error, and their spirits foundered.

Without bread or water with bleeding feet

and fainting strength in the forest straying

their death they deemed it to die forwandered,

when they heard a horn that hooted afar

and dogs baying. Lo! the dreary bents

and hushed hollows to the hunt wakened,

and echoes answered to eager tongues,

for Beleg the bowman was blowing gaily,

who furthest fared of his folk abroad  
 by hill and by hollow ahunting far,  
 careless of comrades or crowded halls,  
 as light as a leaf, as the lusty airs  
 475  
 480  
 485  
 490  
 495  
 500  
 505

as free and fearless in friendless places.  
 He was great of growth with goodly limbs  
 and lithe of girth, and lightly on the ground  
 ' his footsteps fell as he fared towards them  
 all garbed in grey and green and brown.

510  
 'Who are ye?' he asked. 'Outlaws, maybe,  
 : hiding, hunted, by hatred dogged?'  
 'Nay, for famine and thirst we faint,' said Halog,  
 'wayworn and wildered, and wot not the road.  
 Or hast not heard of the hills of slain,  
 field tear-drenched where in flame and terror  
 þ Morgoth devoured the might and valour  
 of the hosts of Finweg and Hithlum's lord?  
 The Thalion Erithamrod and his thanes dauntless  
 ,there vanished from the earth, whose valiant lady  
 yet weeps in widowhood as she waits in Hithlum.  
 Thou lookest on the last of the lieges of Morwen,  
 'and the Thalion's child who to Thingol's court  
 now wend at the word of the wife of Hurin.'

515  
 520  
 525  
 Then Beleg bade them be blithe, saying:  
 'The Gods have guided you to good keeping;  
 I have heard of the house of Hurin undaunted,  
 . and who hath not heard of the hills of slain,  
 : of Nirnaith Ornoth, Unnumbered Tears!  
 To that war I went not, yet wage a feud  
 : with the Orcs unending, whom mine arrows fleeting  
 ' smite oft unseen swift and deadly.  
 I am the hunter Beleg of the hidden people;  
 the forest is my father and the fells my home.'  
 Then he bade them drink from his belt drawing  
 a flask of leather full-filled with wine  
 that is bruised from the berries of the burning South --  
 the Gnome-folk know it, from Nogrod the Dwarves  
 by long ways lead it to the lands of the North  
 : for the Elves in exile who by evil fate  
 the vine-clad valleys now view no more  
 in the land of Gods. There was lit gladly  
 a fire, with flames that flared and spluttered,  
 of wind-fallen wood that his wizard's cunning  
 rotten, rain-sodden, to roaring life  
 530  
 535  
 540  
 545

there coaxed and kindled by craft or magic;

there baked they flesh in the brands' embers;  
 white wheaten bread to hearts' delight  
 he haled from his wallet till hunger waned  
 and hope mounted, but their heads were mazed  
 by that wine of Dor-Winion that went in their veins,  
 and they soundly slept on the soft needles  
 of the tall pinetrees that towered above.  
 Then they waked and wondered, for the woods were light,  
 and merry was the morn and the mists rolling  
 from the radiant sun. They soon were ready  
 long leagues to cover. Now led by ways  
 devious winding through the dark woodland,  
 by slade and slope and swampy thicket,  
 through lonely days, long-dragging nights,  
 they fared unfaltering, and their friend they blessed,  
 who but for Beleg had been baffled utterly  
 by the magic mazes of Melian the Queen.  
 To those shadowy shores he showed the way  
 where stilly the stream strikes before the gates  
 of the cavernous court of the King of Doriath.  
 Over the guarded bridge he gained them passage,  
 and thrice they thanked him, and thought in their hearts  
 'the Gods are good' -- had they guessed, maybe,  
 what the future enfolded, they had feared to live.

550

555

560

565

570

To the throne of Thingol were the three now come;  
 there their speech well sped, and he spake them fair,  
 for Hurin of Hithlum he held in honour,  
 whom Beren Ermabwed as a brother had loved  
 and remembering Morwen, of mortals fairest,  
 .he turned not Turin in contempt away.  
 There clasped him kindly the King of Doriath,  
 for Melian moved him with murmured counsel,  
 and he said: 'Lo, O son of the swifthanded,  
 the light in laughter, the loyal in need,  
 Hurin of Hithlum, thy home is with me,  
 and here shalt sojourn and be held my son.  
 In these cavernous courts for thy kindred's sake  
 thou shalt dwell in dear love, till thou deemest it time  
 to remember thy mother Morwen's loneliness;  
 thou shalt wisdom win beyond wit of mortals,

575

580

585

and weapons shalt wield as the warrior-Elves,  
 nor slave in Hithlum shall be son of Hurin.' 590

There the twain tarried that had tended the child,  
 till their limbs were lightened and they longed to fare  
 through dread and danger to their dear lady,  
 so firm their faith. Yet frore and grey  
 eld sat more heavy on the aged head 595  
 of Mailrond the old, and his mistress' love  
 his might matched not, more marred by years  
 than Halog he hoped not to home again.

Then sickness assailed him and his sight darkened:  
 'To Turin I must turn my troth and fealty,' 600

he said and he sighed, 'to my sweet youngling',  
 but Halog hardened his heart to go.  
 An Elfin escort to his aid was given,  
 and magics of Melian, and a meed of gold,  
 and a message to Morwen for his mouth to bear,      605  
 words of gladness that her wish was granted,  
 and Turin taken to the tender care  
 of the King of Doriath; of his kindly will  
 now Thingol called her to the Thousand Caves  
 to fare unfearing with his folk again,      610  
 there to sojourn in solace till her son be grown;  
 for Hurin of Hithlum was holden in mind  
 and no might had Morgoth where Melian dwelt.

Of the errand of the Elves and of eager Halog  
 the tale tells not, save in time they came      615  
 to Morwen's threshold. There Thingol's message  
 was said where she sat in her solitary hall,  
 but she dared not do as was dearly bidden,  
 who Nienor her nursling yet newly weaned  
 would not leave nor be led on the long marches      620  
 adventure her frailty in the vast forest;  
 the pride of her people, princes ancient,  
 had suffered her send a son to Thingol  
 when despair urged her, but to spend her days  
 an almsguest of others, even Elfin kings,      625  
 it little liked her; and lived there yet  
 a hope in her heart that Hurin would come,  
 and the dwelling was dear where he dwelt of old;  
 at night she would listen for a knock at the doors  
 or a footstep falling that she fondly knew.      630  
 Thus she fared not forth; thus her fate was woven.  
 Yet the thanes of Thingol she thanked nobly,  
 nor her shame showed she, how shorn of glory  
 to reward their wending she had wealth too scant,  
 but gave them in gift those golden things      635  
 that last lingered, and led they thence  
 a helm of Hurin once hewn in wars  
 when he battled with Beren as brother and comrade  
 against ogres and Orcs and evil foes.  
 Grey-gleaming steel, with gold adorned      640  
 wrights had wrought it, with runes graven  
 of might and victory, that a magic sat there  
 and its wearer warded from wound or death,  
 whoso bore to battle brightly shining  
 dire dragon-headed its dreadful crest.      645  
 This Thingol she bade and her thanks receive.

Thus Halog her henchman to Hithlum came,  
 but Thingol's thanes thanked her lowly  
 and girt them to go, though grey winter  
 enmeshed the mountains and the moaning woods,      650  
 for the hills hindered not the hidden people.  
 Lo! Morwen's message in a month's journey,  
 so speedy fared they, was spoken in Doriath.  
 For Morwen Melian was moved to ruth,  
 but courteously the king that casque received,      655  
 her golden gift, with gracious words,  
 who deeply delved had dungeons filled  
 with elvish armouries of ancient gear,  
 yet he handled that helm as his hoard were scant:  
 'That head were high that upheld this thing      660

with the token crowned, the towering crest  
 to Dorlomin dear, the dragon of the North,  
 that Thalion Erithamrod the thrice renowned  
 oft bore into battle with baleful foes.  
 Would that he had worn it to ward his head       665  
 on that direst day from death's handstroke! '  
 Then a thought was thrust into Thingol's heart,  
 and Turin was called and told kindly '  
 that his mother Morwen a mighty thing  
 had sent to her son, his sire's heirloom,       670

o'er-written with runes by wrights of yore  
 in dark dwarfland in the deeps of time,  
 ere Men to Mithrim and misty Hithlum  
 o'er the world wandered; it was worn aforetime  
 by the father of the fathers of the folk of Hurin,   675  
 whose sire Gumlin to his son gave it  
 ere his soul severed from his sundered heart -  
 'Tis Telchar's work of worth untold,  
 its wearer warded from wound or magic,  
 from glaive guarded or gleaming axe.       680  
 Now Hurin's helm hoard till manhood  
 to battle bids thee, then bravely don it,  
 go wear it well! ' Woeful-hearted  
 did Turin touch it but take it not,  
 too weak to wield that mighty gear,       685  
 and his mind in mourning for Morwen's answer  
 was mazed and darkened.

Thus many a day  
 came to pass in the courts of Thingol  
 for twelve years long that Turin lived.  
 But seven winters their sorrows had laid       690  
 on the son of Hurin when that summer to the world  
 came glad and golden with grievous parting;  
 nine years followed of his forest-nurture,  
 and his lot was lightened, for he learned at whiles  
 from faring folk what befell in Hithlum,       695  
 and tidings were told by trusty Elves  
 how Morwen his mother knew milder days  
 and easement of evil, and with eager voice  
 all Nienor named the Northern flower,  
 the slender maiden in sweet beauty       700  
 now graceful growing. The gladder was he then  
 and hope yet haunted his heart at whiles.  
 He waxed and grew and won renown  
 in all lands where Thingol as lord was held  
 for his stoutness of heart and his strong body.   705  
 Much lore he learned and loved wisdom,  
 but fortune followed him in few desires;  
 oft wrong and awry what he wrought turned,  
 what he loved he lost, what he longed for failed,  
 and full friendship he found not with ease,       710

nor was lightly loved, for his looks were sad;  
 he was gloomy-hearted and glad seldom  
 for the sundering sorrow that seared his youth.

On manhood's threshold he was mighty-thewed  
 in the wielding of weapons; in weaving song       715  
 he had a minstrel's mastery, but mirth was not in it,  
 for he mourned the misery of the Men of Hithlum.

Yet greater his grief grew thereafter  
 when from Hithlum's hills he heard no more  
 and no traveller told him tidings of Morwen. 720  
 For those days were drawing to the doom of the Gnomes  
 and the power of the Prince of the pitiless kingdom,  
 of the grim Glamhoth, was grown apace,  
 till the lands of the North were loud with their noise,  
 and they fell on the folk with fire and slaughter 725  
 who bent not to Bauglir or the borders passed  
 of dark Dorlomin with its dreary pines  
 that Hithlum was called by the unhappy people.  
 There Morgoth shut them in the Shadowy Mountains,  
 fenced them from Faerie and the folk of the wood. 730  
 Even Beleg fared not so far abroad  
 as once was his wont, for the woods were filled  
 with the armies of Angband and with evil deeds,  
 and murder walked on the marches of Doriath;  
 only the mighty magic of Melian the Queen 735  
 yet held their havoc from the hidden people.

To assuage his sorrow and to sate his rage,  
 for his heart was hot with the hurts of his folk,  
 then Hurin's son took the helm of his sire  
 and weapons weighty for the wielding of men, 740  
 and he went to the woods with warrior-Elves,  
 and far in the forest his feet led him  
 into black battle yet a boy in years.  
 Ere manhood's measure he met and he slew  
 Orcs of Angband and evil things 745  
 that roamed and ravened on the realm's borders.  
 There hard his life, and hurts he lacked not,  
 the wounds of shaft and the wavering sheen  
 of the sickle scimitars, the swords of Hell,  
 the bloodfain blades on black anvils 750  
 in Angband smithied, yet ever he smote

unfey, fearless, and his fate kept him.  
 Thus his prowess was proven and his praise was noised  
 and beyond his years he was yielded honour,  
 for by him was holden the hand of ruin 755  
 from Thingol's folk, and Thu feared him,  
 and wide wandered the word of Turin:  
 'Lo! we deemed as dead the dragon of the North,  
 but high o'er the host its head uprises,  
 its wings are spread! Who has waked this spirit 760  
 and the flame kindled of its fiery jaws?  
 Or is Hurin of Hithlum from Hell broken? '  
 And Thu who was throned as thane mightiest  
 neath Morgoth Bauglir, whom that master bade  
 'go ravage the realm of the robber Thingol 765  
 and mar the magic of Melian the Queen',  
 even Thu feared him, and his thanes trembled.

One only was there in war greater,  
 more high in honour in the hearts of the Elves  
 than Turin son of Hurin, tower of Hithlum, 770  
 even the hunter Beleg of the hidden people,  
 whose father was the forest and the fells his home;  
 to bend whose bow, Balthronding named,  
 that the black yewtree once bore of yore,

had none the might; unmatched in knowledge                    775  
 of the woods' secrets and the weary hills.  
 He was leader beloved of the light companies  
 all garbed in grey and green and brown,  
 the archers arrowfleet with eyes piercing,  
 the scouts that scoured scorning danger                    780  
 afar o'er the fells their foemen's lair,  
 and tales and tidings timely won them  
 of camps and councils, of comings and goings,  
 all the movements of the might of Morgoth Bauglir.  
 Thus Turin, who trusted to targe and sword,                    785  
 who was fain of fighting with foes well seen,  
 where shining swords made sheen of fire,  
 and his corslet-clad comrades-in-arms  
 were snared seldom and smote unlooked-for.

Then the fame of the fights on the far marches                790  
 was carried to the courts of the king of Doriath,  
 and tales of Turin were told in his halls,

of the bond and brotherhood of Beleg the ageless  
 with the blackhaired boy from the beaten people.  
 Then the king called them to come before him                795  
 did Orc-raids lessen in the outer lands  
 ever and often unasked to hasten,  
 to rest them and revel and to raise awhile  
 in songs and lays and sweet music

the memory of the mirth ere the moon was old,                800  
 when the mountains were young in the morning of the world.

On a time was Turin at his table seated,  
 and Thingol thanked him for his thriving deeds;  
 there was laughter long and the loud clamour  
 of a countless company that quaffed the mead                805  
 and the wine of Dor-Winion that went ungrudged  
 in their golden goblets; and goodly meats  
 there burdened the boards neath blazing torches  
 in those high halls set that were hewn of stone.  
 There mirth fell on many; there minstrels clear                810  
 did sing them songs of the city of Cor  
 that Taingwethil towering mountain  
 o'ershadowed sheerly, of the shining halls  
 where the great gods sit and gaze on the world  
 from the guarded shores of the gulf of Faerie.                815  
 One sang of the slaying at the Swans' Haven  
 and the curse that had come on the kindreds since

Here the typescript IIB ends abruptly, in the middle of a page; the manuscript IIA has already ended at line 767.

#### NOTES.

The first page of the typescript of this section of the poem, covering lines 248-95, is duplicated, the one version (b) taking up changes made to the other (a) and itself receiving further changes. There is no corresponding text of IIA until line 283.

248. in the land of Mithrim (a), and (b) as typed. The emendation in (b) reverts to the reading of the first version (105), in the Land of Shadows.

265. Dairon's sister (a), and (b) as typed.
- 266 - 8. These three lines were inserted in (b), with change of who had danced 269 to had danced. See below, Note on the poem 'Light as Leaf on Lindentre'.
273. Etmabweth (a), and (b) as typed. The emendation in (b) to Ermabwed reverts to the form of the name in the Lost Tales and in the first version of the poem (121).
- 274-8. As typed, (a) was virtually identical with the first version lines 122 - 5. This was then changed to read:

did win her to wife, who once of old  
fellowship had vowed and friendly love  
Elf with mortal, even Egnor's son  
with Hurin of Hithlum, hunting often  
by the marge of Mithrim's misty waters.  
Thus said she to her son...

This passage was then typed in (b), with change of hunting often to hero dauntless. Subsequently the line Elf with mortal, even Egnor's son was struck out, and other minor changes made to give the text printed.

294. Mailrond: Mailgond IIA, IIB; I read Mailrond in view of the emendations at lines 319, 596.
319. Mailrond: Mailgond IIA, and IIB as typed, emended in pencil to Mailrond; similarly at line 596.
356. Release from Bondage IIB as typed (the change to Release from Bonds was made for metrical reasons). The reference to the Lay of Leithian is not in IIA, but the manuscript is here so scrappy and disjointed as to be of no service.
- 358-66. These nine lines are typed on a slip pasted into IIB, replacing the following which were struck out:

how Luthien the lissom he loved of yore  
in the enchanted forest chained with wonder  
as she danced like dreams of drifting whiteness  
of shadows shimmering shot with moonlight;

In the first line (358) of the inserted slip the boldhearted is an emendation of brave undaunted; and above Ermabwed is written (later, in pencil) Er(h)amion.

374. Carcharoth: Carcharolch IIA, and IIB as typed.
- 398-402. These five lines are typed on a slip pasted into IIB at the same time as that giving lines 358 - 66, but in this case there was nothing replaced in the original typescript. Line 400 as typed read:

that 'Light as Leaf on Lind' is called  
emended to the reading given.

Beneath the five typed lines my father wrote: 'Here follow verses "Light as leaf on linden-tree".'

Note on the poem 'Light as Leaf on Lindentre'  
Lines 266 - 8 (see note above) were clearly added to the typescript at the same time as the two pasted-in slips (giving lines 358 - 66 and 398 - 402), in view of line 268 who light as leaf on linden tree.

This poem, here to be inset into the Lay of the Children of Hurin, is found in three typescripts, here referred to as (a), (b), and (c), together with a small manuscript page giving reworkings of the penultimate stanza. These type-



key is probably to be found in the fact that lines 356 - 7 are found in IIB as originally typed, not in the pasted-in insertion. I think (or perhaps rather guess) that my father composed an alliterative continuation of 13 lines (beginning of Beren Erma&wed, brave undaunted) as an introduction to the poem Light as Leaf on Lindentree; and then, at the same time as he typed text (b) of this poem, with the alliterative head-piece, he added them to the typescript of the Lay already in existence.

Light as Leaf on Lindentree was published in The Gryphon (Leeds University), New Series, Vol. VI, no. 6, June 1925, p. 217. It is here preceded by nine lines of alliterative verse, beginning

'Tis of Beren Ernabwed brokenhearted

and continuing exactly as in (b) above (and in the text of the Lay) as far as in pools of darkness; the last four lines do not appear. In his cutting from The Gryphon my father changed broken-hearted (which is obviously a mere printer's error) to the boldhearted (as in the Lay, 358); changed the title to As Light as Leaf on Lindentree; and wrote Erchamion above Ennabwed (see note to lines 358 - 66).

The text of the inserted poem given in the body of the Lay is that published, which is identical to that of the typescripts (b) and (c). My father made a very few changes to (c) afterwards (i.e. after the poem had been printed) and these are given in the notes that follow, as also are the earlier forms of the penultimate verse.

It may finally be observed that if my deductions are correct the introduction in the Lay of the reference to the Lay of Leithian and the outline of the story told by Halog preceded the publication of Light as Leaf on Lindentree in June 1925.

419. magic > wonder, later emendation made to the typescript (c) of Light as Leaf on Lindentree after the poem published.

424. fairy > elvish, see note to 419.

459, 464. elfin > elvish, see note to 419.

459- 66. In the typescript (a) this penultimate stanza reads as follows:

And Beren caught the elfin maid  
And kissed her trembling starlit eyes:  
The elfin maid that love delayed  
In the days beyond our memory.  
Till moon and star, till music dies,  
Shall Beren and the elfin maid  
Dance to the starlight of her eyes  
And fill the woods with glamoury.

The single manuscript page (bearing the address 'T University, Leeds') has two versions of the stanza intermediate between that in (a) and the final form. The first these reads:

Ere Beren caught the elfin maid  
And kissed her trembling starlit eyes  
Tinuviel, whom love delayed  
In the woven woods of Nemorie  
In the tangled trees of Tramorie.

Till music and till moonlight dies  
 Shall Beren by the elfin maid  
 Dance in the starlight of her eyes  
 And fill the woods with glamoury.

Other variants are suggested for lines 4 and 8:

In the woven woods of Glamoury  
  
 O'er the silver glades of Amoury  
 and  
 Ere the birth of mortal memory  
  
 And fill the woods with glamoury.

I can cast no light on these names.

The second version advances towards the final form, with  
 for lines 4 and 8 of the stanza:

In the land of laughter sorrowless  
 > In spells enchanted sorrowless

In eve unending morrowless

The lines finally achieved are also written here. This rewriting of the penultimate stanza is unquestionably the 1924 'retouching' referred to in the note on typescript (a) (see p. 120).

475. did Halog sing them: did Halog recall IIB as typed. The emendation was made at the same time as the insertion of Light as Leaf on Lindentree; as originally written the line followed on 397, at the end of Halog's story.
520. Finweg IIB unemended; see note to second version line 19.
531. Nirnaith Unoth IIA, and IIB as typed. See note to second version line 26.
550. haled underlined in IIB and an illegible word substituted, perhaps had.
576. Ermabweth IIA, and IIB as typed. Cf. line 273.
596. Mailrond: see note to line 3 I 9.
658. elfin IIA, elvish IIB as typed.
767. The manuscript IIA ends here.
811. Cor emended in pencil to Tun, but Tun later struck out. In the first version (IB, line 430) the same, but there the emendation Tun not struck out.
812. Taingwethil: Tengwethil as typed. In the first version IB introduces Tain- for Ten- at lines 431, 636, but at line 1409 IB has Ten- for IA Tain-.  
 A later pencilled note here says: 'English Tindbrenting' (see Commentary, p. 127).

Commentary on Part II  
 of the second version  
 'Turin's Fostering'.

(i) References to the story of Beren and Luthien

In this second part of the second version the major innovation is of course the introduction of the story of Beren and Luthien, told to Turin by his guardian Halog when they were lost in the forest, at once reminiscent of Aragorn's telling of the same story to his companions on Weathertop before the attack of the Ringwraiths (*The Fellowship of the Ring* I. 11); and with the further introduction of the poem Light as Leaf on

Lindentree, the original form of the very song that Aragorn chanted on Weathertop, we realise that the one scene is actually the precursor of the other.

At line 264 (an original, not an interpolated line) is the first appearance of the name Luthien for Thingol's daughter, so that Tinuviel becomes her acquired name (given to her by Beren, line 361). The suggestion of the interpolated lines 266 - 7 is that Tinuviel meant 'Starmantled', which seems likely enough (see I. 269, entry Tinwe Linto; the Gnomish dictionary, contemporary with the Lost Tales, rather surprisingly gives no indication of the meaning of Tinuviel). On the other hand, in the interpolated line 361 the suggestion is equally clear that it meant 'Nightingale'. It is difficult to explain this.\*

The original reading at line 265, Dairon's sister, goes back to the Tale of Tinuviel, where Dairon was the son of Tinwelint (II. 10).

I noted earlier (p. 25) that lines 178-9 in the first version

and never ere now for need or wonder  
had children of Men chosen that pathway

show that Beren was still an Elf, not a Man; but while these lines are retained without change in the second version (349 - 50) their meaning is reversed by the new line that immediately follows - save Beren the brave, which shows equally clearly that Beren was a Man, not an Elf. At this time my father was apparently in two minds on this subject. At lines 273 ff. of the second version (referring to Beren's friendship with Hurin) he originally repeated lines 122 - 5 of the first, which make no statement on the matter; but in the first revision of this passage (given in the note to lines 274-8) he explicitly wrote that Beren was an Elf:

(\* A possible if rather finespun explanation is that lines 266-8 were not in fact written in to the text at the same time as the two pasted-in slips (giving lines 358-66 and 398 - 402), as I have supposed (p. 120), but were earlier. O&his view, when 266-8 were written Tinuviel was not yet Beren's name for Luthien, but was her common soubriquet, known both near and far (266), and meant 'Star-mantled'. Later, when 358 - 66 were added, it had become the name given to her by Beren (361), and meant 'Nightingale'. If this were so, it could also be supposed that line 268, who light as leaf on linden tree, gave rise to the title of the poem.)

(Beren) who once of old  
fellowship had vowed and friendly love  
Elf with mortal, even Egnor's son  
with Hurin of Hithlum...

Since this is a rewriting of the original text of IIB it is presumably a withdrawal from the idea (that Beren was a Man) expressed in lines 349 - 50; while the further rewriting of this passage, getting rid of the line Elf with mortal, even Egnor's son, presumably represents a return to it.

In Halog's recounting of the story of Beren and Luthien there are some apparent differences from that told in the Tale of the Nauglafring and the Lay of Leithian. The reference to Melian's magic in line 371 is presumably to Melian's knowledge of where Beren was; cf. the Tale of Tinuviel II. 17: "'O Gwendeling, my mother," said she, "tell me of thy magic, if thou canst, how doth Beren fare..." A probable explanation of the mention later in this passage of the arts of Melian (393), in association with Luthien's winning Beren back from death, will be given later. But in no other version of the story is there any suggestion that Carcharoth 'hunted' Beren and Luthien (377) after he had devoured Beren's hand holding the Silmaril - indeed, the reverse: from the Tale of Tinuviel (II. 34) 'Then did Tinuviel and Beren flee like the wind from the gates, yet was Karkaras far before them' to The Silmarillion (p. 181) 'Howling he fled before them'. (The form Carcharoth now first

appears, by emendation of Carcharolch, which occurs nowhere else; in the Tale of Tinuviel the forms are Karkaras and (in the second version) Carcaras.)

More important, lines 395-7

that they dwell for ever in days ageless  
and the grass greys not in the green forest  
where East or West they ever wander

seems to represent a conception of the second lives of Beren and Luthien notably different from that in the Tale of the Nauglafring (II. 240), where the doom of mortality that Mandos had spoken fell swiftly upon them (as also in *The Silmarillion*, p. 236):

nor this time did those twain fare the road together, but when yet was the child of those twain, Dior the Fair, a little one, did Tinuviel slowly fade... and she vanished in the woods, and none have seen her dancing ever there again. But Beren searched all the lands of Hithlum and Artanor ranging after her; and never has any of the Elves had more loneliness than his, or ever he too faded from life...

However this matter is to be interpreted, the lines in the Lay are clearly to be associated with the end of Light as Leaf on Lindentree:

Till moonlight and till music dies  
Shall Beren by the elfin maid  
Dance in the starlight of her eyes  
In the forest singing sorrowless.

Compare the end of the song that Aragorn sang on Weathertop:

The ring Seas between them lay,  
And yet at last they met once more,  
And long ago they passed away  
In the forest singing sorrowless.

(ii) The Dragon-helm and Hurin's ancestors

The elder of Turin's guardians, still Gumlin in the first version, is now named (Mailgond >) Mailrond; and Gumlin becomes the name of Hurin's father, who has not been even mentioned before (other than in the reference in the first version to the Dragon-helm being Hurin's heirloom, 318). In the second version the Dragon-helm

was worn aforetime  
by the father of the fathers of the folk of Hurin,  
whose sire Gumlin to his son gave it  
ere his soul severed from his sundered heart. (674.- 7)

The last line suggests that a story of Hurin's father had already come into existence; and line 675 suggests a long line of ancestors behind Hurin - as also does line 622, the pride of her people, princes ancient, behind Morwen. It is hard to know how my father at this time conceived the earlier generations of Men; and the question must be postponed.

The Dragon-helm itself now begins to gather a history: it was made

in dark dwarfland in the deeps of time,  
ere Men to Mithrim and misty Hithlum  
o'er the world wandered (672 - 4)

and was the work of Telchar (678), now named for the first time. But there is still no indication of the significance attaching to the dragon-crest.

Lines 758 - 62 (Lo! me deemed as dead the dragon of the North ... Or is Hurin of Hithlum from Hell broken?), to which there is nothing corresponding in the first version, clearly foreshadows the Narn, p. 79:

and word ran through the woods, and was heard far beyond Doriath, that the Dragon-helm of Dor-lomin was seen again. Then many wondered, saying: 'Can the spirit of Hador or of Galdor the Tall return from death; or has Hurin of Hithlum escaped indeed from the pits of Angband?'

(iii) Miscellaneous Matters.

The curious references to Beleg in the first version ('son of the wilderness who wist no sire', see p. 25) reappear in the second, but in a changed form, and at one of the occurrences put into Beleg's own mouth: the forest is my father 536, cf. 772. Beleg the ageless is retained in the second version (793), and at lines 544 ff. he shows a Gandalf-like quality of being able to make fire in wet wood, with his wizard's cunning (cf. *The Fellowship of the Ring* II. 3).

The great bow of Beleg is now at last named: Balthronding (773; later Belthronding).

We learn now that the strong wine of Dor-Winion that Beleg gave to the travellers and which was drunk at the fateful feast in the Thousand Caves was brought to the Northern lands from Nogrod by Dwarves (540 - 1); and also that there was viticulture in Valinor (543 - 4), though after the accounts of life in the halls of Tulkas and Orome in the tale of *The Coming of the Valar* (I. 75) this causes no surprise - indeed it is said that Nessa wife of Tulkas bore 'goblets of the goodliest wine', while Measse went among the warriors in her house and 'revived the fainting with strong wine' (I. 78).

An interesting detail in the second account of Turin's reception in Doriath, not found again, is that Melian played a part in the king's graciousness:

for Melian moved him with murmured counsel. (580)  
From the feast at which Turin slew Orgof the songs of the sons of Ing of the first version (line 421) have now disappeared.

The chronology of Turin's youth is slightly changed in the second version. In the first, as in the Tale (see p. 25), Turin spent seven years in Doriath while tidings still came from Morwen (line 333); this now becomes nine years (line 693), as in *The Silmarillion* (p. 199).

Lastly, at line 812 a pencilled note against the name Taingwethil (Taniquetil) says 'English Tindbrenting'. This name is found in notes on the Old English forms of Elvish names (see p. 87), Tindbrenting *pe pa Brega Taniquetil nemnad* ('Tindbrenting which the Valar name Taniquetil'; Old English *bregu* 'king, lord, ruler' = 'Vala'). The name is perhaps to be derived from Old English *tind* 'projecting spike' (Modern English *tine*) and *brenting* (a derivative of *brant* 'steep, lofty'), here used in an unrecorded sense (*brenting* occurs only once in recorded Old English, in *Beowulf*, where it means 'ship').

\*

Verses associated with *The Children of Hurin*.

There is a poem found in three manuscripts, all on 'Oxford' paper (see p. 81), in which my father developed elements in the passage lines

2082 - 2113 in *The Children of Hurin* to a short independent work. The first text has no title, and reads:

The high summer

waned to autumn, and western gales  
 the leaves loosened from labouring boughs.  
 The feet of the forest in fading gold  
 and burnished brown were buried deeply;                   5  
 a restless rustle down the roofless aisles  
 sighed and whispered. The Silver Wherry,  
 the sailing moon with slender mast  
 was filled with fires as of furnace hot;  
 its hold hoarded the heats of summer,                   10  
 its shrouds were shaped of shining flame  
 uprising ruddy o'er the rim of Evening  
 by the misty wharves on the margin of the world.  
 Then winter hastened and weathers hardened,  
 and sleet and snow and slanting rain                   15  
 from glowering heaven, grey and sunless,  
 whistling whiplash whirled by tempest,  
 the lands forlorn lashed and tortured:  
 floods were loosened, the fallow waters  
 sweeping seaward, swollen, angry,                   20  
 filled with flotsam, foaming, turbid  
 passed in tumult. The tempest failed:  
 frost descended from the far mountains,  
 steel-cold and still. Stony-glinting  
 icehung evening was opened wide,                   25  
 a dome of crystal over deep silence,  
 the windless wastes, the woods standing  
 frozen phantoms under flickering stars.

Against deeply in line 5 is given thickly as an alternative reading, and against Wherry in line 7 is given vessel.

The first 13 lines of this are almost identical to 2082 - 94 in the Lay, with only a few slight changes (mostly for the common purpose in my father's revisions of his alliterative verse of making the lines more taut). Then follow in lines 14 - 16 adaptations of 2102 - 4; 17 is a new line; 18 contains a part of 2119; 19 - 22a are based on 2106 - 9a; 22b) - 24 are new; and 25 - 8 are almost the same as 2110 - 13.

The second version of the poem bears the title Storm over Narog, and is much developed. This version as written retained lines 14 - 15 from the first, but they were changed and expanded to three; and the third text, entitled Winter comes to Nargothrond, is a copy of the second with this alteration and one or two other very slight changes. I give the third text here.

Winter comes to Nargothrond.

The summer slowly in the sad forest  
 waned and faded. In the west arose  
 winds that wandered over warring seas.  
 Leaves were loosened from labouring boughs:  
 fallow-gold they fell, and the feet buried                   5  
 of trees standing tall and naked,  
 rustling restlessly down roofless aisles,  
 shifting and drifting.  
                   The shining vessel  
 of the sailing moon with slender mast,  
 with shrouds shapen of shimmering flame,                   10  
 uprose ruddy on the rim of Evening  
 by the misty wharves on the margin of the world.  
 With winding horns winter hunted  
 in the weeping woods, wild and ruthless;  
 sleet came slashing, and slanting hail                   15

from glowering heaven grey and sunless,  
 whistling whiplash whirled by tempest.  
 The floods were freed and fallow waters  
 sweeping seaward, swollen, angry,  
 filled with flotsam, foaming, turbid, 20  
 passed in tumult. The tempest died.  
 Frost descended from far mountains  
 steel-cold and still. Stony-glinting  
 icehung evening was opened wide,  
 a dome of crystal over deep silence, 25  
 over windless wastes and woods standing  
 as frozen phantoms under flickering stars.

On the back of Winter comes to Nargothrond are written the following verses, which arose from lines 1554 - 70 of the Lay. The poem has no title.

With the seething sea Sirion's waters,  
 green streams gliding into grey furrows,  
 murmurous mingle. There mews gather,  
 seabirds assemble in solemn council,  
 whitewinged hosts whining sadly 5  
 with countless voices in a country of sand:  
 plains and mountains of pale yellow  
 sifting softly in salt breezes,  
 sere and sunbleached. At the sea's margin

a shingle lies, long and shining 10  
 with pebbles like pearl or pale marble:  
 when the foam of waves down the wind flieth  
 in spray they sparkle; splashed at evening  
 in the moon they glitter; moaning, grinding,  
 in the dark they tumble; drawing and rolling, 15  
 when strongbreasted storm the streams driveth  
 in a war of waters to the walls of land.  
 When the Lord of Ocean his loud trumpets  
 in the abyss bloweth to battle sounding,  
 longhaired legions on lathered horses 20  
 with backs like whales, bridles spuming,  
 charge there snorting, champing seaweed;  
 hurled with thunder of a hundred drums  
 they leap the bulwarks, burst the leaguer,  
 through the sandmountains sweeping madly 25  
 up the river roaring roll in fury.

The last three lines were later placed within brackets.

It may be mentioned here that there exists a poem in rhyming couplets entitled The Children of Hurin. This extends only to 170 lines and breaks off abruptly, after a short prologue based on the opening of the later version of the alliterative Lay and an incomplete second section titled 'The Battle of Unnumbered Tears and Morgoth's Curse'. This poem comes however from a rather later period - approximately the time of the abandonment of the Lay of Leithian in the same metre, in the early 1930s, and I do not give it here.

## II. POEMS EARLY ABANDONED.





the light is lost whence he lit them first,      80  
the fate of Faerie hath found its hour

Thus the witless wisdom its reward hath earned  
of the Gods' jealousy, who guard us here  
to serve them, sing to them in our sweet cages,  
to contrive them gems and jewelled trinkets,      85  
their leisure to please with our loveliness,  
while they waste and squander work of ages,  
nor can Morgoth master in their mansions sitting  
at countless councils. Now come ye all,  
who have courage and hope! My call harken      90  
to flight, to freedom in far places!  
The woods of the world whose wide mansions  
yet in darkness dream drowned in slumber,  
the pathless plains and perilous shores  
no moon yet shines on nor mounting dawn      95  
in dew and daylight hath drenched for ever,  
far better were these for bold footsteps  
than gardens of the Gods gloom-encircled  
with idleness filled and empty days.  
Yea! though the light lit them and the loveliness      100  
beyond heart's desire that hath held us slaves  
here long and long. But that light is dead.  
Our gems are gone, our jewels ravished;  
and the Three, my Three, thrice-enchanted  
globes of crystal by gleam undying      105  
illuminated, lit by living splendour  
and all hues' essence, their eager flame -  
Morgoth has them in his monstrous hold,  
my Silmarils. I swear here oaths,      110  
unbreakable bonds to bind me ever,  
by Timbrenting and the timeless halls  
of Bredhil the Blessed that abides thereon -  
may she hear and heed - to hunt endlessly  
unwearying unwavering through world and sea,  
through leaguered lands, lonely mountains,      115  
over fens and forest and the fearful snows,  
till I find those fair ones, where the fate is hid  
of the folk of Elfland and their fortune locked,  
where alone now lies the light divine.'

Then his sons beside him, the seven kinsmen,      120

crafty Curufin, Celegorm the fair,  
Damrod and Diriel and dark Cranthir,  
Maglor the mighty, and Maidros tall  
(the eldest, whose ardour yet more eager burnt  
than his father's flame, than Feanor's wrath;      125  
him fate awaited with fell purpose),  
these leapt with laughter their lord beside,  
with linked hands there lightly took  
the oath unbreakable; blood thereafter  
it spilled like a sea and spent the swords      130  
of endless armies, nor hath ended yet:

'Be he friend or foe or foul offspring  
of Morgoth Bauglir, be he mortal dark  
that in after days on earth shall dwell,  
shall no law nor love nor league of Gods,      135  
no might nor mercy, not moveless fate,  
defend him for ever from the fierce vengeance

of the sons of Feanor, whoso seize or steal  
 or finding keep the fair enchanted  
 globes of crystal whose glory dies not, 140  
 the Silmarils. We have sworn for ever! '

Then a mighty murmuring was moved abroad  
 and the harkening host hailed them roaring:  
 'Let us go! yea go from the Gods for ever  
 on Morgoth's trail o'er the mountains of the world 145  
 to vengeance and victory! Your vows are ours!

The poem ends here (but see note to line 146).

\*

#### NOTES.

41. starry gardens C, starlit domes A, B.  
 42. Tengwethil's A (with Timbrenting written in margin), Tim-  
 brenting's B, Timbrenting C (with Taingwethil written in  
 margin). See note to The Children of Hurin (second version) line  
 812.  
 45. Bridhil A, B, C, emended in C to Bredhil; so also at line 112.  
 107. and all hues' essence: this half-line (in the form all hue's

essence) occurs also in the second version of The Children of  
 Hurin, line 381, where it is said of the Silmaril of Beren.

111. Tengwethil A, Timbrenting B, C.  
 134. that in after days on earth shall dwell: this line bracketed  
 later in pencil in C.  
 146. There are three roughly-written lines in the margin of the last page  
 of A which were not taken up in B and C, but which presumably  
 follow on line 146:

But Finweg cried Fingolfin's son  
 when his father found that fair counsel,  
 that wit and wisdom were of worth no more:  
 'Fools

#### Commentary on The Flight of the Noldoli.

Sad as it is that this poem was abandoned so soon - when in full mastery  
 of the alliterative line my father might have gone on to recount the  
 Kinslaying of Alqualonde, the Prophecy of the North, the crossing of the  
 Helcaraxe, and the burning of the ships, there is nonetheless in its few  
 lines much of interest for the study of the development of the legend.  
 Most notably, there here appears the earliest version of the actual words  
 of the Feanorian Oath. The Oath was first referred to in the outlines for  
 Gilfanon's Tale (I. 238, 240):

The Seven Sons of Feanor swore their terrible oath of hatred for ever  
 against all, Gods or Elves or Men, who should hold the Silmarils

but it was there sworn after the coming of the Elves from Valinor, and after  
 the death of Feanor. In the present poem is the first appearance of the  
 story that the Oath was taken in Valinor before the departure of the  
 Gnomes. It has also been referred to in The Children of Hurin, lines  
 631 ff. of the first version, where it is implied that the mountain of  
 Tain-Gwethil was taken in witness - as it was in The Silmarillion (p. 83):  
 here (line i x x) Feanor himself swears by Timbrenting that he will never  
 cease to hunt for the Silmarils.

I cannot explain why line 134

that in after days on earth shall dwell

was bracketed (always a mark of exclusion or at least of doubtful retention) in the C-text. The line reappears in identical form in the Lay of Leithian (Canto VI, 1636); cf. The Silmarillion 'Vala, Demon, Elf or Man as yet unborn'.

The fixed epithets of certain of the Sons of Feanor are changed from those in The Children of Hurin (see p. 86): Celegorm is now 'the fair' and Mairon 'the tall', as they remained; Maglor is 'the mighty' (in The Silmarillion 'the mighty singer'). The line concerning Mairon

him fate awaited with fell purpose (126)

may show that a form of the story of his end was already in being (in the Tale of the Nauglafring he survived the attack on Dior the Fair but nothing more is told of him), but I think it much more likely that it refers to his capture and maiming by Morgoth.

In Feanor's speech occur two interesting references: to the Nine Valar, and to his father Finwë. The number of the Valar is nowhere stated in the Lost Tales (where in any case the name includes lesser divine beings; cf. e.g. I. 65 - 6 'With them came many of those lesser Vali... the Manir and the Suruli, the sylphs of the airs and of the winds'); but 'the Nine Valar' are referred to in the 'Sketch of the Mythology' (1926) and named in the 1930 'Silmarillion'. Manwë, Ulmo, Ossë, Aulë, Mandos, Lórien, Túlkas, Óromë, and Melko.

Feanor's father has not been named since the tale of The Theft of Melko and the Darkening of Valinor (I. 145 ff.), where he was called Bruithwir, slain by Melko. In The Children of Hurin there is no indication that Feanor was akin to other princes of the Gnomes - though there can be no doubt that by that time he in fact was so. But the essential features of the Noldorin royal house as it had now emerged and as it was to remain for many years can now be deduced. In the first version of The Children of Hurin (line 29 and note) Turgon was the son of Finwë (actually spelt Finweg), as he had been in the Lost Tales (I. 115), but this was changed to Finwë's heir, with the note 'he was Fingolfin's son'; and in the second version Turgon the mighty, IFingolfin's son is found in the text as written (48 - 9). We thus have:

```

      Finwë (Finweg)
      |
      Fingolfin

      Turgon
  
```

Further, Finweg appears in The Children of Hurin (first version 1975, second version 19, 520) as the King of the Gnomes who died in the Battle of Unnumbered Tears; in two of these cases the name was later changed to Fingon. In the lines added at the end of the A-text of The Flight of the Noldoli (note to line 146) Finweg is Fingolfin's son. We can therefore add:

```

      Finwë (Finweg)

      I
      Fin lhn

      Finweg          Turgon
      (> Fingon)
  
```

Now in *The Flight of the Noldoli* Feanor is called Finn's son; and in the 'Sketch of the Mythology' Finn is given as an alternative to Finwe:

The Eldar are divided into three hosts, one under Ingwe (Ing)..., one under Finwe (Finn) after called the Noldoli...\*

Thus Feanor has become Fingolfin's brother:

```

                Finwe (Finweg, Finn)
                |
            Feanor
                |
    Seven sons      Finweg Turgon
                (> Fingon)
  
```

(Only in a later note to lines 1713 - 20 of *The Children of Hurin* has Finwe's third son Finrod appeared, father of Felagund, Angrod, Egnor, and Orodreth.)

Feanor's speech also contains a curious foreknowledge of the making of the Sun and Moon (92 - 6):

The woods of the world whose wide mansions  
yet in darkness dream drowned in slumber,  
the pathless plains and perilous shores  
no moon yet shines on nor mounting dawn  
in dew and daylight hath drenched for ever

Very notable are Feanor's concluding words (117 - 18):

till I find those fair ones, where the fate is hid  
of the folk of Elfland and their fortune locked

Cf. *The Silmarillion*, p. 67: 'Mandos foretold that the fates of Arda lay locked within them', and Thingol's words to Beren (*ibid.* p. 167): 'though the fate of Arda lie within the Silmarils, yet you shall hold me generous'. It is clear that the Silmarils had already gained greatly in significance since the earliest period of the mythology (see I. 156, 169 note z; II. 259).

In no other version is Feanor seen on this occasion holding flaming torches in his hands and whirling them aloft.

The lines (38 - g)

Of the Three Kindreds to that clamorous throng  
are none but the Gnomes in numbers drawn

go back to the tale of *The Flight of the Noldoli* (I. 162): 'Now when...

(\* In the 1930 'Silmarillion' it is expressly stated that Ing and Finn are the Gnomish forms of Ingwe and Finwe.)

Feanor sees that far the most of the company is of the kin of the Noldor', on which I noted (I. 169) 'It is to be remembered that in the old story the Teleri (i.e. the later Vanyar) had not departed from Kor.' Later evidence shows that the old story had not been changed; but the fact that in the present poem the Elves of Ing (Ingwe) were on Timbrenting (Taniquetil) in the mansions of Manwe and Varda shows the entry of the later narrative (found in the 'Sketch') of the destruction of the Trees. In the old tale of *The Theft of Melko and the Darkening of Valinor* (I. 143 ff. and commentary I. 157) the great festival was the occasion of

Melko's attack on the place of the Gnomes' banishment northward in Valinor, the slaying of Feanor's father, and the theft of the Silmarils; and the destruction of the Trees followed some time afterwards. Now however the festival is the occasion of the attack on the Trees; the First Kindred are on Taniquetil but most of the Gnomes are not.

The name by which Varda is here called, Bridhil the Blessed (changed in C to Bredhil), is found in the old Gnomish dictionary, and also Timbridhil (I. 269, 273, entries Tinwetari, Varda). On Timbrenting see p. 127, where the form Tindbrenting occurring in The Children of Hurin (in a note to second version line 812) is discussed. Both forms are found in the 'Sketch':

Timbrenting or Tindbrenting in English, Tengwethil in Gnomish,  
Taniquetil in Elfin.

The form with -m- is therefore evidently due to a change of pronunciation in English, ndb > mb.

In line 41 the earlier reading starlit domes, changed to starry gardens, is probably to be related to the account in the tale of The Coming of the Valar and the Building of Valinor of Manwe's abode on Taniquetil (I. 73):

That house was builded of marbles white and blue and stood amid the fields of snow, and its roofs were made of a web of that blue air called ilwe that is above the white and grey. This web did Aule and his wife contrive, but Varda spangled it with stars, and Manwe dwelt there-under.

This idea of a roof lit with stars was never lost and appears in a changed form long after, though it is not mentioned in The Silmarillion.

The lines (21 - 3)

The dim fingers

of fog came floating from the formless waste  
and sunless seas

find an echo in The Silmarillion (p.76):

it blew chill from the East in that hour, and the vast shadows of the sea  
were rolled against the walls of the shore.

The lines at the end of the A-text (note to line 146) show that Fingolfin has taken Finwe Noleme's place as the voice of reason and moderation amid the revolutionary enthusiasm of the Noldoli in the great square of Kor (see I. 162, 171).

Lastly may be noticed the term 'Foam-riders' used (line 52) of the Third Kindred (the Solosimpi of the Lost Tales, later the Teleri); this has been used once before, in AElfwine of England (II. 314), where it is said of AElfwine's mother Eadgifu that when he was born

the Foamriders, the Elves of the Sea-marge, whom she had known of:  
old in Lionesse, sent messengers to his birth.

Analysis of the metre of the poem.

At the end of the second text (B) of The Flight of the Noldoli my father made an analysis of the metrical forms of the first 20 and certain subsequent lines. For his analysis and explanation of the Old English metre see On Translating Beowulf, in The Monsters and the Critics and Other Essays, 1983, pp. 61 ff. The letters A, + A, B, C, D, E on the left-hand side of the table refer to the 'types' of Old English half-line; the letters beneath the analyses of 'lifts' and 'dips' are the alliterations employed in

each line, with 0 used for any vowel (since all vowels 'alliterate' with each other) and X for a consonant beginning a lift but not forming part of the alliterative scheme of the line; the words 'full', 'simple', etc. refer to the nature of the alliterative pattern in each case.

It may be noticed that the scansion of the first half of line 8 (with the first lift -goli-) shows that the primary stress fell on the second syllable of Ungoliant; and that sp can only alliterate with sp (lines 9, 130), as in Old English (the same is of course true of sh, which is a separate consonant).

(ii) Fragment of an alliterative Lay of Earendel.

There exists one other piece of alliterative verse concerned with the matter of the Lost Tales, the opening of a poem that has no title and does not extend far enough to make clear what its subject was to be. The fall of Gondolin, the escape of the fugitives down the secret tunnel, the fight at Crithorn, and the long wandering in the wilds thereafter, are passed over rapidly in what were to be the introductory lines, and the subject seems about to appear at the end of the fragment:

all this have others in ancient stories  
and songs unfolded, but say I further...

and the concluding lines refer to the sojourn of the fugitives in the Land of Willows. But at the end of the text my father wrote several times in different scripts 'Earendel', 'Earendel son of Fengel', 'Earendel Fengelsson'; and I think it extremely likely, even almost certain, that this poem was to be a Lay of Earendel. (On Fengel see the next section.)

The text is in the first stage of composition and is exceedingly rough, but it contains one line of the utmost interest for the history of Earendel. It is written on examination paper from the University of Leeds and clearly belongs in time with *The Lay of the Children of Hurin* and *The Flight of the Noldoli*: more than that seems impossible to say.

Lo! the flame of fire and fierce hatred engulfed Gondolin and its glory fell, its tapering towers and its tall rooftops were laid all low, and its leaping fountains made no music more on the mount of Gwareth,	5
and its whitehewn walls were whispering ash. But Wade of the Helsings wearyhearted ) Tur the earthborn was tried in battle from the wrack and ruin a remnant led women and children and wailing maidens and wounded men of the withered folk	10
down the path unproven that pierced the hillside, neath Tumladin he led them to the leaguer of hills that rose up rugged as ranged pinnacles to the north of the vale. There the narrow way of Crithorn was cloven, the Cleft of Eagles,	15
through the midmost mountains. And more is told in lays and in legend and lore of others of that weary way of the wandering folk; how the waifs of Gondolin outwitted Melko, vanished o'er the vale and vanquished the hills,	20
how Glorfindel the golden in the gap of the Eagles battled with the Balrog and both were slain: one like flash of fire from fanged rock, one like bolted thunder black was smitten to the dreadful deep digged by Thornsir.	25

Of the thirst and hunger of the thirty moons  
 when they sought for Sirion and were sore bestead  
 by plague and peril; of the Pools of Twilight  
 and Land of Willows; when their lamentation  
 was heard in the halls where the high Gods sate 30  
 veiled in Valinor .. the Vanished Isles;  
 all this have others in ancient stories  
 and songs unfolded, but say I further  
 how their lot was lightened, how they laid them down  
 in long grasses of the Land of Willows. 35  
 There sun was softer, ... the sweet breezes  
 and whispering winds, there wells of slumber  
 and the dew enchanted

\*

#### NOTES.

The next lines are

where stony-voiced that stream of Eagles  
 runs o'er the rocky

but the second of these is struck out and the first left without continuation.

31. The second half-line was written in the Vanished Isles, but in was struck out and replaced by a word that I cannot interpret.

36. The second half-line was written and the sweet breezes, but and was struck out and replaced by some other word, possibly then.

#### Commentary.

For the form Tur see I I. 148, 260.

In the tale of The Fall of Gondolin Cristhorn, the Eagles' Cleft, was in the Encircling Mountains south of Gondolin, and the secret tunnel led southwards from the city (II. 167 - 8 etc.); but from line 14 of this fragment it is seen that the change to the north had already entered the legend.

Lines 26 - 7 (the thirty moons when they sought for Sirion) go back to the Fall of Gondolin, where it is said that the fugitives wandered 'a year and more' in the wastes (see II. 195, 214).

The reading of line 7 as first written (it was not struck out, but Tur the earthborn was tried in battle was added in the margins):

But Wade of the Helsings wearyhearted

is remarkable. It is taken directly from the very early Old English poem Widsith, where occurs the line Wada Haelsingum, sc. Wada [weold] Haelsingum, 'Wada ruled the Haelsingas'. One may well wonder why the mysterious figure of Wade should appear here in Tuor's place, and indeed I cannot explain it: but whatever the reason, the association of Wade with Tuor is not casual. Of the original story of Wade almost nothing is known; but he survived in popular recollection through the Middle Ages and later - he is mentioned by Malory as a mighty being, and Chaucer refers to 'Wade's boat' in The Merchant's Tale; in Troilus and Crisyede Pandare told a 'tale of Wade'. R. W. Chambers (Widsith, Cambridge 1912, p. 95) said that Wade was perhaps 'originally a sea-giant, dreaded and honoured by the coast tribes of the North Sea and the Baltic'; and the tribe of the Haelsingas over which he is said to have ruled in Widsith is supposed to have left its name in Helsingor (Elsinore) in Denmark and in Helsingfors in Finland. Chambers summed up what few generalities he thought might be made from the scattered references in English and German as follows:

We find these common characteristics, which we may assume belonged to their ancient prototype, Wada of the Haelsingas:

- (1) Power over the sea.
- (2) Extraordinary strength - often typified by superhuman stature.
- (3) The use of these powers to help those whom Wade favours.

... Probably he grew out of the figure, not of a historic chief, but of a - supernatural power, who had no story all his own, and who interested mortal men only when he interfered in their concerns. Hence he is essentially a helper in time of need; and we may be fairly confident that already in the oldest lays he possessed this character.

Most interesting, however, is the fact that in Speght's annotations to Chaucer (1598) he said:

Concerning Wade and his bote Guingelot, as also his strange exploits in the same, because the matter is long and fabulous, I passe it over.

The likeness of Guingelot to Wingelot is sufficiently striking; but when we place together the facts that Wingelot was Earendel's ship,\* that Earendel was Tuor's son, that Tuor was peculiarly associated with the sea, and that here 'Wade of the Helsingas' stands in the place of Tuor, coincidence is ruled out. Wingelot was derived from Wade's boat, Guingelot as certainly, I think, as was Earendel from the Old English figure (this latter being a fact expressly stated by my father, II. 309). Why my father should have intruded 'Wade of the Helsingas' into the verses at this point is another question. It may conceivably have been unintentional - the words Wada Haelsingum were running in his mind (though in that case one might expect that he would have struck the line out and not merely written another line against it as an alternative): but at any rate the reason why they were running in his mind is clear, and this possibility in no way diminishes the demonstrative value of the line that Wingelot was derived from Guingelot, and that there was a connection of greater significance than the mere taking over of a name- just as in the case of Earendel.

\*

(iii) The Lay of the Fall of Condolin.

This was the title that late in his life my father wrote on the bundle of papers constituting the abandoned beginning of this poem; but it seems that it was not conceived on a large scale, since the narrative had reached

In which he undertook 'fabulous exploits'. It is conceivable that there was some connection between Earendel's great world-girdling voyage and the travels of Wade as described by the twelfth-century English writer Walter Map, who tells how Gado (sc. Wade) journeyed in his boat to the furthest Indies.

the dragon-fire arising over the northern heights already within 130 lines. That he composed it while at the University of Leeds is certain, but I strongly suspect that it was the first versification of matter from the Lost Tales undertaken, before he turned to the alliterative line. The story, so far as it goes, has undergone virtually no development from the prose tale of The Fall of Condolin, and the closeness of the Lay to the Tale can be seen from this comparison (though the passage is exceptional):

(Tale, II. 158)

Rejoice that ye have found it, for behold before you the City of Seven Names where all who war with Melko may find hope.'

Then said Tuor: 'What be those names?' And the chief of the Guard made answer: "'Tis said and 'tis sung: "Gondobar am I called and Gondothlimbar, City of Stone and City of the Dwellers in Stone, &c.

(Lay) Rejoice that ye have found it and rest from endless war,  
 For the seven-named city 'tis that stands upon the hill,  
 Where all who strive with Morgoth find hope and valour still.'  
 'What be those names,' said Tuor, 'for I come from long afar?'  
 "'Tis said and 'tis sung,' one answered, "'My name is Gondobar  
 And Gondothlimbar also, the City hewn of Stone,  
 The fortress of the Gnome-folk who dwell in Halls of Stone, &c.

I do not give this poem in extenso here, since it does not, so far as the main narrative is concerned, add anything to the Tale; and my father found, as I think, the metrical form unsuitable to the purpose. There are, however, several passages of interest for the study of the larger development of the legends.

In the Tale, Tuor was the son of Peleg (who was the son of Indor, II. 160), but here he is the son of Fengel; while on a scrap of paper giving rough workings of the passage cited above\* Tuor himself is called Fengel - cf. 'Earendel son of Fengel' at the end of the fragment of an Earendel Lay, p. 141. Long afterwards Fengel was the name of the fifteenth King of Rohan in the Third Age, grandfather of Theoden, and there it is the , 'Old English noun fengel 'king, prince'.

There are some puzzling statements made concerning Fingolfin, whose appearance here, I feel certain, is earlier than those in the alliterative poems; and the passage in which he appears introduces also the story of Isfin and Eol.

(\* This is the page referred to in Unfinished Tales p. 4: some lines of verse in which appear the Seven Names of Gondolin are scribbled on the back of a piece of paper setting out "the chain of responsibility in a battalion". Not knowing at that time where this isolated scrap came from I took this as an indication of very early date, but this is certainly mistaken: the paper must have survived and been used years later for rough writing.)

Lo, that prince of Gondobar [Meglin]  
 dark Eol's son whom Isfin, in a mountain dale afar  
 in the gloom of Doriath's forest, the white-limbed maiden bare,  
 the daughter of Fingolfin, Gelmir's mighty heir.  
 'Twas the bent blades of the Glamhoth that drank Fingolfin's life  
 as he stood alone by Feanor; but his maiden and his wife  
 were wildered as they sought him in the forests of the night,  
 in the pathless woods of Doriath, so dark that as a light  
 of palely mirrored moonsheen were their slender elfin limbs  
 straying among the black holes where only the dim bat skims  
 from Thu's dark-delved caverns. There Eol saw that sheen  
 and he caught the white-limbed Isfin, that she ever since hath been  
 his mate in Doriath's forest, where she weepeth in the gloam;  
 for the Dark Elves were his kindred that wander without home.  
 Meglin she sent to Gondolin, and his honour there was high  
 as the latest seed of Fingolfin, whose glory shall not die;  
 a lordship he won of the Gnome-folk who quarry deep in the earth,  
 seeking their ancient jewels; but little was his mirth,  
 and dark he was and secret and his hair as the strands of night  
 that are tangled in Taur Fuin\* the forest without light.

In the Lost Tales Finwe Noleme, first Lord of the Noldoli, was the ' father of Turgon (and so of Isfin, who was Turgon's sister), I. 115; ' Finwe Noleme was slain in the Battle of Unnumbered Tears and his -' heart cut out by Orcs, but Turgon rescued the body and heart of his father, and the Scarlet Heart became his grim emblem (I. 241, II. 172). Finwe Noleme is also called Fingolma (I. 238 - 9, II. 220).

In the alliterative poems Fingolfin is the son of Finwe (Finweg) and the father of Turgon, and also of Finweg (> Fingon), as he was to remain, (see p. 137). Thus:

Lost Tales.

Finwe Noleme (Fingolma)  
(slain in the Battle of  
Unnumbered Tean).

Turgon.            Isfin.

Alliterative Poems.

Finwe.

Fingolfin.

Turgon.      Finweg (> Fingon):  
(slain in the Battle  
of Unnumbered Tears).

But whereas in the Lay of the Fall of Gondolin Fingolfin has

(\* Taur Fuin is the form in the Lost Tales; it was here emended later to Taur-na-Fuin, which is the form from the first in The Children of Ilurin.)

emerged and stepped into Finwe's place as the father of Turgon and Isfin, he is not here the son of Finwe but of one Gelmir:

Gelmir.

Turgon Isfin.

In an early prose text - one of the very few scraps (to be given in the next volume) that bridge the gap in the prose history between the Lost Tales and the 'Sketch of the Mythology' - Gelmir appears as the King of the Noldoli at the time of the flight from Valinor, and one of his sons is there named Golfin.

There is too little evidence extant (if there ever was any more written down) to penetrate with certainty the earliest evolution of the Noldorin kings. The simplest explanation is that this Gelmir, father of Golfin/ Fingolfin = Fingolma/Finwe Noleme, father of Fingolfin. But it is also said in this passage that Fingolfin was slain by the Glamhoth 'as he stood alone by Feanor', and whatever story lies behind this is now vanished (for the earliest, very obscure, references to the death of Feanor see

I. 238 - 9).

This passage from the Lay of the Fall of Gondolin contains the first account of the story of Eol the Dark Elf, Isfin sister of Turgon, and their son Meglin (for a very primitive form of the legend see II. 220). In the prose tale of The Fall of Gondolin the story is dismissed in the words 'that tale of Isfin and Eol may not here be told', II. 165. In the Lay, Fingolfin's wife and daughter (Isfin) were seeking for him when Isfin was taken by Eol. Since in the 'Sketch' Isfin was lost in Taur-na-Fuin after the Battle of Unnumbered Tears and there trapped by Eol, it is possible that at this stage Fingolfin was the Elvish king who died (beside Feanor?) in the great battle. It is also possible that we see here the genesis

of the idea of Isfin's wandering in the wilds, although of course with subsequent shifts, whereby Fingolfin died in duel with Morgoth after the Battle of Sudden Flame and Fingon (Isfin's brother) was the Noldorin king slain in the Battle of Unnumbered Tears, the story that she was seeking her father was abandoned. What this passage does certainly show is that the story of Isfin's sending her son to Gondolin is original, but that originally Isfin remained with her captor Eol and never escaped from him.

Eol here dwells 'in a mountain dale afar in the gloom of Doriath's forest', 'in the forests of the night', 'where only the dim bat skims from Thu's dark-delved caverns'. This must be the earliest reference to Thu, and at any rate in connected writing the earliest to Doriath (Artanor of the Lost Tales). I have suggested (II. 63) that in the Tale of Tinuviel

'Artanor was conceived as a great region of forest in the heart of which was Tinwelint's cavern', and that the zone of the Queen's protection 'was originally less distinctly bordered, and less extensive, than "the Girdle of Melian" afterwards became'. Here the description of Eol's habitation in a forest without light (where Thu lives in caverns) suggests rather the forest of Taur-na-Fuin, where

Never-dawning night was netted clinging  
in the black branches of the beetling trees

and where

goblins even  
(whose deep eyes drill the darkest shadows)  
bewildered wandered  
(The Children of Hurin, p. 34 lines 753 ff.)

The passage also contains an interesting reference to the purpose of the miners of Gondolin: 'seeking their ancient jewels.'

Earlier in this Lay some lines are given to the coming of Tuor to the hidden door beneath the Encircling Mountains:

Thither Tuor son of Fengel came out of the dim land  
that the Gnomes have called Dor-Lomin, with Bronweg at his hand,  
who fled from the Iron Mountains and had broken Melko's chain  
and cast his yoke of evil, of torment and bitter pain;  
who alone most faithful-hearted led Tuor by long ways  
through empty hills and valleys by dark nights and perilous days,  
till his blue lamp magic-kindled, where flow the shadowy rills  
beneath enchanted alders, found that Gate beneath the hills,  
the door in dark Dungorthin that only-the Gnome-folk knew.

In a draft for this passage the name here is Nan Orwen, emended to Dungorthin. In The Children of Hurin (lines 1457 ff.) Turin and Flinding came to this 'grey valley' after they had passed west over Sirion, and reached the roots of the Shadowy Mountains 'that Hithlum girdle'. For earlier references to Nan Dungorthin and different placings of it see p. 87; the present passage seems to indicate yet another, with the hidden door of Gondolin opening into it.

A few other passages may be noticed. At the beginning there is a reference to old songs telling

how the Gods in council gathered on the outmost rocky bars  
of the Lonely Island westward, and devised a land of ease  
beyond the great sea-shadows and the shadowy seas;  
how they made the deep gulf of Faerie with long and lonely shore . . .

That the Gods were ferried on an island by Osse and the Oarni at the time of the fall of the Lamps is told in the tale of The Coming of the Valar

(I. 70), and that this isle was afterwards that of the Elves' ferrying (becoming Tol Eressea) is told in The Coming of the Elves (I. 118).

When Gondolin was built the people cried 'Cor is built anew!' and the guard who told Tuor the seven names said:

Loth, the Flower, they name me, saying 'Cor is born again,  
even in Loth-a-ladwen,\* the Lily of the Plain.'

I have noticed earlier (II. 208) that whereas it is explicit in The Silmarillion that Turgon devised the city to be 'a memorial of Tirion upon Tuna', and it became 'as beautiful as a memory of Elven Tirion', this is not said in The Fall of Gondolin: Turgon was born in the Great Lands after the return of the Noldoli from Valinor, and had never known Kor. 'One may feel nonetheless that the tower of the King, the fountains and stairs, the white marbles of Gondolin embody a recollection of Kor as it is described in The Coming of the Elves and the Making of Kor (I. 122 - 3).

There is also a reference to Earendel

who passed the Gates of Dread,  
half-mortal and half-elfin, undying and long dead.

The Gates of Dread are probably the gates of the Door of Night, through which Earendel passed (II. 255).

(\* This is the only point in which the Seven Names differ from their forms in the Tale (II. 158). In the Tale the name of the city as 'Lily of the Valley' is Lothengriol. For ladwen 'plain' see II. 344. In a draft of the passage in the lay the name was Loth Barodrin.)

### III. THE LAY OF LEITHIAN.

My father wrote in his diary that he began 'the poem of Tinuviel' during the period of the summer examinations of 1925 (see p. 3), and he abandoned it in September 1931 (see below), when he was 39. The rough workings for the whole poem are extant (and 'rough' means very rough indeed); from them he wrote a fair copy, which I shall call 'A'.\*

On this manuscript A my father most uncharacteristically inserted dates, the first of these being at line 557 (August 23, 1925); and he composed the last hundred-odd lines of the third Canto (ending at line 757) while on holiday at Filey on the Yorkshire coast in September 1925. The next date is two and a half years and 400 lines later, 27 - 28 March 1928 written against line 1161; and thereafter each day for a further nine days, till 6 April 1928, is marked, during which time he wrote out no less than 1768 lines, to 2929.

Since the dates refer to the copying of verses out fair in the manuscript, not to their actual composition, it might be thought that they prove little; but the rough workings of lines 2497 - 2504 are written on an abandoned letter dated x April 1928, and these lines were written in the fair copy A on 4 April - showing that lines 2505 - 2929 were actually composed between x and 6 April. I think therefore that the dates on A can be taken as effectively indicating the time of composition.

The date November 1929 (at line 3031) is followed by a substantial amount of composition in the last week of September 1930, and again in

the middle of September 1931; the last date is 17 September of that year against line 4085 very near the point where the Lay. was abandoned. Details of the dates are given in the Notes.

There is also a typescript text ('B') made by my father, of which the last few hundred lines are in manuscript, and this text ends at precisely the same point as does A. This typescript was begun quite early, since my father mentioned in his diary for 16 August 1926 having done 'a little typing of part of Tinuviel', and before the end of 1929 he gave it to C. S. Lewis to read. On 7 December of that year Lewis wrote to him about it, saying:

I sat up late last night and have read the Geste as far as to where Beren and his gnomish allies defeat the patrol of orcs above the sources of the

(\* This was written on the backs of examination-scripts, tied together and prepared as a blank manuscript: it was large enough to last through the six years, and a few scripts at the end of the bundle remained unused.)

Narog and disguise themselves in the reaf [Old English: 'garments, weapons, taken from the slain']. I can quite honestly say that it is ages since I have had an evening of such delight: and the personal interest of reading a friend's work had very little to do with it. I should have enjoyed it just as well as if I'd picked it up in a bookshop, by an unknown author. The two things that come out clearly are the sense of reality in the background and the mythical value: the essence of a myth being that it should have no taint of allegory to the maker and yet should suggest incipient allegories to the reader,

Lewis had thus reached in his reading about line 2017. He had evidently received more; it may be that the typescript by this time extended to the attack on Luthien and Beren by Celegorm and Curufin fleeing from Nargothrond, against which (at line 303 t) is the date November 1929 in the manuscript. Some time after this, probably early in 1930, Lewis sent my father 14 pages of detailed criticism, as far as line 1161 (if there was any more it has not survived). This criticism he contrived as a heavily academic commentary on the text, pretending to treat the Lay as an ancient and anonymous work extant in many more or less corrupt manuscripts, overlaid by scribal perversions in antiquity and the learned argumentation of nineteenth-century scholars; and thus entertainingly took the sting from some sharply expressed judgements, while at the same time in this disguise expressing strong praise for particular passages. Almost all the verses which Lewis found wanting for one reason or another are marked for revision in the typescript B if not actually rewritten, and in many cases his proposed emendations, or modifications of them, are incorporated into the text. The greater part of Lewis's commentary is given on pp. 315 ff., with the verses he criticised and the alterations made as a result.

My father abandoned the Lay at the point where the jaws of Carcharoth crashed together like a trap on Beren's hand and the Silmaril was engulfed, but though he never advanced beyond that place in the narrative, he did not abandon it for good. When *The Lord of the Rings* was finished he returned to the Lay again and recast the first two Cantos and a good part of the third, and small portions of some others.

To summarise the elements of this history:

- (1). Rough workings of the whole poem, composed 1925 - 31.
- (2). Manuscript A of the whole poem, written out progressively during 1925 - 31.
- (3). Typescript B of the whole poem (ending in manuscript), already in progress in 1926.

This typescript given to C. S. Lewis towards the end of 1929,

when it extended probably to about line 3031.

(4). Recasting of the opening Cantos and parts of some others (after the completion of *The Lord of the Rings*).

The manuscript A was emended, both by changes and insertions, at different times, the majority of these alterations being incorporated in the typescript B; while in B, as typed, there are further changes not found in A.

The amount of emendation made to B varies very greatly. My father used it as a basis for the later rewritings, and in these parts the old typescript is entirely covered with new verses; but for long stretches - by far the greater part of the poem - the text is untouched save for very minor and as it were casual modifications to individual lines here and there.

After much experimentation I have concluded that to make a single, text, an amalgam derived from the latest writing throughout the poem, would be wholly mistaken. Quite apart from the practical difficulty of changed names in the rewritten parts that do not scan in the old lines, the later verse in its range and technical accomplishment is too distinct; too much time had passed, and in the small amount that my father rewrote of the Lay of Leithian after *The Lord of the Rings* we have fragments of a new poem: from which we can gain an idea of what might have been. I have therefore excised these parts, and give them subsequently and separately (Chapter IV).

A further reason for doing so lies in the purpose of this book, which includes the consideration of the Lays as important stages in the evolution of the legends. Some of the revisions to the Lay of Leithian are at least 30 years later than the commencement of the poem. From the point of view of the 'history', therefore, the abandonment of the poem in or soon after September 1931 constitutes a terminal point, and I have excluded emendations to names that are (as I believe) certainly later than that, but included those which are earlier.\* In a case like that of Beleriand, for instance, which was Broseliand for much of the poem in B and always later emended to Beleriand, but had become Beleriand as first written by line 3957, I give Beleriand throughout. On the other hand I retain Gnomes since my father still used this in *The Hobbit*. The many small changes made for metrical/stylistic reasons, however, constitute a problem in the attempt to produce a 1931 text, since it is often impossible to be sure to which 'phase' they belong. Some are

(\* This leads to inconsistent treatment of certain names as between the two long Lays, e.g. Finweg son of Fingolfin in *The Children of Hurin* but Fingon in the Lay of Leithian. Finweg survived into the 1930 version of 'The Silmarillion' but was early emended to Fingon.)

demonstrably very early - e.g. candle flowers emended to flowering candles (line 516), since C. S. Lewis commented on the latter - while others are demonstrably from many years later, and strictly speaking belong with the late rewritings; but many cannot be certainly determined. In any case, such changes - very often made to get rid of certain artifices employed as metrical aids, most notably among these the use of emphatic tenses with doth and did simply in order to obtain a syllable - such changes have no repercussions beyond the improvement of the individual line; and in such cases it seems a pity, through rigid adherence to the textual basis, to lose such small enhancements, or at any rate to hide them in a trail of tedious textual notes, while letting their less happy predecessors stand in the text. I have thought it justifiable therefore to be frankly inconsistent in these details, and while for example retaining Gnomes (for Elves or other substitution) or Thu (for Gorthu or Sauron), to introduce small changes of wording that are certainly later than these. As in the Lay of the Children of Hurin there are no numbered notes

to the text; the annotation, related to the line-numbers of the poem, is very largely restricted to earlier readings, and these earlier readings are restricted to cases where there is some significant difference, as of name or motive. Citations from the manuscript A are always citations from that text as first written (in very many cases it was emended to the reading found in B).

It is to be noticed that while the Lay of Leithian was in process of composition the 'Sketch of the Mythology' was written (first in 1926) and rewritten, leading directly into the version of 'The Silmarillion' that I ascribe to 1930, in which many of the essentials, both in narrative and language, of the published work were already present. In my commentaries on each Canto I attempt to take stock of the development in the legends *pari passu* with the text of the poem, and only refer exceptionally to the contemporary prose works.

The A-text has no title, but on the covering page of the bundle of rough workings is written Tinuviel, and in his early references to the poem my father called it thus, as he called the alliterative poem Turin. The B-text bears this title:

The  
GEST  
of  
BEREN son of BARAHIR  
and  
LUTHIEN the FAY  
called  
TINUVIEL the NIGHTINGALE  
or the  
LAY OF LEITHIAN  
Release from Bondage

The 'Gest of Beren and Luthien' means a narrative in verse, telling of the deeds of Beren and Luthien. The word *gest* is pronounced as Modern English *jest*, being indeed the 'same word' in phonetic form, though now totally changed in meaning.

My father never explained the name Leithian 'Release from Bondage', and we are left to choose, if we will, among various applications that can be seen in the poem. Nor did he leave any comment on the significance - if there is a significance - of the likeness of Leithian to Leithien 'England', In the tale of AElfwine of England the Elvish name of England is Luthien (which was earlier the name of AElfwine himself, England being Luthany), but at the first occurrence (only) of this name the word Leithian was pencilled above it (II. 330, note 20). In the 'Sketch of the Mythology' England was still Luthien (and at that time Thingol daughter was also Luthien), but this was emended to Leithien, and this is the form in the 1930 version of 'The Silmarillion'. I cannot say (i) what connection if any there was between the two significances of Luthien, nor (ii) whether Leithien (once Leithian) 'England' is or was related to Leithian 'Release from Bondage'. The only evidence of an etymological nature that I have found is a hasty note, impossible to date, which refers to a stem *leth-* 'set free', with *leithia* 'release', and compares Lay of Leithian.

The GEST of BEREN and LUTHIEN.

I.

A king there was in days of old:  
ere Men yet walked upon the mould  
his power was reared in cavern's shade,

his hand was over glen and glade.  
 His shields were shining as the moon,  
 his lances keen of steel were hewn,  
 of silver grey his crown was wrought,  
 the starlight in his banners caught;  
 and silver thrilled his trumpets long  
 beneath the stars in challenge strong;  
 enchantment did his realm enfold,  
 where might and glory, wealth untold,  
 he wielded from his ivory throne  
 in many-pillared halls of stone.

There beryl, pearl, and opal pale,     15  
 and metal wrought like fishes' mail,  
 buckler and corslet, axe and sword,  
 and gleaming spears were laid in hoard -  
 all these he had and loved them less  
 than a maiden once in Elfinesse;     20  
 for fairer than are born to Men  
 a daughter had he, Luthien.

Such lissom limbs no more shall run  
 on the green earth beneath the sun;  
 so fair a maid no more shall be     25  
 from dawn to dusk, from sun to sea.  
 Her robe was blue as summer skies,  
 but grey as evening were her eyes;  
 'twas sewn with golden lilies fair,  
 but dark as shadow was her hair.     30  
 Her feet were light as bird on wing,  
 her laughter lighter than the spring;  
 the slender willow, the bowing reed,  
 the fragrance of a flowering mead,  
 the light upon the leaves of trees,     35  
 the voice of water, more than these  
 her beauty was and blissfulness,  
 her glory and her loveliness;  
 and her the king more dear did prize  
 than hand or heart or light of eyes.     40

They dwelt amid Beleriand,  
 while Elfin power yet held the land,  
 in the woven woods of Doriath:  
 few ever thither found the path;  
 few ever dared the forest-eaves     45  
 to pass, or stir the listening leaves  
 with tongue of hounds a-hunting fleet,  
 with horse, or horn, or mortal feet.  
 To North there lay the Land of Dread,  
 whence only evil pathways led     50  
 o'er hills of shadow bleak and cold  
 or Taur-na-Fuin's haunted hold,  
 where Deadly Nightshade lurked and lay  
 and never came or moon or day;  
 to South the wide earth unexplored;     55

to West the ancient Ocean roared,  
 unsailed and shoreless, wide and wild;  
 to East in peaks of blue were piled  
 in silence folded, mist-enfurled,

the mountains of the Outer World,       60  
 beyond the tangled woodland shade,  
 thorn and thicket, grove and glade,  
 whose brooding boughs with magic hung  
 were ancient when the world was young.

There Thingol in the Thousand Caves,       65  
 whose portals pale that river laves  
 Esgalduin that fairies call,  
 in many a tall and torchlit hall  
 a dark and hidden king did dwell,  
 lord of the forest and the fell;       70  
 and sharp his sword and high his helm,  
 the king of beech and oak and elm.

There Luthien the lissom 'maid  
 would dance in dell and grassy glade,  
 and music merrily, thin and clear,       75  
 went down the ways, more fair than ear  
 of mortal Men at feast hath heard,  
 and fairer than the song of bird.  
 When leaves were long and grass was green  
 then Dairon with his fingers lean,       80  
 as daylight melted into shade,  
 a wandering music sweetly made,  
 enchanted fluting, warbling wild,  
 for love of Thingol's elfin child.

There bow was bent and shaft was sped,       85  
 the fallow deer as phantoms fled,  
 and horses proud with braided mane,  
 with shining bit and silver rein,  
 went fleeting by on moonlit night,  
 as swallows arrow-swift in flight;       90  
 a blowing and a sound of bells,  
 a hidden hunt in hollow dells.  
 There songs were made and things of gold,  
 and silver cups and jewels untold,  
 and the endless years of Faery land       95

rolled over far Beleriand,  
 until a day beneath the sun,  
 when many marvels were begun.

#### NOTES.

The opening of the poem in B is complicated by the fact that my father partly rewrote, and retyped, the first Canto - a rewriting entirely distinct from the later fundamental recasting that the early part of the poem underwent. This first rewriting of the opening Canto was done while the original composition of the poem was still proceeding, but was fairly far advanced. The second version was typed in exactly the same form as that it replaced, whereas the last part of the B-text is not typed; but the name Beleriand appears in it, as typed, and not as an emendation, whereas elsewhere in B the form is Broseliand, always emended in ink to Beleriand.\* Moreover it was the first version of Canto I in the B-text that C. S. Lewis read on the night of 6 December 1929, and I think it very probable that it was Lewis's criticism that led my father to rewrite the opening (see pp. 315 - 16). In the following notes the first version of B is called B(1), the rewritten text given above being B(2).

I - 30 A: A king was in the dawn of days:

his golden crown did brightly blaze  
 with ruby red and crystal clear;  
 his meats were sweet, his dishes dear;  
 red robes of silk, an ivory throne, 5  
 and ancient halls of arched stone,  
 and wine and music lavished free,  
 and thirty champions and three,  
 all these he had and heeded not.  
 His daughter dear was Melilot: 10  
 from dawn to dusk, from sun to sea,  
 no fairer maiden found could be.  
 Her robe was blue as summer skies,  
 but not so blue as were her eyes;  
 'twas sewn with golden lilies fair, 15  
 but none so golden as her hair.

An earlier draft, after line 12 found could be, has the couplet:

from England unto Eglamar  
 o'er folk and field and lands afar.

(\* Once near the very end (line 3957), in the manuscript conclusion of the B-text, the form as written is Beleriand, not Broseliand.)

B(1): A king there was in olden days:  
 &c. as A to line 6

and hoarded gold in gleaming grot,  
 all these he had and heeded not.  
 But fairer than are born to Men  
 a daughter had he, Luthien:  
 &c. as B(2)

14-18. These lines were used afterwards in Gimli's song in Moria (The Fellowship of the Ring II. 4); see the Commentary by

C. S. Lewis, p. 316.

41-4. A: They dwelt in dark Broceliand  
 while loneliness yet held the land.

B(1): They dwelt beyond Broseliand  
 while loneliness yet held the land,  
 in the forest dark of Doriath.  
 Few ever thither found the path;

In B(1) Ossiriande is pencilled above Broseliand. As noted above, B (2) has Beleriand as typed.

48. After this line A and B(1) have:

Yet came at whiles afar and dim  
 beneath the roots of mountains grim  
 a blowing and a sound of bells,  
 a hidden hunt in hollow dells.

The second couplet reappears at a later point in B(2), lines 9 I - 2.

49-61 A and B(1):

To North there lay the Land of Dread,

whence only evil pathways led  
 o'er hills of shadow bleak and cold;  
 to West and South the oceans rolled  
 unsailed and shoreless, wild and wide;  
 to East and East the hills did hide  
 beneath the tangled woodland shade,

65-6. A: There Celegorm his ageless days  
 doth wear amid the woven ways,  
 the glimmering aisles and endless naves  
 whose pillared feet that river laves

67. Esgalduin A, but Esgaduin in the rough workings, which is the form in *The Children of Hurin* (p. 76, line 2164) before correction.

73. A: There Melilot the lissom maid

79-84. Not in A.

85-93. A and B(1) (with one slight difference):

There bow was bent and shaft was sped  
 and deer as fallow phantoms fled,  
 and horses pale with harness bright  
 went jingling by on moonlit night;  
 there songs were made and things of gold

See note to line 48.

96. A: rolled over dark Broceliand,

B(1): rolled over far Broseliand,

In B(1) Ossiriande is pencilled against Broseliand, as at line 41.

#### Commentary on Canto I.

An extraordinary feature of the A-version is the name Celegorm given to the King of the woodland Elves (Thingol); moreover in the next Canto the role of Beren is in A played by Maglor, son of Egnor. The only possible conclusion, strange as it is, is that my father was prepared to abandon Thingol for Celegorm and (even more astonishing) Beren for Maglor. Both Celegorm and Maglor as sons of Feanor have appeared in the Tale of the Nauglafring and in the Lay of the Children of Hurin.

The name of the king's daughter in A, Melilot, is also puzzling (and is it the English plant-name, as in Melilot Brandybuck, a guest at Bilbo Baggins' farewell party?). Already in the second version of *The Children of Hurin* Luthien has appeared as the 'true' name of Tinuviel (see p. xig, note to 358 - 66). It is perhaps possible that my father in fact began the Lay of Leithian before he stopped work on *The Children of Hurin*, in which case Melilot might be the first 'true' name of Tinuviel, displaced by Luthien; but I think that this is extremely unlikely.\* In view of Beren > Maglor, I think Luthien > Melilot far more probable. In any event, Beren and Luthien soon appear in the original drafts of the Lay of Leithian.

It is strange also that in A the king's daughter was blue-eyed and golden-haired, for this would not accord with the robe of darkness that

(\* My father expressly stated in his diary that he began Tinuviel iel in the summer of 1925; and it is to be noted that a reference to the Lay of Leithian appears in the alliterative head-piece to one of the typescripts of *Light as Leaf on Lindentree* - which was actually published in June 1925 (see pp. 120-1). Thus the reference in the second version of *The Children of Hurin* to the Lay of Leithian (p. 107 line 356) is not evidence that he had in

fact begun it.)

she spun from her hair: in the Tale of Tinuviel her hair was 'dark' (II. 20).

The name Broceliand that appears in A (Broseliand B) is remarkable, but I can cast no light on my father's choice of this name (the famous Forest of Broceliande in Brittany of the Arthurian legends).> It would be interesting to know how Broseliand led to Beleriand, and a clue may perhaps be found on a page of rough working for the opening of the Lay, where he jotted down various names that must be possibilities that he was pondering for the name of the land. The fact that Ossiriand occurs among them, while it is also pencilled against Broseliand at lines 41 and 96 in B(1), may suggest that these names arose during the search for a replacement of Broseliand. The names are:

Colodhinand, Noldorinan, Geleriand, Bladorinand, Belaurien,  
Arsiriand, Lassiriand, Ossiriand.

Colodhinand is incidentally interesting as showing Colodh, the later Sindarin equivalent of Quenya Noldo (in the old Gnomish dictionary Golda was the Gnomish equivalent of 'Elvish' Noldo, I. 262). Geleriand I can cast no light on; but Belaurien is obviously connected with Belaurin, the Gnomish form of Pahirien (I. 264), and Bladorinand with Palurien's name Bladorwen 'the wide earth, Mother Earth' (ibid.). It seems at least possible that Belaurien lies behind Beleriand (which was afterwards explained quite differently).

Another curious feature is the word beyond in They dwelt beyond Broseliand, the reading of B(1) at line 41, where A has in and B(2) has amid.

Esga(l)duin, Taur-na-Fuin (for Taur Fuin of the Lost Tales), and the Thousand Caves have all appeared in The Children of Hurin; but in the mountains that

to East in peaks of blue were piled  
in silence folded, mist-enfurled

- lines that are absent from A and B(1) - we have the first appearance of the Blue Mountains (Ered Luin) of the later legends: fencing Beleriand, as it seems, from the Outer World.

In all the texts of the first Canto the King of the woodland Elves is presented as possessing great wealth. This conception appears already in The Children of Hurin (see p. 26), in the most marked contrast to all that is told in the Lost Tales: cf. the Tale of Turambar (II. 95) 'the folk of Tinwelint were of the woodlands and had scant wealth', 'his riches were small', and the Tale of the Nauglafring (II. 227) 'A golden crown

(\* On the earliest 'Silmarillion' map it is said that 'all the lands watered by Sirion south of Gondolin are called in English "Broseliand" '.)

they [the Dwarves] made for Tinwelint, who yet had worn nought but a wreath of scarlet leaves.'

## II.

Far in the North neath hills of stone  
in caverns black there was a throne  
by fires illumined underground,  
that winds of ice with moaning sound  
made flare and flicker in dark smoke;

the wavering bitter coils did choke  
 the sunless airs of dungeons deep 105  
 where evil things did crouch and creep.  
 There sat a king: no Elfin race  
 nor mortal blood, nor kindly grace  
 of earth or heaven might he own,  
 far older, stronger than the stone 110  
 the world is built of, than the fire  
 that burns within more fierce and dire;  
 and thoughts profound were in his heart:  
 a gloomy power that dwelt apart.

Unconquerable spears of steel 115  
 were at his nod. No ruth did feel  
 the legions of his marshalled hate,  
 on whom did wolf and raven wait;  
 and black the ravens sat and cried  
 upon their banners black, and wide 120  
 was heard their hideous chanting dread  
 above the reek and trampled dead.  
 With fire and sword his ruin red  
 on all that would not bow the head  
 like lightning fell. The Northern land 125  
 lay groaning neath his ghastly hand.

But still there lived in hiding cold  
 undaunted, Barahir the bold,  
 of land bereaved, of lordship shorn,  
 who once a prince of Men was born 130  
 and now an outlaw lurked and lay  
 in the hard heath and woodland grey,

and with him clung of faithful men  
 but Beren his son and other ten.  
 Yet small as was their hunted band 135  
 still fell and fearless was each hand,  
 and strong deeds they wrought yet oft,  
 and loved the woods, whose ways more soft  
 them seemed than thralls of that black throne  
 to live and languish in halls of stone. 140  
 King Morgoth still pursued them sore  
 with men and dogs, and wolf and boar  
 with spells of madness filled he sent  
 to slay them as in the woods they went;  
 yet nought hurt them for many years, '45  
 until, in brief to tell what tears  
 have oft bewailed in ages gone,  
 nor ever tears enough, was done  
 a deed unhappy; unaware  
 their feet were caught in Morgoth's snare. 150

Gorlim it was, who wearying  
 of toil and flight and harrying,  
 one night by chance did turn his feet  
 o'er the dark fields by stealth to meet  
 with hidden friend within a dale, 155  
 and found a homestead looming pale  
 against the misty stars, all dark  
 save one small window, whence a spark  
 of fitful candle strayed without.  
 Therein he peeped, and filled with doubt 160  
 he saw, as in a dreaming deep

when longing cheats the heart in sleep,  
 his wife beside a dying fire  
 lament him lost; her thin attire  
 and greying hair and paling cheek        165  
 of tears and loneliness did speak.  
 'A! fair and gentle Eilinel,  
 whom I had thought in darkling hell  
 long since emprisoned! Ere I fled  
 I deemed I saw thee slain and dead        170  
 upon that night of sudden fear  
 when all I lost that I held dear':  
 thus thought his heavy heart amazed

outside in darkness as he gazed.  
 But ere he dared to call her name,        175  
 or ask how she escaped and came  
 to this far vale beneath the hills,  
 he heard a cry beneath the hills!  
 There hooted near a hunting owl  
 with boding voice. He heard the howl        180  
 of the wild wolves that followed him  
 and dogged his feet through shadows dim.  
 Him unrelenting, well he knew,  
 the hunt of Morgoth did pursue.  
 Lest Eilinel with him they slay        185  
 without a word he turned away,  
 and like a wild thing winding led  
 his devious ways o'er stony bed  
 of stream, and over quaking fen,  
 until far from the homes of men        190  
 he lay beside his fellows few  
 in a secret place; and darkness grew,  
 and waned, and still he watched unsleeping,  
 and saw the dismal dawn come creeping  
 in dank heavens above gloomy trees.        195  
 A sickness held his soul for ease,  
 and hope, and even thralldom's chain  
 if he might find his wife again.  
 But all he thought twixt love of lord  
 and hatred of the king abhorred        200  
 and anguish for fair Eilinel  
 who drooped alone, what tale shall tell?

Yet at the last, when many days  
 of brooding did his mind amaze,  
 he found the servants of the king,        205  
 and bade them to their master bring  
 a rebel who forgiveness sought,  
 if haply forgiveness might be bought  
 with tidings of Barahir the bold,  
 and where his hidings and his hold        210  
 might best be found by night or day.  
 And thus sad Gorlim, led away  
 unto those dark deep-dolven halls,  
 before the knees of Morgoth falls,

and puts his trust in that cruel heart    215  
 wherein no truth had ever part.  
 Quoth Morgoth: 'Eilinel the fair  
 thou shalt most surely find, and there  
 where she doth dwell and wait for thee  
 together shall ye ever be,                220

and sundered shall ye sigh no more.  
 This guerdon shall he have that bore  
 these tidings sweet, O traitor dear!  
 For Eilinel she dwells not here,  
 but in the shades of death doth roam 225  
 widowed of husband and of home -  
 a wraith of that which might have been,  
 methinks, it is that thou hast seen!  
 Now shalt thou through the gates of pain  
 the land thou askest grimly gain; 230  
 thou shalt to the moonless mists of hell  
 descend and seek thy Eilinel.'

Thus Gorlim died a bitter death  
 and cursed himself with dying breath,  
 and Barahir was caught and slain, 235  
 and all good deeds were made in vain.  
 But Morgoth's guile for ever failed,  
 nor wholly o'er his foes prevailed,  
 and some were ever that still fought  
 unmaking that which malice wrought. 240  
 Thus men believed that Morgoth made  
 the fiendish phantom that betrayed  
 the soul of Gorlim, and so brought  
 the lingering hope forlorn to nought  
 that lived amid the lonely wood; 245  
 yet Beren had by fortune good  
 long hunted far afield that day,  
 and benighted in strange places lay  
 far from his fellows. In his sleep  
 he felt a dreadful darkness creep 250  
 upon his heart, and thought the trees  
 were bare and bent in mournful breeze;  
 no leaves they had, but ravens dark  
 sat thick as leaves on bough and bark,  
 and croaked, and as they croaked each neb 255

let fall a gout of blood; a web  
 unseen entwined him hand and limb,  
 until worn out, upon the rim  
 of stagnant pool he lay and shivered.  
 There saw he that a shadow quivered 260  
 far out upon the water wan,  
 and grew to a faint form thereon  
 that glided o'er the silent lake,  
 and coming slowly, softly spake  
 and sadly said: 'Lo! Gorlim here, 265  
 traitor betrayed, now stands! Nor fear,  
 but haste! For Morgoth's fingers close  
 upon thy father's throat. He knows  
 your secret tryst, your hidden lair',  
 and all the evil he laid bare 270  
 that he had done and Morgoth wrought.  
 Then Beren waking swiftly sought  
 his sword and bow, and sped like wind  
 that cuts with knives the branches thinned  
 of autumn trees. At last he came, 275  
 his heart afire with burning flame,  
 where Barahir his father lay;  
 he came too late. At dawn of day

he found the homes of hunted men,  
 a wooded island in the fen,           280  
 and birds rose up in sudden cloud -  
 no fen-fowl were they crying loud.  
 The raven and the carrion-crow  
 sat in the alders all a-row;  
 one croaked: 'Ha! Beren comes too late',   285  
 and answered all: 'Too late! Too late! '  
 There Beren buried his father's bones,  
 and piled a heap of boulder-stones,  
 and cursed the name of Morgoth thrice,  
 but wept not, for his heart was ice.       290

Then over fen and field and mountain  
 he followed, till beside a fountain  
 upgushing hot from fires below  
 he found the slayers and his foe,  
 the murderous soldiers of the king.       295  
 And one there laughed, and showed a ring

he took from Barahir's dead hand.  
 'This ring in far Beleriand,  
 now mark ye, mates,' he said, 'was wrought.  
 Its like with gold could not be bought,       300 -  
 for this same Barahir I slew,  
 this robber fool, they say, did do  
 a deed of service long ago  
 for Felagund. It may be so;  
 for Morgoth bade me bring it back,       305  
 and yet, methinks, he has no lack  
 of weightier treasure in his hoard.  
 Such greed befits not such a lord,  
 and I am minded to declare  
 the hand of Barahir was bare! '       310  
 Yet as he spake an arrow sped;  
 with riven heart he crumpled dead.  
 Thus Morgoth loved that his own foe  
 should in his service deal the blow  
 that punished the breaking of his word.     315  
 But Morgoth laughed not when he heard  
 that Beren like a wolf alone  
 sprang madly from behind a stone  
 amid that camp beside the well,  
 and seized the ring, and ere the yell       320  
 of wrath and rage had left their throat  
 had fled his foes. His gleaming coat  
 was made of rings of steel no shaft  
 could pierce, a web of dwarvish craft;  
 and he was lost in rock and thorn,       325  
 for in charmed hour was Beren born;  
 their hungry hunting never learned  
 the way his fearless feet had turned.

As fearless Beren was renowned,  
 as man most hardy upon ground,       330  
 while Barahir yet lived and fought;  
 but sorrow now his soul had wrought  
 to dark despair, and robbed his life  
 of sweetness, that he longed for knife,  
 or shaft, or sword, to end his pain,       335  
 and dreaded only thraldom's chain.  
 Danger he sought and death pursued,

and thus escaped the fate he wooed,  
 and deeds of breathless wonder dared  
 whose whispered glory widely fared, 340  
 and softly songs were sung at eve  
 of marvels he did once achieve  
 alone, beleaguered, lost at night  
 by mist or moon, or neath the light  
 of the broad eye of day. The woods 345  
 that northward looked with bitter feuds  
 he filled and death for Morgoth's folk;  
 his comrades were the beech and oak,  
 who failed him not, and many things  
 with fur and fell and feathered wings; 350  
 and many spirits, that in stone  
 in mountains old and wastes alone,  
 do dwell and wander, were his friends.  
 Yet seldom well an outlaw ends,  
 and Morgoth was a king more strong 355  
 than all the world has since in song  
 recorded, and his wisdom wide  
 slow and surely who him defied  
 did hem and hedge. Thus at the last  
 must Beren flee the forest fast 360  
 and lands he loved where lay his sire  
 by reeds bewailed beneath the mire.  
 Beneath a heap of mossy stones  
 now crumble those once mighty bones,  
 but Beren flees the friendless North 365  
 one autumn night, and creeps him forth;  
 the leaguer of his watchful foes  
 he passes - silently he goes.  
 No more his hidden bowstring sings,  
 no more his shaven arrow wings, 370  
 no more his hunted head doth lie  
 upon the heath beneath the sky.  
 The moon that looked amid the mist  
 upon the pines, the wind that hissed  
 among the heather and the fern 375  
 found him no more. The stars that burn  
 about the North with silver fire  
 in frosty airs, the Burning Briar  
 that Men did name in days long gone,  
  
 were set behind his back, and shone 380  
 o'er land and lake and darkened hill,  
 forsaken fen and mountain rill.

His face was South from the Land of Dread,  
 whence only evil pathways led,  
 and only the feet of men most bold 385  
 might cross the Shadowy Mountains cold.  
 Their northern slopes were filled with woe,  
 with evil and with mortal foe;  
 their southern faces mounted sheer  
 in rocky pinnacle and pier, 390  
 whose roots were woven with deceit  
 and washed with waters bitter-sweet.  
 There magic lurked in gulf and glen,  
 for far away beyond the ken

of searching eyes, unless it were           395  
 from dizzy tower that pricked the air  
 where only eagles lived and cried,  
 might grey and gleaming be descried  
 Beleriand, Beleriand,  
 the borders of the faery land.           400

## NOTES.

128. A: a lord of Men undaunted, bold  
 134. A: Maglor his son and other ten.  
 141. A: But the king Bauglir did hunt them sore  
 177-9. Earlier reading:  
     to this far vale among the hills  
     a haggard hungry people tills,  
     there hooted nigh a hunting owl  
 205. found: earlier reading sought  
 209 - 10. A: with tidings of Lord Egnor's band,  
     and where their hidings in the land  
 235. A: and Egnor was betrayed and slain  
 246. A: yet Maglor it was by fortune good  
     who hunting &c.  
 272. A: till Maglor waking swiftly sought  
 277. A: to where his father Egnor lay;  
 297. A: he took from Egnor's slaughtered hand:  
  
 298. Broceliand A, Broseliand B emended to Beleriand  
 301. A: for this same Egnor that I slew  
 304. Celegorm A, emended to Felagoth and then to Felagund  
 310. A: I found the hand of Egnor bare! '  
 313 - 16. These four lines were bracketed, and that at line 3 I 7 changed  
     to Then, before the B-text went to C. S. Lewis (my father's  
     numbering of the lines excludes these four, and Lewis's  
     line-references agree). Lewis did not concur with the ex-  
     clusion of 3 I 3 - 14, and I have let all four lines stand. See  
     pp. 318-19.  
 317,329. Maglor A, Beren B  
 326. A: and deep ghylls in the mountains torn.  
 331-3. A: ere Egnor in the wilderness  
     was slain; but now his loneliness,  
     grief and despair, did rob his life  
 360. A: proud Maglor fled the forest fast  
     (fast is used in the sense 'secure against attack'; cf. fastness).  
 365. Maglor A, Beren B  
 377-81. A: about the North with silver flame  
     in frosty airs, that men did name  
     Timbridhil in the days long gone,  
     he set behind his back, and shone  
     that sickle of the heavenly field  
     that Bridhil Queen of stars did wield  
     o'er land and lake and darkened hill,  
     The fifth and sixth lines are bracketed, with and shone in  
     the fourth changed to It shone.  
 383-4. Cf. lines 49 - 50.  
 399. Broceliand A, Broseliand B emended to Beleriand.

## Commentary on Canto II.

In this second Canto the story of the betrayal of the outlaw band is already in A close to its final form in essentials; but there is no trace of the story in any form earlier than the first drafts of the Lay of Leithian, composed in the summer of 1925 (see p. 150). In commenting on the

Tale of Tinuviel I noted (II. 52):

It seems clear that at this time the history of Beren and his father (Egnor) was only very sketchily devised; there is in any case no hint of the story of the outlaw band led by his father and its betrayal by Gorlim the Unhappy before the first form of the Lay of Leithian.

There are indeed differences in the plot of the Lay from the story told in *The Silmarillion* (pp. 162ff.): thus the house where Gorlim saw the phantom of Eilinel was not in the Lay his own; his treachery was far deeper and more deliberate, in that he sought out the servants of Morgoth

with the intention of revealing the hiding-place of the outlaws; and he came before Morgoth himself (not Thu-Sauron). But these differences are much outnumbered by the similarities, such as the absence of Maglor-Beren on the fatal day, the apparition of Gorlim coming to him in dream across the water of the lake, the carrion-birds in the alder-trees, the cairn, the seizing of the ring, his friendship with birds and beasts.

As regards the names in the A-text: Gorlim and Eilinel were to remain. Maglor-Beren has already been discussed (p. 159). Egnor was still his father, as in the last Tales (the emendation to Barahir in the second version of the Tale of Tinuviel, II. 43, was a change made casually years later). Bauglir (which entered during the composition of *The Children of Hurin*, see p. 52) is changed throughout to Morgoth, but this seems not to have been a rejection of the name, since it appears later in the B-text of the Lay, and survives in *The Silmarillion*.

In A Varda is called Bridhîl (note to lines 377 - 81), as she is also in alliterative poem *The Plight of the Noldoli* (pp. 135, 139); but it is puzzling that the constellation of the Great Bear is in the same passage called Timbridhîl, for that according to the old Gnomish dictionary is the title of Varda herself (as one would expect: cf. *Tinwetari*, I. 269). The 'Sickle of the Gods' (Valacirca) is here the 'sickle of the heavenly field' wielded by Bridhîl Queen of Stars. I can cast no light at all on the name Burning Briar that appears in B (line 378); it reappears in the 1930 version of 'The Silmarillion':

Many names have these [the Seven Stars] been called, but in the old days of the North both Elves and Men called them the Burning Briar, and some the Sickle of the Gods.

For the earliest myth of the Great Bear see I. I 14, 133.

Indications of geography are sparse, and not increased in the B-text. Taur-na-Fuin has been named earlier in B (line 52), but it is not actually said in the present Canto to be the region where the outlaws lurked, though there is no reason to doubt that this is where my father placed it. Coming southwards Maglor-Beren crossed 'the Shadowy Mountains cold' (386). The Shadowy Mountains were named several times in *The Children of Hurin*, where they are the mountains fencing Hithlum, mirrored in the pools of Ivrin, as they are in *The Silmarillion*. But it would obviously be impossible for Beren to cross the Shadowy Mountains in this application of the name if he were coming out of Taur-na-Fuin and moving south towards Doriath. In the 'Sketch of the Mythology' Beren likewise 'crosses the Shadowy Mountains and after grievous hardships comes to Doriath', and similarly in the 1930 version; in this latter, however, 'Mountains of Shadow' was emended to 'Mountains of Terror'. It is then clear that in the Lay of Leithian my father was using 'Shadowy Mountains' in a different sense from that in *The Children of Hurin*, and that the Shadowy Mountains of the present

Canto are the first mention of Ered Gorgoroth, the Mountains of Terror, 'the precipices in which Dorthonion [Taur-nu-Fuin] fell southward'



where mighty ships with magic hands 430  
 they made, and sailed beyond the seas.  
 The Gods them bade to lands of ease  
 and gardens fair, where earth and sky  
 together flow, and none shall die.  
 But Thingol stayed, enchanted, still, 435  
 one moment to hearken to the thrill  
 of that sweet singing in the trees.  
 Enchanted moments such as these  
 from gardens of the Lord of Sleep,  
 where fountains play and shadows creep, 440  
 do come, and count as many years  
 in mortal lands. With many tears  
 his people seek him ere they sail,  
 while Thingol listens in the dale.  
 There after but an hour, him seems, 445  
 he finds her where she lies and dreams,  
 pale Melian with her dark hair  
 upon a bed of leaves. Beware!  
 There slumber and a sleep is twined!  
 He touched her tresses and his mind 450

was drowned in the forgetful deep,  
 and dark the years rolled o'er his sleep.

Thus Thingol sailed not on the seas  
 but dwelt amid the land of trees,  
 and Melian he loved, divine, 455  
 whose voice was potent as the wine  
 the Valar drink in golden halls  
 where flower blooms and fountain falls;  
 but when she sang it was a spell,  
 and no flower stirred nor fountain fell. 460  
 A king and queen thus lived they long,  
 and Doriath was filled with song,  
 and all the Elves that missed their way  
 and never found the western bay,  
 the gleaming walls of their long home 465  
 by the grey seas and the white foam,  
 who never trod the golden land  
 where the towers of the Valar stand,  
 all these were gathered in their realm  
 beneath the beech and oak and elm. 470

In later days when Morgoth first,  
 fleeing the Gods, their bondage burst,  
 and on the mortal lands set feet,  
 and in the North his mighty seat  
 founded and fortified, and all 475  
 the newborn race of Men were thrall  
 unto his power, and Elf and Gnome  
 his slaves, or wandered without home,  
 or scattered fastnesses walled with fear  
 upraised upon his borders drear, 480  
 and each one fell, yet reigned there still  
 in Doriath beyond his will  
 Thingol and deathless Melian,  
 whose magic yet no evil can  
 that cometh from without surpass. 485  
 Here still was laughter and green grass,  
 and leaves were lit with the white sun,  
 and many marvels were begun.

In sunshine and in sheen of moon,  
with silken robe and silver shoon,      490

the daughter of the deathless queen  
now danced on the undying green,  
half elven-fair and half divine;  
and when the stars began to shine  
unseen but near a piping woke,      495

and in the branches of an oak,  
or seated on the beech-leaves brown,  
Dairon the dark with ferny crown  
played with bewildering wizard's art  
music for breaking of the heart.      500

Such players have there only been  
thrice in all Elfinesse, I ween:  
Tinfang Gelion who still the moon  
enchants on summer nights of June  
and kindles the pale firstling star;      505  
and he who harps upon the far  
forgotten beaches and dark shores  
where western foam for ever roars,  
Maglor whose voice is like the sea;  
and Dairon, mightiest of the three.      510

Now it befell on summer night,  
upon a lawn where lingering light  
yet lay and faded faint and grey,  
that Luthien danced while he did play.

The chestnuts on the turf had shed      515  
their flowering candles, white and red;

there darkling stood a silent elm  
and pale beneath its shadow-helm  
there glimmered faint the umbels thick  
of hemlocks like a mist, and quick      520

the moths on pallid wings of white  
with tiny eyes of fiery light  
were fluttering softly, and the voles  
crept out to listen from their holes;  
the little owls were hushed and still;      525  
the moon was yet behind the hill.

Her arms like ivory were gleaming,  
her long hair like a cloud was streaming,  
her feet atwinkle wandered roaming  
in misty mazes in the gloaming;      530  
and glowworms shimmered round her feet,

and moths in moving garland fleet  
above her head went wavering wan -  
and this the moon now looked upon,  
uprisen slow, and round, and white,      535  
above the branches of the night.

Then clearly thrilled her voice and rang;  
with sudden ecstasy she sang  
a song of nightingales she learned  
and with her elvish magic turned      540

to such bewildering delight  
the moon hung moveless in the night.  
And this it was that Beren heard,  
and this he saw, without a word,

enchanted dumb, yet filled with fire      545  
 of such a wonder and desire  
 that all his mortal mind was dim;  
 her magic bound and fettered him,  
 and faint he leaned against a tree.  
 Forwandered, wayworn, gaunt was he,      550  
 his body sick and heart gone cold,  
 grey in his hair, his youth turned old;  
 for those that tread that lonely way  
 a price of woe and anguish pay.  
 And now his heart was healed and slain      555  
 with a new life and with new pain.

He gazed, and as he gazed her hair  
 within its cloudy web did snare  
 the silver moonbeams sifting white  
 between the leaves, and glinting bright      560  
 the tremulous starlight of the skies  
 was caught and mirrored in her eyes.  
 Then all his journey's lonely fare,  
 the hunger and the haggard care,  
 the awful mountains' stones he stained      565  
 with blood of weary feet, and gained  
 only a land of ghosts, and fear  
 in dark ravines imprisoned sheer -  
 there mighty spiders wove their webs,  
 old creatures foul with birdlike nebs      570  
 that span their traps in dizzy air,  
 and filled it with clinging black despair,

and there they lived, and the sucked bones  
 lay white beneath on the dank stones -  
 now all these horrors like a cloud      575  
 faded from mind. The waters loud  
 falling from pineclad heights no more  
 he heard, those waters grey and frore  
 that bittersweet he drank and filled  
 his mind with madness - all was stilled.      580  
 He recked not now the burning road,  
 the paths demented where he strode  
 endlessly... and ever new  
 horizons stretched before his view,  
 as each blue ridge with bleeding feet      585  
 was climbed, and down he went to meet  
 battle with creatures old and strong  
 and monsters in the dark, and long,  
 long watches in the haunted night  
 while evil shapes with baleful light      590  
 in clustered eyes did crawl and snuff  
 beneath his tree - not half enough  
 the price he deemed to come at last  
 to that pale moon when day had passed,  
 to those clear stars of Elfinesse,      595  
 the hearts-ease and the loveliness.

Lo! all forgetting he was drawn  
 unheeding toward the glimmering lawn  
 by love and wonder that compelled  
 his feet from hiding; music welled      600  
 within his heart, and songs unmade  
 on themes unthought-of moved and swayed  
 his soul with sweetness; out he came,

a shadow in the moon's pale flame -  
 and Dairon's flute as sudden stops 605  
 as lark before it steeply drops,  
 as grasshopper within the grass  
 listening for heavy feet to pass.  
 'Flee, Luthien!', and 'Luthien!'  
 from hiding Dairon called again; 610  
 'A stranger walks the woods! Away!'  
 But Luthien would wondering stay;  
 fear had she never felt or known,

till fear then seized her, all alone,  
 seeing that shape with shagged hair 615  
 and shadow long that halted there.  
 Then sudden she vanished like a dream  
 in dark oblivion, a gleam  
 in hurrying clouds, for she had leapt  
 among the hemlocks tall, and crept 620  
 under a mighty plant with leaves  
 all long and dark, whose stem in sheaves  
 upheld an hundred umbels fair;  
 and her white arms and shoulders bare  
 her raiment pale, and in her hair 625  
 the wild white roses glimmering there,  
 all lay like spattered moonlight hoar  
 in gleaming pools upon the floor.  
 Then stared he wild in dumbness bound  
 at silent trees, deserted ground; 630  
 he blindly groped across the glade  
 to the dark trees' encircling shade,  
 and, while she watched with veiled eyes,  
 touched her soft arm in sweet surprise.  
 Like startled moth from deathlike sleep 635  
 in sunless nook or bushes deep  
 she darted swift, and to and fro  
 with cunning that elvish dancers know  
 about the trunks of trees she twined  
 a path fantastic. Far behind 640  
 enchanted, wildered and forlorn  
 Beren came blundering, bruised and torn:  
 Esgalduin the elven-stream,  
 in which amid tree-shadows gleam  
 the stars, flowed strong before his feet. 645  
 Some secret way she found, and fleet  
 passed over and was seen no more,  
 and left him forsaken on the shore.  
 'Darkly the sundering flood rolls past!  
 To this my long way comes at last - 650  
 a hunger and a loneliness,  
 enchanted waters pitiless.'

A summer waned, an autumn glowed,  
 and Beren in the woods abode,

as wild and wary as a faun 655  
 that sudden wakes at rustling dawn,  
 and flits from shade to shade, and flees  
 the brightness of the sun, yet sees  
 all stealthy movements in the wood.  
 The murmurous warmth in weathers good, 660

the hum of many wings, the call  
 of many a bird, the pattering fall  
 of sudden rain upon the trees,  
 the windy tide in leafy seas,  
 the creaking of the boughs, he heard;      665  
 but not the song of sweetest bird  
 brought joy or comfort to his heart,  
 a wanderer dumb who dwelt apart;  
 who sought unceasing and in vain  
 to hear and see those things again:      670  
 a song more fair than nightingale,  
 a wonder in the moonlight pale.

An autumn waned, a winter laid  
 the withered leaves in grove and glade;  
 the beeches bare were gaunt and grey,      675  
 and red their leaves beneath them lay.  
 From cavern pale the moist moon eyes  
 the white mists that from earth arise  
 to hide the morrow's sun and drip  
 all the grey day from each twig's tip.      680  
 By dawn and dusk he seeks her still;  
 by noon and night in valleys chill,  
 nor hears a sound but the slow beat  
 on sodden leaves of his own feet.

The wind of winter winds his horn;      685  
 the misty veil is rent and torn.  
 The wind dies; the starry choirs  
 leap in the silent sky to fires,  
 whose light comes bitter-cold and sheer  
 through domes of frozen crystal clear.      690

A sparkle through the darkling trees,  
 a piercing glint of light he sees,  
 and there she dances all alone  
 upon a treeless knoll of stone!

Her mantle blue with jewels white      695  
 caught all the rays of frosted light.  
 She shone with cold and wintry flame,  
 as dancing down the hill she came,  
 and passed his watchful silent gaze,  
 a glimmer as of stars ablaze.      700  
 And snowdrops sprang beneath her feet,  
 and one bird, sudden, late and sweet,  
 shrilled as she wayward passed along.  
 A frozen brook to bubbling song  
 awoke and laughed; but Beren stood      705  
 still bound enchanted in the wood.  
 Her starlight faded and the night  
 closed o'er the snowdrops glimmering white.

Thereafter on a hillock green  
 he saw far off the elven-sheen      710  
 of shining limb and jewel bright  
 often and oft on moonlit night;  
 and Dairon's pipe awoke once more,  
 and soft she sang as once before.  
 Then nigh he stole beneath the trees,      715

and heartache mingled with hearts-ease.

A night there was when winter died;  
 then all alone she sang and cried  
 and danced until the dawn of spring,  
 and chanted some wild magic thing           720  
 that stirred him, till it sudden broke  
 the bonds that held him, and he woke  
 to madness sweet and brave despair.  
 He flung his arms to the night air,  
 and out he danced unheeding, fleet,       725  
 enchanted, with enchanted feet.  
 He sped towards the hillock green,  
 the lissom limbs, the dancing sheen;  
 he leapt upon the grassy hill  
 his arms with loveliness to fill:       730  
 his arms were empty, and she fled;  
 away, away her white feet sped.  
 But as she went he swiftly came  
 and called her with the tender name  
 of nightingales in elvish tongue,       735

that all the woods now sudden rung:  
 "Tinuviel! Tinuviel!"  
 And clear his voice was as a bell;  
 its echoes wove a binding spell:  
 "Tinuviel! Tinuviel! '                       740  
 His voice such love and longing filled  
 one moment stood she, fear was stilled;  
 one moment only; like a flame  
 he leaped towards her as she stayed  
 and caught and kissed that elfin maid.       745

As love there woke in sweet surprise  
 the starlight trembled in her eyes.  
 A! Luthien! A! Luthien!  
 more fair than any child of Men;  
 O! loveliest maid of Elfinesse,       750  
 what madness does thee now possess!  
 A! lissom limbs and shadowy hair  
 and chaplet of white snowdrops there;  
 O! starry diadem and white  
 pale hands beneath the pale moonlight!       755  
 She left his arms and slipped away  
 just at the breaking of the day.

#### NOTES.

439. Original reading of B:

from gardens of the God of Sleep,

457. Original reading of B:

the Gods drink in their golden halls

467-8. Original reading of B:

who never passed the golden gate  
 where doorwards of the Gods do wait,

These three changes are late, and their purpose is to remove

the word Gods. The change in line 468 also gets rid of the purely metrical do in do wait; similarly did build and fortify > founded and fortified 475 and did raise > upraised 480 look as if they belong to the same time. On the other hand did

flutter > were fluttering 523 and did waver > ment wavering 533 seem to belong with the early emendations (see C. S. Lewis's commentary, pp. 320 - 1). I mention these changes here to illustrate my remarks on this subject,

pp. 152-3.

493. elfin- B, emended to elven-. Here and subsequently this belongs with the early changes, as does elfin to elvish at 540, etc.

503. Tinfang Warble A, and B as typed; Gelion an early change in B.

508. After this line A has a couplet omitted in B:

from England unto Eglamar  
on rock and dune and sandy bar,

The first of these lines occurs also in an early draft for the opening of the poem, see p. 157, note to lines I - 30.

509. Maglor A, B; in the rough draft of this passage Ivare (with Maglor written beside it).

527-30. Marked in B with an X (i.e. in need of revision), but with no other verses substituted.

557. This line begins a new page in the A manuscript; at the top of the page is written the date 2318125'.

558. golden A, and B as typed (no doubt an oversight), early emended to cloudy. See note to lines 1 - 30, and pp. 159-60.

648. After this line the bundle of examination-scripts on which the A manuscript is written (p. 150) is interleaved with other pages, which carry the poem to the end of Canto III. At the bottom of the first of these pages is written Filey 1925, where my father was on holiday in September of that year.

743 The couplet lacks its second line. The passage 741 - 5 is a hasty revision, based on a criticism of Lewis's; see his commentary,

P- 325.

#### Commentary on Canto III.

In this Canto there are many things that derive from the Tale of Tinuviel (II. 10ff.): the chestnut trees, the white moths, the moon rising, the sudden ceasing of Dairon's piping, Tinuviel's unwillingness to flee, her hiding under the hemlocks like spattered moonlight (cf. II. x x 'like a spatter of moonlight shimmering'), Beren's touching her arm, her darting between the tree-trunks, and afterwards the 'treeless knoll' where she danced in the winter. But the Canto is also related to the poem Light as Leaf on Lindentree (see pp. 108 - 10, 120 - 2), which had been published in June 1925, while this part of the Lay of Leithian was written a little later in the same year. Echoes of the one poem are heard in the other, and

more than an echo in the line and out he danced unheeding, fleet, which is found in both (p. 109, line 447; p. 179, line 725).

The aberrant names in the first two Cantos of A have now disappeared from the text. In the second Canto my father had already given back the name Celegorm to the son of Feanor (note to line 304), and now Thingol appears in A; Luthien replaces Melilot; and Beren replaces Maglor. Morgoth now replaces Bauglir in A (see p. 170).

In both texts Tinuviel is now explicitly the Elvish word for 'nightin-

'gale' (line 735; see p. 124); and Maglor, again in both texts, is the name of one of the three greatest singers of Elfinesse:

he who harps upon the far  
forgotten beaches and dark shores  
where western foam for ever roars,  
Maglor whose voice is like the sea (506-9)

In the rough draft of this passage the name of this minstrel is however Ivare (though Maglor is written beside it), and Ivare was named in the Tale of Tinuviel (II. 10), with Tinfang and Dairon, as one of 'the three most magic players of the Elves', who 'plays beside the sea'. This is the first hint of the after-history of Maglor son of Feanor, who in the Tale of the Nauglafring (II. 241) was slain, as also was Celegorm, in the attack on Dior. The lines in A, omitted in B (note to line 508), are interesting:

from England unto Eglamar  
on rock and dune and sandy bar

The form Eglamar (Gnomish, = Eldamar) occurs in the very early poem *The Shores of Faery* and its prose preface (II. 262, 272); and the same line from England unto Eglamar is found in the rough workings of the beginning of the Lay (note to lines 1 - 30). The mention of England is a reminder that at this time the association of the legends with Eriol/AElfwine was still very much alive, though there is no other indication of it in the Lay of Leithian.

Tinfang Warble reappears from the Lost Tales at line 503, changed to Tinfang Gelion; the meaning of Gelion is not explained.

In one respect only does the narrative content of the Canto depart in any significant way from the common 'tradition' of the texts, but this is sufficiently remarkable: the Elves departed over the sea to Valinor at the end of the Great Journey in a fleet of ships!

Yet all his kin now marched away,  
as old tales tell, to seek the bay  
on the last shore of mortal lands,  
where mighty ships with magic hands  
they made, and sailed beyond the seas. (427 - 31)

This is very strange (and I am at a loss to account for it, except by the

obvious explanation of a passing shift), in that the story of the 'island-car' (Tol Eressea), which goes back to the Lost Tales (I. 118-20), is present in all the versions of 'The Silmarillion'. The Elves are here presented, on the other hand, as great shipbuilders in the beginning of their days. - With the reference in the passage just cited to the bay whence the Elves set sail cf. *The Silmarillion* p. 57, where it is told that Ulmo anchored the 'island-car' in the Bay of Balar (and that the eastern horn of the island, breaking off, was the Isle of Balar).

In the description of Beren's journey to Doriath in lines 563 ff. is the first account of the Ered Gorgoroth, the Mountains of Terror (called 'the Shadowy Mountains' in Canto II, see pp. 170-1), with their spiders and their waters that drove mad those who drank from them (cf. *The Silmarillion* p. 121; and with lines 590 - 1 evil shapes arith baleful light/in clustered eyes cf. *ibid.* p. 164: 'monsters... hunting silently with many eyes').

#### IV.

He lay upon the leafy mould,

his face upon earth's bosom cold,  
 aswoun in overwhelming bliss, 760  
 enchanted of an elvish kiss,  
 seeing within his darkened eyes  
 the light that for no darkness dies,  
 the loveliness that doth not fade,  
 though all in ashes cold be laid. 765  
 Then folded in the mists of sleep  
 he sank into abysses deep,  
 drowned in an overwhelming grief  
 for parting after meeting brief;  
 a shadow and a fragrance fair 770  
 lingered, and waned, and was not there.  
 Forsaken, barren, bare as stone,  
 the daylight found him cold, alone.

'Where art thou gone? The day is bare,  
 the sunlight dark, and cold the air! 775  
 Tinuviel, where went thy feet?  
 O wayward star! O maiden sweet!  
 O flower of Elfland all too fair  
 for mortal heart! The woods are bare!

The woods are bare! ' he rose and cried. 780  
 'Ere spring was born, the spring hath died!  
 And wandering in path and mind  
 he groped as one gone sudden blind,  
 who seeks to grasp the hidden light  
 with faltering hands in more than night. 785

And thus in anguish Beren paid  
 for that great doom upon him laid,  
 the deathless love of Luthien,  
 too fair for love of mortal Men;  
 and in his doom was Luthien snared, 790  
 the deathless in his dying shared;  
 and Fate them forged a binding chain  
 of living love and mortal pain.

Beyond all hope her feet returned  
 at eve, when in the sky there burned 795  
 the flame of stars; and in her eyes  
 there trembled the starlight of the skies,  
 and from her hair the fragrance fell  
 of elvenflowers in elven-dell.

Thus Luthien, whom no pursuit, 800  
 no snare, no dart that hunters shoot,  
 might hope to win or hold, she came  
 at the sweet calling of her name;  
 and thus in his her slender hand  
 was linked in far Beleriand; 805  
 in hour enchanted long ago  
 her arms about his neck did go,  
 and gently down she drew to rest  
 his weary head upon her breast.

A! Luthien, Tinuviel, 810  
 why wentest thou to darkling dell  
 with shining eyes and dancing pace,  
 the twilight glimmering in thy face?  
 Each day before the end of eve  
 she sought her love, nor would him leave, 815

until the stars were dimmed, and day  
 came glimmering eastward silver-grey.  
 Then trembling-veiled she would appear  
 and dance before him, half in fear;

there flitting just before his feet        820  
 she gently chid with laughter sweet:  
 'Come! dance now, Beren, dance with me!  
 For fain thy dancing I would see.  
 Come! thou must woo with nimbler feet,  
 than those who walk where mountains meet        825  
 the bitter skies beyond this realm  
 of marvellous moonlit beech and elm.'

In Doriath Beren long ago  
 new art and lore he learned to know;  
 his limbs were freed; his eyes alight,        830  
 kindled with a new enchanted sight;  
 and to her dancing feet his feet  
 attuned went dancing free and fleet;  
 his laughter welled as from a spring  
 of music, and his voice would sing        835  
 as voices of those in Doriath  
 where paved with flowers are floor and path.  
 The year thus on to summer rolled,  
 from spring to a summertime of gold.

Thus fleeting fast their short hour flies,        840  
 while Dairon watches with fiery eyes,  
 haunting the gloom of tangled trees  
 all day, until at night he sees  
 in the fickle moon their moving feet,  
 two lovers linked in dancing sweet,        845  
 two shadows shimmering on the green  
 where lonely-dancing maid had been.  
 'Hateful art thou, O Land of Trees!  
 May fear and silence on thee seize!  
 My flute shall fall from idle hand        850  
 and mirth shall leave Beleriand;  
 music shall perish and voices fail  
 and trees stand dumb in dell and dale!'

It seemed a hush had fallen there  
 upon the waiting woodland air;        855  
 and often murmured Thingol's folk  
 in wonder, and to their king they spoke:  
 'This spell of silence who hath wrought?  
 What web hath Dairon's music caught?

It seems the very birds sing low;        860  
 murmurless Esgalduin doth flow;  
 the leaves scarce whisper on the trees,  
 and soundless beat the wings of bees! '

This Luthien heard, and there the queen  
 her sudden glances saw unseen.        865  
 But Thingol marvelled, and he sent  
 for Dairon the piper, ere he went  
 and sat upon his mounded seat -

his grassy throne by the grey feet  
 of the Queen of Beeches, Hirilorn,        870  
 upon whose triple piers were borne  
 the mightiest vault of leaf and bough  
 from world's beginning until now.  
 She stood above Esgalduin's shore,  
 where long slopes fell beside the door,    875  
 the guarded gates, the portals stark  
 of the Thousand echoing Caverns dark.  
 There Thingol sat and heard no sound  
 save far off footsteps on the ground;  
 no flute, no voice, no song of bird,       880  
 no choirs of windy leaves there stirred;  
 and Dairon coming no word spoke,  
 silent amid the woodland folk.  
 Then Thingol said: 'O Dairon fair,  
 thou master of all musics rare,        885  
 O magic heart and wisdom wild,  
 whose ear nor eye may be beguiled,  
 what omen doth this silence bear?  
 What horn afar upon the air,  
 what summons do the woods await?       890  
 Mayhap the Lord Tavros from his gate  
 and tree-propped halls, the forest-god,  
 rides his wild stallion golden-shod  
 amid the trumpets' tempest loud,  
 amid his green-clad hunters proud,       895  
 leaving his deer and friths divine  
 and emerald forests? Some faint sign  
 of his great onset may have come  
 upon the Western winds, and dumb  
 the woods now listen for a chase        900

that here once more shall thundering race  
 beneath the shade of mortal trees.  
 Would it were so! The Lands of Ease  
 hath Tavros left not many an age,  
 since Morgoth evil wars did wage,       905  
 since ruin fell upon the North  
 and the Gnomes unhappy wandered forth.  
 But if not he, who comes or what?'  
 And Dairon answered: 'He cometh not!  
 No feet divine shall leave that shore,    910  
 where the Shadowy Seas' last surges roar,  
 till many things be come to pass,  
 and many evils wrought. Alas!  
 the guest is here. The woods are still,  
 but wait not; for a marvel chill        915  
 them holds at the strange deeds they see,  
 but kings see not - though queens, maybe,  
 may guess, and maidens, maybe, know.  
 Where one went lonely two now go! '

'Whither thy riddle points is plain'    920  
 the king in anger said, 'but deign  
 to make it plainer! Who is he  
 that earns my wrath? How walks he free  
 within my woods amid my folk,  
 a stranger to both beech and oak?'       925  
 But Dairon looked on Luthien  
 and would he had not spoken then,  
 and no more would he speak that day,

though Thingol's face with wrath was grey.  
 Then Luthien stepped lightly forth: 930  
 'Far in the mountain-leaguered North,  
 my father,' said she, 'lies the land  
 that groans beneath King Morgoth's hand.  
 Thence came one hither', bent and worn  
 in wars and travail, who had sworn 935  
 undying hatred of that king;  
 the last of Beor's sons, they sing,  
 and even hither far and deep  
 within thy woods the echoes creep  
 through the wild mountain-passes cold, 940  
 the last of Beor's house to hold

a sword unconquered, neck unbowed,  
 a heart by evil power uncowed.  
 No evil needst thou think or fear  
 of Beren son of Barahir! 945  
 If aught thou hast to say to him,  
 then swear to hurt not flesh nor limb,  
 and I will lead him to thy hall,  
 a son of kings, no mortal thrall.'  
 Then long King Thingol looked on her 950  
 while hand nor foot nor tongue did stir,  
 and Melian, silent, unamazed,  
 on Luthien and Thingol gazed.  
 'No blade nor chain his limbs shall mar'  
 the king then swore. 'He wanders far, 955  
 and news, mayhap, he hath for me,  
 and words I have for him, maybe! '  
 Now Thingol bade them all depart  
 save Dairon, whom he called: 'What art,  
 what wizardry of Northern mist 960  
 hath this illcomer brought us? List!  
 Tonight go thou by secret path,  
 who knowest all wide Doriath,  
 and watch that Luthien - daughter mine,  
 what madness doth thy heart entwine, 965  
 what web from Morgoth's dreadful halls  
 hath caught thy feet and thee enthralls! -  
 that she bid not this Beren flee  
 back whence he came. I would him see!  
 Take with thee woodland archers wise. 970  
 Let naught beguile your hearts or eyes! '

Thus Dairon heavyhearted did,  
 and the woods were filled with watchers hid;  
 yet needless, for Luthien that night  
 led Beren by the golden light 975  
 of mounting moon unto the shore  
 and bridge before her father's door;  
 and the white light silent looked within  
 the waiting portals yawning dim.

Downward with gentle hand she led 980  
 through corridors of carven dread  
 whose turns were lit by lanterns hung

or flames from torches that were flung  
 on dragons hewn in the cold stone  
 with jewelled eyes and teeth of bone. 985  
 Then sudden, deep beneath the earth

the silences with silver mirth  
 were shaken and the rocks were ringing,  
 the birds of Melian were singing;  
 and wide the ways of shadow spread      990  
 as into arched halls she led  
 Beren in wonder. There a light  
 like day immortal and like night  
 of stars unclouded, shone and gleamed.  
 A vault of topless trees it seemed,      995  
 whose trunks of carven stone there stood  
 like towers of an enchanted wood  
 in magic fast for ever bound,  
 bearing a roof whose branches wound  
 in endless tracery of green      1000  
 lit by some leaf-emprisoned sheen  
 of moon and sun, and wrought of gems,  
 and each leaf hung on golden stems.  
 Lo! there amid immortal flowers  
 the nightingales in shining bowers      1005  
 sang o'er the head of Melian,  
 while water for ever dripped and ran  
 from fountains in the rocky floor.  
 There Thingol sat. His crown he wore  
 of green and silver, and round his chair      1010  
 a host in gleaming armour fair.  
 Then Beren looked upon the king  
 and stood amazed; and swift a ring  
 of elvish weapons hemmed him round.  
 Then Beren looked upon the ground,      1015  
 for Melian's gaze had sought his face,  
 and dazed there drooped he in that place,  
 and when the king spake deep and slow:  
 'Who art thou stumblest hither? Know  
 that none unbidden seek this throne      1020  
 and ever leave these halls of stone! '  
 no word he answered, filled with dread.  
 But Luthien answered in his stead:  
 'Behold, my father, one who came  
  
 pursued by hatred like a flame!      1025  
 Lo! Beren son of Barahir!  
 What need hath he thy wrath to fear,  
 foe of our foes, without a friend,  
 whose knees to Morgoth do not bend?'  
  
 'Let Beren answer! ' Thingol said.      1030  
 'What wouldst thou here? What hither led  
 thy wandering feet, O mortal wild?  
 How hast thou Luthien beguiled  
 or darest thus to walk this wood  
 unasked, in secret? Reason good      1035  
 'twere best declare now if thou may,  
 or never again see light of day! '  
 Then Beren looked in Luthien's eyes  
 and saw a light of starry skies,  
 and thence was slowly drawn his gaze      1040  
 to Melian's face. As from a maze  
 of wonder dumb he woke; his heart  
 the bonds of awe there burst apart  
 and filled with the fearless pride of old;  
 in his glance now gleamed an anger cold.      1045  
 'My feet hath fate, O king,' he said,

'here over the mountains bleeding led,  
 and what I sought not I have found,  
 and love it is hath here me bound.  
 Thy dearest treasure I desire; 1050  
 nor rocks nor steel nor Morgoth's fire  
 nor all the power of Elfinesse  
 shall keep that gem I would possess.  
 For fairer than are born to Men  
 A daughter hast thou, Luthien.' 1055

Silence then fell upon the hall;  
 like graven stone there stood they all,  
 save one who cast her eyes aground,  
 and one who laughed with bitter sound.  
 Dairon the piper leant there pale 1060  
 against a pillar. His fingers frail  
 there touched a flute that whispered not;  
 his eyes were dark; his heart was hot.  
 'Death is the guerdon thou hast earned,  
 O baseborn mortal, who hast learned 1065

in Morgoth's realm to spy and lurk  
 like Orcs that do his evil work! '  
 'Death! ' echoed Dairon fierce and low,  
 but Luthien trembling gasped in woe.  
 'And death,' said Thingol, 'thou shouldst taste, 1070  
 had I not sworn an oath in haste  
 that blade nor chain thy flesh should mar.  
 Yet captive bound by never a bar,  
 unchained, unfettered, shalt thou be  
 in lightless labyrinth endlessly 1075

that coils about my halls profound  
 by magic bewildered and enwound;  
 there wandering in hopelessness  
 thou shalt learn the power of Elfinesse!  
 'That may not be! ' Lo! Beren spake, 1080  
 and through the king's words coldly brake.  
 'What are thy mazes but a chain  
 wherein the captive blind is slain?  
 Twist not thy oaths, O elvish king,  
 like faithless Morgoth! By this ring - 1085  
 the token of a lasting bond  
 that Felagund of Nargothrond  
 once swore in love to Barahir,  
 who sheltered him with shield and spear  
 and saved him from pursuing foe 1090  
 on Northern battlefields long ago -  
 death thou canst give unearned to me,  
 but names I will not take from thee  
 of baseborn, spy, or Morgoth's thrall!  
 Are these the ways of Thingol's hall? ' 1095  
 Proud are the words, and all there turned  
 to see the jewels green that burned  
 in Beren's ring. These Gnomes had set  
 as eyes of serpents twined that met  
 beneath a golden crown of flowers, 1100  
 that one upholds and one devours:  
 the badge that Finrod made of yore  
 and Felagund his son now bore.

His anger was chilled, but little less,  
and dark thoughts Thingol did possess,      1105  
though Melian the pale leant to his side  
and whispered: 'O king, forgo thy pride!

Such is my counsel. Not by thee  
shall Beren be slain, for far and free  
from these deep halls his fate doth lead,      1110  
yet wound with thine. O king, take heed! '  
But Thingol looked on Luthien.  
'Fairest of Elves! Unhappy Men,  
children of little lords and kings  
mortal and frail, these fading things,      1115  
shall they then look with love on thee?'  
his heart within him thought. 'I see  
thy ring,' he said, 'O mighty man!  
But to win the child of Melian  
a father's deeds shall not avail,      1120  
nor thy proud words at which I quail.  
A treasure dear I too desire,  
but rocks and steel and Morgoth's fire  
from all the powers of Elfinesse  
do keep the jewel I would possess.      1125  
Yet bonds like these I hear thee say  
affright thee not. Now go thy way!  
Bring me one shining Silmaril  
from Morgoth's crown, then if she will,  
may Luthien set her hand in thine;      1130  
then shalt thou have this jewel of mine.'

Then Thingol's warriors loud and long  
they laughed; for wide renown in song  
had Feanor's gems o'er land and sea,  
the peerless Silmarils; and three      1135  
alone he made and kindled slow  
in the land of the Valar long ago,  
and there in Tun of their own light  
they shone like marvellous stars at night,  
in the great Gnomish hoards of Tun,      1140  
while Glingal flowered and Belthil's bloom  
yet lit the land beyond the shore  
where the Shadowy Seas' last surges roar,  
ere Morgoth stole them and the Gnomes  
seeking their glory left their homes,      1145  
ere sorrows fell on Elves and Men,  
ere Beren was or Luthien,  
ere Feanor's sons in madness swore

their dreadful oath. But now no more  
their beauty was seen, save shining clear      1150  
in Morgoth's dungeons vast and drear.  
His iron crown they must adorn,  
and gleam above Orcs and slaves forlorn,  
treasured in Hell above all wealth,  
more than his eyes; and might nor stealth      1155  
could touch them, or even gaze too long  
upon their magic. Throng on throng  
of Orcs with reddened scimitars  
encircled him, and mighty bars  
and everlasting gates and walls,      1160

who wore them now amidst his thralls.  
 Then Beren laughed more loud than they  
 in bitterness, and thus did say:  
 'For little price do elven-kings  
 their daughters sell - for gems and rings      1165  
 and things of gold! If such thy will,  
 thy bidding I will now fulfill.  
 On Beren son of Barahir  
 thou hast not looked the last, I fear.  
 Farewell, Tinuviel, starlit maiden!      1170  
 Ere the pale winter pass snowladen,  
 I will return, not thee to buy  
 with any jewel in Elfinesse,  
 but to find my love in loveliness,  
 a flower that grows beneath the sky.'      1175  
 Bowing before Melian and the king  
 he turned, and thrust aside the ring  
 of guards about him, and was gone,  
 and his footsteps faded one by one  
 in the dark corridors. 'A guileful oath      1180  
 thou swore, father! Thou hast both  
 to blade and chain his flesh now doomed  
 in Morgoth's dungeons deep entombed,'  
 said Luthien, and welling tears  
 sprang in her eyes, and hideous fears      1185  
 clutched at her heart. All looked away,  
 and later remembered the sad day  
 whereafter Luthien no more sang.  
 Then clear in the silence the cold words rang  
 of Melian: 'Counsel cunning-wise,      1190

O king!' she said. 'Yet if mine eyes  
 lose not their power, 'twere well for thee  
 that Beren failed his errantry.  
 Well for thee, but for thy child  
 a dark doom and a wandering wild.'      1195

'I sell not to Men those whom I love'  
 said Thingol, 'whom all things above  
 I cherish; and if hope there were  
 that Beren should ever living fare  
 to the Thousand Caves once more, I swear      1200  
 he should not ever have seen the air  
 or light of heaven's stars again.'  
 But Melian smiled, and there was pain  
 as of far knowledge in her eyes;  
 for such is the sorrow of the wise.      1205

#### NOTES.

The opening of this Canto is extant in two typescripts (to line 863), the second version being substantially expanded; it was the first of them that C. S. Lewis received - indeed, it is clear that the rewriting was in part due to his criticism.

758-863. The rough drafts for this portion of the Lay (much briefer than the later text here printed) were written on the backs of booksellers' invoices dated 31 December 1925 and 2 February

1926.

761. In this Canto elvish rather than elfin is found already in A, but still elfin in both texts at 1164 (emended in B to elven-).

elven- 799 occurs in a line found only in the later rewriting, B(2).

762-73. These lines are not in A; the B(1) version, severely criticised by C. S. Lewis, is given with his commentary, p. 326.

781-841. A: and the bare woods nor moved nor sighed.

Yet ever after when star or moon  
shone clear or misty then came she soon  
just after day before the eve  
and found him, nor his side did leave        5  
until night waned and starlight ceased  
and day came pale o'er the pathless east.  
And there in far Broseliand

he learned the touches of her hand;  
his feet grew swift as unseen airs,                10  
his laughter soft, and far his cares,  
his voice like those in Doriath  
that wander where there runs no path.  
Thus days of golden spring did rise

while Dairon watched with fiery eyes                15

The spelling Broseliand with s has now entered the A-text. B(1) is as A, except that between lines 7 and 8 above were inserted ten lines that my father retained in the much longer B(2) text, 818 - 27 (Then trembling-veiled, &c.)

805. Broseliand B (2), emended to Beleriand.

849-51. These verses are an emendation to B (2)', with Beleriand thus written. For the B(1) version criticised by C. S. Lewis and the B(2) version before emendation see Lewis's commentary, p. 327,

89I, 904. Tavros was emended in B to Tauros, but this seems to have been a much later change. The rough workings here had first the name (Ormain >) Ormaid, then Tavros.

937. Original reading of B: the last of Men, as songs now sing (with like echoes 939)

941. Original reading of B: the last of Men alone to hold

983-5. These lines are marked with an X on the B-text, and the words on dragons underlined and marked with an X - presumably because the creatures of Morgoth were not carved on the walls of the Thousand Caves.

987-9. These lines are repeated from Canto III, lines 408-10.

1010. silver: original reading of B gold.

1059-63 . These lines are marked with an X on the B-text, as also are lines 1068 - 9. It may be that my father wished to represent Dairon as less unequivocally hostile to Beren, and also as ashamed of his words to Thingol (909-19).

1087. A: that Celegorm of Nargothrond with Celegorm emended first to Felagoth and then to Felagund (as at line 304).

1098. Gnomes: in the margin of B is written Elves/smiths. This is clearly a late change intended simply to get rid of the word Gnomes (see I. 43 - 4).

1102 -3. A: the badge that Feanor made of yore and Celegorm his son now bore.

Celegorm is not emended here as it is at line 1087, but the couplet is enclosed within brackets in the manuscript.

1141. Glingal, Belthil: original readings of B Glingol, Bansil. The same changes were made in The Children of Hurin (pp. 80 - 1, notes to lines 2027 - 8), where I retain the earlier

forms.

- 1144-5. These lines are marked with an X on the B-text, perhaps simply because of the word Gnomes which here occurs in rhyme and cannot be easily replaced (see note to 1098); but C. S. Lewis criticised the word *their* in line 1145 as obscure in its reference (see his commentary, p. 329).
1151. A: in Morgoth Bauglir's dungeons drear. See p. 182.
1161. Here is written in the margin of the A manuscript: 'Mar. 27, 28 1928'.
1175. This line was not originally in A but was pencilled in with queried indications to place it either after 1172 or (with irregular rhyming) after 1174, as it is in B.

#### Commentary on Canto IV.

Comparison of this Canto with the Tale of Tinuviel shows that the narrative has undergone a deepening of significance, and this is largely brought about by the cardinal change of Beren's being no longer an Elf but a mortal Man (see p. 171). The story told in the poem is that of The Silmarillion (pp. 165-8); for the prose version, close to the Lay in every feature large and small, and indeed in many actual phrases, was based directly on the verses, and in this Canto the verses underwent no significant later revision. There are some elements in the poem that were not taken up into the prose version, such as the description of the Thousand Caves (980 ff.), whose splendour and beauty now first appear (cf. my remarks on Thingol's wealth, pp. 160-1) - but a description of Thingol's dwelling is given earlier in The Silmarillion, p. 93. In the original text of the Silmarillion version Daeron's part was in fact entirely excluded, though obviously only for the sake of compression (it was reintroduced into the published work\*). The loud laughter of Thingol's warriors at Thingol's demand that Beren fetch him a Silmaril is not in the prose account, and was perhaps deliberately excluded. This feature harks back rather to the scene in the Tale of Tinuviel (II. 13), where Thingol 'burst into laughter' at the aspect of Beren as suitor for his daughter, and where the courtiers smiled when Thingol requested a Silmaril as the bride-price, seeing that he 'treated the matter as an uncouth jest'. Cf. my commentary on the Tale, II. 53:

The tone is altogether lighter and less grave than it afterwards became; in the jeering laughter of Thingol, who treats the matter as a jest and Beren as a benighted fool, there is no hint of what is quite explicit in the later story: 'Thus he wrought the doom of Doriath, and was ensnared within the curse of Mandos.'

Canto III was in being by the autumn of 1925; while against Canto IV

(\* On pp. 166, 172; but the passage concerning Daeron on p. 183 is original. My father apparently intended to insert references to Daeron's betrayals of Luthien, but did not do so.)

line 1161 in A there stands the date 27 - 8 March, 1928. The rough drafts for the opening of IV (lines 758 - 863) are written on the backs of invoices dated December 1925 and February 1926, but this does not show very much. In any case it seems to me most improbable that my father was writing lines 758 - 1161 over a period of two and a half years (September 1925 to March 1928): it is far more likely that there was a long gap, and that this fourth Canto was written pretty much at one time. Other evidence in fact suggests that he paused. There exist three pages of notes written on the backs of booksellers' invoices dated February, March, and May 1926, and these pages are of great interest for the development of the legend, for they contain a rapidly-composed plot-outline in which my father is seen working out the narrative of the next Cantos of the Lay.

This outline I will refer to as 'Synopsis I'. I give here its content as far as the end of Canto IV. Contractions used for names are expanded, and passages struck out (done at the time of writing) are included.

Beren and Tinuviel dance in the woods.

Dairon reports to the king.

Beren taken captive to the king.

Dairon will have him slain.

The king will shut him in his dungeons.

Tinuviel pleads.

Melian [struck out: says that he must not be slain, and that] refuses to advise but warns Thingol darkly that Beren must not be slain by him, and his coming was not without fate.

Thingol sends him for the Silmaril.

Beren's speech.

Melian says [struck out: this was better than his death, but] it were better for Thingol if Beren succeeded not.

Thingol said he would not send him if [he] were going to succeed.

Melian smiles.

Flight of Beren.

In the Tale of Tinsuviel Beren was led by Tinuviel into Thingol's caves (II. 13), and as I noted (I I. 52-3):

The betrayal of Beren to Thingol by Daeron... has no place in the old story - there is nothing to betray; and indeed it is not shown in the tale that Dairon knew anything whatsoever of Beren before Tinuviel led him into the cave, beyond having once seen his face in the moonlight.

Moreover, in the Tale Dairon was Tinuviel's brother (II. 10; see p.124).

In the Lay (lines 909 ff.) Dairon utters strong hints concerning the strange quietness of the forest, which lead directly to a declaration by Luthien of Beren's presence, and a demand that her father shall not harm him; Thingol swears that he will not, but sends Dairon with archers to prevent Beren's escape - needlessly, for Luthien brings him that same

night to Thingol's hall. This first part of Synopsis I suggests ideas that were never given form. Thus Dairon speaks to Thingol of Beren, as in the Lay, but Beren is actually apprehended and taken to the king as a prisoner; moreover (while it is of course impossible to be certain of the precise articulation of the plot from such an extremely compressed outline) Dairon seems more actively to seek Beren's death than he does in the poem (despite line 1068), and Tinuviel pleads against her father's policy.

For explanation of the references in A to Celegorm (notes to lines 1087, 1102 - 3) see p. 171. According to the earlier story seen in A the ring given to Barahir was made by Feanor, Celegorm's father. In B the later story is present, and the badge of the entwined serpents is that of Felagund's father Finrod (Finarfin in *The Silmarillion*) who now first appears (other than in a later note to *The Children of Hurin*, see pp. 80, 138. Barahir now first replaces Egnor as Beren's father in A; and by later emendation to B (lines 937, 941) Beor appears, who at this time, as is seen from the prose texts, was Barahir's father. With exceedingly complex genealogical and chronological restructuring of the houses of the, Elf-friends in later years Beor came to be removed from Barahir by many generations.

The name Tavros given to Orome (891, 904) has occurred long before in the Gnomish dictionary, defined as the 'chief wood-fay, the Blue Spirit of the Woods' (I. 267, entry Tavari). With his tree-propped halls (892) compare the description of Orome's dwelling in Valmar in the tale



Then nought said Melian thereto,  
 though wild the words. She wept anew,  
 and ran through the woods like hunted deer  
 with her hair streaming and eyes of fear.  
 Dairon she found with ferny crown 1260  
 silently sitting on beech-leaves brown.  
 On the earth she cast her at his side.  
 'O Dairon, Dairon, my tears,' she cried,  
 'now pity for our old days' sake!  
 Make me a music for heart's ache, I 265  
 for heart's despair, and for heart's dread,  
 for light gone dark and laughter dead! '

'But for music dead there is no note,'  
 Dairon answered, and at his throat  
 his fingers clutched. Yet his pipe he took, I 270  
 and sadly trembling the music shook;  
 and all things stayed while that piping went  
 wailing in the hollows, and there intent  
 they listened, their business and mirth,  
 their hearts' gladness and the light of earth 1275  
 forgotten; and bird-voices failed  
 while Dairon's flute in Doriath wailed.  
 Luthien wept not for very pain,  
 and when he ceased she spoke again:  
 'My friend, I have a need of friends, 1280  
 as he who a long dark journey wends,  
 and fears the road, yet dare not turn  
 and look back where the candles burn  
 in windows he has left. The night  
 in front, he doubts to find the light 1285  
 that far beyond the hills he seeks.'  
 And thus of Melian's words she speaks,  
 and of her doom and her desire  
 to climb the mountains, and the fire  
 and ruin of the Northern realm 1290  
 to dare, a maiden without helm  
 or sword, or strength of hardy limb,  
 where magic founders and grows dim.  
 His aid she sought to guide her forth  
 and find the pathways to the North, 1295  
 if he would not for love of her

go by her side a wanderer.  
 'Wherefore,' said he, 'should Dairon go  
 into direst peril earth doth know  
 for the sake of mortal who did steal 1300  
 his laughter and joy? No love I feel  
 for Beren son of Barahir,  
 nor weep for him in dungeons drear,  
 who in this wood have chains enow,  
 heavy and dark. But thee, I vow, 1305  
 I will defend from perils fell  
 and deadly wandering into hell.'

No more they spake that day, and she  
 perceived not his meaning. Sorrowfully  
 she thanked him, and she left him there. 1310  
 A tree she climbed, till the bright air

above the woods her dark hair blew,  
 and straining afar her eyes could view  
 the outline grey and faint and low  
 of dizzy towers where the clouds go,     1315  
 the southern faces mounting sheer  
 in rocky pinnacle and pier  
 of Shadowy Mountains pale and cold;  
 and wide the lands before them rolled.  
 But straightway Dairon sought the king     1320  
 and told him his daughter's pondering,  
 and how her madness might her lead  
 to ruin, unless the king gave heed.  
 Thingol was wroth, and yet amazed;  
 in wonder and half fear he gazed     1325  
 on Dairon, and said: 'True hast thou been.  
 Now ever shall love be us between,  
 while Doriath lasts; within this realm  
 thou art a prince of beech and elm! '  
 He sent for Luthien, and said:     1330  
 'O maiden fair, what hath thee led  
 to ponder madness and despair  
 to wander to ruin, and to fare  
 from Doriath against my will,  
 stealing like a wild thing men would kill     1335  
 into the emptiness outside?'  
 'The wisdom, father,' she replied;

nor would she promise to forget,  
 nor would she vow for love or threat  
 her folly to forsake and meek     1340  
 in Doriath her father's will to seek.  
 This only vowed she, if go she must,  
 that none but herself would she now trust,  
 no folk of her father's would persuade  
 to break his will or lend her aid;     '345  
 if go she must, she would go alone  
 and friendless dare the walls of stone.

In angry love and half in fear  
 Thingol took counsel his most dear  
 to guard and keep. He would not bind     1350  
 in caverns deep and intertwined  
 sweet Luthien, his lovely maid,  
 who robbed of air must wane and fade,  
 who ever must look upon the sky  
 and see the sun and moon go by.     1355  
 But close unto his mounded seat  
 and grassy throne there ran the feet  
 of Hirilorn, the beechen queen.  
 Upon her triple boles were seen  
 no break or branch, until aloft     1360  
 in a green glimmer, distant, soft,  
 the mightiest vault of leaf and bough  
 from world's beginning until now  
 was flung above Esgalduin's shores  
 and the long slopes to Thingol's doors.     1365  
 Grey was the rind of pillars tall  
 and silken-smooth, and far and small  
 to squirrels' eyes were those who went  
 at her grey feet upon the bent.  
 Now Thingol made men in the beech,     1370  
 in that great tree, as far as reach

their longest ladders, there to build  
 an airy house; and as he willed  
 a little dwelling of fair wood  
 was made, and veiled in leaves it stood 1375  
 above the first branches. Corners three  
 it had and windows faint to see,  
 and by three shafts of Hirilorn

in the corners standing was upborne.  
 There Luthien was bidden dwell, 1380  
 until she was wiser and the spell  
 of madness left her. Up she clomb  
 the long ladders to her new home  
 among the leaves, among the birds;  
 she sang no song, she spoke no words. 1385  
 White glimmering in the tree she rose,  
 and her little door they heard her close.  
 The ladders were taken and no more  
 her feet might tread Esgalduin's shore.

Thither at whiles they climbed and brought 1390  
 all things she needed or besought;  
 but death was his, whoso should dare  
 a ladder leave, or creeping there  
 should set one by the tree at night;  
 a guard was held from dusk to light 1395  
 about the grey feet of Hirilorn  
 and Luthien in prison and forlorn.  
 There Dairon grieving often stood  
 in sorrow for the captive of the wood,  
 and melodies made upon his flute 1400  
 leaning against a grey tree-root.  
 Luthien would from her windows stare  
 and see him far under piping there,  
 and she forgave his betraying word  
 for the music and the grief she heard, 1405  
 and only Dairon would she let  
 across her threshold foot to set.  
 Yet long the hours when she must sit  
 and see the sunbeams dance and flit  
 in beechen leaves, or watch the stars 1410  
 peep on clear nights between the bars  
 of beechen branches. And one night  
 just ere the changing of the light  
 a dream there came, from the Gods, maybe,  
 or Melian's magic. She dreamed that she 1415  
 heard Beren's voice o'er hill and fell  
 'Tinuviel' call, 'Tinuviel.'  
 And her heart answered: 'Let me be gone  
 to seek him no others think upon! '

She woke and saw the moonlight pale 1420  
 through the slim leaves. It trembled frail  
 upon her arms, as these she spread  
 and there in longing bowed her head,  
 and yearned for freedom and escape.

Now Luthien doth her counsel shape; 1425  
 and Melian's daughter of deep lore  
 knew many things, yea, magics more  
 than then or now know elven-maids  
 that glint and shimmer in the glades.

She pondered long, while the moon sank 1430  
 and faded, and the starlight shrank,  
 and the dawn opened. At last a smile  
 on her face flickered. She mused a while,  
 and watched the morning sunlight grow,  
 then called to those that walked below. 1435  
 And when one climbed to her she prayed  
 that he would in the dark pools wade  
 of cold Esgalduin, water clear,  
 the clearest water cold and sheer  
 to draw for her. 'At middle night,' 1440  
 she said, 'in bowl of silver white  
 it must be drawn and brought to me  
 with no word spoken, silently.'  
 Another she begged to bring her wine  
 in a jar of gold where flowers twine - 1445  
 'and singing let him come to me  
 at high noon, singing merrily.'  
 Again she spake: 'Now go, I pray,  
 to Melian the queen, and say:  
 "thy daughter many a weary hour 1450  
 slow passing watches in her bower;  
 a spinning-wheel she begs thee send."  
 Then Dairon she called: 'I prithee, friend,  
 climb up and talk to Luthien!'  
 And sitting at her window then, 1455  
 she said: 'My Dairon, thou hast craft,  
 beside thy music, many a shaft  
 and many a tool of carven wood  
 to fashion with cunning. It were good,  
 if thou wouldst make a little loom 1460

to stand in the corner of my room.  
 My idle fingers would spin and weave  
 a pattern of colours, of morn and eve,  
 of sun and moon and changing light  
 amid the beech-leaves waving bright.' 1465  
 This Dairon did and asked her then:  
 'O Luthien, O Luthien,  
 What wilt thou weave? What wilt thou spin? '  
 'A marvellous thread, and wind therein  
 a potent magic, and a spell 1470  
 I will weave within my web that hell  
 nor all the powers of Dread shall break.'  
 Then Dairon wondered, but he spake  
 no word to Thingol, though his heart  
 feared the dark purpose of her art. 1475

And Luthien now was left alone.  
 A magic song to Men unknown  
 she sang, and singing then the wine  
 with water mingled three times nine;  
 and as in golden jar they lay 1480  
 she sang a song of growth and day;  
 and as they lay in silver white  
 another song she sang, of night  
 and darkness without end, of height  
 uplifted to the stars, and flight 1485  
 and freedom. And all names of things  
 tallest and longest on earth she sings:  
 the locks of the Longbeard dwarves; the tail  
 of Draugluin the werewolf pale;

the body of Glomund the great snake;      1490  
 the vast upsoaring peaks that quake  
 above the fires in Angband's gloom;  
 the chain Angainor that ere Doom  
 for Morgoth shall by Gods be wrought  
 of steel and torment. Names she sought,      1495  
 and sang of Glend the sword of Nan;  
 of Gilim the giant of Eruman;  
 and last and longest named she then  
 the endless hair of Uinen,  
 the Lady of the Sea, that lies      1500  
 through all the waters under skies.

Then did she lave her head and sing  
 a theme of sleep and slumbering,  
 profound and fathomless and dark  
 as Luthien's shadowy hair was dark-      1505  
 each thread was more slender and more fine  
 than threads of twilight that entwine  
 in filmy web the fading grass  
 and closing flowers as day doth pass.  
 Now long and longer grew her hair,      1510  
 and fell to her feet, and wandered there  
 like pools of shadow on the ground.  
 Then Luthien in a slumber drowned  
 was laid upon her bed and slept,  
 till morning through the windows crept      1515  
 thinly and faint. And then she woke,  
 and the room was filled as with a smoke  
 and with an evening mist, and deep  
 she lay thereunder drowsed in sleep.  
 Behold! her hair from windows blew      1520  
 in morning airs, and darkly grew  
 waving about the pillars grey  
 of Hirilorn at break of day.

Then groping she found her little shears,  
 and cut the hair about her ears,      1525  
 and close she cropped it to her head,  
 enchanted tresses, thread by thread.  
 Thereafter grew they slow once more,  
 yet darker than their wont before.  
 And now was her labour but begun:      1530  
 long was she spinning, long she spun;  
 and though with elvish skill she wrought,  
 long was her weaving. If men sought  
 to call her, crying from below,  
 'Nothing I need,' she answered, 'go!      1535  
 I would keep my bed, and only sleep  
 I now desire, who waking weep.'

Then Dairon feared, and in amaze  
 he called from under; but three days  
 she answered not. Of cloudy hair      1540  
 she wove a web like misty air  
 of moonless night, and thereof made

a robe as fluttering-dark as shade  
 beneath great trees, a magic dress  
 that all was drenched with drowsiness,      1545

enchanted with a mightier spell  
 than Melian's raiment in that dell  
 wherein of yore did Thingol roam  
 beneath the dark and starry dome  
 that hung above the dawning world. 1550  
 And now this robe she round her furled,  
 and veiled her garments shimmering white;  
 her mantle blue with jewels bright  
 like crystal stars, the lilies gold,  
 were wrapped and hid; and down there rolled 1555  
 dim dreams and faint oblivious sleep  
 falling about her, to softly creep  
 through all the air. Then swift she takes  
 the threads unused; of these she makes  
 a slender rope of twisted strands 1560  
 yet long and stout, and with her hands  
 she makes it fast unto the shaft  
 of Hirilorn. Now, all her craft  
 and labour ended, looks she forth  
 from her little window facing North. 1565

Already the sunlight in the trees  
 is drooping red, and dusk she sees  
 come softly along the ground below,  
 and now she murmurs soft and slow.  
 Now chanting clearer down she cast 1570  
 her long hair, till it reached at last  
 from her window to the darkling ground.  
 Men far beneath her heard the sound;  
 but the slumbrous strand now swung and swayed  
 above her guards. Their talking stayed, 1575

they listened to her voice and fell  
 suddenly beneath a binding spell.

Now clad as in a cloud she hung;  
 now down her roped hair she swung  
 as light as squirrel, and away, 1580  
 away, she danced, and who could say  
 what paths she took, whose elvish feet  
 no impress made a-dancing fleet?

\*

#### NOTES.

- 1222 - 3. At lines 651 - 2 these lines were transposed on C. S. Lewis's suggestion (see p. 323); and heartache was emended to hunger.
1226. Cf. line 664.
1231. Original reading of B: are called in elfland. Echo fails. The change was probably simply to get rid of 'elfland'.
1249. now: uncertain (original reading doth Beren dream emended to ?now Beren dreams).
1253. Throughout this Canto elven- and elvish are emendations of elfin made on the B-text.
- 1260 - 1. Cf. lines 497 - 8.
- 1308 - 10. Marked revise on the B-text.
1312. her dark hair: so also in A. See note to line 558.
- 1316-17. Cf. lines 389 - 90. The Shadowy Mountains (1318) are the Mountains of Terror (Ered Gorgoroth): see pp. 170-1.
1323. This line is marked with an X on the B-text.

1329. As line 1323.  
 1358. Against Hirilorn in A is written Hiradorn, and so also at lines 1396, 1523. At line 1563 Hiradorn is the form in the text of A.  
 1362-3. Cf. lines 872-3.  
 1370. men > them A. At 1390, where B has they, A had men > they; at 1533, 1573 men was not changed in either text.  
 1414-17. Marked with a line on the B-text; in the margin some new verses are written, but so faint and rapid as to be quite illegible.  
 1488. locks B] beards A  
 1489. A: of Carcharas the wolf-ward pale;  
 In the original draft the spelling is Carcaras as in the typescript version of the Tale of Tinuviel (manuscript version Karkaras). In the second version of The Children of Hurin (p. 107 line 374.) the form is Carcharoth (emended from Carcharolch) .  
 1490. Glomund B] Glorund A (as in the Last Tales, but there always without accent).  
 1493. Angainor A, B] Engainor in the original draft.  
 1496. Nan B] Nann A (but Nan in the original draft).  
 1549-50. Cf. lines 406- 7.  
 1563. Hirilorn B] Hiradorn A. See note to line 1358.

#### Commentary on Canto V.

The plot-outline 'Synopsis I' covering the narrative of this Canto is very slight:

Mourning of Tinuviel.  
 Treachery of Dairon.  
 Building of the Tree House in Hirilorn.  
 Escape of Tinuviel.  
 [Added in: Repentance, wandering, and loss of Dairon.]

The wandering and loss of Dairon goes back to the Tale of Tinuviel (II. 20 - 1) and survived into The Silmarillion (p. 183), but there is no other mention of his 'repentance' (though this is perhaps implied in the Lay, lines 1398ff.)

In my commentary on the passage in the Tale of Tinuviel corresponding to this Canto I remarked (II. 54) that

the story of her imprisonment in the house in Hirilorn and her escape from it never underwent any significant change. The passage in The Silmarillion (p. 172) is indeed very brief, but its lack of detail is due to compression rather than to omission based on dissatisfaction; the Lay of Leithian, from which the prose account in The Silmarillion directly derives, is in this passage so close, in point of narrative detail, to the Tale of Tinuviel as to be almost identical with it.

;, There is little to add to this here. In one respect the narrative of the Lay is at variance with the story told in The Silmarillion. What was 'the curse of silence' (1207)? It was due to Dairon (848 - 53). In a preliminary, soon abandoned draft for the 'Silmarillion' version, where the story was to be told far more amply (by following the Lay more closely) the matter is made more explicit:

But Dairon haunted the trees and watched them from afar; and he cried aloud in the bitterness of his heart: 'Hateful is now become the land that I loved, and the trees misshapen. No more shall music here be heard. Let all voices fail in Doriath, and in every dale and upon every hill let the trees stand silent!' And there was a hush and a great

stillness; and Thingol's folk were filled with wonder. And they spoke to their king, asking what was the reason of the silence.

: Dairon's 'curse' was lifted after Beren's departure, although Luthien no longer sang and Dairon no longer piped. This is in contrast to ?he Silmarillion (p. 168), where after Beren went

Luthien was silent, and from that hour she sang not again in Doriath. A brooding silence fell upon the woods.

For the names in the 'lengthening spell' see II. 67 - 8. A new element among the 'longest things' is introduced in the version in the Lay, the peaks above Angband (1491 - 2); and in B the name of the great Dragon becomes Glomund. The chain with which Morgoth was bound, Angaino/Angainu in the Last Tales, becomes Angainor; but it is curious that in the Lay it is only spoken of as a punishment awaiting

Morgoth in the future (ere Doom, 1493), whereas in the old story of The Chaining of Melko (I. 104) it was the shackle with which he was taken prisoner in the original war that led to his captivity in Valinor, and this survived in The Silmarillion (p. 51): at the end of the Elder Days 'he was bound with the chain Angainor which he had worn aforetime' (ibid.

P- 252).

New elements in the story that have yet to appear in the actual narrative of the Lay are seen in Draugluin, replacing in B Carcharas of A in the 'lengthening spell' (thus Carcharas is no longer the 'father of wolves', see II. 68), and in Melian's reference to Beren's lying in the dungeons of the Lord of Wolves (1246).

Luthien's dream in which she heard Beren's voice far off is still ascribed, as it was in the Tale, to the Gods, if less positively (a dream there came, from the Gods, maybe, /or Melian's magic, 1414-15); see II. 19, 68. But the passage is marked in B, perhaps indicating dissatisfaction with the idea.

There is curious detail in a marginal note to the B-text. At some time (as I think) long afterwards someone unknown wrote against lines 133 I-6: 'Thingol is here being rather obtuse', and against this remark my father scribbled: 'But he could not believe she loved Beren - unless some evil spell had somehow been laid on her.'

## VI.

When Morgoth in that day of doom had slain the Trees and filled with gloom	1585
the shining land of Valinor, there Feanor and his sons then swore the mighty oath upon the hill of tower-crowned Tun, that still wrought wars and sorrow in the world.	1590
From darkling seas the fogs unfurled their blinding shadows grey and cold where Glingal once had bloomed with gold and Belthil bore its silver flowers. The mists were mantled round the towers of the Elves' white city by the sea. There countless torches fitfully did start and twinkle, as the Gnomes were gathered to their fading homes,	1595

and thronged the long and winding stair 1600

that led to the wide echoing square.

There Feanor mourned his jewels divine,  
 the Silmarils he made. Like wine  
 his wild and potent words them fill;  
 a great host harkens deathly still. 1605  
 But all he said both wild and wise,  
 half truth and half the fruit of lies  
 that Morgoth sowed in Valinor,  
 in other songs and other lore  
 recorded is. He bade them flee 1610  
 from lands divine, to cross the sea,  
 the pathless plains, the perilous shores  
 where ice-infested water roars;  
 to follow Morgoth to the unlit earth  
 leaving their dwellings and olden mirth; 1615  
 to go back to the Outer Lands  
 to wars and weeping. There their hands  
 they joined in vows, those kinsmen seven,  
 swearing beneath the stars of Heaven,  
 by Varda the Holy that them wrought 1620  
 and bore them each with radiance fraught  
 and set them in the deeps to flame.  
 Timbrenting's holy height they name,  
 whereon are built the timeless halls  
 of Manwe Lord of Gods. Who calls 1625  
 these names in witness may not break  
 his oath, though earth and heaven shake.

Curufin, Celegorm the fair,  
 Damrod and Diriel were there,  
 and Cranthir dark, and Maidros tall 1630  
 (whom after torment should befall),  
 and Maglor the mighty who like the sea  
 with deep voice sings yet mournfully.  
 'Be he friend or foe, or seed defiled  
 of Morgoth Bauglir, or mortal child 1635  
 that in after days on earth shall dwell,  
 no law, nor love, nor league of hell,  
 not might of Gods, not moveless fate  
 shall him defend from wrath and hate  
 of Feanor's sons, who takes or steals 1640

or finding keeps the Silmarils,  
 the thrice-enchanted globes of light  
 that shine until the final night.'

The wars and wandering of the Gnomes  
 this tale tells not. Far from their homes 1645  
 they fought and laboured in the North.  
 Fingon daring alone went forth  
 and sought for Maidros where he hung;  
 in torment terrible he swung,  
 his wrist in band of forged steel, 1650  
 from a sheer precipice where reel  
 the dizzy senses staring down  
 from Thangorodrim's stony crown.  
 The song of Fingon Elves yet sing,  
 captain of armies, Gnomish king, 1655  
 who fell at last in flame of swords  
 with his white banners and his lords.  
 They sing how Maidros free he set,  
 and stayed the feud that slumbered yet  
 between the children proud of Finn. 1660  
 Now joined once more they hemmed him in,

even great Morgoth, and their host  
 beleaguered Angband, till they boast  
 no Orc nor demon ever dare  
 their leaguer break or past them fare.   1665  
 Then days of solace woke on earth  
 beneath the new-lit Sun, and mirth  
 was heard in the Great Lands where Men,  
 a young race, spread and wandered then.  
 That was the time that songs do call   1670  
 the Siege of Angband, when like a wall  
 the Gnomish swords did fence the earth  
 from Morgoth's ruin, a time of birth,  
 of blossoming, of flowers, of growth;  
 but still there held the deathless oath,   1675  
 and still the Silmarils were deep  
 in Angband's darkly-dolven keep.

An end there came, when fortune turned,  
 and flames of Morgoth's vengeance burned,  
 and all the might which he prepared   1680  
 in secret in his fastness flared

and poured across the Thirsty Plain;  
 and armies black were in his train.  
 The leaguer of Angband Morgoth broke;  
 his enemies in fire and smoke   1685  
 were scattered, and the Orcs there slew  
 and slew, until the blood like dew  
 dripped from each cruel and crooked blade.  
 Then Barahir the bold did aid  
 with mighty spear, with shield and men,   1690  
 Felagund wounded. To the fen  
 escaping, there they bound their troth,  
 and Felagund deeply swore an oath  
 of friendship to his kin and seed,  
 of love and succour in time of need.   1695  
 But there of Finrod's children four  
 were Angrod slain and proud Egnor.  
 Felagund and Orodreth then  
 gathered the remnant of their men,  
 their maidens and their children fair;   1700  
 forsaking war they made their lair  
 and cavernous hold far in the south.  
 On Narog's towering bank its mouth  
 was opened; which they hid and veiled,  
 and mighty doors, that unassailed   1705  
 till Turin's day stood vast and grim,  
 they built by trees o'ershadowed dim.  
 And with them dwelt a long time there  
 Curufin, and Celegorm the fair;  
 and a mighty folk grew neath their hands   1710  
 in Narog's secret halls and lands.

Thus Felagund in Nargothrond  
 still reigned, a hidden king whose bond  
 was sworn to Barahir the bold.  
 And now his son through forests cold   1715  
 wandered alone as in a dream.  
 Esgalduin's dark and shrouded stream  
 he followed, till its waters frore  
 were joined to Sirion, Sirion hoar,  
 pale silver water wide and free   1720

rolling in splendour to the sea.

Now Beren came unto the pools,

wide shallow meres where Sirion cools  
 his gathered tide beneath the stars,  
 ere chafed and Sundered by the bars 1725  
 of reedy banks a mighty fen  
 he feeds and drenches, plunging then  
 into vast chasms underground,  
 where many miles his way is wound.  
 Umboth-Muilin, Twilight Meres, 1730  
 those great wide waters grey as tears  
 the Elves then named. Through driving rain  
 from thence across the Guarded Plain  
 the Hills of the Hunters Beren saw  
 with bare tops bitten bleak and raw 1735  
 by western winds; but in the mist  
 of streaming rains that flashed and hissed  
 into the meres he knew there lay  
 beneath those hills the cloven way  
 of Narog, and the watchful halls 1740  
 of Felagund beside the falls  
 of Ingwil tumbling from the wold.  
 An everlasting watch they hold,  
 the Gnomes of Nargothrond renowned,  
 and every hill is tower-crowned, 1745  
 where wardens sleepless peer and gaze  
 guarding the plain and all the ways  
 between Narog swift and Sirion pale;  
 and archers whose arrows never fail  
 there range the woods, and secret kill 1750  
 all who creep thither against their will.  
 Yet now he thrusts into that land  
 bearing the gleaming ring on hand  
 of Felagund, and oft doth cry:  
 'Here comes no wandering Orc or spy, 1755  
 but Beren son of Barahir  
 who once to Felagund was dear.'  
 So ere he reached the eastward shore  
 of Narog, that doth foam and roar  
 o'er boulders black, those archers green 1760  
 came round him. When the ring was seen  
 they bowed before him, though his plight  
 was poor and beggarly. Then by night  
 they led him northward, for no ford

nor bridge was built where Narog poured 1765  
 before the gates of Nargothrond,  
 and friend nor foe might pass beyond.  
 To northward, where that stream yet young  
 more slender flowed, below the tongue  
 of foam-splashed land that Ginglith pens 1770  
 when her brief golden torrent ends  
 and joins the Narog, there they wade.  
 Now swiftest journey thence they made  
 to Nargothrond's sheer terraces  
 and dim gigantic palaces. 1775  
 They came beneath a sickle moon  
 to doors there darkly hung and hewn  
 with posts and lintels of ponderous stone  
 and timbers huge. Now open thrown  
 were gaping gates, and in they strode 1780

where Felagund on throne abode.

Fair were the words of Narog's king  
 to Beren, and his wandering  
 and all his feuds and bitter wars  
 recounted soon. Behind closed doors 1785  
 they sat, while Beren told his tale  
 of Doriath; and words him fail  
 recalling Luthien dancing fair  
 with wild white roses in her hair,  
 remembering her elven voice that rung 1790  
 while stars in twilight round her hung.  
 He spake of Thingol's marvellous halls  
 by enchantment lit, where fountain falls  
 and ever the nightingale doth sing  
 to Melian and to her king. 1795  
 The quest he told that Thingol laid  
 in scorn on him; how for love of maid  
 more fair than ever was born to Men,  
 of Tinuviel, of Luthien,  
 he must essay the burning waste, 1800  
 and doubtless death and torment taste.

This Felagund in wonder heard,  
 and heavily spake at last this word:  
 'It seems that Thingol doth desire  
 thy death. The everlasting fire 1805

of those enchanted jewels all know  
 is cursed with an oath of endless woe,  
 and Feanor's sons alone by right  
 are lords and masters of their light.  
 He cannot hope within his hoard 1810  
 to keep this gem, nor is he lord  
 of all the folk of Elfinesse.  
 And yet thou saist for nothing less  
 can thy return to Doriath  
 be purchased? Many a dreadful path 1815  
 in sooth there lies before thy feet -  
 and after Morgoth, still a fleet  
 untiring hate, as I know well,  
 would hunt thee from heaven unto hell.  
 Feanor's sons would, if they could, 1820  
 slay thee or ever thou reached his wood  
 or laid in Thingol's lap that fire,  
 or gained at least thy sweet desire.  
 Lo! Celegorm and Curufin  
 here dwell this very realm within, 1825  
 and even though I, Finrod's son,  
 am king, a mighty power have won  
 and many of their own folk lead.  
 Friendship to me in every need  
 they yet have shown, but much I fear 1830  
 that to Beren son of Barahir  
 mercy or love they will not show  
 if once thy dreadful quest they know.'

True words he spake. For when the king  
 to all his people told this thing, 1835  
 and spake of the oath to Barahir,  
 and how that mortal shield and spear  
 had saved them from Morgoth and from woe

on Northern battlefields long ago,  
 then many were kindled in their hearts 1840  
 once more to battle. But up there starts  
 amid the throng, and loudly cries  
 for hearing, one with flaming eyes,  
 proud Celegorm with gleaming hair  
 and shining sword. Then all men stare 1845  
 upon his stern unyielding face,

and a great hush falls upon that place.

'Be he friend or foe, or demon wild  
 of Morgoth, Elf, or mortal child,  
 or any that here on earth may dwell, 1850  
 no law, nor love, nor league of hell,  
 no might of Gods, no binding spell,  
 shall him defend from hatred fell  
 of Feanor's sons, whoso take or steal  
 or finding keep a Silmaril. 1855  
 These we alone do claim by right,  
 our thrice enchanted jewels bright.'

Many wild and potent words he spoke,  
 and as before in Tun awoke  
 his father's voice their hearts to fire, 1860  
 so now dark fear and brooding ire  
 he cast on them, foreboding war  
 of friend with friend; and pools of gore  
 their minds imagined lying red  
 in Nargothrond about the dead, 1865  
 did Narog's host with Beren go;  
 or haply battle, ruin, and woe  
 in Doriath where great Thingol reigned,  
 if Feanor's fatal jewel he gained.  
 And even such as were most true 1870  
 to Felagund his oath did rue,  
 and thought with terror and despair  
 of seeking Morgoth in his lair  
 with force or guile. This Curufin  
 when his brother ceased did then begin 1875  
 more to impress upon their minds;  
 and such a spell he on them binds  
 that never again till Turin's day  
 would Gnome of Narog in array  
 of open battle go to war. 1880  
 With secrecy, ambush, spies, and lore  
 of wizardry, with silent leaguer  
 of wild things wary, watchful, eager,  
 of phantom hunters, venom'd darts,  
 and unseen stealthy creeping arts, 1885  
 with padding hatred that its prey  
 with feet of velvet all the day

followed remorseless out of sight  
 and slew it unawares at night -  
 thus they defended Nargothrond, 1890  
 and forgot their kin and solemn bond  
 for dread of Morgoth that the art  
 of Curufin set within their heart.

So would they not that angry day  
 King Felagund their lord obey, 1895

but sullen murmured that Finrod  
 nor yet his son were as a god.  
 Then Felagund took off his crown  
 and at his feet he cast it down,  
 the silver helm of Nargothrond: 1900  
 'Yours ye may break, but I my bond  
 must keep, and kingdom here forsake.  
 If hearts here were that did not quake,  
 or that to Finrod's son were true,  
 then I at least should find a few 1905  
 to go with me, not like a poor  
 rejected beggar scorn endure,  
 turned from my gates to leave my town,  
 my people, and my realm and crown! '

Hearing these words there swiftly stood 1910  
 beside him ten tried warriors good,  
 men of his house who had ever fought  
 wherever his banners had been brought.  
 One stooped and lifted up his crown,  
 and said: 'O king, to leave this town 1915  
 is now our fate, but not to lose  
 thy rightful lordship. Thou shalt choose  
 one to be steward in thy stead.'  
 Then Felagund upon the head  
 of Orodreth set it: 'Brother mine, 1920  
 till I return this crown is thine.'  
 Then Celegorm no more would stay,  
 and Curufin smiled and turned away.

\*

#### NOTES.

- 1593 - 4. Original readings of B Glingol, Bansil, as at line 1141.  
 1598 - 9. Couplet marked for revision, partly on account of did start,  
 partly on account of Gnomes. I do not record further in-  
 stances of this sort, which occur casually throughout.  
 1619. Here is written on the B-text: 'A see the Qenta.' This is the  
 'Silmarillion' version of 1930, and presumably refers to the  
 form of the Oath as it appears there.  
 1620. Varda the Holy is written in the margin of the B-text, which  
 like A has Bridhil the Blessed. Bridhil occurs earlier in A  
 (note to lines 377 - 81), where B has a different reading.  
 1632-3. Cf. lines 506 - 9.  
 1647. Finweg A, and B as typed, early emended in B to Fingon.  
 1654. As line 1647.  
 1656. Cf. The Children of Hurin, first version line 1975, second  
 version line 19, from which the words (referring to  
 Finweg/Fingon) fell in flame of swords are derived; in the  
 second version occur also the king's white banners.  
 1710 - 11. A: a great people were gathered of the Gnomes  
 in these new-built secret homes.  
 1736. Against the words by western winds is written (in such a  
 way as to show that this was the point reached, not the  
 starting-point) the date '29 Mar. 1928', the previous date  
 being 27 - 28 March 1928 at line 1161.  
 1859. Tun B] Cor A  
 1867. A: if Felagund should with Beren go;  
 1891. A: and forgot their blood and kinship's bond

1900. helm is an emendation in B for crown.  
 1920. An X is written against this line, probably long after when Orodreth was moved from his place as Felagund's brother (see p. 91).  
 1921. crown B] realm A

#### Commentary on Canto VI.

The plot-outline 'Synopsis I' continues thus:

Beren goes to Celegorm, who disguises him [struck out: and gives him a magic knife. Beren and his Gnomish guides\* are captured by Orcs: and a few survivors taken before (Melko >) Morgoth. Beren tells M. he is a 'trapper of the woods'.]

(\* This phrase was changed to: 'Beren gets lost and separated from his Gnomish guides'; and was then struck out with the rest of the passage.)

They go and seek to break into Angband disguised as Orcs, but are captured [struck out: and set in chains, and killed one by one. Beren lies wondering which will be his turn.] by the Lord of Wolves, and set in bonds, and devoured one by one.

It is interesting here to see how the relevant features of the story are treated in the 'Sketch of the Mythology' of 1926, as originally written. In this account Beren's father is Barahir, and he 'had been a friend of Celegorm of Nargothrond'. After Thingol's demand that Beren get him a Silmaril:

Beren sets out to achieve this, is captured, and set in dungeon in Angband, but conceals his real identity, and is given as a slave to Thu the hunter.

This passage is evidently earlier than 'Synopsis I' (at the earliest, the end of May 1926, the date of the latest of the three invoices on which it is written), since the 'Sketch' contains no reference to Celegorm's aid, Beren's companions, their disguising as Orcs, and their capture by the Lord of Wolves. On the contrary, Beren goes to Angband alone just as he did in the Tale of Tinuviel, and - most notably - is given to 'Thu the hunter' as a slave, just as in the Tale he was given to Tevildo Prince of Cats as a slave. In Synopsis I we see, I think, the very point at which the story of Beren's Gnomish companions came into being, of their disguise as Orcs, and of their deaths one by one in the dungeons of the Lord of Wolves. (Thu appears first in the fragment of the Lay of the Fall of Gondolin (p. 146), and in The Children of Hurin as Morgoth's most mighty thane: first version line 391, second version line 763).

But already at lines 296ff. in the A-text of the Lay of Leithian (summer 1925) there is a reference to the 'deed of service' done by Egnor Beren's father to Celegorm, and the gift of the ring: while in the 'Sketch' Barahir 'had been a friend of Celegorm of Nargothrond'. Thus:

Lay of Leithian. Egnor Beren's father performed a service for Celegorm,  
 Canto II. from whom he received a ring.  
 (summer 1925).

Sketch of the. Barahir Beren's father was a friend of Celegorm of  
 Mythology. Nargothrond.  
 (early in 1926,

Beren sets out alone and is captured and imprisoned  
 see p. 3)  
 in Angband, but is given as a slave to Thu the hunter.

Synopsis I. Beren goes to Celegorm who aids him (story of the (after May 1926) Gnomish companions appears).

The rather surprising conclusion must be that the association of Egnor/Barahir with Celegorm and the gift of the ring preceded the emergence of the story of Beren's going to Celegorm for aid.

In the rejected part of Synopsis I here we see a last survival from the

Tale of Tinuviel: Beren tells Morgoth that he is a trapper of the woods; cf. the Tale (II. 15): Beren said therewith that he was a great trapper of small animals and a snarer of birds' - and it was indeed this explanation of Beren's to Melko that got him his post in Tevildo's kitchens. The mention in this rejected passage of a magic knife given to Beren by Celegorm was clearly a passing idea to account for the knife with which Beren would cut the Silmaril from the Iron Crown, since the kitchen-knife with which he did the deed in the Tale (II. 33) had been abandoned with the kitchens.

Other loose papers in addition to Synopsis I show the further development of the narrative. The first of these I will refer to as 'Synopsis II', it begins with the beginning of Canto VI and I cite it here as far as the end of the Canto.

Beren comes to Felagund at Nargothrond; who receives him well, but warns him of the oath of the sons of Feanor, and that Curufin and Celegorm dwelling with him have great power in his realm.

Curufin and Celegorm learn of Beren's purpose, and recalling their oath forbid the Gnomes to aid Beren to get the Silmaril for Thingol. The Gnomes fearing war in Nargothrond, or war against Thingol, and in [any] case despairing utterly of reaching the depths of Angband by force or guile will not support Felagund. Felagund mindful of his own oath hands his kingdom over to Orodreth, and with only his own faithful followers of his household (ten in number) goes forth with Beren.

In the Lay of Leithian the 'Nargothrond Element' in the story had by this time (the spring of 1928) evolved further (see p. 171). The major figure of (Felagoth >) Felagund, son of Finwe's third son Finrod, had emerged (see p. 91), and by Canto VI was present also in the A-text; it was he, not Celegorm, who was rescued in the battle that ended the Siege of Angband and who then went south with his brother Orodreth to found Nargothrond, and Celegorm with his brother Curufin have been shifted by the movement of the legend into the role of Felagund's overpowerful 'guests' (it is not made explicit in the Lay why they were there, though it could be guessed that they also had fled from 'the Northern battlefields'). In the passage from Synopsis II just given my father is seen working out the narrative from this point and on this narrative basis, and many of the motives that are important in the final version now appear: on account of their oath Celegorm and Curufin are the cause of the refusal of the Elves of Nargothrond to support Felagund in the aiding of Beren; Felagund gives the crown to Orodreth; and only ten of Felagund's people go with him." I think it certain that Synopsis II was written as, and did in fact provide, the outline narrative for this and the following Cantos.

(\* An intermediate stage is seen in a rewritten passage of the 1926 'Sketch of the Mythology', to be given in Vol. IV, where Celegorm has already been displaced by Felagoth (not yet Felagund) but where Celegorm only learns the errand of Felagoth and Beren after their departure from Nargothrond, and they leave with a large force.)

In Canto VI we meet for the first time several central features of the earlier history of the Gnomes in Beleriand and the North, though these are not necessarily their first occurrences in my father's writings. Thus

the story of the rescue of Maidros by (Finweg >) Fingon from his torment on Thangorodrim, where he was hanged by his right hand, is almost certainly implied in *The Children of Hurin*, where it is said that Maidros wielded his sword with his left (see p. 86); and it is fully told in the 'Sketch' as first written early in 1926, some two years before the date of the present Canto (see note to line 1736). Here also are references to the long years of the Siege of Angband after the healing of the feud among the Gnomish princes (the cause of which we do not yet know); and to the bursting of Morgoth's armies black (cf. *The Silmarillion* p. 151: the black armies of the Orcs) across the Thirsty Plain (for which see p. 55). Here we meet for the first time (apart from a later note to *The Children of Hurin*, p. 50) Angrod and Egnor, sons of Finrod and brothers of Felagund and Orodreth, who meet their deaths in the battle; and here it is said that Felagund was wounded (line 1691), and that his rescuers withdrew 'to the fen' - very probably the 'mighty fen' of Sirion referred to at line 1726.

For Finweg > Fingon, and Finn (line 1660) = Finwe, see p. 137-8. The genealogy of the princes of the Gnomes as it had emerged in the 1920s is now complete:

Finwe/Finn.

Feanor.                      Fingolfin.                      Finrod.

Seven. (Finweg >). Turgon. Isfin. Felagund. Angrod. Egnor. Orodreth.  
sons. Fingon.

The earliest version of the Feanorian Oath is found in alliterative verse in *The Flight of the Noldoli* (see pp. 135-6), and that in the *Lay of Leithian* (lines 1634 - 43) follows it quite closely despite its being in rhyming couplets, with many of the same phrases. Further variations are introduced in Celegorm's version (lines 1848 - 57). On the name Timbrenting of Taniquetil (taken in witness of the Oath) see pp. 127, 139.

Most of the geographical references and names in this Canto are amply explained by Part III 'Failivrin' of *The Children of Hurin*. For the Hills of the-Hunters, the rivers Ginglith and Ingwil, and the Guarded Plain see pp. 88-g. It is now made clear that Umboth-Muilin, the Twilight Meres, were north of Sirion's fall and passage underground (to which there is a reference in *The Children of Hurin*, line 1467), whereas in the

Lost Tales the reverse was the case (see II. 217); and also that Esgalduin was a tributary of Sirion (lines 1717 - 20). In the verses describing Nargothrond the *Lay of Leithian* looks back to and echoes *The Children of Hurin*; compare

Doors there darkly dim gigantic  
were hewn in the hillside; huge their timbers  
and their posts and lintels of ponderous stone  
(p. 68, 1828 - 30)

':- with

Nargothrond's sheer terraces  
and dim gigantic palaces                      (1774-5)

and

doors there darkly hung and hewn  
with posts and lintels of ponderous stone

and timbers huge. (1777-9)

I have mentioned earlier (pp. 88, go) the drawing and watercolour of the entrance to Nargothrond. The drawing is inscribed 'Lyme 1928' (a summer holiday at Lyme Regis in Dorset) and the watercolour was very likely done at the same time: thus a few months after the writing of Canto VI of the Lay of Leithian. In both are seen the bare Hills of the Hunters beyond (with bare tops bitten bleak and raw, 1735), and in the watercolour Nargothrond's sheer terraces (1774); but neither picture suggests that the entrance was hid and veiled (1704), by trees o'er-shadowed dim (1707) - a feature of the description that goes back to the Tale of Turambar ('the doors of the caves... were cunningly concealed by trees', II. 81).

I noticed in my commentary on the Tale of Turambar (II. 124 and footnote) that 'the policy of secrecy and refusal of open war pursued by the Elves of Nargothrond was always an essential element', but that from The Silmarillion p. 168 'it seems that when Beren came to Nargothrond the "secret" policy was already pursued under Felagund', whereas from p. 170 'it seems that it came into being from the potent rhetoric of Curufin after Beren went there'. From this Canto it is seen that this contradiction, if contradiction it is, has its source in the two passages lines 1743 - 51 and 1877-93.

In this latter passage there are again strong echoes of The Children of Hurin; compare

a leaguer silent  
unseen, stealthy, beset the stranger,  
as of wild things wary that watch moveless,  
then follow fleetly with feet of velvet  
their heedless prey with padding hatred (p. 66, 1749 - 53)

with

with silent leaguer  
of wild things wary, watchful, eager,  
of phantom hunters, venomed darts,  
and unseen stealthy creeping arts,  
with padding hatred that its prey  
with feet of velvet all the day  
followed remorseless... (1882 - 8)

There remain a couple of points concerning names. The Great Lands are still so called (1668); but at 1616 the expression 'Outer Lands' occurs. This was used in The Cottage of Lost Play as first written in the sense of the Great Lands, but was subsequently applied to the lands beyond the Western Sea (see I. ax, 81 - 2). 'Outer Lands' = Middle-earth is frequent in The Silmarillion.

The name of the river, Narog, is used, as often later, to refer to the realm of Nargothrond: the King of Nargothrond is the King of Narog (see lines 1782, 1866).

## VII.

Thus twelve alone there ventured forth  
from Nargothrond, and to the North 1925  
they turned their silent secret way,  
and vanished in the fading day.  
No trumpet sounds, no voice there sings,  
as robed in mail of cunning rings  
now blackened dark with helmets grey 1930  
and sombre cloaks they steal away.

Far-journeying Narog's leaping course  
 they followed till they found his source,  
 the flickering falls, whose freshets sheer  
 a glimmering goblet glassy-clear                    1935  
 with crystal waters fill that shake  
 and quiver down from Ivrin's lake,  
 from Ivrin's mere that mirrors dim  
 the pallid faces bare and grim  
 of Shadowy Mountains neath the moon.                    1940

Now far beyond the realm immune  
 from Orc and demon and the dread

of Morgoth's might their ways had led.  
 In woods o'ershadowed by the heights  
 they watched and waited many nights,                    1945  
 till on a time when hurrying cloud  
 did moon and constellation shroud,  
 and winds of autumn's wild beginning  
 soughed in the boughs, and leaves went spinning

down the dark eddies rustling soft,                    1950

they heard a murmur hoarsely waft  
 from far, a croaking laughter coming;  
 now louder; now they heard the drumming  
 of hideous stamping feet that tramp  
 the weary earth. Then many a lamp                    1955  
 of sullen red they saw draw near,  
 swinging, and glistening on spear  
 and scimitar. There hidden nigh  
 they saw a band of Orcs go by  
 with goblin-faces swart and foul.                    I 960

Bats were about them, and the owl,  
 the ghostly forsaken night-bird cried  
 from trees above. The voices died,  
 the laughter like clash of stone and steel  
 passed and faded. At their heel                    1965  
 the Elves and Beren crept more soft  
 than foxes stealing through a croft  
 in search of prey. Thus to the camp  
 lit by flickering fire and lamp

they stole, and counted sitting there                    1970  
 full thirty Orcs in the red flare  
 of burning wood. Without a sound  
 they one by one stood silent round,  
 each in the shadow of a tree;  
 each slowly, grimly, secretly                    1975  
 bent then his bow and drew the string.

Hark! how they sudden twang and sing,  
 when Felagund lets forth a cry;  
 and twelve Orcs sudden fall and die.  
 Then forth they leap casting their bows.                    1980  
 Out their bright swords, and swift their blows!  
 The stricken Orcs now shriek and yell  
 as lost things deep in lightless hell.

Battle there is beneath the trees  
 bitter and swift; but no Orc flees;                    1985  
 there left their lives that wandering band  
 and stained no more the sorrowing land

with rape and murder. Yet no song  
of joy, or triumph over wrong,  
the Elves there sang. In peril sore      1990  
they were, for never alone to war  
so small an Orc-band went, they knew.  
Swiftly the raiment off they drew  
and cast the corpses in a pit.  
This desperate counsel had the wit      1995  
of Felagund for them devised:  
as Orcs his comrades he disguised.

The poisoned spears, the bows of horn,  
the crooked swords their foes had borne  
they took; and loathing each him clad      2000  
in Angband's raiment foul and sad.  
They smeared their hands and faces fair  
with pigment dark; the matted hair  
all lank and black from goblin head  
they shore, and joined it thread by thread      2005  
with Gnomish skill. As each one leers  
at each dismayed, about his ears  
he hangs it noisome, shuddering.  
Then Felagund a spell did sing  
of changing and of shifting shape;      2010  
their ears grew hideous, and agape  
their mouths did start, and like a fang  
each tooth became, as slow he sang.  
Their Gnomish raiment then they hid,  
and one by one behind him slid,      2015  
behind a foul and goblin thing  
that once was elven-fair and king.

Northward they went; and Orcs they met  
who passed, nor did their going let,  
but hailed them in greeting; and more bold      2020  
they grew as past the long miles rolled.

At length they came with weary feet  
beyond Beleriand. They found the fleet  
young waters, rippling, silver-pale

of Sirion hurrying through that vale      2025  
where Taur-na-Fuin, Deadly Night,  
the trackless forest's pine-clad height,  
falls dark forbidding slowly down  
upon the east, while westward frown  
the northward-bending Mountains grey      2030  
and bar the westering light of day.

An isled hill there stood alone  
amid the valley, like a stone  
rolled from the distant mountains vast  
when giants in tumult hurtled past.      2035  
Around its feet the river looped  
a stream divided, that had scooped  
the hanging edges into caves.  
There briefly shuddered Sirion's waves  
and ran to other shores more clean.      2040  
An elven watchtower had it been,  
and strong it was, and still was fair;  
but now did grim with menace stare

one way to pale Beleriand,  
 the other to that mournful land           2045  
 beyond the valley's northern mouth.  
 Thence could be glimpsed the fields of drouth,  
 the dusty dunes, the desert wide;  
 and further far could be descried  
 the brooding cloud that hangs and lowers   2050  
 on Thangorodrim's thunderous towers.

Now in that hill was the abode  
 of one most evil; and the road  
 that from Beleriand thither came  
 he watched with sleepless eyes of flame.   2055  
 (From the North there led no other way,  
 save east where the Gorge of Aglon lay,  
 and that dark path of hurrying dread  
 which only in need the Orcs would tread  
 through Deadly Nightshade's awful gloom   2060  
 where Taur-na-Fuin's branches loom;  
 and Aglon led to Doriath,  
 and Feanor's sons watched o'er that path.)

Men called him Thu, and as a god

in after days beneath his rod           2065  
 bewildered bowed to him, and made  
 his ghastly temples in the shade.  
 Not yet by Men enthralled adored,  
 now was he Morgoth's mightiest lord,  
 Master of Wolves, whose shivering howl   2070  
 for ever echoed in the hills, and foul  
 enchantments and dark sigaldry  
 did weave and wield. In glamour  
 that necromancer held his hosts  
 of phantoms and of wandering ghosts,   2075  
 of misbegotten or spell-wronged  
 monsters that about him thronged,  
 working his bidding dark and vile:  
 the werewolves of the Wizard's Isle.

From Thu their coming was not hid;       2080  
 and though beneath the eaves they slid  
 of the forest's gloomy-hanging boughs,  
 he saw them afar, and wolves did rouse:  
 'Go! fetch me those sneaking Orcs,' he said,  
 'that fare thus strangely, as if in dread,   2085  
 and do not come, as all Orcs use  
 and are commanded, to bring me news  
 of all their deeds, to me, to Thu.'

From his tower he gazed, and in him grew  
 suspicion and a brooding thought,       2090  
 waiting, leering, till they were brought.  
 Now ringed about with wolves they stand,  
 and fear their doom. Alas! the land,  
 the land of Narog left behind!  
 Foreboding evil weights their mind,       2095  
 as downcast, halting, they must go  
 and cross the stony bridge of woe  
 to Wizard's Isle, and to the throne  
 there fashioned of blood-darkened stone.

'Where have ye been? What have ye seen?' 2100

'In Elfinesse; and tears and distress,  
the fire blowing and the blood flowing,  
these have we seen, there have we been.  
Thirty we slew and their bodies threw

in a dark pit. The ravens sit 2105  
and the owl cries where our swath lies.'

'Come, tell me true, O Morgoth's thralls,  
what then in Elfinesse befalls?  
What of Nargothrond? Who reigneth there?  
Into that realm did your feet dare?' 2110

'Only its borders did we dare.  
There reigns King Felagund the fair.'

'Then heard ye not that he is gone,  
that Celegorm sits his throne upon?'

'That is not true! If he is gone, 2115  
then Orodreth sits his throne upon.'

'Sharp are your ears, swift have they got  
tidings of realms ye entered not!  
What are your names, O spearmen bold?  
Who your captain, ye have not told.' 2120

'Nereb and Dungalef and warriors ten,  
so we are called, and dark our den  
under the mountains. Over the waste  
we march on an errand of need and haste.  
Boldog the captain awaits us there 2125  
where fires from under smoke and flare.'

'Boldog, I heard, was lately slain  
warring on the borders of that domain  
where Robber Thingol and outlaw folk  
cringe and crawl beneath elm and oak 2130  
in drear Doriath. Heard ye not then  
of that pretty fay, of Luthien?

Her body is fair, very white and fair.  
Morgoth would possess her in his lair.  
Boldog he sent, but Boldog was slain: 2135  
strange ye were not in Boldog's train.

Nereb looks fierce, his frown is grim.  
Little Luthien! What troubles him?  
Why laughs he not to think of his lord  
crushing a maiden in his hoard, 2140  
that foul should be what once was clean,  
that dark should be where light has been?

Whom do ye serve, Light or Mirk?  
Who is the maker of mightiest work?  
Who is the king of earthly kings,  
the greatest giver of gold and rings?  
Who is the master of the wide earth?  
Who despoiled them of their mirth,  
the greedy Gods? Repeat your vows,  
Orcs of Bauglir! Do not bend your brows! 2150  
Death to light, to law, to love!

Cursed be moon and stars above!  
 May darkness everlasting old  
 that waits outside in surges cold  
 drown Manwe, Varda, and the sun!      2155  
 May all in hatred be begun,  
 and all in evil ended be,  
 in the moaning of the endless Sea! '

But no true Man nor Elf yet free  
 would ever speak that blasphemy,      2160  
 and Beren muttered: 'Who is Thu  
 to hinder work that is to do?  
 Him we serve not, nor to him owe  
 obeisance, and we now would go.'

Thu laughed: 'Patience! Not very long      2165  
 shall ye abide. But first a song  
 I will sing to you, to ears intent.'  
 Then his flaming eyes he on them bent,  
 and darkness black fell round them all.  
 Only they saw as through a pall      2170  
 of eddying smoke those eyes profound  
 in which their senses choked and drowned.  
 He chanted a song of wizardry,  
 of piercing, opening, of treachery,  
 revealing, uncovering, betraying.      2175  
 Then sudden Felagund there swaying  
 sang in answer a song of staying,  
 resisting, battling against power,  
 of secrets kept, strength like a tower,  
 and trust unbroken, freedom, escape;      2180  
 of changing and of shifting shape,  
 of snares eluded, broken traps,  
 the prison opening, the chain that snaps.

Backwards and forwards swayed their song.  
 Reeling and foundering, as ever more strong      2185  
 Thu's chanting swelled, Felagund fought,  
 and all the magic and might he brought  
 of Elfiness into his words.  
 Softly in the gloom they heard the birds  
 singing afar in Nargothrond,      2190  
 the sighing of the sea beyond,  
 beyond the western world, on sand,  
 on sand of pearls in Elvenland.

Then the gloom gathered: darkness growing  
 in Valinor, the red blood flowing      2195  
 beside the sea, where the Gnomes slew  
 the Foamriders, and stealing drew  
 their white ships with their white sails  
 from lamplit havens. The wind wails.  
 The wolf howls. The ravens flee.      2200  
 The ice mutters in the mouths of the sea.  
 The captives sad in Angband mourn.  
 Thunder rumbles, the fires burn,  
 a vast smoke gushes out, a roar -  
 and Felagund swoons upon the floor.      2205

Behold! they are in their own fair shape,

fairskinned, brighteyed. No longer gape  
 Orlike their mouths; and now they stand  
 betrayed into the wizard's hand.  
 Thus came they unhappy into woe,                    2210  
 to dungeons no hope nor glimmer know,  
 where chained in chains that eat the flesh  
 and woven in webs of strangling mesh  
 they lay forgotten, in despair.

Yet not all unavailing were                    2215  
 the spells of Felagund; for Thu  
 neither their names nor purpose knew.  
 These much he pondered and bethought,  
 and in their woeful chains them sought,  
 and threatened all with dreadful death,            2220  
 if one would not with traitor's breath  
 reveal this knowledge. Wolves should come  
 and slow devour them one by one

before the others' eyes, and last  
 should one alone be left aghast,                    2225  
 then in a place of horror hung  
 with anguish should his limbs be wrung,  
 in the bowels of the earth be slow  
 endlessly, cruelly, put to woe  
 and torment, till he all declared.                    2230

Even as he threatened, so it fared.  
 From time to time in the eyeless dark  
 two eyes would grow, and they would hark  
 to frightful cries, and then a sound  
 of rending, a slaving on the ground,            2235  
 and blood flowing they would smell.  
 But none would yield, and none would tell.

#### NOTES.

1943. Against the end of this line is written the date 'March 30  
 1928'. The previous date was 29 March 1928 at line 1736.  
 2023. (and subsequently) Broseliand A, and B as typed.  
 2026. Deadly Night] Tangled Night A, and B as typed. Cf.  
 Deadly Nightshade as a name of Taur-na-Fuin in The  
 Children of Hurin (p. 55) and at line 2060 in the present  
 Canto.  
 2047. fields of drouth: the expression Plains of Drouth occurs in  
 The Children of Hurin, p. 36, line 826.  
 2056-63. These lines are marked with an X and a sign for deletion in  
 the B-text, probably not on account of anything in their  
 content but because my father felt them to be intrusive.  
 2064-6. Emended in B to:

Gnomes called him Gorthu, as a god  
 in after days beneath his rod  
 bewildered they bowed to him, and made

(Sauron was first substituted for Thu! Men is written beside  
 they in line 2066.) Thu > Corthu at all subsequent occur-  
 rences in this Canto, or the name avoided by substitution of  
 pronoun or article; thus 2088 of all their deeds to me,  
 Corthu; 2161 - 2 Doth Corthu/now hinder work; 2165  
 He laughed; 2186 the chanting; etc.

This change is difficult to date, but was made when Gnomes was still employed (2064). In Canto VIII Thu was left unchanged, and subsequently, until 3290, which was emended to where Corthu reigned; at the end of the poem (3947, 3951) Thu was changed to Sauron.

- 2100 - 6. On the changed metre of these lines see the Commentary.  
 2114. After this line is written the date 'March 31st' (i.e. 1928).  
 The previous date was 30 March 1928 at line 1943.  
 2121. Nereb and Dungalef: emended in B to Wrath and Hate, at the same time as Thu > Gorthu.  
 2137. Nereb looks fierce: emended in B to Fierce is your chief.  
 2155. Bridhil A, and B as typed; the change to Varda made at the same time as Thu to Gorthu. Cf. note to line 1620.  
 2175-7. The three rhyming lines go back through A to the original draft.  
 2193. Elvenland is an emendation to B Fairyland.

#### Commentary on Canto VII.

The plot-outline 'Synopsis I' for the narrative in this Canto has already been given (pp. 219-20). 'Synopsis II' continues from the point reached on p. 221.

They ambush an Orc-band, and disguising themselves in the raiment and fashion of the slain, march on Northward. Between the Shadowy Mountains and the Forest of Night, where the young Sirion flows in the narrowing valley, they come upon the werewolves, and the host of Thu Lord of Wolves. They are taken before Thu, and after a contest of riddling questions and answers are revealed as spies, but Beren is taken as a Gnome, and that Felagund is King of Nargothrond remains hidden.

They are placed in a deep dungeon. Thu desires to discover their purpose and real names and vows death, one by one, and torment to the last one, if they will not reveal them. From time to time a great werewolf [struck through: Thu in disguise] comes and devours one of the companions.

This is obviously the narrative basis for Canto VII, and the story here reaches its final form. There may seem to be a difference between the outline and the Lay, in that the former says that 'after a contest of riddling questions and answers they are revealed as spies', whereas in the latter Felagund is overcome by song of greater power. In fact, the riddling contest is present, but seems not to have been fully developed. In the original draft my father scribbled the following note before he wrote the passage lines 2100 ff.:

Riddling questions. Where have you been, who have you slain? Thirty men. Who reigns in Nargothrond? Who is captain of Orcs? Who wrought the world? Who is king &c. They show Elfin [?bias] and too little knowledge of Angband, too much of Elfland. Thu and Felagund ..... enchantments against one another and Thu's slowly win, till they stand revealed as Elves.

Lines 2100 - 6 are in a changed metre, especially suitable to a riddle contest, and their content (the reply to Thu's question 'Where have ye been? What have ye seen?') is riddling ('misleading accuracy'). But after this the verse returns to the common metre, and the riddling element disappears (except in dark our den/under the mountains). The name Dungalef (2121), though it sounds Orcish enough, was an oddly transparent device, since Felagund had just been mentioned; but it succeeded (2217). No doubt Thu's ponderings on the matter were too subtle. This is the first full portrait of Thu, who emerges as a being of great

power, far advanced in sorcery, and is indeed here called 'necromancer' (2074). Here also is the first suggestion that his history would extend far beyond the tale of Beren and Luthien, when 'in after days' Men would worship him, and build 'his ghastly temples in the shade'.

It is in this Canto, also, that the island in the river Sirion (not actually mentioned in Synopsis II) makes its first appearance, together with a mention of the origin of the fortress:

An elven watchtower had it been,  
and strong it was, and still was fair. (2041-2)

My father's drawing (Pictures by J. R. R. Tolkien, no. 36) was made at Lyme Regis in Dorset in July 1928, less than four months after these lines were written; and in the drawing the caves scooped by the waters in the edges of the island (lines 2037-8) can be seen.

The Shadowy Mountains referred to in Synopsis II and in the poem are no longer the Mountains of Terror (Ered Gorgoroth), as they were at lines 386, 1318 (see pp. 170 - z). In Synopsis II it is said that the young Sirion flows in the narrowing valley between the Shadowy Mountains and the Forest of Night (Taur-na-Fuin), and in the poem Ivrin's lake mirrors

the pallid faces bare and grim  
of Shadowy Mountains neath the moon (1939 - 40)

as in *The Children of Hurin* (p. 62, lines 1581-z). Thus the term now reverts to its meaning in the alliterative poem, a meaning that it would henceforward retain. It is also to be noted that this mountain-range is 'northward-bending' (2030).

The lines concerning Ivrin in *The Children of Hurin* (1594 - 7):

newborn Narog, nineteen fathoms  
o'er a flickering force falls in wonder,  
  
and a glimmering goblet with glass-lucent  
fountains fills he by his freshets carven

are echoed in *The Lay of Leithian* (1934 - 6):

the flickering falls, whose freshets sheer  
a glimmering goblet glassy-clear  
with crystal waters fill...

A new feature of the northern lands appears in this Canto: the Gorge of Aglon (2057), already placed (as other evidence shows) at the eastern end of Taur-na-Fuin; and line 2063 gives the first indication that this region was the territory of the Feanorians.

The raid of the Orc-captain Boldog into Doriath, seeking to capture Luthien for Morgoth, was an important element in the history of this time, though later it disappeared and there is no trace of it in *The Silmarillion*. Discussion of it is postponed till later in the *Lay of Leithian*, but it may be noticed here that an early reference to it is found in *The Children of Hurin* (p. 16 lines 392 - 4, p. 117 lines 764-6). There it was  
    Thu himself who was bidden by Morgoth go ravage the realm of the robber Thingol.

The term Foamriders, used of the Third Kindred of the Elves in line 2197, is found earlier in the alliterative *Flight of the Noldoli* (see

p.140).

## VIII.

Hounds there were in Valinor  
 with silver collars. Hart and boar,  
 the fox and hare and nimble roe 2240  
 there in the forests green did go.  
 Orome was the lord divine  
 of all those woods. The potent wine  
 went in his halls and hunting song.  
 The Gnomes anew have named him long 2245  
 Tavros, the God whose horns did blow  
 over the mountains long ago;  
 who alone of Gods had loved the world  
 before the banners were unfurled  
 of Moon and Sun; and shod with gold 2250  
 were his great horses. Hounds untold  
 baying in woods beyond the West

of race immortal he possessed:  
 grey and limber, black and strong,  
 white with silken coats and long, 2255  
 brown and brindled, swift and true  
 as arrow from a bow of yew;  
 their voices like the deeptoned bells  
 that ring in Valmar's citadels,  
 their eyes like living jewels, their teeth 2260  
 like ruel-bone. As sword from sheath  
 they flashed and fled from leash to scent  
 for Tavros' joy and merriment.

In Tavros' friths and pastures green  
 had Huan once a young whelp been. 2265  
 He grew the swiftest of the swift,  
 and Orome gave him as a gift  
 to Celegorm, who loved to follow  
 the great God's horn o'er hill and hollow.  
 Alone of hounds of the Land of Light, 2270  
 when sons of Feanor took to flight  
 and came into the North, he stayed  
 beside his master. Every raid  
 and every foray wild he shared,  
 and into mortal battle dared. 2275  
 Often he saved his Gnomish lord  
 from Orc and wolf and leaping sword.  
 A wolf-hound, tireless, grey and fierce  
 he grew; his gleaming eyes would pierce  
 all shadows and all mist, the scent 2280  
 moons old he found through fen and bent,  
 through rustling leaves and dusty sand;  
 all paths of wide Beleriand  
 he knew. But wolves, he loved them best;  
 he loved to find their throats and wrest 2285  
 their snarling lives and evil breath.  
 The packs of Thu him feared as Death.  
 No wizardry, nor spell, nor dart,  
 no fang, nor venom devil's art  
 could brew had harmed him; for his weird 2290  
 was woven. Yet he little feared  
 that fate decreed and known to all:  
 before the mightiest he should fall,

before the mightiest wolf alone  
that ever was whelped in cave of stone. 2295

Hark! afar in Nargothrond,  
far over Sirion and beyond,  
there are dim cries and horns blowing,  
and barking hounds through the trees going.  
The hunt is up, the woods are stirred. 2300  
Who rides to-day? Ye have not heard  
that Celegorm and Curufin  
have loosed their dogs? With merry din  
they mounted ere the sun arose,  
and took their spears and took their bows. 2305  
The wolves of Thu of late have dared  
both far and wide. Their eyes have glared  
by night across the roaring stream  
of Narog. Doth their master dream,  
perchance, of plots and counsels deep, 2310  
of secrets that the Elf-lords keep,  
of movements in the Gnomish realm  
and errands under beech and elm?

Curufin spake: 'Good brother mine,  
I like it not. What dark design 2315  
doth this portend? These evil things,  
we swift must end their wanderings!  
And more, 'twould please my heart full well  
to hunt a while and wolves to fell.'  
And then he leaned and whispered low 2320  
that Orodreth was a dullard slow;  
long time it was since the king had gone,  
and rumour or tidings came there none.  
'At least thy profit it would be  
to know whether dead he is or free; 2325  
to gather thy men and thy array.  
"I go to hunt" then thou wilt say,  
and men will think that Narog's good  
ever thou heededst. But in the wood  
things may be learned; and if by grace, 2330  
by some blind fortune he retrace  
his footsteps mad, and if he bear  
a Silmaril - I need declare  
no more in words; but one by right

is thine (and ours), the jewel of light; 2335  
another may be won - a throne.  
The eldest blood our house doth own.'

Celegorm listened. Nought he said,  
but forth a mighty host he led;  
and Huan leaped at the glad sounds, 2340  
the chief and captain of his hounds.  
Three days they ride by holt and hill  
the wolves of Thu to hunt and kill,  
and many a head and fell of grey  
they take, and many drive away, 2345  
till nigh to the borders in the West  
of Doriath a while they rest.

There were dim cries and horns blowing,  
and barking dogs through the woods going.

The hunt was up. The woods were stirred, 2350  
 and one there fled like startled bird,  
 and fear was in her dancing feet.  
 She knew not who the woods did beat.  
 Far from her home, forwandered, pale,  
 she flitted ghostlike through the vale; 2355  
 ever her heart bade her up and on,  
 but her limbs were worn, her eyes were wan.  
 The eyes of Huan saw a shade  
 wavering, darting down a glade  
 like a mist of evening snared by day 2360  
 and hastening fearfully away.  
 He bayed, and sprang with sinewy limb  
 to chase the shy thing strange and dim.  
 On terror's wings, like a butterfly  
 pursued by a sweeping bird on high, 2365  
 she fluttered hither, darted there,  
 now poised, now flying through the air -  
 in vain. At last against a tree  
 she leaned and panted. Up leaped he.  
 No word of magic gasped with woe, 2370  
 no elvish mystery she did know  
 or had entwined in raiment dark  
 availed against that hunter stark,  
 whose old immortal race and kind  
 no spells could ever turn or bind. 2375

Huan alone that she ever met  
 she never in enchantment set  
 nor bound with spells. But loveliness  
 and gentle voice and pale distress  
 and eyes like starlight dimmed with tears 2380  
 tamed him that death nor monster fears.

Lightly he lifted her, light he bore  
 his trembling burden. Never before  
 had Celegorm beheld such prey:  
 'What hast thou brought, good Huan say! 2385  
 Dark-elvish maid, or wraith, or fay?  
 Not such to hunt we came today.'

'Tis Luthien of Doriath,'  
 the maiden spake. 'A wandering path  
 far from the Wood-'Elves' sunny glades 2390  
 she sadly winds, where courage fades  
 and hope grows faint.' And as she spoke  
 down she let slip her shadowy cloak,  
 and there she stood in silver and white.  
 Her starry jewels twinkled bright 2395  
 in the risen sun like morning dew;  
 the lilies gold on mantle blue  
 gleamed and glistened. Who could gaze  
 on that fair face without amaze?  
 Long did Curufin look and stare. 2400  
 The perfume of her flower-twined hair,  
 her lissom limbs, her elvish face,  
 smote to his heart, and in that place  
 enchained he stood. 'O maiden royal,  
 O lady fair, wherefore in toil 2405  
 and lonely journey dost thou go?

What tidings dread of war and woe  
 In Doriath have betid? Come tell!  
 For fortune thee hath guided well;  
 friends thou hast found,' said Celegorm, 2410  
 and gazed upon her elvish form.

In his heart him thought her tale unsaid  
 he knew in part, but nought she read  
 of guile upon his smiling face.  
 'Who are ye then, the lordly chase 2415

that follow in this perilous wood?'  
 she asked; and answer seeming-good  
 they gave. 'Thy servants, lady sweet,  
 lords of Nargothrond thee greet,  
 and beg that thou wouldst with them go 2420  
 back to their hills, forgetting woe  
 a season, seeking hope and rest.  
 And now to hear thy tale were best.'

So Luthien tells of Beren's deeds  
 in northern lands, how fate him leads 2425  
 to Doriath, of Thingol's ire,  
 the dreadful errand that her sire  
 decreed for Beren.. Sign nor word  
 the brothers gave that aught they heard  
 that touched them near. Of her escape 2430  
 and the marvellous mantle she did shape  
 she lightly tells, but words her fail  
 recalling sunlight in the vale,  
 moonlight, starlight in Doriath,  
 ere Beren took the perilous path. 2435  
 'Need, too, my lords, there is of haste!  
 No time in ease and rest to waste.  
 For days are gone now since the queen,  
 Melian whose heart hath vision keen,  
 looking afar me said in fear 2440  
 that Beren lived in bondage drear.  
 The Lord of Wolves hath prisons dark,  
 chains and enchantments cruel and stark,  
 and there entrapped and languishing  
 doth Beren lie - if direr thing 2445  
 hath not brought death or wish for death':  
 than gasping woe bereft her breath.

To Celegorm said Curufin  
 apart and low: 'Now news we win  
 of Felagund, and now we know 2450  
 wherefore Thu's creatures prowling go',  
 and other whispered counsels spake,  
 and showed him what answer he should make.  
 'Lady,' said Celegorm, 'thou seest  
 we go a-hunting roaming beast, 2455  
 and though our host is great and bold,

'tis ill prepared the wizard's hold  
 and island fortress to assault.  
 Deem not our hearts or wills at fault.

Lo I here our chase we now forsake 2460  
 and home our swiftest road we take,  
 counsel and aid there to devise  
 for Beren that in anguish lies.'

To Nargothrond they with them bore  
 Luthien, whose heart misgave her sore. 2465  
 Delay she feared; each moment pressed  
 upon her spirit, yet she guessed  
 they rode not as swiftly as they might.  
 Ahead leaped Huan day and night,  
 and ever looking back his thought 2470  
 was troubled. What his master sought,  
 and why he rode not like the fire,  
 why Curufin looked with hot desire  
 on Luthien, he pondered deep,  
 and felt some evil shadow creep 2475  
 of ancient curse o'er Elfinesse.  
 His heart was torn for the distress  
 of Beren bold, and Luthien dear,  
 and Felagund who knew no fear.

In Nargothrond the torches flared 2480  
 and feast and music were prepared.  
 Luthien feasted not but wept.  
 Her ways were trammelled; closely kept  
 she might not fly. Her magic cloak  
 was hidden, and no prayer she spoke 2485  
 was heeded, nor did answer find  
 her eager questions. Out of mind,  
 it seemed, were those afar that pined  
 in anguish and in dungeons blind  
 in prison and in misery. 2490  
 Too late she knew their treachery.  
 It was not hid in Nargothrond  
 that Feanor's sons her held in bond,  
 who Beren heeded not, and who  
 had little cause to wrest from Thu 2495  
 the king they loved not and whose quest  
 old vows of hatred in their breast

had roused from sleep. Orodreth knew  
 the purpose dark they would pursue:  
 King Felagund to leave to die, 2500  
 and with King Thingol's blood ally  
 the house of Feanor by force  
 or treaty. But to stay their course  
 he had no power, for all his folk  
 the brothers had yet beneath their yoke, 2505  
 and all yet listened to their word.  
 Orodreth's counsel no man heard;  
 their shame they crushed, and would not heed  
 the tale of Felagund's dire need.

At Luthien's feet there day by day 2510  
 and at night beside her couch would stay  
 Huan the hound of Nargothrond;  
 and words she spoke to him soft and fond:  
 'O Huan, Huan, swiftest hound  
 that ever ran on mortal ground, 2515

what evil doth thy lords possess  
 to heed no tears nor my distress?  
 Once Barahir all men above  
 good hounds did cherish and did love;  
 once Beren in the friendless North,       2520  
 when outlaw wild he wandered forth,  
 had friends unfailing among things  
 with fur and fell and feathered wings,  
 and among the spirits that in stone  
 in mountains old and wastes alone       2525  
 still dwell. But now nor Elf nor Man,  
 none save the child of Melian,  
 remembers him who Morgoth fought  
 and never to thralldom base was brought.'

Nought said Huan; but Curufin       2530  
 thereafter never near might win  
 to Luthien, nor touch that maid,  
 but shrank from Huan's fangs afraid.  
 Then on a night when autumn damp  
 was swathed about the glimmering lamp       2535  
 of the wan moon, and fitful stars  
 were flying seen between the bars  
 of racing cloud, when winter's horn

already wound in trees forlorn,  
 lo! Huan was gone. Then Luthien lay       2540  
 fearing new wrong, till just ere day,  
 when all is dead and breathless still  
 and shapeless fears the sleepless fill,  
 a shadow came along the wall.  
 Then something let there softly fall       2545  
 her magic cloak beside her couch.  
 Trembling she saw the great hound crouch  
 beside her, heard a deep voice swell  
 as from a tower a far slow bell.

Thus Huan spake, who never before       2550  
 had uttered words, and but twice more  
 did speak in elven tongue again:  
 'Lady beloved, whom all Men,  
 whom Elfinesse, and whom all things  
 with fur and fell and feathered wings       2555  
 should serve and love - arise! away!  
 Put on thy cloak! Before the day  
 comes over Nargothrond we fly  
 to Northern perils, thou and I.'  
 And ere he ceased he counsel wrought       2560  
 for achievement of the thing they sought.  
 There Luthien listened in amaze,  
 and softly on Huan did she gaze.  
 Her arms about his neck she cast -  
 in friendship that to death should last.       2565

#### NOTES

2246. Tavros not emended, nor at lines 2263 - 4 (see p. 195, note to lines 891, 904) -

2248. of Cods had loved B] of Valar loved A

2283. Beleriand] Broseliand A, and B as typed.

2385. After this line is written the date 'April 2nd'. The previous

date was 31 March 1928 at line 2114.

2423. After this line is written the date 'April 3rd'. The previous date was 2 April 1928 at line 2385.

2442-4. Cf. lines 1246 - 8.

2484-5. The reference to the hiding of Luthien's cloak is not in A.

2522-6. Cf. lines 349 - 53. Line 2523 is repeated at 2555.

2551. Bat twice more emendation in B; nor ever more A, but once more B as typed.  
elven: elfin B, but since elfin is changed at almost every occurrence I have done so here.

#### Commentary on Canto VIII.

The development of the narrative of this Canto from the Tale of Tinuviel to The Silmarillion can be followed step by step. The first stage is seen in the very brief words of the 'Sketch', following on the passage given on p. 220.

Luthien is imprisoned by Thingol, but escapes and goes in search of Beren. With the aid of Huan lord of dogs she rescues Beren [i.e. from 'Thu the hunter'], and gains entrance to Angband...

This is too compressed to reveal what ideas underlay it; but at least it is clear that Huan was still independent of any master. In the earliest map Huan is assigned a territory (south and east of Ivrin), and this clearly belongs with the old conception.

Synopsis I, a little later than the 'Sketch' (see p. 220), continues from the point reached on pp. 219-20:

Tinuviel flies in her magic robe, she meets Celegorm out hunting, and is pursued by him and captured by Huan his dog and hurt. [Struck out: In redress he offers to help] He offers redress - but cannot help; he lent his Gnomes to Beren and all perished, and so must Beren. Huan goes with her.

A little later in the outline it is said:

It was written in the fate of Huan that he could only be slain by a wolf.

At this stage, where Celegorm was the ruler of Nargothrond to whom Beren went in his trouble, Celegorm 'lent his Gnomes' to Beren;\* Luthien fleeing from Doriath was pursued by Celegorm while out hunting and was hurt by Huan, who now first appears as Celegorm's hound. Here there is no suggestion of evil behaviour towards her (and no mention of Curufin); Celegorm is unable to assist her, further than he has already assisted Beren, but Huan goes with her on her quest: was this the 'redress' for her hurt that Celegorm offered her? It is not said. It is clear that the position of the ruler of Nargothrond as a son of Feanor,

(\* If the previous passage of Synopsis I (p. 219) is strictly interpreted Celegorm went with Beren from Nargothrond, but this is obviously not meant: my father must have struck out more than he intended to. It is now clear that in this form of the story Celegorm disguised Beren and gave him guides.)

bound by the Oath, must have developed quite differently if this form of the story had been retained, since he was also sworn to aid the kin of Barahir (see below, p. 247).

In Synopsis II, given on p. 233 to the point equivalent to the end of Canto VII, the plot reaches almost to its development in the present Canto of the Lay; but this was achieved in stages, and the original text of

the outline was so much changed and extended by later alterations that it would be extremely difficult to follow if set out as hitherto. I give it therefore in two forms. As first written it read:

Curufin and Celegorm go hunting with all their hounds. Huan the sleepless is the chief. He is proof against magic sleep or death - it is his fate to be slain only by the 'greatest wolf'. They espy Luthien who flees, but is caught by Huan whom she cannot enchant. The hound bears her to Celegorm, who learns her purpose. Hearing who she is, and falling in love with her he takes away her magic cloak, and holds her captive.

At last he yields to her tears to let her free and give her back her cloak, but he will not aid her because of his oath. Nor does he desire to rescue Felagund, since he is now all-powerful in Nargothrond. She departs from Celegorm. But Huan has become devoted to her, and goes with her.

At this stage, the hunting evidently had no significance in itself: it was the device by which Huan (already in Synopsis I the hound of Celegorm, and with a peculiar fate) was to be brought to accompany Luthien, an essential feature going back to the Tale of Tinuviel. There is no mention of her being hurt by Huan, as there is in Synopsis I (and so no question of 'redress'); and here Celegorm falls in love with her and therefore holds her captive. But this is only for a time; he yields to her prayer and gives her back her cloak, though because of his oath he will not aid her; and the evil motive of his desiring to let Felagund perish so that he may retain power in Nargothrond appears. Luthien leaves Celegorm; Huan goes with her, as in Synopsis I, but the motive is now explicitly the hound's love for her.

After emendation the outline read as follows:

Because of the disguise of Felagund Thu is suspicious and his wolves fare far abroad. Celegorm seizes pretext for a wolfhunt.

Curufin and Celegorm go wolf-hunting guilefully (really to intercept Felagund\*) with all their hounds. Huan the sleepless is the chief. (Huan came with him [i.e. Celegorm] from Tavros' halls.) He is proof against magic sleep or death - it is his fate to be slain only by the

(\* i.e., if he should return to Nargothrond; see lines 2330ff.)

'greatest wolf'. They espy Luthien who flees, but is caught by Huan whom she cannot enchant. The hound bears her to Celegorm, who learns her purpose. Hearing who she is, and falling in love with her, Curufin takes away her magic cloak, and holds her captive. Although she tells him Melian's words and that Felagund and Beren are in Thu's power he won't attempt a rescue even of Felagund. (Marginal note: It is Curufin who put evil into Celegorm's heart.)

In spite of her tears to let her free and give her back her cloak he will not aid her because of his oath and love. Nor does he desire to rescue Felagund, since he is now all-powerful in Nargothrond. But Huan has become devoted to her, and aids her to escape without her cloak.

The hunting of Celegorm and Curufin is now given a sinister import, and is related to the wolves of Thu who 'fare far abroad'. Huan's Valinorean ancestry appears; and Curufin becomes the evil genius of the brothers, and also the lover of Luthien. Luthien is now held prisoner in Nargothrond until she escapes by the aid of Huan - but she does not get back her cloak.

Which of the brothers is referred to in the latter part of the emended outline is not clear: as originally written it was Celegorm throughout, but by the change of 'falling in love with her he takes away her magic cloak' to 'falling in love with her Curufin takes away her magic cloak' Curufin

becomes the antecedent to all that follows. Whether my father really intended this is hard to say.

When he came to write Canto VIII, on the basis of this emended outline, some further change took place - notably, the return to Luthien by Huan of her cloak before they left Nargothrond; and the element added to the outline 'It is Curufin who put evil into Celegorm's heart' is expanded. It is now Curufin who suggests the wolfhunt, with its secret intention, and line 2453 shows him as the subtler and more longheaded schemer, standing behind his brother and prompting him - it is clear from lines 2324ff. that Celegorm has some authority - or is felt by . Curufin to have some authority - that Curufin lacks.

Curufin expresses his contempt for Orodreth ('a dullard slow', 2321), and this is the first hint of that weakening of Orodreth's character to which I referred earlier (p. 91). Of course the emergence of Felagund pushed him in any case into a subordinate role, as the younger brother of the founder of Nargothrond, and the concomitant development whereby Celegorm and Curufin remained in Nargothrond as powerful interlopers weakened his position still further. It may be that the position imposed on him by the movements in the legend led to the conclusion that he cannot have been made of very stern stuff.

These subtleties in the relationship between Celegorm and Curufin are passed over in the prose version (*The Silmarillion* pp. 172 - 3), and there is no suggestion that Curufin was the more sinister of the pair, and

the prime mover in their machinations. Celegorm recovers his earlier role as the one who was enamoured of Luthien. In the Lay appears the motive, not mentioned in Synopsis II, of the intention of Celegorm and Curufin to ally themselves with 'King Thingol's blood' by the forced marriage of Luthien (lines 2498 - 2503); and this reappears in *The Silmarillion*, where it is to Celegorm that Thingol is to be compelled to give her.

The process whereby the legends of Beren and Luthien on the one hand and of Nargothrond on the other became entwined is now (to this point in the story) almost complete, and this is a convenient point to recapitulate the main shifts in its evolution.

In the *Lost Tales* Orodreth was lord of the Rodothlim, a people of the Gnomes, in the caves that were to become Nargothrond, but Beren had no connection with the Rodothlim (and Huan had no master). Then Celegorm appeared as the Gnomish prince rescued by Beren's father (Egnor > Barahir) in the battle that afterwards became the Battle of Sudden Flame, to whom he swore an oath of abiding friendship and aid; and Celegorm and Curufin became the founders of Nargothrond after the battle (p. 84). It was to Celegorm that Beren therefore came seeking aid; and Celegorm plays the later role of Felagund in Synopsis I to the extent that he gives him Gnomish guides. Luthien fleeing from Doriath is caught by Huan, now the hound of Celegorm, and hurt, but this has no outcome beyond the departure of Luthien in Huan's company (Synopsis I).

The most major change came with the emergence of Felagund and his taking over Celegorm's part both as founder of Nargothrond and as the one rescued by Barahir. Orodreth became his younger brother, the only other son of Finrod to survive the battle in which the Siege of Angband ended. But Celegorm's association with Nargothrond was not abandoned; and his powerful presence there together with that of his brother Curufin - again as a result of the battle - introduces the motive of conflict between the Feanorians and the King, each held by their own oaths. This conflict had been present in the earlier plot, but there it was a conflict within Celegorm's mind alone, since he had sworn both oaths; there is however no real evidence as to how my father would have treated this, unless we assume from his giving Gnomish guides to Beren in Synopsis I

that he gave precedence to his oath to Barahir.

When Luthien is captured by Huan and taken to Nargothrond she is caught up in the ambitions of Celegorm and Curufin, and indeed her capture itself is made to come about from their evil intentions towards Felagund and determination to prevent his return.

Of Huan it is told in the Lay that he was the only hound of Valinor to come east over the sea (2270). His fate that he should meet death only when 'he encountered the mightiest wolf that would ever walk the world'

(The Silmarillion p. 173) appears (already referred to in Synopsis II, pp. 245-6), but it is not said as it is in The Silmarillion that this was because as the hound of Celegorm he came under the Doom of the Noldor. In the A-text of the Lay (note to line 2551) he spoke only once in his life, in the B-text twice; but this was emended to three times, as still in The Silmarillion.

The statement in lines 2248 - 50 that Orome

alone of Gods had loved the world  
before the banners were unfurled  
of Moon and Sun

seems to forget Yavanna: see the tale of The Chaining of Melko (I. 98 - 9) and The Silmarillion pp. 40 - 1.

The dim cries and horns blowing, land barking hounds through the trees going (lines 2298- 9, repeated with variations in lines 2348 - 9) derive from the Middle English Lay of Sir Orfeo:

With dim cri & bloweing  
& houndes also wip him berking.\*

#### IX.

In Wizard's Isle still lay forgot,  
enmeshed and tortured in that grot  
cold, evil, doorless, without light,  
and blank-eyed stared at endless night  
two comrades. Now alone they were. 2570  
The others lived no more, but bare  
their broken bones would lie and tell  
how ten had served their master well.

To Felagund then Beren said:  
"Twere little loss if I were dead, 2575  
and I am minded all to tell,  
and thus, perchance, from this dark hell  
thy life to loose. I set thee free

(\* Auchinleck manuscript lines 285-6 (ed. A. J. Bliss, Oxford 1954, p. 26); cf. my father's translation (Sir Gawain and the Green Knight, Pearl, and Sir Orfeo, 1975):

with blowing far and crying dim  
and barking hounds that were with him.)

from thine old oath, for more for me  
hast thou endured than e'er was earned.' 2580

'A! Beren, Beren hast not learned

that promises of Morgoth's folk  
 are frail as breath. From this dark yoke  
 of pain shall neither ever go,  
 whether he learn our names or no,        2585  
 with Thu's consent. Nay more, I think  
 yet deeper of torment we should drink,  
 knew he that son of Barahir  
 and Felagund were captive here,  
 and even worse if he should know        2590  
 the dreadful errand we did go.'

A devil's laugh they ringing heard  
 within their pit. 'True, true the word  
 I hear you speak,' a voice then said.  
 "Twere little loss if he were dead,        2595  
 the outlaw mortal. But the king,  
 the Elf undying, many a thing  
 no man could suffer may endure.  
 Perchance, when what these walls immure  
 of dreadful anguish thy folk learn,        2600  
 their king to ransom they will yearn  
 with gold and gem and high hearts cowed;  
 or maybe Celegorm the proud  
 will deem a rival's prison cheap,  
 and crown and gold himself will keep.        2605  
 Perchance, the errand I shall know,  
 ere all is done, that ye did go.  
 The wolf is hungry, the hour is nigh;  
 no more need Beren wait to die.'

The slow time passed. Then in the gloom    2610  
 two eyes there glowed. He saw his doom,  
 Beren, silent, as his bonds he strained  
 beyond his mortal might enchained.  
 Lo! sudden there was rending sound  
 of chains that parted and unwound,        2615  
 of meshes broken. Forth there leaped  
 upon the wolvis thing that crept  
 in shadow faithful Felagund,

careless of fang or venom'd wound.  
 There in the dark they wrestled slow,        2620  
 remorseless, snarling, to and fro,  
 teeth in flesh, gripe on throat,  
 fingers locked in shaggy coat,  
 spurning Beren who there lying  
 heard the werewolf gasping, dying.        2625  
 Then a voice he heard: 'Farewell!  
 On earth I need no longer dwell,  
 friend and comrade, Beren bold.  
 My heart is burst, my limbs are cold.  
 Here all my power I have spent        2630  
 to break my bonds, and dreadful rent  
 of poisoned teeth is in my breast.  
 I now must go to my long rest  
 neath Timbrenting in timeless halls  
 where drink the Gods, where the light falls    2635  
 upon the shining sea.' Thus died the king,  
 as elvish singers yet do sing.

There Beren lies. His grief no tear,  
 his despair no horror has nor fear,

waiting for footsteps, a voice, for doom. 2640  
 Silences profounder than the tomb  
 of long-forgotten kings, neath years  
 and sands uncounted laid on biers  
 and buried everlasting-deep,  
 slow and unbroken round him creep. 2645

The silences were sudden shivered  
 to silver fragments. Faint there quivered  
 a voice in song that walls of rock,  
 enchanted hill, and bar and lock,  
 and powers of darkness pierced with light. 2650  
 He felt about him the soft night  
 of many stars, and in the air  
 were rustlings and a perfume rare;  
 the nightingales were in the trees,  
 slim fingers flute and viol seize 2655  
 beneath the moon, and one more fair  
 than all there be or ever were  
 upon a lonely knoll of stone  
 in shimmering raiment danced alone.

Then in his dream it seemed he sang, 2660  
 and loud and fierce his chanting rang,  
 old songs of battle in the North,  
 of breathless deeds, of marching forth  
 to dare uncounted odds and break  
 great powers, and towers, and strong walls shake; 2665  
 and over all the silver fire  
 that once Men named the Burning Briar,  
 the Seven Stars that Varda set

about the North, were burning yet,  
 a light in darkness, hope in woe, 2670  
 the emblem vast of Morgoth's foe.

'Huan, Huan! I hear a song  
 far under welling, far but strong;  
 a song that Beren bore aloft.  
 I hear his voice, I have heard if oft 2675  
 in dream and wandering.' Whispering low  
 thus Luthien spake. On the bridge of woe  
 in mantle wrapped at dead of night  
 she sat and sang, and to its height  
 and to its depth the Wizard\*s Isle, 2680  
 rock upon rock and pile on pile,  
 trembling echoed. The werewolves howled,  
 and Huan hidden lay and growled  
 watchful listening in the dark,  
 waiting for battle cruel and stark. 2685

Thu heard that voice, and sudden stood  
 wrapped in his cloak and sable hood  
 in his high tower. He listened long,  
 and smiled, and knew that elvish song. 2690  
 'A! little Luthien! What brought  
 the foolish fly to web unsought?  
 Morgoth! a great and rich reward  
 to me thou wilt owe when to thy hoard  
 this jewel is added.' Down he went,  
 and forth his messengers he sent. 2695

Still Luthien sang. A creeping shape  
with bloodred tongue and jaws agape  
stole on the bridge; but she sang on  
with trembling limbs and wide eyes wan.

The creeping shape leaped to her side,      2700  
and gasped, and sudden fell and died.  
And still they came, still one by one,  
and each was seized, and there were none  
returned with padding feet to tell  
that a shadow lurketh fierce and fell      2705  
at the bridge's end, and that below  
the shuddering waters loathing flow  
o'er the grey corpses Huan killed.  
A mightier shadow slowly filled  
the narrow bridge, a slaving hate,      2710  
an awful werewolf fierce and great:  
pale Draugluin, the old grey lord  
of wolves and beasts of blood abhorred,  
that fed on flesh of Man and Elf  
beneath the chair of Thu himself.      2715

No more in silence did they fight.  
Howling and baying smote the night,  
till back by the chair where he had fed  
to die the werewolf yammering fled.  
'Huan is there' he gasped and died,      2720  
and Thu was filled with wrath and pride.  
'Before the mightiest he shall fall,  
before the mightiest wolf of all',  
so thought he now, and thought he knew  
how fate long spoken should come true.      2725  
Now there came slowly forth and glared  
into the night a shape long-haired,  
dank with poison, with awful eyes  
wolvish, ravenous; but there lies  
a light therein more cruel and dread      2730  
than ever wolvis eyes had fed.  
More huge were its limbs, its jaws more wide,  
its fangs more gleaming-sharp, and dyed  
with venom, torment, and with death.  
The deadly vapour of its breath      2735  
swept on before it. Swooning dies  
the song of Luthien, and her eyes  
are dimmed and darkened with a fear,  
cold and poisonous and drear.

Thus came Thu, as wolf more great      2740

than e'er was seen from Angband's gate  
to the burning south, than ever lurked  
in mortal lands or murder worked.  
Sudden he sprang, and Huan leaped  
aside in shadow. On he swept      2745  
to Luthien lying swooning faint.  
To her drowning senses came the taint  
of his foul breathing, and she stirred;  
dizzily she spake a whispered word,  
her mantle brushed across his face.      2750  
He stumbled staggering in his pace.

Out leaped Huan. Back he sprang.  
 Beneath the stars there shuddering rang  
 the cry of hunting wolves at bay,  
 the tongue of hounds that fearless slay. 2755  
 Backward and forth they leaped and ran  
 feinting to flee, and round they span,  
 and bit and grappled, and fell and rose.  
 Then suddenly Huan holds and throws  
 his ghastly foe; his throat he rends, 2760  
 choking his life. Not so it ends.  
 From shape to shape, from wolf to worm,  
 from monster to his own demon form,  
 Thou changes, but that desperate grip  
 he cannot shake, nor from it slip. 2765  
 No wizardry, nor spell, nor dart,  
 no fang, nor venom, nor devil's art  
 could harm that hound that hart and boar  
 had hunted once in Valinor.

Nigh the foul spirit Morgoth made 2770  
 and bred of evil shuddering strayed  
 from its dark house, when Luthien rose  
 and shivering looked upon his throes.

'O demon dark, O phantom vile  
 of foulness wrought, of lies and guile, 2775  
 here shalt thou die, thy spirit roam  
 quaking back to thy master's home  
 his scorn and fury to endure;  
 thee he will in the bowels immure  
 of groaning earth, and in a hole 2780  
 everlastingly thy naked soul

shall wail and gibber - this shall be,  
 unless the keys thou render me  
 of thy black fortress, and the spell  
 that bindeth stone to stone thou tell, 2785  
 and speak the words of opening.'

With gasping breath and shuddering  
 he spake, and yielded as he must,  
 and vanquished betrayed his master's trust.

Lo! by the bridge a gleam of light, 2790  
 like stars descended from the night  
 to burn and tremble here below.  
 There wide her arms did Luthien throw,  
 and called aloud with voice as clear  
 as still at whiles may mortal hear 2795  
 long elvish trumpets o'er the hill  
 echo, when all the world is still.  
 The dawn peered over mountains wan,  
 their grey heads silent looked thereon.  
 The hill trembled; the citadel 2800  
 crumbled, and all its towers fell;  
 the rocks yawned and the bridge broke,  
 and Sirion spumed in sudden smoke.  
 Like ghosts the owls were flying seen  
 hooting in the dawn, and bats unclean 2805  
 went skimming dark through the cold airs  
 shrieking thinly to find new lairs  
 in Deadly Nightshade's branches dread.

The wolves whimpering and yammering fled  
 like dusky shadows. Out there creep 2810  
 pale forms and ragged as from sleep,  
 crawling, and shielding blinded eyes:  
 the captives in fear and in surprise  
 from dolour long in clinging night  
 beyond all hope set free to light. 2815

A vampire shape with pinions vast  
 screeching leaped from the ground, and passed,  
 its dark blood dripping on the trees;  
 and Huan neath him lifeless sees  
 a wolvisch corpse - for Thu had flown 2820

to Taur-na-Fuin, a new throne  
 and darker stronghold there to build.  
 The captives came and wept and shrilled  
 their piteous cries of thanks and praise.  
 But Luthien anxious-gazing stays. 2825  
 Beren comes not. At length she said:  
 'Huan, Huan, among the dead  
 must we then find him whom we sought,  
 for love of whom we toiled and fought?'  
 Then side by side from stone to stone 2830  
 o'er Sirion they climbed. Alone  
 unmoving they him found, who mourned  
 by Felagund, and never turned  
 to see what feet drew halting nigh.  
 'A! Beren, Beren!' came her cry, 2835  
 'almost too late have I thee found?  
 Alas! that here upon the ground  
 the noblest of the noble race  
 in vain thy anguish doth embrace!  
 Alas! in tears that we should meet 2840  
 who once found meeting passing sweet! '

Her voice such love and longing filled  
 he raised his eyes, his mourning stilled,  
 and felt his heart new-turned to flame  
 for her that through peril to him came. 2845

'O Luthien, O Luthien,  
 more fair than any child of Men,  
 O loveliest maid of Elfinesse,  
 what might of love did thee possess  
 to bring thee here to terror's lair! 2850  
 O lissom limbs and shadowy hair,  
 O flower-entwined brows so white,  
 O slender hands in this new light! '

She found his arms and swooned away  
 just at the rising of the day. 2855

\*

#### NOTES.

2637. elfin B, not here emended, but it is clear that the intention  
 was to change elfin to elvish (elven) in all cases.  
 2666-7. Cf. lines 377 - 9 and note. In the present passage A's reading

is as B.

2699. Line marked with an X on the B-text.

2712 - 13. These lines (referring to Draugluin) not in A.

2722-3. Cf. lines 2293 - 4.

2755. Line marked with an X on the B-text.

2766-7. Cf. lines 2288-9.

2769. After this line is written the date 'April 4th'. The previous date was 3 April 1928 at line 2423.

2842. Cf. line 741.

2854-5. Cf. the ending of Canto III, lines 756 - 7.

#### Commentary on Canto IX.

Synopsis I continues from the point reached on p. 244:

Huan goes with her. She goes to the castle of the Lord of Wolves and sings for him. The captives in the dungeons hear her.

It was written in the fate of Huan that he could only be slain by a wolf.

She tells (by arrangement) of the sickness of Huan and so induces the Lord of Wolves to go werewolf and seek him. The wolf-battle of the glade. The 'words of opening' wrung from the Lord of Wolves and the castle broken. Rescue of Beren.

Synopsis II is here less affected by later changes and can be given in a single text (taking it up from the point reached on p. 246).

But Huan has become devoted to her, and aids her to escape without her cloak. [Bracketed: He trails Beren and Felagund to the House of Thu.]

At last only Felagund and Beren remain. It is Beren's turn to be devoured. But Felagund bursts his bonds and wrestles with the werewolf and slays him, but is killed. Beren is reserved for torment.

Luthien sings outside the house [added: on the bridge of woe] of Thu and Beren hears her voice, and his answering song comes up from underground to Huan's ears.

Thu takes her inside. She tells him a twisted tale - by the desire of Huan, and because without her cloak she cannot enchant him. She tells of her bondage to Celegorm and her capture by Huan of whom she feigns hatred. Of all things in the world Thu hates Huan most. His weird to be slain only by the 'greatest wolf' is known. Luthien says Huan is lying sick in the woods. Thu disguises himself as a mighty

werewolf and is led by her to where Huan is lying in ambush. [Added: But he purposes to make her a thrall.]

There follows the battle of the werewolf. Huan slays Thu's companions and with his teeth in Thu's throat wrests in return for life 'the words of opening' from him. The house of Thu is broken, and the captives set free. Beren is found [struck out: and borne back to Nargothrond.]

There is also to be considered now another outline, 'Synopsis III', very hastily written and not entirely legible. This outline begins here and I follow it to the end of the narrative in this Canto.

Thu lies choking under Huan. Luthien arouses. She says 'thou phantom made of foulness by Morgoth, thou shalt die and thy spirit go back in fear to Angband to meet thy master's scorn and languish in the dark bosom of the world, if the "spoken keys" of thy fortress are not yielded.'

With his gasping breath he says them. Luthien standing on the bridge with her arms spread calls them aloud. The dawn comes pale

over the mountains. The hill quivers and gapes, the towers fall, the bridge falls and block[s] Sirion on one side, the dungeons gape. The owls flee away like phantoms in the first light, great bats are seen skimming away to Taur-na-Fuin shrieking thinly. [Added: and one as large as an eagle leads them. The spirit of Thu. His body has a ..... a wolf.] The wolves flee whimpering and yammering. Pale captives blinking in the light creep and crawl into the light. [Struck out: Beren comes forth.] No Beren. They seek for him and find him sitting beside Felagund.

These outlines are of great interest, since they show very clearly an intermediate stage in the evolution of the legend, between the original story of Tevildo Prince of Cats in the Tale of Tinuviel and the story of Thu in the Lay of Leithian. Still present is Luthien's untrue tale that

Huan is lying sick in the woods (see II. 26), and in Synopsis II Thu retains the (originally feline) Tevildo-trait of hating Huan more than any other creature in the world (II. 21). The old element of Tinuviel's entering the castle alone in order to inveigle Tevildo out of it, so that he may be attacked by Huan, was not yet abandoned - but in Synopsis II she does not have her cloak, and so cannot enchant Thu, whereas in the Tale the drowsiness which came upon the doorkeeper cat Umuiyan, and afterwards on Tevildo himself, is ascribed to her 'robe of sable mist' (II. 24 - 5). In the Lay, as in the account in *The Silmarillion* based on the Lay, Luthien's sleep-bearing cloak has come back into the story at this juncture, since Huan retrieved it before they left Nargothrond, and she used it against Thu in the battle on the bridge.

A new element enters in Synopsis I with the singing of Luthien before Thu, and the captives in the dungeons hearing her; in the old Tale

Tinuviel merely spoke very loudly so that Beren might hear her in the kitchen where he toiled. In Synopsis II this element is developed to the final form, with Luthien singing on the bridge leading to the Wizard's Isle; but she still enters the castle by herself, before 'the battle of the werewolf'.

The sentence added in Synopsis I I saying that Thu 'purposes to make her a thrall' goes back to the Tale (II. 26), and survived into the Lay and *The Silmarillion* ('he thought to make her captive and hand her over to the power of Morgoth, for his reward would be great').

The statement in II that 'Huan slays Thu's companions' doubtless proceeds from the story in the Tale, where when Tevildo set out to find Huan he was accompanied by two of his 'thanes', though in the Tale only Oikeroi was slain by Huan, and the other (unnamed) cat fled up a tree, as also did Tevildo himself (II. 28). In II, and in more detail in III, Thu is at Huan's mercy on the ground. In neither I nor II (III only takes up after this point) is there any suggestion of the wolves coming out from the castle and being slain by Huan one by one and silently, until at last Draugluin came forth; but as I noted in my commentary on the Tale (II. 54 - 5) 'the killing of the cat Oikeroi is the germ of Huan's fight with Draugluin - the skin of Huan's dead opponent is put to the same use in either case'. This element of the procession of wolves before Thu comes only enters with the poem. The verses naming Draugluin as the last and greatest of them (2712 - 13) are not in A, but in Luthien's 'lengthening spell' Draugluin the werewolf pale is named in B (1489), where A has Carcharas.

Most interesting of all the features of this part of the story is that of the 'words of opening' or 'spoken keys', which goes back to the Tale (II. 28 - g). I have discussed there (II. 55) the implications of this element in the enlarged context (the fortress of Thu had been an Elvish watchtower): the consequent 'displacement' of the spell that held the stones together.

In Synopsis III appear other features of the final story: the flight of Thu as a great bat; the finding of Beren sitting beside the body



and sing beneath the peaks of snow  
where Beren and where Luthien go.

The isle in Sirion they left behind;  
but there on hill-top might one find  
a green grave, and a stone set,           2870  
and there there lie the white bones yet  
of Felagund, of Finrod's son -  
unless that land is changed and gone,  
or foundered in unfathomed seas,  
while Felagund laughs beneath the trees   2875  
in Valinor, and comes no more  
to this grey world of tears and war.

To Nargothrond no more he came;  
but thither swiftly ran the fame  
of their king dead, of Thu o'erthrown,   2880  
of the breaking of the towers of stone.  
For many now came home at last,  
who long ago to shadow passed;  
and like a shadow had returned  
Huan the hound, and scant had earned   2885  
or praise or thanks of master wroth;  
yet loyal he was, though he was loath.  
The halls of Narog clamours fill  
that vainly Celegorm would still.  
There men bewailed their fallen king,   2890  
crying that a maiden dared that thing  
which sons of Feanor would not do.  
'Let us slay these faithless lords untrue!'  
the fickle folk now loudly cried  
with Felagund who would not ride.   2895  
Orodreth spake: 'The kingdom now  
is mine alone. I will allow  
no spilling of kindred blood by kin.  
But bread nor rest shall find herein  
these brothers who have set at nought   2900  
the house of Finrod.' They were brought.  
Scornful, unbowed, and unashamed  
stood Celegorm. In his eye there flamed  
a light of menace. Curufin  
smiled with his crafty mouth and thin.   2905

'Be gone for ever - ere the day  
shall fall into the sea. Your way  
shall never lead you hither more,  
nor any son of Feanor;  
nor ever after shall be bond           2910  
of love twixt yours and Nargothrond.'

'We will remember it,' they said,  
and turned upon their heels, and sped,  
and took their horses and such folk  
as still them followed. Nought they spoke 2915  
but sounded horns, and rode like fire,  
and went away in anger dire.

Towards Doriath the wanderers now  
were drawing nigh. Though bare the bough,  
though cold the wind, and grey the grasses 2920  
through which the hiss of winter passes,  
they sang beneath the frosty sky

uplifted o'er them pale and high.  
 They came to Mindeb's narrow stream  
 that from the hills doth leap and gleam 2925  
 by western borders where begin  
 the spells of Melian to fence in  
 King Thingol's land, and stranger steps  
 to wind bewildered in their webs.

There sudden sad grew Beren's heart: 2930  
 'Alas, Tinuviel, here we part  
 and our brief song together ends,  
 and sundered ways each lonely wends!'

'Why part we here? What dost thou say,  
 just at the dawn of brighter day?' 2935

'For safe thou'rt come to borderlands  
 o'er which in the keeping of the hands  
 of Melian thou wilt walk at ease  
 and find thy home and well-loved trees.'

'My heart is glad when the fair trees 2940  
 far off uprising grey it sees  
 of Doriath inviolate.  
 Yet Doriath my heart did hate,  
 and Doriath my feet forsook,

my home, my kin. I would not look 2945  
 on grass nor leaf there evermore  
 without thee by me. Dark the shore  
 of Esgalduin the deep and strong!  
 Why there alone forsaking song  
 by endless waters rolling past 2950  
 must I then hopeless sit at last,  
 and gaze at waters pitiless  
 in heartache and in loneliness?'

'For never more to Doriath  
 can Beren find the winding path, 2955  
 though Thingol willed it or allowed;  
 for to thy father there I vowed  
 to come not back save to fulfill  
 the quest of the shining Silmaril,  
 and win by valour my desire. 2960  
 "Not rock nor steel nor Morgoth's fire  
 nor all the power of Elfinesse,  
 shall keep the gem I would possess":  
 thus swore I once of Luthien  
 more fair than any child of Men. 2965  
 My word, alas! I must achieve,  
 though sorrow pierce and parting grieve.'

'Then Luthien will not go home,  
 but weeping in the woods will roam,  
 nor peril heed, nor laughter know. 2970  
 And if she may not by thee go  
 against thy will thy desperate feet  
 she will pursue, until they meet,  
 Beren and Luthien, love once more  
 on earth or on the shadowy shore.' 2975

'Nay, Luthien, most brave of heart,

thou makest it more hard to part.  
 Thy love me drew from bondage drear,  
 but never to that outer fear,  
 that darkest mansion of all dread,      2980  
 shall thy most blissful light be led.'

'Never, never!' he shuddering said.  
 But even as in his arms she pled,  
 a sound came like a hurrying storm.

There Curufin and Celegorm      2985  
 in sudden tumult like the wind  
 rode up. The hooves of horses dinned  
 loud on the earth. In rage and haste  
 madly northward they now raced  
 the path twixt Doriath to find      2990  
 and the shadows dreadly dark entwined  
 of Taur-na-Fuin. That was their road  
 most swift to where their kin abode  
 in the east, where Himling's watchful hill  
 o'er Aglon's gorge hung tall and still.      2995

They saw the wanderers. With a shout  
 straight on them swung their hurrying rout,  
 as if neath maddened hooves to rend  
 the lovers and their love to end.  
 But as they came the horses swerved      3000  
 with nostrils wide and proud necks curved;  
 Curufin, stooping, to saddlebow  
 with mighty arm did Luthien throw,  
 and laughed. Too soon; for there a spring  
 fiercer than tawny lion-king      3005  
 maddened with arrows barbed smart,  
 greater than any horned hart  
 that hounded to a gulf leaps o'er,  
 there Beren gave, and with a roar  
 leaped on Curufin; round his neck      3010  
 his arms entwined, and all to wreck  
 both horse and rider fell to ground;  
 and there they fought without a sound.  
 Dazed in the grass did Luthien lie  
 beneath bare branches and the sky;      3015  
 the Gnome felt Beren's fingers grim  
 close on his throat and strangle him,  
 and out his eyes did start, and tongue  
 gasping from his mouth there hung.  
 Up rode Celegorm with his spear,      3020  
 and bitter death was Beren near.  
 With elvish steel he nigh was slain  
 whom Luthien won from hopeless chain,  
 but baying Huan sudden sprang  
 before his master's face with fang      3025

white-gleaming, and with bristling hair,  
 as if he on boar or wolf did stare.  
 The horse in terror leaped aside,  
 and Celegorm in anger cried:  
 'Curse thee, thou base born dog, to dare      3030  
 against thy master teeth to bare! '  
 But dog nor horse nor rider bold

would venture near the anger cold  
of mighty Huan fierce at bay.  
Red were his jaws. They shrank away,      3035  
and fearful eyed him from afar:  
nor sword nor knife, nor scimitar,  
no dart of bow, nor cast of spear,  
master nor man did Huan fear.

There Curufin had left his life,      3040  
had Luthien not stayed that strife.  
Waking she rose and softly cried  
standing distressed at Beren's side:  
'Forbear thy anger now, my lord!  
nor do the work of Orcs abhorred;      3045  
for foes there be of Elfinesse  
unnumbered, and they grow not less,  
while here we war by ancient curse  
distraught, and all the world to worse  
decays and crumbles. Make thy peace! '      3050

Then Beren did Curufin release;  
but took his horse and coat of mail,  
and took his knife there gleaming pale,  
hanging sheathless, wrought of steel.  
No flesh could leeches ever heal      3055  
that point had pierced; for long ago  
the dwarves had made it, singing slow  
enchantments, where their hammers fell  
in Nogrod ringing like a bell.  
Iron as tender wood it cleft,      3060  
and sundered mail like woollen weft.  
But other hands its haft now held;  
its master lay by mortal felled.  
Beren uplifting him, far him flung,  
and cried 'Begone! ', with stinging tongue; 3065  
'Begone! thou renegade and fool,

and let thy lust in exile cool!  
Arise and go, and no more work  
like Morgoth's slaves or cursed Orc;  
and deal, proud son of Feanor,      3070  
in deeds more proud than heretofore! '  
Then Beren led Luthien away,  
while Huan still there stood at bay.

'Farewell,' cried Celegorm the fair.  
'Far get you gone! And better were      3075  
to die forhungered in the waste  
than wrath of Feanor's sons to taste,  
that yet may reach o'er dale and hill.  
No gem, nor maid, nor Silmaril  
shall ever long in thy grasp lie!      3080  
We curse thee under cloud and sky,  
we curse thee from rising unto sleep!  
Farewell! ' He swift from horse did leap,  
his brother lifted from the ground;  
then bow of yew with gold wire bound      3085  
he strung, and shaft he shooting sent,  
as heedless hand in hand they went;  
a dwarvish dart and cruelly hooked.  
They never turned nor backward looked.  
Loud bayed Huan, and leaping caught      3090

the speeding arrow. Quick as thought  
 another followed deadly singing;  
 but Beren had turned, and sudden springing  
 defended Luthien with his breast.  
 Deep sank the dart in flesh to rest.      3095  
 He fell to earth. They rode away,  
 and laughing left him as he lay;  
 yet spurred like wind in fear and dread  
 of 'Huan's pursuing anger red.  
 Though Curufin with bruised mouth laughed, 3100  
 yet later of that dastard shaft  
 was tale and rumour in the North,  
 and Men remembered at the Marching Forth,  
 and Morgoth's will its hatred helped.

Thereafter never hound was whelped 3105  
 would follow horn of Celegorm  
 or Curufin. Though in strife and storm,

though all their house in ruin red  
 went down, thereafter laid his head  
 Huan no more at that lord's feet,      3110  
 but followed Luthien, brave and fleet.  
 Now sank she weeping at the side  
 of Beren, and sought to stem the tide  
 of welling blood that flowed there fast.  
 The raiment from his breast she cast;      3115  
 from shoulder plucked the arrow keen;  
 his wound with tears she washed it clean.  
 Then Huan came and bore a leaf,  
 of all the herbs of healing chief,  
 that evergreen in woodland glade      3120  
 there grew with broad and hoary blade.  
 The powers of all grasses Huan knew,  
 who wide did forest-paths pursue.  
 Therewith the smart he swift allayed,  
 while Luthien murmuring in the shade      3125  
 the staunching song, that Elvish wives  
 long years had sung in those sad lives  
 of war and weapons, wove o'er him.

The shadows fell from mountains grim.  
 Then sprang about the darkened North      3130  
 the Sickle of the Gods, and forth  
 each star there stared in stony night  
 radiant, glistening cold and white.  
 But on the ground there is a glow,  
 a spark of red that leaps below:      3135  
 under woven boughs beside a fire  
 of crackling wood and sputtering briar  
 there Beren lies in drowsing deep,  
 walking and wandering in sleep.  
 Watchful bending o'er him wakes      3140  
 a maiden fair; his thirst she slakes,  
 his brow caresses, and softly croons  
 a song more potent than in runes  
 or leeches' lore hath since been writ.  
 Slowly the nightly watches flit.      3145  
 The misty morning crawleth grey  
 from dusk to the reluctant day.

Then Beren woke and opened eyes,

and rose and cried: 'Neath other skies,  
 in lands more awful and unknown,           3150  
 I wandered long, methought, alone  
 to the deep shadow where the dead dwell;  
 but ever a voice that I knew well,  
 like bells, like viols, like harps, like birds,  
 like music moving without words,           3155  
 called me, called me through the night,  
 enchanted drew me back to light!  
 Healed the wound, assuaged the pain!  
 Now are we come to morn again,  
 new journeys once more lead us on -       3160  
 to perils whence may life be won,  
 hardly for Beren; and for thee  
 a waiting in the wood I see,  
 beneath the trees of Doriath,  
 while ever follow down my path           3165  
 the echoes of thine elvish song,  
 where hills are haggard and roads are long.'

'Nay, now no more we have for foe  
 dark Morgoth only, but in woe,           3170  
 in wars and feuds of Elfinesse  
 thy quest is bound; and death, no less,  
 for thee and me, for Huan bold  
 the end of weird of yore foretold,  
 all this I bode shall follow swift,  
 if thou go on. Thy hand shall lift       3175  
 and lay in Thingol's lap the dire  
 and flaming jewel, Feanor's fire,  
 never, never! A why then go?  
 Why turn we not from fear and woe  
 beneath the trees to walk and roam       3180  
 roofless, with all the world as home,  
 over mountains, beside the seas,  
 in the sunlight, in the breeze?'

Thus long they spoke with heavy hearts;  
 and yet not all her elvish arts,       3185  
 nor lissom arms, nor shining eyes  
 as tremulous stars in rainy skies,  
 nor tender lips, enchanted voice,  
 his purpose bent or swayed his choice.

Never to Doriath would he fare       3190  
 save guarded fast to leave her there;  
 never to Nargothrond would go  
 with her, lest there came war and woe;  
 and never would in the world untrud  
 to wander suffer her, worn, unshod,     3195  
 roofless and restless, whom he drew  
 with love from the hidden realms she knew.  
 'For Morgoth's power is now awake;  
 already hill and dale doth shake,  
 the hunt is up, the prey is wild:       3200  
 a maiden lost, an elven child.  
 Now Orcs and phantoms prowl and peer  
 from tree to tree, and fill with fear  
 each shade and hollow. Thee they seek!  
 At thought thereof my hope grows weak,   3205  
 my heart is chilled. I curse mine oath,

I curse the fate that joined us both  
 and snared thy feet in my sad doom  
 of flight and wandering in the gloom!  
 Now let us haste, and ere the day           3210  
 be fallen, take our swiftest way,  
 till o'er the marches of thy land  
 beneath the beech and oak we stand  
 in Doriath, fair Doriath  
 whither no evil finds the path,           3215  
 powerless to pass the listening leaves  
 that droop upon those forest-eaves.'

Then to his will she seeming bent.  
 Swiftly to Doriath they went,  
 and crossed its borders. There they stayed   3220  
 resting in deep and mossy glade;  
 there lay they sheltered from the wind  
 under mighty beeches silken-skinned,  
 and sang of love that still shall be,  
 though earth be foundered under sea,       3225  
 and sundered here for evermore  
 shall meet upon the Western Shore.

One morning as asleep she lay  
 upon the moss, as though the day  
 too bitter were for gentle flower       3230

to open in a sunless hour,  
 Beren arose and kissed her hair,  
 and wept, and softly left her there.  
 'Good Huan,' said he, 'guard her well!  
 In leafless field no asphodel,           3235  
 in thorny thicket never a rose  
 forlorn, so frail and fragrant blows.  
 Guard her from wind and frost, and hide  
 from hands that seize and cast aside;  
 keep her from wandering and woe,       3240  
 for pride and fate now make me go.'

The horse he took and rode away,  
 nor dared to turn; but all that day  
 with heart as stone he hastened forth  
 and took the paths toward the North.       3245

#### NOTES.

2877. Against this line is written the date 'April 5th'. The previous date was 4 April 1928 at line 2769.
2929. At the end of this line is written the date 'April 6th'.
- 2980-3. Cf. lines 649 - 52, 1220 - 3.
2998. Against this line is written the date 'April 27th 1928'.
3031. Before this line is written the date 'Nov. 1929'. This date may refer forward or backward; but both it and the text that follows is written with a slightly finer nib than that used for the preceding portion of the poem. The previous date was 27 April 1928 at line 2998.
- 3076-84. Against these seven lines, as first written in the margin of the manuscript A, is the date 'Sept. 1930'.
3119. Against this line my father wrote in the margin of the B-text the word *athelas*. In *The Fellowship of the Ring* (I. 12) Aragorn said that it was brought to Middle-earth by the Numenoreans.

3220. After the word borders is written the date '25 September 1930'.

3242-5. These last four lines of the Canto are only found in A, but I suspect that they were omitted inadvertently.

#### Commentary on Canto X.

The development of the story in this Canto can again be followed step by step in the outlines. In the Tale of Tinuviel (II. 30 - x) Beren and Tinuviel wandered away with Huan after the defeat of Tevildo, and it was her desire to return to Artanor but unwillingness to part from Beren that led to their resolve to try to gain a Silmaril. The catskin of Oikeroi,thane of Tevildo, was carried by Huan as a trophy, and they begged it from him; it was in the guise of a cat that Beren went to Angband. Synopsis I says no more of this part of the narrative than 'Tinuviel and Beren disguised as a werewolf go to Angband', and apart from the fact that the skin was that of a werewolf and not of a cat there had probably been no development from the Tale.

Synopsis II continues from the point reached on p. 257 as follows:

Luthien tends Beren in the wood. Huan brings news to Nargothrond. The Gnomes drive forth Curufin and Celegorm, grieving for Felagund, and send the cloak back to Luthien. Luthien takes her cloak again and led by Huan they go to Angband. By his guidance and her magic they escape capture. Huan dare not come any further. Beren is disguised as a werewolf. They enter Angband.

The sentences 'and send the cloak back to Luthien. Luthien takes her cloak again' were changed at the time of writing to read: 'and send to succour Beren and Luthien. Huan brings Luthien back her cloak again.' (This outline was written of course before my father reached Canto VIII, at the end of which Huan brought Luthien her cloak before she escaped from Nargothrond.)

Here Synopsis 11 ends. At the bottom of the page is written very roughly:

Celegorm's embassy to Thingol so that Thingol knows or thinks he knows Beren dead and Luthien in Nargothrond.

Why Celegorm and Curufin hated by Thingol ..

The loss of Dairon.

While the expulsion of Celegorm and Curufin from Nargothrond is now first mentioned, it is clear that the story of their attack on Beren and Luthien did not exist. Huan brings the news of the destruction of the Wizard's Tower, but it seems that he does not leave Nargothrond with Celegorm and brings back the cloak to Luthien independently.

Synopsis III has been given on p. 257 to the point where Luthien and Huan find Beren 'sitting beside Felagund'. I give the next portion of this outline as it was first written:

They hallow the isle and bury Felagund on its top, and no wolf or evil creature will ever come there again. Beren is led into the woods. [The following sentence was bracketed with a marginal direction that it should come later: Morgoth hearing of the breaking of

the Wizard's Tower sends out an army of Orcs; finding the wolves are slain with..... throats he thinks it is Huan and fashions a vast wolf - Carcharas - mightiest of all wolves to guard his door.]

They hide in Taur-na-Fuin careful not to lose sight of light at edge.

Luthien bids Beren desist. He cannot, he says, return to Doriath. Then, she says, she will live in the woods with Beren and Huan. But he has spoken his word; he has vowed not to fear Morgoth... hell. Then she says [that she] fears that their lives will all be forfeit. But life perchance lies after death. Where Beren goes she goes. This gives him pause. They ask Huan. He speaks for second and last time. 'No more may Huan go with you - what you see at the gate, he will see later - his fate does not lead to Angband. Perchance, though his eyes are dim, [?thy] paths lead out of it again.' He goes to Nargothrond. They will not return to Nargothrond with him.

Luthien and Beren leave Taur-na-Fuin and wander about together a while. Longing to look on Doriath seizes her and Beren thinks of the quest unaccomplished. Beren offers to lead her to the borders of Doriath, but they cannot bear to part.

They go to the Wizard's Isle and take a 'wolf-ham' and a bat-robe. Thus they trembling inwardly set forth. The journey to Angband over Dor-na-Fauglith and into the dark ravines of the hills.

Here first appears the burial of Felagund on the summit of the isle, and its hallowing. This outline makes no mention of the events in Nargothrond, and concentrates exclusively on Beren and Luthien. They are in Taur-na-Fuin, and Huan is with them; and we have the first version of Huan's counsel to them, and his foreseeing that what they meet at the Gate of Angband he will himself see later. Since the attack by Celegorm and Curufin had still not been devised, the story is briefer than it was to become; thus Huan speaks to them in Taur-na-Fuin soon after the destruction of the Wizard's Tower, and then departs to Nargothrond, while they after a while go to the Isle and take the 'wolf-ham' ('wolf-hame' in *The Silmarillion* p. 178, Old English hama) and 'bat-robe', which now first appear (though the 'wolf-hame' derives from the catskin of Oikeroi in the Tale). From the words 'They will not return to Nargothrond with him' and from the fact that as the outline was written he is not mentioned again, it is clear that Huan was now out of the story (until his reappearance in a later episode). His speech is here called 'the second and last time' that he spoke with words. Afterwards the story was changed in this point, for he spoke to Beren a third time at his death (see note to line 2551).

Pencilled changes were made to this passage of Synopsis III, and these move the narrative a long way to the final version:

They hallow the isle and bury Felagund on its top, and no wolf or evil creature will ever come there again.

Luthien and Beren leave Taur-na-Fuin and wander about together a while. Longing to look on Doriath seizes her and Beren thinks of the quest unaccomplished. Beren offers to lead her to the borders of Doriath, but they cannot bear to part.

News by captives and Huan is brought to Nargothrond. Celegorm and Curufin in a revulsion of feeling the Nargothronders wish to slay them. Orodreth will not. They are exiled and all Feanorians from Nargothrond for ever. They ride off. Assault of Celegorm and Curufin in wood on Beren and Luthien. Rescue by Huan. Beren wrestles with Curufin and gets his magic knife - [eight further words illegible]

Huan brings them a wolf-ham. Thus they trembling inwardly set forth. Huan speaks for last time and says farewell. He will not come. The journey to Angband, &c.

Here more is told of the expulsion of Celegorm and Curufin from Nargothrond, and Orodreth's refusal to allow them to be slain, and here at last is mention - probably written here at the very time of its devising - of the attack on Beren and Luthien as the Feanorians rode from Nargothrond. The desertion of Celegorm by Huan is implied; Beren

gets Curufin's knife, which is to replace the knife from Tevildo's kitchens as the implement with which Beren cut the Silmaril from the Iron Crown; and it is Huan who gets the wolfskin, and then utters his parting speech.

An extremely difficult page in pencil ('Synopsis IV') shows these new elements being developed further:

Beren's heart grows sad. He says he has led Tinuviel back to the border of her land where she is safe. Alas for their second parting. She says but from this land she herself escaped and fled only to be with him - yet she admits that her heart longs for Doriath and Melian too, but not Doriath without him. He quotes his own words to Thingol: 'Not Morgoth's fire &c.' - and says he cannot (even if Thingol would allow) return emptyhanded..... she will not go back. She will wander in the woods - and if he will not take her with him she will follow his feet against his will. He protests - at this moment Celegorm and Curufin ride up seeking the way North [struck out at time of writing: round Doriath by the Gorgoroth] between Doriath and Taur-na-Fuin to the Gorge of Aglon and their own kin.

They ride straight on and seek to ride Beren down. Curufin stoops and lifts Luthien to his saddle. Beren leaps aside and leaps at Curufin's neck [?hurling] him down. Celegorm with his spear rides up to slay Beren. Huan intervenes scattering the [?brothers'] folk and dogs and holds Celegorm at bay while Beren wrestles with Curufin and chokes him senseless. Beren takes his weapons - especially his magic knife, and bids him get on horse and be gone. They ride off. Huan stays with Beren and Luthien and forsakes his master [?for ever]. Celegorm suddenly turns and shoots an arrow at Huan which of course falls

harmless from him, but Curufin shoots at Beren (and Luthien) [changed to: shoots at Luthien] and wounds Beren.

Luthien heals Beren. They tell Huan of their doubts and debate and he goes off and brings the wolfham and batskin from the Wizard's Isle. Then he speaks for the last time.

They prepare to go to Angband.

This was certainly prepared as an outline for Canto 10 of the Lay, for the section of the synopsis that follows is headed '11'.

There is here the further development that Beren and Luthien have come to the borders of Doriath; but the solitary departure of Beren after his healing, leaving Luthien with Huan, has still not emerged. There are a few differences in the account of the fight with Celegorm and Curufin from the final form, but for the most part the detail of the events was never changed from its first writing down (as I believe it to be) on this page. There is here no mention of Beren's taking Curufin's horse, on which he was later to ride north by himself to Anfauglith; and the detail of the shooting is different - in the synopsis Celegorm aimed at Huan, and Curufin (who seems to have retained his bow, though Beren took all his weapons) at (Beren and) Luthien. There is also mention of 'folk' accompanying the brothers on their journey from Nargothrond.

In this outline is the first occurrence of the name Gorgoroth.

There is one further outline ('Synopsis V'), consisting of four pages that are the concluding part of a text of which the beginning has disappeared: it begins with a heading '10 continued', which is certainly a Canto number, though the content extends much beyond the end of Canto X in the Lays.\* The text takes up with the healing of Beren's wound.

Huan brings a herb of healing, and Luthien and the hound tend Beren in the forest, building a hut of boughs. Beren mending will still go on

his quest. But Luthien foretells that all their lives will be forfeit if they pursue. Beren will not go back to Doriath otherwise. Nor will he or Huan go to Nargothrond, or keep Luthien in Thingol's despite, for war would certainly arise twixt Elf and Elf, [?even] if Orodreth harboured them. 'Then why shall we not dwell here in the wood?' saith Luthien. Because of danger outside Doriath, and the Orcs, and the knowledge Morgoth must now possess of Luthien's wandering.

One morning early Beren steals away on Curufin's horse and reaches the eaves of Taur-na-Fuin.

Here at last is the element of Beren's solitary departure.

(\* It is also possible that '10 continued' means only that my father began Synopsis V at this point, i.e. he had already reached about line 3117 in the actual composition of the Lay when he began the outline.)

The casting out of Celegorm and Curufin from Nargothrond in the Lay is very closely followed in *The Silmarillion* (even to phrases, as 'neither bread nor rest'); in the Lay, however, there are some who will go with them (lines 29 I 4 - 15), a detail found in Synopsis IV, whereas in *The Silmarillion* it is explicit that they went alone.\*

The debate between Beren and Luthien which was interrupted by the coming of Celegorm and Curufin (lines 2930 - 82) is clearly based on the scheme of it given in Synopsis IV (p. 272); in *The Silmarillion* it reappears, though much reduced and changed. The fight with Celegorm and Curufin is likewise derived from Synopsis IV, and is followed in the prose of *The Silmarillion* - with such detail as the cursing of Beren 'under cloud and sky', and Curufin's knife that would cut iron as if it were green wood, hanging sheathless by his side. In the Lay the knife becomes a dwarf-made weapon from Nogrod, though neither it nor its maker is yet named. In the Lay the shooter of the treacherous shafts is Celegorm; in *The Silmarillion* it is Curufin, using Celegorm's bow, and the vile act is settled on the wickeder (as he was certainly also the cleverer) of the brothers - in this Canto he is given the proper visage of a cunning villain: 'with his crafty mouth and thin' (2905). The reference of line 3103 'and Men remembered at the Marching Forth' is to the Union of Maidros before the Battle of Unnumbered Tears.

The second debate between Beren and Luthien after his recovery from the wound is derived from Synopsis V; it is not present at all in *The Silmarillion*, though it is not without its importance in its representation of Beren's utter determination in the face of Luthien's persuasions to abandon the quest.

Two new elements in the geography appear in this Canto: the Hill of Himling (later Himring) rising to the east of the Gorge of Aglon (2994), and the river Mindeb: lines 2924 - 5 (and the rewritten verses given on p. 360) seem to be the only description of it anywhere.

The curious element of Morgoth's particular interest in Luthien (so that he sent the Orc-captain Boldog to Doriath to capture her, lines 2127 - 36) reappears in this Canto (3198 - 3201).

At the beginning of the Canto the burial of Felagund leads to a further reference to his fate after death without mention of Mandos (see p. 259):

while Felagund laughs beneath the trees  
in Valinor, and comes no more  
to this grey world of tears and war.

\*

(\* The reference in *The Silmarillion* to Celebrimbor son of Curufin remaining in Nargo-

throned at this time and renouncing his father was a much later development.)

XI.

Once wide and smooth a plain was spread,  
 where King Fingolfin proudly led  
 his silver armies on the green,  
 his horses white, his lances keen;  
 his helmets tall of steel were hewn,      3250  
 his shields were shining as the moon.  
 There trumpets sang both long and loud,  
 and challenge rang unto the cloud  
 that lay on Morgoth's northern tower,  
 while Morgoth waited for his hour.      3255

Rivers of fire at dead of night  
 in winter lying cold and white  
 upon the plain burst forth, and high  
 the red was mirrored in the sky.  
 From Hithlum's walls they saw the fire,      3260  
 the steam and smoke in spire on spire  
 leap up, till in confusion vast  
 the stars were choked. And so it passed,  
 the mighty field, and turned to dust,  
 to drifting sand and yellow rust,      3265  
 to thirsty dunes where many bones  
 lay broken among barren stones.  
 Dor-na-Faughlith, Land of Thirst,  
 they after named it, waste accurst,  
 the raven-haunted roofless grave      3270  
 of many fair and many brave.  
 Thereon the stony slopes look forth  
 from Deadly Nightshade falling north,  
 from sombre pines with pinions vast,  
 black-plumed and drear, as many a mast      3275  
 of sable-shrouded ships of death  
 slow wafted on a ghostly breath.

Thence Beren grim now gazes out  
 across the dunes and shifting drought,  
 and sees afar the frowning towers      3280  
 where thunderous Thangorodrim lowers.  
 The hungry horse there drooping stood,  
 proud Gnomish steed; it feared the wood;  
 upon the haunted ghastly plain

no horse would ever stride again.      3285  
 'Good steed of master ill,' he said,  
 'farewell now here! Lift up thy head,  
 and get thee gone to Sirion's vale,  
 back as we came, past island pale  
 where Thu once reigned, to waters sweet      3290  
 and grasses long about thy feet.  
 And if Curufin no more thou find,  
 grieve not! but free with hart and hind  
 go wander, leaving work and war,  
 and dream thee back in Valinor,      3295  
 whence came of old thy mighty race  
 from Tavros' mountain-fenced chase.'

There still sat Beren, and he sang,  
 and loud his lonely singing rang.  
 Though Orc should hear, or wolf a-prowl, 3300  
 or any of the creatures foul  
 within the shade that slunk and stared  
 of Taur-na-Fuin, nought he cared,  
 who now took leave of light and day,  
 grim-hearted, bitter, fierce and fey. 3305

'Farewell now here, ye leaves of trees,  
 your music in the morning-breeze!  
 Farewell now blade and bloom and grass  
 that see the changing seasons pass;  
 ye waters murmuring over stone, 3310  
 and meres that silent stand alone!  
 Farewell now mountain, vale, and plain!  
 Farewell now wind and frost and rain,  
 and mist and cloud, and heaven's air;  
 ye star and moon so blinding-fair 3315  
 that still shall look down from the sky  
 on the wide earth, though Beren die -  
 though Beren die not, and yet deep,  
 deep, whence comes of those that weep  
 no dreadful echo, lie and choke 3320  
 in everlasting dark and smoke.

'Farewell sweet earth and northern sky,  
 for ever blest, since here did lie,  
 and here with lissom limbs did run,  
 beneath the moon, beneath the sun, 3325

Luthien Tinuviel  
 more fair than mortal tongue can tell.  
 Though all to ruin fell the world,  
 and were dissolved and backward hurled  
 unmade into the old abyss, 3330  
 yet were its making good, for this -  
 the dawn, the dusk, the earth, the sea -  
 that Luthien on a time should be! '

His blade he lifted high in hand,  
 and challenging alone did stand 3335  
 before the threat of Morgoth's power;  
 and dauntless cursed him, hall and tower,  
 o'ershadowing hand and grinding foot,  
 beginning, end, and crown and root;  
 then turned to stride forth down the slope 3340  
 abandoning fear, forsaking hope.

'A, Beren, Beren! ' came a sound,  
 'almost too late have I thee found!  
 O proud and fearless hand and heart,  
 not yet farewell, not yet we part! 3345  
 Not thus do those of elven race  
 forsake the love that they embrace.  
 A love is mine, as great a power  
 as thine, to shake the gate and tower  
 of death with challenge weak and frail 3350  
 that yet endures, and will not fail  
 nor yield, unvanquished were it hurled  
 beneath the foundations of the world.

Beloved fool! escape to seek  
 from such pursuit; in might so weak      3355  
 to trust not, thinking it well to save  
 from love thy loved, who welcomes grave  
 and torment sooner than in guard  
 of kind intent to languish, barred,  
 wingless and helpless him to aid      3360  
 for whose support her love was made!'

Thus back to him came Luthien:  
 they met beyond the ways of Men;  
 upon the brink of terror stood  
 between the desert and the wood.      3365

He looked on her, her lifted face  
 beneath his lips in sweet embrace:  
 'Thrice now mine oath I curse,' he said,  
 'that under shadow thee hath led!  
 But where is Huan, where the hound      3370  
 to whom I trusted, whom I bound  
 by love of thee to keep thee well  
 from deadly wandering unto hell? '

'I know not! But good Huan's heart  
 is wiser, kinder than thou art,      3375  
 grim lord, more open unto prayer!  
 Yet long and long I pleaded there,  
 until he brought me, as I would,  
 upon thy trail - a palfrey good  
 would Huan make, of flowing pace:      3380  
 thou wouldst have laughed to see us race,  
 as Orc on werewolf ride like fire  
 night after night through fen and mire,  
 through waste and wood! But when I heard  
 thy singing clear - (yea, every word      3385  
 of Luthien one rashly cried,  
 and listening evil fierce defied) -,  
 he set me down, and sped away;  
 but what he would I cannot say.'

Ere long they knew, for Huan came,      339  
 his great breath panting, eyes like flame,  
 in fear lest her whom he forsook  
 to aid some hunting evil took  
 ere he was nigh. Now there he laid  
 before their feet, as dark as shade,      3395  
 two grisly shapes that he had won  
 from that tall isle in Sirion:  
 a wolfhame huge - its savage fell  
 was long and matted, dark the spell  
 that drenched the dreadful coat and skin,      3400  
 the werewolf cloak of Draugluin;  
 the other was a batlike garb  
 with mighty fingered wings, a barb  
 like iron nail at each joint's end -  
 such wings as their dark cloud extend      3405  
 against the moon, when in the sky

from Deadly Nightshade screeching fly  
 Thu's messengers.

'What hast thou brought,  
 good Huan? What thy hidden thought?  
 Of trophy of prowess and strong deed, 3410  
 when Thou thou vanquishedst, what need  
 here in the waste?' Thus Beren spoke,  
 and once more words in Huan woke:  
 his voice was like the deeptoned bells  
 that ring in Valmar's citadels: 3415

'Of one fair gem thou must be thief,  
 Morgoth's or Thingol's, loath or lief;  
 thou must here choose twixt love and oath!  
 If vow to break is still thee loath,  
 then Luthien must either die 3420  
 alone, or death with thee defie  
 beside thee, marching on your fate  
 that hidden before you lies in wait.  
 Hopeless the quest, but not yet mad,  
 unless thou, Beren, run thus clad 3425  
 in mortal raiment, mortal hue,  
 witless and redeless, death to woo.  
 'Lo! good was Felagund's device,  
 but may be bettered, if advice  
 of Huan ye will dare to take, 3430  
 and swift a hideous change will make  
 to forms most cursed, foul and vile,  
 of werewolf of the Wizard's Isle,  
 of monstrous bat's envermined fell  
 with ghostly clawlike wings of hell. 3435  
 'To such dark straits, alas! now brought  
 are ye I love, for whom I fought.  
 Nor further with you can I go -  
 whoever did a great hound know  
 in friendship at a werewolf's side 3440  
 to Angband's grinning portals stride?  
 Yet my heart tells that at the gate  
 what there ye find, 'twill be my fate  
 myself to see, though to that door  
 my feet shall bear me nevermore. 3445  
 Darkened is hope and dimmed my eyes,

I see not clear what further lies;  
 yet maybe backwards leads your path  
 beyond all hope to Doriath,  
 and thither, perchance, we three shall wend, 3450  
 and meet again before the end.'

They stood and marvelled thus to hear  
 his mighty tongue so deep and clear;  
 then sudden he vanished from their sight  
 even at the onset of the night. 3455

His dreadful counsel then they took,  
 and their own gracious forms forsook;  
 in werewolf fell and batlike wing  
 prepared to robe them, shuddering.  
 With elvish magic Luthien wrought,  
 lest raiment foul with evil fraught  
 to dreadful madness drive their hearts;  
 and there she wrought with elvish arts  
 a strong defence, a binding power,

singing until the midnight hour. 3465

Swift as the wolvisch coat he wore,  
 Beren lay slavering on the floor,  
 redtongued and hungry; but there lies  
 a pain and longing in his eyes,  
 a look of horror as he sees 3470  
 a batlike form crawl to its knees  
 and drag its creased and creaking wings.  
 Then howling undermoon he springs  
 fourfooted, swift, from stone to stone,  
 from hill to plain - but not alone: 3475  
 a dark shape down the slope doth skim,  
 and wheeling Hitters over him.

Ashes and dust and thirsty dune  
 withered and dry beneath the moon,  
 under the cold and shifting air 3480  
 sifting and sighing, bleak and bare;  
 of blistered stones and gasping sand,  
 of splintered bones was built that land,  
 o'er which now slinks with powdered fell  
 and hanging tongue a shape of hell. 3485  
 Many parching leagues lay still before

when sickly day crept back once more;  
 many choking miles yet stretched ahead  
 when shivering night once more was spread  
 with doubtful shadow and ghostly sound 3490  
 that hissed and passed o'er dune and mound.

A second morning in cloud and reek  
 struggled, when stumbling, blind and weak,  
 a wolvisch shape came staggering forth  
 and reached the foothills of the North; 3495  
 upon its back there folded lay  
 a crumpled thing that blinked at day.

The rocks were reared like bony teeth,  
 and claws that grasped from opened sheath,  
 on either side the mournful road 3500  
 that onward led to that abode  
 far up within the Mountain dark  
 with tunnels drear and portals stark.  
 They crept within a scowling shade,  
 and cowering darkly down them laid. 3505  
 Long lurked they there beside the path,  
 and shivered, dreaming of Doriath,  
 of laughter and music and clean air,  
 in fluttered leaves birds singing fair.  
 They woke, and felt the trembling sound, 3510  
 the beating echo far underground  
 shake beneath them, the rumour vast  
 of Morgoth's forges; and aghast  
 they heard the tramp of stony feet  
 that shod with iron went down that street: 3515  
 the Orcs went forth to rape and war,  
 and Balrog captains marched before.

They stirred, and under cloud and shade  
 at eve stepped forth, and no more stayed;  
 as dart things on dark errand bent 3520  
 up the long slopes in haste they went.

Ever the sheer cliffs rose beside,  
 where birds of carrion sat and cried;  
 and chasms black and smoking yawned,  
 whence writhing serpent-shapes were spawned; 3525  
 until at last in that huge gloom,  
 heavy as overhanging doom,

that weighs on Thangorodrim's foot  
 like thunder at the mountain's root,  
 they came, as to a sombre court 3530  
 walled with great towers, fort on fort  
 of cliffs embattled, to that last plain  
 that opens, abysmal and inane,  
 before the final topless wall  
 of Bauglir's immeasurable hall, 3535  
 whereunder looming awful waits  
 the gigantic shadow of his gates.

#### NOTES.

- 3249-53. Cf. the opening of the Lay, lines 5 - 10.  
 3267. Against this line is written the date 'Sep. 26 1930'. The previous date was 25 Sept. 1930 at line 3220.  
 3297. Tavros > Tauros B: see notes to lines 891, 904; 2246.  
 3303. Taur-na-Fuin > Taur-nu-Fuin B (a late change).  
 3401. Draugluin appears here in the A-text (see p. 258).  
 3414-15. Cf. lines 2258 - 9.  
 3419-23. The shift from thee to your and you is intentional, and indicates that Huan now refers to both Beren and Luthien.  
 3478. Against this line is written the date 'Sep. 27 1930'.

#### Commentary on Canto XI.

The earliest version of the narrative of this Canto describes Tinuviel's sewing of Beren into the catskin of Oikeroi and teaching him some aspects of feline behaviour; she herself was not disguised. Very little is made of the journey to Angamandi, but the approach to the gates is described:

At length however they drew near to Angamandi, as indeed the rumblings and deep noises, and the sound of mighty hammerings of ten thousand smiths labouring unceasingly, declared to them. Nigh were the sad chambers where the thrall-Noldoli laboured bitterly under the Orcs and goblins of the hills, and here the gloom and darkness was great so that their hearts fell... (II. 31).

Synopses I and II have virtually nothing here beyond the bare event (p. 270). In its emended form Synopsis III comes near to the final

story of the 'wolfhame' and the parting from Huan (p. 272); and this outline continues:

Thangorodrim towers above them. There are rumblings, steam and vapours burst from fissures in the rock. Ten thousand smiths are hammering - they pass the vaults where the thrall-Gnomes are labouring without rest. The gloom sinks into their hearts.

This is remarkably close to the passage cited above from the Tale of Tinuviel.

Synopsis IV (p. 273) adds no more, for after 'They prepare to go to

Angband' it continues with events in Doriath and the embassy to Thingol from Celegorm, which at this stage my father was 'going to introduce before the Angband adventure, and in this outline virtually nothing is said of that.

There remains Synopsis V, whose outline for Canto '10' has been given on p. 273 as far as 'One morning early Beren steals away on Curufin's horse and reaches the eaves of Taur-na-Fuin', and it is here that Beren's solitary departure first enters. This outline continues, still under the heading 'Canto 10':

There he looks upon Thangorodrim and sings a song of farewell to earth and light, and to Luthien. In the midst up come Luthien and Huan! With the hound's aid she has followed him; and moreover from the Wizard's Isle Huan has brought a wolf-ham and a bat-coat. [Struck through at time of writing: Beren sets Luthien upon the horse and they ride through Taur-na-Fuin.\*] Beren sets Curufin's horse to gallop free and he speeds away. Now Beren takes the shape of werewolf and Tinuviel of bat. Then Huan bids farewell. And speaks. No hound can walk with werewolf - more peril should I be than help in Morgoth's land. Yet what ye shall see at Angband's gate I perchance too shall see, though my fate doth not lead to those doors. Darkened is all hope, and dimmed my eyes, yet perchance I see thy paths leading from that place once more. Then he vanishes. They make a grievous journey. Thangorodrim looms over them,..... in its smoky foothills.

This ends the outline for 'Canto 10' in Synopsis V.

There is a notable difference in the structure of the story in the Lay from that in The Silmarillion (pp. 178 - g): in the Lay Huan is absent (gone to the Wizard's Isle for the wolfcoat and batskin) when Luthien finds Beren - she does not know where he has gone - but he comes up a little later; whereas in the prose account Huan and Luthien came together, and they were clad in 'the ghastly wolf-hame of Draugluin and the bat-fell of Thuringwethil' - an apparition that filled Beren with

(\* Beren must in fact have been on the northern edge of Taur-na-Fuin when Luthien and Huan came up with him, since 'he looks upon Thangorodrim'.)

dismay. The story in The Silmarillion is a reversion, at least in so far as Huan and Luthien arrive together, to that of Synopsis V ('In the midst up come Luthien and Huan', p. 283).

In the Lay the bat-wings are only said to be such as bear up Thu's messengers, and are not associated with a particular or chief messenger (Thuringwethil, 'messenger of Sauron').

But the prose version in other respects follows that of the Lay closely, with as before retention of phrases ('between the desert and the wood', 'Thrice now I curse my oath', 'fingered wings... barbed at each joint's end', 'the bat wheeled and fluttered above him'); and the speech of Huan is closely modelled on that in the Lay.

From Beren's words to the horse (3288 - 90)

get thee gone to Sirion's vale,  
back as we came, past island pale  
where Thu once reigned

it is clear that as in The Silmarillion 'he rode northward again with all speed to the Pass of Sirion, and coming to the skirts of Taur-nu-Fuin he looked out across the waste of Anfauglith'. It is not said in the Lay how Luthien and Huan came there, but in The Silmarillion 'clad in these dreadful garments' they 'ran through Taur-nu-Fuin, and all things fled before them'.



to pierce the flesh with deadly chill.  
 With seven wounds it rent his foe,        3580  
 and seven mighty cries of woe  
 rang in the mountains, and the earth quook,  
 and Angband's trembling armies shook.  
 Yet Orcs would after laughing tell

of the duel at the gates of hell;        3585  
 though elvish song thereof was made  
 ere this but one - when sad was laid  
 the mighty king in barrow high,  
 and Thorndor, Eagle of the sky,  
 the dreadful tidings brought and told    3590  
 to mourning Elfinesse of old.  
 Thrice was Fingolfin with great blows  
 to his knees beaten, thrice he rose  
 still leaping up beneath the cloud  
 aloft to hold star-shining, proud,        3595  
 his stricken shield, his Sundered helm,  
 that dark nor might could overwhelm  
 till all the earth was burst and rent  
 in pits about him. He was spent.  
 His feet stumbled. He fell to wreck        3600  
 upon the ground, and on his neck  
 a foot like rooted hills was set,  
 and he was crushed - not conquered yet;  
 one last despairing stroke he gave:  
 the mighty foot pale Ringil clave        3605  
 about the heel, and black the blood  
 gushed as from smoking fount in flood.  
 Halt goes for ever from that stroke  
 great Morgoth; but the king he broke,  
 and would have hewn and mangled thrown    3610  
 to wolves devouring. Lo! from throne  
 that Manwe bade him build on high,  
 on peak unscaled beneath the sky,  
 Morgoth to watch, now down there swooped  
 Thorndor the King of Eagles, stooped,    3615  
 and rending beak of gold he smote  
 in Bauglir's face, then up did float  
 on pinions thirty fathoms wide  
 bearing away, though loud they cried,  
 the mighty corse, the Elven-king;        3620  
 and where the mountains make a ring  
 far to the south about that plain  
 where after Gondolin did reign,  
 embattled city, at great height  
 upon a dizzy snowcap white            3625  
 in mounded cairn the mighty dead

he laid upon the mountain's head.  
 Never Orc nor demon after dared  
 that pass to climb, o'er which there stared  
 Fingolfin's high and holy tomb,        3630  
 till Gondolin's appointed doom.

Thus Bauglir earned the furrowed scar  
 that his dark countenance doth mar,  
 and thus his limping gait he gained;  
 but afterward profound he reigned        3635  
 darkling upon his hidden throne;  
 and thunderous paced his halls of stone,

slow building there his vast design  
 the world in thralldom to confine.  
 Wielder of armies, lord of woe,           3640  
 no rest now gave he slave or foe;  
 his watch and ward he thrice increased,  
 his spies were sent from West to East  
 and tidings brought from all the North,  
 who fought, who fell; who ventured forth,   3645  
 who wrought in secret; who had hoard;  
 if maid were fair or proud were lord;  
 well nigh all things he knew, all hearts  
 well nigh enmeshed in evil arts.  
 Doriath only, beyond the veil           3650  
 woven by Melian, no assail  
 could hurt or enter; only rumour dim  
 of things there passing came to him.  
 A rumour loud and tidings clear  
 of other movements far and near           3655  
 among his foes, and threat of war  
 from the seven sons of Feanor,  
 from Nargothrond, from Fingon still  
 gathering his armies under hill  
 and under tree in Hithlum's shade,       3660  
 these daily came. He grew afraid  
 amidst his power once more; renown  
 of Beren vexed his ears, and down  
 the aisled forests there was heard  
 great Huan baying.

                  Then came word       3665  
 most passing strange of Luthien

wild-wandering by wood and glen,  
 and Thingol's purpose long he weighed,  
 and wondered, thinking of that maid  
 so fair, so frail. A captain dire,       3670  
 Boldog, he sent with sword and fire  
 to Doriath's march; but battle fell  
 sudden upon him: news to tell  
 never one returned of Boldog's host,  
 and Thingol humbled Morgoth's boast.       3675  
 Then his heart with doubt and wrath was burned:  
 new tidings of dismay he learned,  
 how Thu was o'erthrown and his strong isle  
 broken and plundered, how with guile  
 his foes now guile beset; and spies       3680  
 he feared, till each Orc to his eyes  
 was half suspect. Still ever down

the aisled forests came renown  
 of Huan baying, hound of war  
 that Gods unleashed in Valinor.       3685

Then Morgoth of Huan's fate bethought  
 long-rumoured, and in dark he wrought.  
 Fierce hunger-haunted packs he had  
 that in wolvis form and flesh were clad,  
 but demon spirits dire did hold;       3690  
 and ever wild their voices rolled  
 in cave and mountain where they housed  
 and endless snarling echoes roused.  
 From these a whelp he chose and fed

with his own hand on bodies dead,           3695  
 on fairest flesh of Elves and Men,  
 till huge he grew and in his den  
 no more could creep, but by the chair  
 of Morgoth's self would lie and glare,  
 nor suffer Balrog, Orc, nor beast           3700  
 to touch him. Many a ghastly feast  
 he held beneath that awful throne,  
 rending flesh and gnawing bone.  
 There deep enchantment on him fell,  
 the anguish and the power of hell;           3705  
 more great and terrible he became  
 with fire-red eyes and jaws aflame,

with breath like vapours of the grave,  
 than any beast of wood or cave,  
 than any beast of earth or hell           3710  
 that ever in any time befell,  
 surpassing all his race and kin,  
 the ghastly tribe of Draugluin.

Him Carcharoth, the Red Maw, name  
 the songs of Elves. Not yet he came           3715  
 disastrous, ravening, from the gates  
 of Angband. There he sleepless waits;  
 where those great portals threatening loom  
 his red eyes smoulder in the gloom,  
 his teeth are bare, his jaws are wide;   3720  
 and none may walk, nor creep, nor glide,  
 nor thrust with power his menace past  
 to enter Morgoth's dungeon vast.

Now, lo! before his watchful eyes  
 a slinking shape he far descries           3725  
 that crawls into the frowning plain  
 and halts at gaze, then on again  
 comes stalking near, a wolvisish shape  
 haggard, wayworn, with jaws agape;  
 and o'er it batlike in wide rings           3730  
 a reeling shadow slowly wings.  
 Such shapes there oft were seen to roam,  
 this land their native haunt and home;  
 and yet his mood with strange unease  
 is filled, and boding thoughts him seize.   3735

'What grievous terror, what dread guard  
 hath Morgoth set to wait, and barred  
 his doors against all entering feet?  
 Long ways we have come at last to meet  
 the very maw of death that opes           3740  
 between us and our quest! Yet hopes  
 we never had. No turning back! '  
 Thus Beren speaks, as in his track  
 he halts and sees with werewolf eyes  
 afar the horror that there lies.           3745  
 Then onward desperate he passed,  
 skirting the black pits yawning vast,

where King Fingolfin ruinous fell  
 alone before the gates of hell.

Before those gates alone they stood,     3750  
 while Carcharoth in doubtful mood  
 glowered upon them, and snarling spoke,  
 and echoes in the arches woke:  
 'Hail! Draugluin, my kindred's lord!  
 'Tis very long since hitherward     3755  
 thou camest. Yea, 'tis passing strange  
 to see thee now: a grievous change  
 is on thee, lord, who once so dire,  
 so dauntless, and as fleet as fire,  
 ran over wild and waste, but now     3760  
 with weariness must bend and bow!  
 'Tis hard to find the struggling breath  
 when Huan's teeth as sharp as death  
 have rent the throat? What fortune rare  
 brings thee back living here to fare -     3765  
 if Draugluin thou art? Come near!  
 I would know more, and see thee clear.'

'Who art thou, hungry upstart whelp,  
 to bar my ways whom thou shouldst help?  
 I fare with hasty tidings new     3770  
 to Morgoth from forest-haunting Thu.  
 Aside! for I must in; or go  
 and swift my coming tell below! '

Then up that doorward slowly stood,  
 eyes shining grim with evil mood,     3775  
 uneasy growling: 'Draugluin,  
 if such thou be, now enter in!  
 But what is this that crawls beside,  
 slinking as if 'twould neath thee hide?  
 Though winged creatures to and fro     3780  
 unnumbered pass here, all I know.  
 I know not this. Stay, vampire, stay!  
 I like not thy kin nor thee. Come, say  
 what sneaking errand thee doth bring,  
 thou winged vermin, to the king!     3785  
 Small matter, I doubt not, if thou stay  
 or enter, or if in my play

I crush thee like a fly on wall,  
 or bite thy wings and let thee crawl.'

Huge-stalking, noisome, close he came.     3790  
 In Beren's eyes there gleamed a flame;  
 the hair upon his neck uprose.  
 Nought may the fragrance fair enclose,  
 the odour of immortal flowers  
 in everlasting spring neath showers     3795  
 that glitter silver in the grass  
 in Valinor. Where'er did pass  
 Tinuviel, such air there went.  
 From that foul devil-sharpened scent  
 its sudden sweetness no disguise     3800  
 enchanted dark to cheat the eyes  
 could keep, if near those nostrils drew  
 snuffling in doubt. This Beren knew  
 upon the brink of hell prepared  
 for battle and death. There threatening stared     3805  
 those dreadful shapes, in hatred both,

false Draugluin and Carcharoth  
 when, lo! a marvel to behold:  
 some power, descended from of old,  
 from race divine beyond the West,           3810  
 sudden Tinuviel possessed  
 like inner fire. The vampire dark  
 she flung aside, and like a lark  
 cleaving through night to dawn she sprang,  
 while sheer, heart-piercing silver, rang       3815  
 her voice, as those long trumpets keen  
 thrilling, unbearable, unseen  
 in the cold aisles of morn. Her cloak  
 by white hands woven, like a smoke,  
 like all-bewildering, all-enthraling,       3820  
 all-enfolding evening, falling  
 from lifted arms, as forth she stepped,  
 across those awful eyes she swept,  
 a shadow and a mist of dreams  
 wherein entangled starlight gleams.       3825

'Sleep, O unhappy, tortured thrall!  
 Thou woebegotten, fail and fall  
 down, down from anguish, hatred, pain,

from lust, from hunger, bond and chain,  
 to that oblivion, dark and deep,           3830  
 the well, the lightless pit of sleep!  
 For one brief hour escape the net,  
 the dreadful doom of life forget! '

His eyes were quenched, his limbs were loosed;  
 he fell like running steer that noosed       3835  
 and tripped goes crashing to the ground.  
 Deathlike, moveless, without a sound  
 outstretched he lay, as lightning stroke  
 had felled a huge o'ershadowing oak.

#### NOTES.

3554.   banded A, B; > branded B, but I think that the r was  
 written in by somebody else.  
 3589.   Thorndor emended to Thorondor in B, but I think that this  
 was a late correction.  
 3606.   pinned it to earth A, B; about the heel apparently a late  
 emendation to B.  
 3615.   Thorndor later emended to Thorondor in B, see 3589.  
 3623.   after > secret B, a late emendation when Gondolin's found-  
 ation had been made much earlier.  
 3638-9.   A: nor ever again to war came forth  
 until the last battle of the North,  
 but builded slow his mighty thought  
 of pride and lust unfathomed wrought.  
 3650.   Against this line is written the date 'Sep. 28'. The previous  
 date was 27 Sept. 1930 against line 3478.  
 3658.   Finweg A, B, emended to Fingon B, as at lines 1647, 1654.  
 3712 - 13. This couplet not in A, as originally written.  
 3714.   A (as originally written):

Him Carcharos, the Knife-fang, name

Carcharos then > Carcharas, and then > Carcharoth (see notes to lines 3751, 3807). In the margin of A is written Red

Natu, and Caras with another, illegible, word beginning Car-; also Gargaroth; and Fearphantom Draugluin is his name. This may mean that my father was thinking of using the name Draugluin for the Wolf of Angband, though

Draugluin had by now appeared in the A-text (3401) for the great wolf of the Wizard's Isle.

3751. Carcharas A, not emended to Carcharoth (see note to 3714).

3790. Against this line is written the date 'Sep. 30 1930. The previous date was 28 Sept. 1930 against line 3650.

3807. Carcharoth A (rhyming with both); see notes to 3714,

3751.

### Commentary on Canto XII.

The greater part of this Canto is retrospective: beginning with the death of Fingolfin in combat with Morgoth, it passes to Morgoth's doubts and fears and his rearing of Carcharoth. By this time (September 1930) a large part, at any rate, of the prose 'Silmarillion' developed out of the 'Sketch of the Mythology' had been written, as I hope to demonstrate later, and it seems certain that the story of Fingolfin's duel with Morgoth, as it appears in this Canto followed the prose version, though we meet it here for the first time (together with the names Grond, the Hammer of the Underworld, and Ringil, Fingolfin's sword). The text in The Silmarillion (pp. 153 - 4) was largely based on the Lay, which it follows in the structure of the account and from which derive many phrases;\* but independent traces of the 'prose tradition' are also present. The account in the poem gives no indication of when the duel took place, or of what led Fingolfin to challenge Morgoth. For the much earlier mention of Fingolfin's death (now very obscure, but certainly quite differently conceived) see pp. 146-7.

The further mention in this Canto of Boldog's raid (lines 3665-75) will be discussed at the end of the poem (pp. 310 - 13).

Turning to the 'foreground' narrative, a passage in Synopsis III already given (pp. 270-1) bears on the content of Canto XII: it was bracketed and marked 'Later'.

Morgoth hearing of the breaking of the Wizard's Tower sends out an army of Orcs; finding the wolves are slain with..... throats he thinks it is Huan and fashions a vast wolf - Carcharas - mightiest of all wolves to guard his door.

Synopsis III continues from the point reached on p. 283:

The hideous gates of Angband. There lay Carcharoth knifefang. He gets slowly to his feet and bars the gate. 'Growl not O Wolf for I go to seek Morgoth with news of Thu.' He approached to snuff the air of

(\* For example: 'the rumour of his feet' (cf. line 3561); Morgoth 'like a tower, iron-crowned'(cf. 3563); he Grond down like a bolt of thunder' (cf 3571); smoke and fire darted' (cf. 3572 - 3); 'the blood gushed forth black and smoking' (cf. 3606 - 7); &c.)

her, for faint suspicion moved in his wicked heart, and he fell into slumber.

The interpretation of the wolf's name as 'Knife-fang' goes back to the Tale of Tinuviel and survived into the A-text of the Lay (see note to line 3714), but was replaced in B by the translation 'Red Maw'. The words



he held, and drank the blood of beast  
 and lives of Men, they stumbling came:  
 their eyes were dazed with smoke and flame.  
 The pillars, reared like monstrous shores 3880  
 to bear earth's overwhelming floors,  
 were devil-carven, shaped with skill  
 such as unholy dreams doth fill:  
 they towered like trees into the air,  
 whose trunks are rooted in despair, 3885  
 whose shade is death, whose fruit is bane,  
 whose boughs like serpents writhe in pain.  
 Beneath them ranged with spear and sword  
 stood Morgoth's sable-armoured horde:  
 the fire on blade and boss of shield 3890  
 was red as blood on stricken field.  
 Beneath a monstrous column loomed  
 the throne of Morgoth, and the doomed  
 and dying gasped upon the floor:  
 his hideous footstool, rape of war. 3895

About him sat his awful thanes,  
 the Balrog-lords with fiery manes,  
 redhanded, mouthed with fangs of steel;  
 devouring wolves were crouched at heel.  
 And o'er the host of hell there shone 3900  
 with a cold radiance, clear and wan,  
 the Silmarils, the gems of fate,  
 imprisoned in the crown of hate.

Lo! through the grinning portals dread  
 sudden a shadow swooped and fled; 3905  
 and Beren gasped - he lay alone,  
 with crawling belly on the stone:  
 a form bat-winged, silent, flew  
 where the huge pillared branches grew,  
 amid the smokes and mounting steams. 3910  
 And as on the margin of dark dreams  
 a dim-felt shadow unseen grows  
 to cloud of vast unease, and woes  
 foreboded, nameless, roll like doom  
 upon the soul, so in that gloom 3915  
 the voices fell, and laughter died  
 slow to silence many-eyed.  
 A nameless doubt, a shapeless fear,  
 had entered in their caverns drear,  
 and grew, and towered above them cowed, 3920  
 hearing in heart the trumpets loud  
 of gods forgotten. Morgoth spoke,  
 and thunderous the silence broke:  
 'Shadow, descend! And do not think  
 to cheat mine eyes! In vain to shrink 3925  
 from thy Lord's gaze, or seek to hide.  
 My will by none may be defied.  
 Hope nor escape doth here await  
 those that unbidden pass my gate.  
 Descend! ere anger blast thy wing, 3930  
 thou foolish, frail, bat-shapen thing,  
 and yet not bat within! Come down! '

Slow-wheeling o'er his iron crown,  
 reluctantly, shivering and small,  
 Beren there saw the shadow fall, 3935

and droop before the hideous throne,

a weak and trembling thing, alone.  
 And as thereon great Morgoth bent  
 his darkling gaze, he shuddering went,  
 belly to earth, the cold sweat dank 3940  
 upon his fell, and crawling shrank  
 beneath the darkness of that seat,  
 beneath the shadow of those feet.

Tinúviel spake, a shrill, thin, sound  
 piercing those silences profound: 3945  
 'A lawful errand here me brought;  
 from Thu's dark mansions have I sought,  
 from Taur-na-Fuin's shade I fare  
 to stand before thy mighty chair! '

'Thy name, thou shrieking waif, thy name! 3950  
 Tidings enough from Thu there came  
 but short while since. What would he now?  
 Why send such messenger as thou? '

'Thuringwethil I am, who cast  
 a shadow o'er the face aghast 3955  
 of the sallow moon in the doomed land  
 of shivering Beleriand.'

'Liar art thou, who shalt not weave  
 deceit before mine eyes. Now leave  
 thy form and raiment false, and stand 3960  
 revealed, and delivered to my hand! '

There came a slow and shuddering change:  
 the batlike raiment dark and strange  
 was loosed, and slowly shrank and fell  
 quivering. She stood revealed in hell. 3965  
 About her slender shoulders hung  
 her shadowy hair, and round her clung  
 her garment dark, where glimmered pale  
 the starlight caught in magic veil.  
 Dim dreams and faint oblivious sleep 3970  
 fell softly thence, in dungeons deep  
 an odour stole of elven-flowers  
 from elven-dells where silver showers  
 drip softly through the evening air;  
 and round there crawled with greedy stare 3975  
 dark shapes of snuffling hunger dread.

With arms upraised and drooping head  
 then softly she began to sing  
 a theme of sleep and slumbering,  
 wandering, woven with deeper spell 3980  
 than songs wherewith in ancient dell  
 Melian did once the twilight fill,  
 profound, and fathomless, and still.

The fires of Angband flared and died,  
 smouldered into darkness; through the wide 3985  
 and hollow halls there rolled unfurled  
 the shadows of the underworld.  
 All movement stayed, and all sound ceased,  
 save vaporous breath of Orc and beast.

One fire in darkness still abode: 3990  
 the lidless eyes of Morgoth glowed;  
 one sound the breathing silence broke:  
 the mirthless voice of Morgoth spoke.

'So Luthien, so Luthien,  
 a liar like all Elves and Men! 3995  
 Yet welcome, welcome, to my hall!  
 I have a use for every thrall.  
 What news of Thingol in his hole  
 shy lurking like a timid vole?  
 What folly fresh is in his mind, 4.000  
 who cannot keep his offspring blind  
 from straying thus? or can devise  
 no better counsel for his spies? '

She wavered, and she stayed her song.  
 'The road,' she said, 'was wild and long, 4005  
 but Thingol sent me not, nor knows  
 what way his rebellious daughter goes.  
 Yet every road and path will lead  
 Northward at last, and here of need  
 I trembling come with humble brow, 4010  
 and here before thy throne I bow;  
 for Luthien hath many arts  
 for solace sweet of kingly hearts.'

'And here of need thou shalt remain  
 now, Luthien, in joy or pain - 4015  
 or pain, the fitting doom for all,

for rebel, thief, and upstart thrall.  
 Why should ye not in our fate share  
 of woe and travail? Or should I spare  
 to slender limb and body frail 4020  
 breaking torment? Of what avail  
 here dost thou deem thy babbling song  
 and foolish laughter? Minstrels strong  
 are at my call. Yet I will give  
 a respite brief, a while to live, 4025  
 a little while, though purchased dear,  
 to Luthien the fair and clear,  
 a pretty toy for idle hour.  
 In slothful gardens many a flower  
 like thee the amorous gods are used 4030  
 honey-sweet to kiss, and cast then bruised,  
 their fragrance loosing, under feet.  
 But here we seldom find such sweet  
 amid our labours long and hard,  
 from godlike idleness debarred. 4035  
 And who would not taste the honey-sweet  
 lying to lips, or crush with feet  
 the soft cool tissue of pale flowers,  
 easing like gods the dragging hours?  
 A! curse the Gods! O hunger dire, 4040  
 O blinding thirst's unending fire!  
 One moment shall ye cease, and slake  
 your sting with morsel I here take! '

In his eyes the fire to flame was fanned,

and forth he stretched his brazen hand. 4045  
 Luthien as shadow shrank aside.  
 'Not thus, O king! Not thus!' she cried,  
 'do great lords hark to humble boon!  
 For every minstrel hath his tune;  
 and some are strong and some are soft, 4050  
 and each would bear his song aloft,  
 and each a little while be heard,  
 though rude the note, and light the word.  
 But Luthien hath cunning arts  
 for solace sweet of kingly hearts. 4055  
 Now hearken!' And her wings she caught  
 then deftly up, and swift as thought

slipped from his grasp, and wheeling round,  
 fluttering before his eyes, she wound  
 a mazy-winged dance, and sped 4060  
 about his iron-crowned head.  
 Suddenly her song began anew;  
 and soft came dropping like a dew  
 down from on high in that domed hall  
 her voice bewildering, magical, 4065  
 and grew to silver-murmuring streams  
 pale falling in dark pools in dreams.

She let her flying raiment sweep,  
 enmeshed with woven spells of sleep,  
 as round the dark void she ranged and reeled. 4070  
 From wall to wall she turned and wheeled  
 in dance such as never Elf nor fay  
 before devised, nor since that day;  
 than swallow swifter, than flittermouse  
 in dying light round darkened house 4075  
 more silken-soft, more strange and fair  
 than sylphine maidens of the Air  
 whose wings in Varda's heavenly hall  
 in rhythmic movement beat and fall.  
 Down crumpled Orc, and Balrog proud; 4080  
 all eyes were quenched, all heads were bowed;  
 the fires of heart and maw were stilled,  
 and ever like a bird she thrilled  
 above a lightless world forlorn  
 in ecstasy enchanted borne. 4085

All eyes were quenched, save those that glared  
 in Morgoth's lowering brows, and stared  
 in slowly wandering wonder round,  
 and slow were in enchantment bound.  
 Their will wavered, and their fire failed, 4090  
 and as beneath his brows they paled,  
 the Silmarils like stars were kindled  
 that in the reek of Earth had dwindled  
 escaping upwards clear to shine,  
 glistening marvellous in heaven's mine. 4095

Then flaring suddenly they fell,  
 down, down upon the floors of hell.  
 The dark and mighty head was bowed;

like mountain-top beneath a cloud

the shoulders foundered, the vast form      4100  
 crashed, as in overwhelming storm  
 huge cliffs in ruin slide and fall;  
 and prone lay Morgoth in his hall.  
 His crown there rolled upon the ground,  
 a wheel of thunder; then all sound      4105  
 died, and a silence grew as deep  
 as were the heart of Earth asleep.

Beneath the vast and empty throne  
 the adders lay like twisted stone,  
 the wolves like corpses foul were strewn;      4110  
 and there lay Beren deep in swoon:  
 no thought, no dream nor shadow blind  
 moved in the darkness of his mind.  
 'Come forth, come forth! The hour hath knelled,

and Angband's mighty lord is felled!      4115

Awake, awake! For we two meet  
 alone before the awful seat.'  
 This voice came down into the deep  
 where he lay drowned in wells of sleep;  
 a hand flower-soft and flower-cool      4120  
 passed o'er his face, and the still pool  
 of slumber quivered. Up then leaped  
 his mind to waking; forth he crept.  
 The wolvish fell he flung aside  
 and sprang unto his feet, and wide      4125  
 staring amid the soundless gloom  
 he gasped as one living shut in tomb.  
 There to his side he felt her shrink,  
 felt Luthien now shivering sink,  
 her strength and magic dimmed and spent,      4130  
 and swift his arms about her went.

Before his feet he saw amazed  
 the gems of Feanor, that blazed  
 with white fire glistening in the crown  
 of Morgoth's might now fallen down.      4135  
 To move that helm of iron vast  
 no strength he found, and thence aghast  
 he strove with fingers mad to wrest  
 the guerdon of their hopeless quest,

till in his heart there fell the thought      4140  
 of that cold morn whereon he fought  
 with Curufin; then from his belt  
 the sheathless knife he drew, and knelt,  
 and tried its hard edge, bitter-cold,  
 o'er which in Nogrod songs had rolled      4145  
 of dwarvish armourers singing slow  
 to hammer-music long ago.  
 Iron as tender wood it clove  
 and mail as woof of loom it rove.  
 The claws of iron that held the gem,      4150  
 it bit them through and sundered them;  
 a Silmaril he clasped and held,  
 and the pure radiance slowly welled  
 red glowing through the clenching flesh.  
 Again he stooped and strove afresh      4155  
 one more of the holy jewels three

that Feanor wrought of yore to free.  
 But round those fires was woven fate:  
 not yet should they leave the halls of hate.  
 The dwarvish steel of cunning blade        4160  
 by treacherous smiths of Nogrod made  
 snapped; then ringing sharp and clear  
 in twain it sprang, and like a spear  
 or errant shaft the brow it grazed  
 of Morgoth's sleeping head, and dazed        4165  
 their hearts with fear. For Morgoth groaned  
 with voice entombed, like wind that moaned  
 in hollow caverns penned and bound.  
 There came a breath; a gasping sound  
 moved through the halls, as Orc and beast    4170  
 turned in their dreams of hideous feast;  
 in sleep uneasy Balrogs stirred,  
 and far above was faintly heard  
 an echo that in tunnels rolled,  
 a wolvish howling long and cold.        4175

\*

#### NOTES.

3840. At the beginning of the Canto is written the date 'Oct. I 1930'.  
 The previous date was 30 Sept. 1930 at line 3790.
3860. With this line the B typescript comes to an end, and the text  
 continues to the end in fine manuscript.
3881. This line is dated 'Sept. 14 193 I'. The previous date was x Oct.  
 1930 at line 3840.
3887. This line is dated 'Sept. 15' (1931).
3947. Late change in B: from Sauron's mansions hare I sought. See  
 p. 232, note to lines 2064 - 6.
3951. Late change in B: Tidings enough from Sauron came.
3954. In the margin of B is written against Thuringwethil, at the  
 time of the writing out of the text, 'sc. she of hidden shadow'.
3957. Beleriand A and B (i.e. not Broseliand emended).
3962. This line is dated 'Sep. 16 1931'.  
 magic > elvish in B, but this is doubtless a late change, when  
 my father no longer used this once favourite word.
4029. Against this line is written the date 'Sep. 14', duplicating that  
 given to line 3881.
4045. Against this line is written the date 'Sep. 16', duplicating that  
 given to line 3962.
4085. After this line is written the last date in the A manuscript,  
 'Sept. 17 1931'.
- 4092-3. These lines were written in the margin of B, but the original  
 lines:

the Silmarils were lit like stars  
 that fume of Earth upreeking mars

were not struck out.

- 4163-6. A: in twain it sprang; and quaking fear  
 fell on their hearts, for Morgoth groaned

#### Commentary on Canto XIII.

There is not much to be learnt from the Synopses concerning this part of  
 the narrative, but the Angband scene was never greatly changed from its  
 original form in the Tale of Tinuviel (II. 31 ff.). Synopsis I is at the end  
 reduced to mere headings, II has given out, and IV does not deal with the

entry into Angband. III, given on pp. 293 - 4 as far as the enchantment of Carcharoth, continues:

After endless wanderings in corridors they stumble into the presence of Morgoth. Morgoth speaks. 'Who art thou that flittest about my halls as a bat, but art not a bat? Thou dost not belong here, nor wert thou summoned. Who has ever come here unsummoned? None! "But

I was summoned. I am Luthien daughter of Thingol.' Then Morgoth laughed, but he was moved with suspicion, and said that her accursed race would get no soft words or favour in Angband. What could she do to give him pleasure, and save herself from the lowest dungeons? He reached out his mighty brazen hand but she shrank away. He is angry but she offers to dance.

[The remainder of the outline is in pencil and in places indecipherable:] She lets fall her bat-garb. Her hair falls about. The lights of Angband die. Impenetrable dark falls: only the eyes of Morgoth and the faint glimmer of Tinuviel..... Her fragrance causes all to draw near greedily. Tinuviel flies [? in at] door leaving Beren struck with horror.....

Here this outline ends. Morgoth's words 'Who art thou that flittest about my halls as a bat' occur also in the Tale of Tinuviel (II. 32) - this outline several times adopts directly the wording of the Tale, see pp. 283, 294.

This is a curious point, for in the Tale Tinuviel was not attired in a bat-skin, whereas in Synopsis III she was. It is conceivable that Melko's words actually gave rise to this element in the story.

In the Tale Tinuviel lied to Melko, saying that Tinwelint her father had driven her out, and in reply he said that she need not hope for 'soft words' - this too is a phrase that recurs in Synopsis I I I. But the remainder of this outline does not relate closely to the Tale.

Synopsis V is here very brief. After 'the enchanting of Carcharos' (p. 294) it has only (still under the heading 'r r'):

The cozening of Morgoth and the rape of the Silmaril.  
The dwarvish knife of Curufin breaks.

It is clear that the concluding passage of Synopsis III, given above, was a direct precursor of Canto XIII; but some elements - and actual wording - in the scene go back to the Tale without being mentioned in the Synopsis. Luthien's words 'his rebellious daughter' (4007) seem to echo 'he is an overbearing Elf and I give not my love at his command' (II. 32); there is a clear relation between the words of the Tale (ibid.).

Then did Tinuviel begin such a dance as neither she nor other sprite or fay or elf danced ever before or has done since

and lines 4072 - 3

in dance such as never Elf nor fay  
before devised, nor since that day;

and with 'the adders lay like twisted stone' (4109) cf. 'Beneath his chair the adders lay like stones.' It is interesting to see the idea of the shard of the knife-blade striking Morgoth's brow (in?he Silmarillion his cheek) emerging in the composition of this Canto; as first written (see note to lines 4163 - 6) it seems to have been the sound of the knife snapping that

disturbed the sleepers, as it was expressly in the Tale (II. 33). With the 'treacherous smiths of Nogrod' (4161) who made Curufin's knife cf. the passage in The Children of Hurin concerning the bearded Dwarves of troth unmindful who made the knife of Flinding that slipped from its

sheath (p.44, lines 1142 ff.): that was made by the Dwarves of Belegost, and like Curufin's

[its] edge would eat through iron noiseless  
as a clod of clay is cleft by the share.

The account in *The Silmarillion* (pp. 180 - x) is clearly based on Canto XIII, from which it derives many features, though it is reduced, notably by compressing the two episodes of Luthien singing (3977ff., 4062ff.) into one; and the prose here owes less to the verses than in other places.

Luthien's naming herself Thuringwethil to Morgoth (line 3954) is notable. In *The Silmarillion* (p. 178) the bat-fell which Huan brought from Tol-in-Gaurhoth was that of Thuringwethil. 'she was the messenger of Sauron, and was wont to fly in vampire's form to Angband', whereas in the Lay (lines 3402 ff.), as I have noticed (p. 284), 'the bat-wings are only said to be such as bear up Thu's messengers, and are not associated with a particular or chief messenger'. It seems possible that in the Lay Luthien devised this name ('she of hidden shadow') as a riddling description of herself, and that this led to the conception of the bat-messenger from the Wizard's Isle to Angband named Thuringwethil; but there is no proof of this.

With the

    sylphine maidens of the Air  
    whose wings in Varda's heavenly hall  
    in rhythmic movement beat and fall (4077 9)

cf. the tale of *The Coming of the Valar and the Building of Valinor* (I. 65 - 6), where it is said that with Manwe and Varda there entered the world 'many of those lesser Vali who loved them and had played nigh them and attuned their music to theirs, and these are the Manir and the Suruli, the sylphs of the airs and of the winds'.

\*

#### XIV.

Up through the dark and echoing gloom  
as ghosts from many-tunnelled tomb,  
up from the mountains' roots profound  
and the vast menace underground,  
their limbs quake with deadly fear,                   4180

terror in eyes, and dread in ear,  
together Red they, by the beat  
affrighted of their flying feet.

At last before them far away  
they saw the glimmering wraith of day,           4185  
the mighty archway of the gate -  
and there a horror new did wait.  
Upon the threshold, watchful, dire,  
his eyes new-kindled with dull fire,  
towered Carcharoth, a bidding doom:           4190  
his jaws were gaping like a tomb,  
his teeth were bare, his tongue aflame;  
aroused he watched that no one came,  
no flitting shade nor hunted shape,  
seeking from Angband to escape.               4195  
Now past that guard what guile or might

could thrust from death into the light?

He heard afar their hurrying feet,  
 he snuffed an odour strange and sweet;  
 he smelled their coming long before      4200  
 they marked the waiting threat at door.  
 His limbs he stretched and shook off sleep,  
 then stood at gaze. With sudden leap  
 upon them as they sped he sprang,  
 and his howling in the arches rang.      4205  
 Too swift for thought his onset came,  
 too swift for any spell to tame;  
 and Beren desperate then aside  
 thrust Luthien, and forth did stride  
 unarmed, defenceless to defend      4210  
 Tinuviel until the end.  
 With left he caught at hairy throat,  
 with right hand at the eyes he smote -  
 his right, from which the radiance welled  
 of the holy Silmaril he held.      4215  
 As gleam of swords in fire there flashed  
 the fangs of Carcharoth, and crashed  
 together like a trap, that tore  
 the hand about the wrist, and shore  
 through brittle bone and sinew nesh,      4220  
 devouring the frail mortal flesh;

and in that cruel mouth unclean  
 engulfed the jewel's holy sheen.

#### The Unwritten Cantos.

There was virtually no change in the narrative from the Tale to the Lay in the opening passage of Canto XIV, but the account in 'The Silmarillion' differs, in that there Beren did not strike at the eyes of the wolf with his right hand holding the Silmaril, but held the jewel up before Carcharoth to daunt him. My father intended to alter the Lay here, as is seen from a marginal direction to introduce the element of 'daunting'.

The Lay of Leithian ends here, in both the A and B texts, and also in the pages of rough draft, but an isolated sheet found elsewhere gives a few further lines, together with variants, in the first stage of composition:

Against the wall then Beren reeled  
 but still with his left he sought to shield  
 fair Luthien, who cried aloud  
 to see his pain, and down she bowed  
 in anguish sinking to the ground.

There is also a short passage, found on a separate sheet at the end of the

B-text, which is headed 'a piece from the end of the poem'.

Where the forest-stream went through the wood,  
 and silent all the stems there stood  
 of tall trees, moveless, hanging dark  
 with mottled shadows on their bark  
 above the green and gleaming river,  
 there came through leaves a sudden shiver,  
 a windy whisper through the still  
 cool silences; and down the hill,  
 as faint as a deep sleeper's breath,

an echo came as cold as death: 10  
 'Long are the paths, of shadow made  
 where no foot's print is ever laid,  
 over the hills, across the seas!  
 Far, far away are the Lands of Ease,  
 but the Land of the Lost is further yet, 15  
 where the Dead wait, while ye forget.  
 No moon is there, no voice, no sound  
 of beating heart; a sigh profound  
 once in each age as each age dies  
 alone is heard. Far, far it lies, 20

the Land of Waiting where the Dead sit,  
 in their thought's shadow, by no moon lit.

With the last lines compare the passage at the end of the tale of Beren and Luthien in *The Silmarillion* (p. 186):

But Luthien came to the halls of Mandos, which are the appointed places of the Eldalie, beyond the mansions of the West upon the confines of the world. There those that wait sit in the shadow of their thought.

There is nothing else, and I do not think that there ever was anything else. All my father's later work on the poem was devoted to the revision of what was already in existence; and the Lay of Leithian ends here.

\*

Of the five synopses that have been given in sections in previous pages, only the fifth bears on the escape of Beren and Luthien from Angband. This outline was last quoted on p. 305 ('the dwarvish knife of Curufin breaks'). It continues:

Beren and Luthien flee in fear. Arousing of Carcharos. Beren's hand is bitten off in which he holds the Silmaril. Madness of Carcharos. Angband awakes. Flight of Beren and Luthien towards the waters of Sirion. Canto [i.e. Canto x x, see p. 305] ends as they hear the pursuing wolves behind. Wrapped in Luthien's cloak they flit beneath the stars.

Thus the rescue of Beren and Luthien by Thorondor and his vassals was not yet present, and the story was still in this respect unchanged from the Tale of Tinuviel (II. 34); cf. especially:

Tinuviel wrapped part of her dark mantle about Beren, and so for a while flitting by dusk and dark amid the hills they were seen by none.

The first record of the changed story of the escape from Angband is found on an isolated slip, written hastily in pencil and very difficult to decipher:

Carcharoth goes mad and drives all [? orcs] before him like a wind. The sound of his awful howling causes rocks to split and fall. There is an earthquake underground. Morgoth's wrath on waking. The gateway [?falls] in and hell is blocked, and great fires and smokes burst from Thangorodrim. Thunder and lightning. Beren lies dying before the gate. Tinuviel's song as she kisses his hand and prepares to die. Thorondor comes down and bears them amid the lightning that [?stabs] at them like spears and a hail of arrows from the battlements. They pass above Gondolin and Luthien sees the white city far below, [?gleaming] like a lily in the valley. Thorondor sets her down in Brethil.

This is very close in narrative structure to the story in *The Silmarillion* (p. 182), with the earthquake, fire and smoke from Thangorodrim, Beren's lying near death at the Gate, Luthien's kissing his hand (staunching the wound), the descent of Thorondor, and the passage of the eagle(s) over Gondolin. This last shows that this brief outline is relatively late, since Gondolin was already in existence before the Battle of 'Unnumbered Tears' (II.208). But in this text they are set down in Brethil (a name that does not appear in the works until several years later); in *The Silmarillion* they are set down 'upon the borders of Doriath', in 'that same dell whence Beren had stolen in despair and left Luthien asleep'. - On the reference to Gondolin as 'a lily in the valley' see I. 172.

Synopsis V has more to tell subsequently of the wanderings of Beren and Luthien before they returned to Doriath, but I now set out the remaining materials in their entirety before commenting on them. First it is convenient to cite the end of Synopsis II, which has been given already (p. 270):

    Celegorm's embassy to Thingol so that Thingol knows or thinks he knows Beren dead and Luthien in Nargothrond.

    Why Celegorm and Curufin hated by Thingol as p. 270 ..

    The loss of Dairon.

Synopsis I V has been given (p. 273) only as far as 'They prepare to go to Angband', since the outline then turns away from the story of Beren and Luthien themselves, according to my father's projection at that time for the further course of the Lay, and continues as follows:

    11.

    Doriath. The hunt for Luthien and the loss of Dairon. War on the borders. Boldog slain. So Thingol knows Luthien not yet dead is caught, but fears that Boldog's raid means that Morgoth has got wind of her wandering. Actually it means no more than the legend of her beauty.

    An embassy comes from Celegorm. Thingol learns that Beren is dead, and Luthien at Nargothrond. He is roused to wrath by the hints of the letter that Celegorm will leave Felagund to die, and will usurp the throne of Nargothrond. And so Thingol had better let Luthien stay where she is.

    Thingol prepares an army to go against Nargothrond, but learns that Luthien has left, and Celegorm and Curufin have fled to Aglon. He sends an embassy to Aglon. It is routed and put to flight by the sudden onslaught of Carcharas. Mablung escapes to tell the tale. The devastation of Doriath by Carcharas.

    12.

    The rape of the Silmaril and the home-coming of Beren and Luthien.

    13.

    The wolf-hunt and death of Huan and Beren.

    14.

    The recall of Beren and Huan.

Synopsis V continues as a more substantial preparation for the end of the poem never to be written, which my father at this stage conceived in three further Cantos.

## 12.

Sorrow in Doriath at flight of Luthien. Thingol's heart hardened against Beren, despite words of Melian. A mighty hunt is made throughout the realm, but many of the folk strayed north and west and south of Doriath beyond the magic of Melian and were lost. Dairon became separated from his comrades and wandered away into the East of the world, where some say he pipes yet seeking Luthien in vain.

The embassy of Celegorm tells Thingol that Beren and Felagund are dead, that Celegorm will make himself king of Narog, and while telling him that Luthien is safe in Nargothrond and treating for her hand, hints that she will not return: it also warns him to trouble not the matter of the Silmarils. Thingol is wroth - and is moved to think better of Beren, while yet blaming [him] for the woes that followed his coming to Doriath, and most for loss of Dairon.

Thingol arms for war against Celegorm. Melian says she would forbid this evil war of Elf with Elf, but that never shall Thingol cross blade with Celegorm. Thingol's army meets with the host of Boldog on the borders of Doriath. Morgoth has heard of the beauty of Luthien, and the rumour of her wandering. He has ordered Thu and the Orcs to capture her. A battle is fought and Thingol is victorious. The Orcs are driven into Taur-na-Fuin or slain Thingol himself slays Boldog. Mablung Heavyhand was Thingol's chief warrior and fought at his side; Beleg was the chief of his scouts. Though victorious Thingol is filled with still more disquiet at Morgoth's hunt for Luthien. Beleg goes forth from the camp on Doriath's borders and journeys, unseen by the archers, to Narog. He brings tidings of the flight of Luthien, the rescue of Beren, and the exile of Celegorm and Curufin. He [read Thingol] goes home and sends an embassy to Aglon to demand recompense, and aid in the rescue of Luthien. He renews his vow to imprison Beren for ever if he does not return with a Silmaril, though Melian warns him that he knows not what he says.

The embassy meets the onslaught of Carcharos who by fate or the power of the Silmaril bursts into Doriath. All perish save Mablung who brings the news. Devastation of the woods. The wood-elves flee to the caves.

## 13.

Beren and Luthien escape to the Shadowy Mountains, but become lost and bewildered in the dreads of Nan Dungorthin, and are hunted by phantoms, and snared at last by the great spiders. Huan rescues them, and guides them down Sirion, and so they reach Doriath from the south, and find the woods silent and empty till they come to the guarded bridge.

Huan, Beren, and Luthien come before Thingol. They tell their tale; yet Thingol will not relent. The brave words of Beren, revealing the mystery of Carcharos. Thingol relents. The wolf-hunt is prepared. Huan, Thingol, Beren, and Mablung depart. Luthien abides with Melian in foreboding. Carcharos is slain, but slew Huan who defended Beren. Yet Beren is mortally hurt, though he lived to place the Silmaril on Thingol's hand which Mablung cut from the wolf's belly.

The meeting and farewell of Beren and Tinuviel beneath Hirilorn. Burial of Huan and Beren.

## 14.

Fading of Luthien. Her journey to Mandos. The song of Luthien in Mandos' halls, and the release of Beren. They dwelt long in Broseliand, but spake never more to mortal Men, and Luthien became mortal.

This concludes all the material in the outlines. For the references to

Boldog's raid, and Morgoth's interest in Luthien, in the Lay itself see lines 2127 - 36, 2686 - 94, 3198 - 3201, and 3665 - 75.

In Synopsis IV (p. 310) Boldog's raid takes place earlier in the story, before the coming of Celegorm's embassy to Thingol, but its narrative value is obscure. It is not clear why the raid must inform Thingol that 'Luthien not yet dead is caught', nor why he should conclude that 'Morgoth has got wind of her wandering'. Moreover the statement that 'actually it means no more than the legend of her beauty' can only mean (if Morgoth had not heard of her wandering forth from Doriath) that he sent out Boldog's warband with the express intention of seizing her from the fastness of the Thousand Caves.

In Synopsis V the raid was moved to a later point, and the host out of Doriath that destroyed Boldog was actually moving against Nargothrond. In the Silmarillion the embassy from Celegorm survived, but of Boldog's raid there is no hint, and Thingol does no more than 'think to make war' on Nargothrond:

But Thingol learned that Luthien had journeyed far from Doriath, for messages came secretly from Celegorm,... saying that Felagund was dead, and Beren was dead, but Luthien was in Nargothrond, and that Celegorm would wed her. Then Thingol was wrathful, and he sent forth spies, thinking to make war upon Nargothrond; and thus he learned that Luthien was again fled, and that Celegorm and Curufin were driven from Nargothrond. Then his counsel was in doubt, for he had not the strength to assail the seven sons of Feanor; but he sent messengers to Himring to summon their aid in seeking for Luthien, since Celegorm had not sent her to the house of her father, nor had he kept her safely (pp. 183 - 4).

The 'spies' of this passage were derived from Beleg's secret mission to Nargothrond in Synopsis V (p. 311). It seems probable that my father actually discarded Boldog's raid; and with it went all suggestion that Luthien's wandering had been reported to Morgoth (cf. lines 3665 ff.) and that Thu was given orders to capture her (Synopsis V). The passage in Canto IX of the Lay (2686 - 94) where Thu recognised Luthien's voice - or, at least, knew that it must be she who was singing - does not, indeed, at all suggest that Thu was actively seeking her. These lines were the source for the passage in The Silmarillion, where Sauron standing in the tower of Tol-in-Gaurhoth

smiled hearing her voice, for he knew that it was the daughter of Melian. The fame of the beauty of Luthien, and the wonder of her song had long gone forth from Doriath; and he thought to make her captive and hand her' over to the power of Morgoth, for his reward would be great.

But the idea that the beauty and singing of Luthien had come to the ears of Sauron survives from the stage when Morgoth's interest in her was an important motive.

As noticed earlier (p. 209), the wandering and loss of Dairon goes back to the Tale of Tinuviel (11. 20 - 1) and survived into The Silmarillion (p. 183), where it is said that Daeron passed over the Blue Mountains 'into the East of Middle-earth, where for many ages he made lament beside dark waters for Luthien'. Less is made in the later story of the great hunt for Luthien, and nothing is said of the changing moods and intentions of Thingol towards Beren referred to in Synopsis V. The 'political' element of the ambitions of Celegorm and Curufin and the attempted browbeating and blackmail of Thingol is of course a new element that first appears in the Synopses (other than the earlier reference in the Lay, 2501-3 to the brothers' intentions in this regard), since the 'Nargothrond Element' is wholly absent from the Tale of Tinuviel;

and similarly the interception of the embassy from Thingol to Aglon by Carcharoth, from which Mablung alone survived. This also remains in *The Silmarillion*.

In Synopsis V, where the bearing away of Beren and Luthien from Angband by Thorondor is not yet present, they flee from Angband 'towards the waters of Sirion' (p. 309), and (p. 312) 'escape to the Shadowy Mountains, but become lost and bewildered in the dreads of, Nan Dungorthin, and are hunted by phantoms, and snared at last by the great spiders. Huan rescues them, and guides them down Sirion...' . In the Tale likewise (II. 34 - 5), Huan rescued them from 'Nan Dungorthin'. This is a point of geography and shifting nomenclature of great perplexity. I have shown (pp. 170-I, 234) that the meaning of 'Shadowy Mountains' changes in the course of the Lay of Leithian: whereas at first (lines 386, 1318) the reference is to the Mountains of Terror (Ered Gorgoroth), subsequently (line 1940) it is to Ered Wethrin, the range fencing Hithlum. The Mountains of Terror, with the great spiders, are described in lines 563 ff.

In the present passage of Synopsis V the statements that Beren and Luthien escaping from Angband fled towards Sirion, and that Huan rescuing them from Nan Dungorthin guided them down Sirion, very strongly suggests that the Shadowy Mountains are here again, as might be expected, Ered Wethrin. Nan Dungorthin must then be placed as in *The Children of Hurin*, west of Sirion, in a valley of the southern slopes of the Shadowy Mountains. But this means that the great spiders are found in both places.

It is difficult to suggest a satisfactory explanation of this. A possibility is that when Beren crossed the Mountains of Terror and encountered the spiders (lines 569 - 74) 'Nan Dungorthin' was placed in that region, though it is not named; in Synopsis V however it is again placed, with its spiders, west of Sirion.

In the later story the eagles set Beren and Luthien down on the borders of Doriath, and Huan came to them there.

In the conclusion of Synopsis V there is very little that is at variance with the story of the wolf-hunt and the death of Beren in *The Silmarillion*, so far as can be seen from the very compressed outline; but Beleg was not present at the hunt in the Synopsis, as he was not in the Tale (II. 38).

The sentence that concludes Synopsis IV is curious: 'The recall of Beren and Huan' (p. 311). 'Recall' obviously refers to the return from Mandos (the last heading of Synopsis I is 'Tinuviel goes to Mandos and recalls Beren'); in which case my father must have intended to have Huan return from the dead with Beren and Luthien. In the Tale of Tinuviel Huan was not slain (II. 39), and there was no prophecy concerning his fate to fall before the mightiest wolf that should ever walk the world; but he became the companion of Mablung (II. 41), and in the Tale of the Nauglafring he returned to Beren and Luthien in the land of i-Guilwarthon after the death of Thingol and the sack of the Thousand Caves.

\*

#### IV. THE LAY OF LEITHIAN RECOMMENCED.

When my father began the Lay of Leithian again from the beginning, he did not at first intend much more, perhaps, than a revision, an improvement of individual lines and short passages, but all on the original plan and structure. This, at least, is what he did with Canto I; and he carried



in many-pillared halls of stone: 20  
 there beryl, pearl, and opal pale,  
 and metal wrought like fishes' mail,  
 buckler and corslet, axe-and sword,  
 and gleaming spears were laid in hoard:  
 all these he had and counted small, 25  
 for dearer than all wealth in hall,  
 and fairer than are born to-Men,  
 a daughter had he, Luthien.

OF LUTHIEN THE BELOVED.

Such lissom limbs no more shall run  
 on the green earth beneath the sun; 30

so fair a maid no more shall be  
 from dawn to dusk, from sun to sea.  
 Her robe was blue as summer skies,  
 but grey as evening were her eyes;  
 her mantle sewn with lilies fair, 35  
 but dark as shadow was her hair.  
 Her feet were swift as bird on wing,  
 her laughter merry as the spring;  
 the slender willow, the bowing reed,  
 the fragrance of a flowering mead, 40  
 the light upon the leaves of trees,  
 the voice of water, more than these  
 her beauty was and blissfulness,  
 her glory and her loveliness.

She dwelt in the enchanted land 45  
 while elven-might yet held in hand  
 the woven woods of Doriath:  
 none ever thither found the path  
 unbidden, none the forest-eaves  
 dared pass, or stir the listening leaves. 50  
 To North there lay a land of dread,  
 Dungorthin where all ways were dead  
 in hills of shadow bleak and cold;  
 beyond was Deadly Nightshade's hold  
 in Taur-nu-Fuin's fastness grim, 55  
 where sun was sick and moon was dim.  
 To South the wide earth unexplored;  
 to West the ancient Ocean roared,  
 unsailed and shoreless, wide and wild;  
 to East in peaks of blue were piled, 60  
 in silence folded, mist-enfurled,  
 the mountains of the outer world.

Thus Thingol in his dolven hall  
 amid the Thousand Caverns tall  
 of Menegroth as king abode: 65  
 to him there led no mortal road.  
 Beside him sat his deathless queen,  
 fair Melian, and wove unseen  
 nets of enchantment round his throne,  
 and spells were laid on tree and stone: 70  
 sharp was his sword and high his helm,

the king of beech and oak and elm.  
 When grass was green and leaves were long,  
 when finch and mavis sang their song,

there under bough and under sun           75  
 in shadow and in light would run  
 fair Luthien the elven-maid,  
 dancing in dell and grassy glade.

OF DAIRON MINSTREL OF THINGOL.

When sky was clear and stars were keen,  
 then Dairon with his fingers lean,           80  
 as daylight melted into eve,  
 a trembling music sweet would weave  
 on flutes of silver, thin and clear  
 for Luthien, the maiden dear.

There mirth there was and voices bright;   85  
 there eve was peace and morn was light;  
 there jewel gleamed and silver wan  
 and red gold on white fingers shone,  
 and elanor and niphredil  
 bloomed in the grass unfading still,       90  
 while the endless years of Elven-land  
 rolled over far Beleriand,  
 until a day of doom befell,  
 as still the elven-harpers tell.

2. OF MORGOTH & THE SNARING OF GORLIM.

Far in the Northern hills of stone       95  
 in caverns black there was a throne  
 by flame encircled; there the smoke  
 in coiling columns rose to choke  
 the breath of life, and there in deep  
 and gasping dungeons lost would creep   100  
 to hopeless death all those who strayed  
 by doom beneath that ghastly shade.  
 A king there sat, most dark and fell

of all that under heaven dwell.  
 Than earth or sea, than moon or star     105  
 more ancient was he, mightier far  
 in mind abysmal than the thought  
 of Eldar or of Men, and wrought  
 of strength primeval; ere the stone  
 was hewn to build the world, alone     110  
 he walked in darkness, fierce and dire,  
 burned, as he wielded it, by fire.  
 He 'twas that laid in ruin black  
 the Blessed Realm and fled then back  
 to Middle-earth anew to build         115  
 beneath the mountains mansions filled  
 with misbegotten slaves of hate:  
 death's shadow brooded at his gate.  
 His hosts he armed with spears of steel  
 and brands of flame, and at their heel   120  
 the wolf walked and the serpent crept  
 with lidless eyes. Now forth they leapt,  
 his ruinous legions, kindling war  
 in field and frith and woodland hoar.  
 %here long the golden elanor         125  
 had gleamed amid the grass they bore  
 their banners black, where finch had sung  
 and harpers silver harps had wrung

now dark the ravens wheeled and cried  
amid the reek, and far and wide 130  
the swords of Morgoth dripped with red  
above the hewn and trampled dead.  
Slowly his shadow like a cloud  
rolled from the North, and on the proud  
that would not yield his vengeance fell; 135  
to death or thralldom under hell  
all things he doomed: the Northern land  
lay cowed beneath his ghastly hand.

But still there lived in hiding cold  
Beor's son, Barahir the bold, 140  
of land bereaved and lordship shorn  
who once a prince of Men was born,  
and now an outlaw lurked and lay  
in the hard heath and woodland grey.

#### OF THE SAVING OF KING INGLOR FELAGUND BY THE XII BEORINGS

Twelve men beside him still there went, 145  
still faithful when all hope was spent.  
Their names are yet in elven-song  
remembered, though the years are long  
since doughty Dagnir and Ragnor,  
Radhruin, Dairuin and Gildor, 150  
Gorlim Unhappy, and Urthel,  
and Arthad and Hathaldir fell;  
since the black shaft with venom'd wound  
took Belegund and Baragund,  
the mighty sons of Bregolas; 155  
since he whose doom and deeds surpass  
all tales of Men was laid on bier,  
fair Beren son of Barahir.  
For these it was, the chosen men  
of Beor's house, who in the fen 160  
of reedy Serech stood at bay  
about King Inglor in the day  
of his defeat, and with their swords  
thus saved of all the Elven-lords  
the fairest; and his love they earned. 165  
And he escaping south, returned  
to Nargothrond his mighty realm,  
where still he wore his crowned helm;  
but they to their northern homeland rode,  
dauntless and few, and there abode 170  
unconquered still, defying fate,  
pursued by Morgoth's sleepless hate.

#### OF TARN AELUIN THE BLESSED.

Such deeds of daring there they wrought  
that soon the hunters that them sought 175  
at rumour of their coming fled.  
Though price was set upon each head  
to match the weregild of a king,  
no soldier could to Morgoth bring  
news even of their hidden lair;  
for where the highland brown and bare 180  
above the darkling pines arose

of steep Dorthonion to the snows

and barren mountain-winds, there lay  
 a tarn of water, blue by day,  
 by night a mirror of dark glass       185  
 for stars of Elbereth that pass  
 above the world into the West.  
 Once hallowed, still that place was blest:  
 no shadow of Morgoth, and no evil thing  
 yet thither came; a whispering ring       190  
 of slender birches silver-grey  
 stooped on its margin, round it lay  
 a lonely moor, and the bare bones  
 of ancient Earth like standing stones  
 thrust through the heather and the whin;   195  
 and there by houseless Aeluin  
 the hunted lord and faithful men  
 under the grey stones made their den.

#### OF GORLIM UNHAPPY.

Gorlim Unhappy, Angrim's son,  
 as the tale tells, of these was one       200  
 most fierce and hopeless. He to wife,  
 while fair was the fortune of his life,  
 took the white maiden Eilinel:  
 dear love they had ere evil fell.  
 To war he rode; from war returned       205  
 to find his fields and homestead burned,  
 his house forsaken roofless stood,  
 empty amid the leafless wood;  
 and Eilinel, white Eilinel,  
 was taken whither none could tell,       210  
 to death or thralldom far away.  
 Black was the shadow of that day  
 for ever on his heart, and doubt  
 still gnawed him as he went about  
 in wilderness wandring, or at night       215  
 oft sleepless, thinking that she might  
 ere evil came have timely fled  
 into the woods: she was not dead,  
 she lived, she would return again  
 to seek him, and would deem him slain.   220  
 Therefore at whiles he left the lair,

and secretly, alone, would peril dare,  
 and come to his old house at night,  
 broken and cold, without fire or light,  
 and naught but grief renewed would gain,   225  
 watching and waiting there in vain.

In vain, or worse - for many spies  
 had Morgoth, many lurking eyes  
 well used to pierce the deepest dark;  
 and Gorlim's coming they would mark       230  
 and would report. There came a day  
 when once more Gorlim crept that way,  
 down the deserted weedy lane  
 at dusk of autumn sad with rain  
 and cold wind whining. Lo! a light       235  
 at window fluttering in the night  
 amazed he saw; and drawing near,

between faint hope and sudden fear,  
 he looked within. 'Twas Eilinel!  
 Though changed she was, he knew her well. 240  
 With grief and hunger she was worn,  
 her tresses tangled, raiment torn;  
 her gentle eyes with tears were dim,  
 as soft she wept: 'Gorlim, Gorlim!  
 Thou canst not have forsaken me. 245  
 Then slain, alas! thou slain must be!  
 And I must linger cold, alone,  
 and loveless as a barren stone!'

One cry he gave - and then the light  
 blew out, and in the wind of night 250  
 wolves howled; and on his shoulder fell  
 suddenly the griping hands of hell.  
 There Morgoth's servants fast him caught  
 and he was cruelly bound, and brought  
 to Sauron captain of the host, 255  
 the lord of werewolf and of ghost,  
 most foul and fell of all who knelt  
 at Morgoth's throne. In might he dwelt  
 on Gaurhoth Isle; but now had ridden  
 with strength abroad, by Morgoth bidden 260  
 to find the rebel Barahir.  
 He sat in dark encampment near,

and thither his butchers dragged their prey.  
 There now in anguish Gorlim lay:  
 with bond on neck, on hand and foot, 165  
 to bitter torment he was put,  
 to break his will and him constrain  
 to buy with treason end of pain.  
 But naught to them would he reveal  
 of Barahir, nor break the seal 270  
 of faith that on his tongue was laid;  
 until at last a pause was made,  
 and one came softly to his stake,  
 a darkling form that stooped, and spake  
 to him of Eilinel his wife. 275  
 'Wouldst thou,' he said, 'forsake thy life,  
 who with few words might win release  
 for her, and thee, and go in peace,

and dwell together far from war,  
 friends of the King? What wouldst thou more?' 280  
 And Gorlim, now long worn with pain,  
 yearning to see his wife again

(whom well he weened was also caught  
 in Sauron's net), allowed the thought  
 to grow, and faltered in his troth. 285  
 Then straight, half willing and half loath,  
 they brought him to the seat of stone  
 where Sauron sat. He stood alone  
 before that dark and dreadful face,  
 and Sauron said: 'Come, mortal base! 290  
 What do I hear? That thou wouldst dare  
 to barter with me? Well, speak fair!  
 What is thy price?' And Gorlim low  
 bowed down his head, and with great woe,  
 word on slow word, at last implored 295

that merciless and faithless lord  
 that he might free depart, and might  
 again find Eilinel the White,  
 and dwell with her, and cease from war  
 against the King. He craved no more. 300

Then Sauron smiled, and said: 'Thou thrall!  
 The price thou askest is but small  
 for treachery and shame so great!

I grant it surely! Well, I wait:  
 Come! Speak now swiftly and speak true!' 305  
 Then Gorlim wavered, and he drew  
 half back; but Sauron's daunting eye

there held him, and he dared not lie:  
 as he began, so must he wend  
 from first false step to faithless end: 310  
 he all must answer as he could,  
 betray his lord and brotherhood,  
 and cease, and fall upon his face.

Then Sauron laughed aloud. 'Thou base,  
 thou cringing worm! Stand up, 315  
 and hear me! And now drink the cup  
 that I have sweetly blent for thee!  
 Thou fool: a phantom thou didst see  
 that I, I Sauron, made to snare  
 thy lovesick wits. Naught else was there. 320  
 Cold 'tis with Sauron's wraiths to wed!  
 Thy Eilinel! She is long since dead,  
 dead, food of worms less low than thou.  
 And yet thy boon I grant thee now:  
 to Eilinel thou soon shalt go, 325  
 and lie in her bed, no more to know  
 of war - or manhood. Have thy pay! '

And Gorlim then they dragged away,  
 and cruelly slew him; and at last  
 in the dank mould his body cast, 330  
 where Eilinel long since had laid  
 in the burned woods by butchers slain.  
 Thus Gorlim died an evil death,  
 and cursed himself with dying breath,  
 and Barahir at last was caught 335  
 in Morgoth's snare; for set at naught  
 by treason was the ancient grace  
 that guarded long that lonely place,  
 Tarn Aeluin: now all laid bare  
 were secret paths and hidden lair. 340

\*

### 3. OF BEREN SON OF BARAHIR & HIS ESCAPE.

Dark from the North now blew the cloud;  
 the winds of autumn cold and loud  
 hissed in the heather; sad and grey  
 Aeluin's mournful water lay.  
 'Son Beren', then said Barahir, 345  
 'Thou knowst the rumour that we hear  
 of strength from the Gaurhoth that is sent

against us; and our food nigh spent.  
 On thee the lot falls by our law  
 to go forth now alone to draw 350  
 what help thou canst from the hidden few  
 that feed us still, and what is new  
 to learn. Good fortune go with thee!  
 In speed return, for grudgingly  
 we spare thee from our brotherhood, 355  
 so small: and Gorlim in the wood  
 is long astray or dead. Farewell!  
 As Beren went, still like a knell  
 resounded in his heart that word,  
 the last of his father that he heard. 360

Through moor and fen, by tree and briar  
 he wandered far: he saw the fire  
 of Sauron's camp, he heard the howl  
 of hunting Orc and wolf a-prowl,  
 and turning back, for long the way, 365  
 benighted in the forest lay.  
 In weariness he then must sleep,  
 fain in a badger-hole to creep,  
 and yet he heard (or dreamed it so)  
 nearby a marching legion go 370  
 with clink of mail and clash of shields  
 up towards the stony mountain-fields.  
 He slipped then into darkness down,  
 until, as man that waters drown  
 strives upwards gasping, it seemed to him 375  
 he rose through slime beside the brim  
 of sullen pool beneath dead trees.  
 Their livid boughs in a cold breeze  
 trembled, and all their black leaves stirred:  
 each leaf a black and croaking bird, 380

whose neb a gout of blood let fall.  
 He shuddered, struggling thence to crawl  
 through winding weeds, when far away  
 he saw a shadow faint and grey  
 gliding across the dreary lake. 385  
 Slowly it came, and softly spake:  
 'Gorlim I was, but now a wraith  
 of will defeated, broken faith,  
 traitor betrayed. Go! Stay not here!  
 Awaken, son of Barahir, 390  
 and haste! For Morgoth's fingers close  
 upon thy father's throat; he knows  
 your trysts, your paths, your secret lair.'  
 Then he revealed the devil's snare  
 in which he fell, and failed; and last 395  
 begging forgiveness, wept, and passed  
 out into darkness. Beren woke,  
 leapt up as one by sudden stroke  
 with fire of anger filled. His bow  
 and sword he seized, and like the roe 400  
 hotfoot o'er rock and heath he sped  
 before the dawn. Ere day was dead  
 to Aeluin at last he came,  
 as the red sun westward sank in flame;  
 but Aeluin was red with blood, 405  
 red were the stones and trampled mud.  
 Black in the birches sat a-row

the raven and the carrion crow;  
 wet were their nebs, and dark the meat  
 that dripped beneath their griping feet. 410  
 One croaked: 'Ha, ha, he comes too late!'  
 'Ha, ha!' they answered, 'ha! too late!'  
 There Beren laid his father's bones  
 in haste beneath a cairn of stones;  
 no graven rune nor word he wrote 415  
 o'er Barahir, but thrice he smote  
 the topmost stone, and thrice aloud  
 he cried his name. 'Thy death', he vowed,  
 'I will avenge. Yea, though my fate  
 should lead at last to Angband's gate.' 420  
 And then he turned, and did not weep:  
 too dark his heart, the wound too deep.

Out into night, as cold as stone,  
 loveless, friendless, he strode alone.

Of hunter's lore he had no need 425  
 the trail to find. With little heed  
 his ruthless foe, secure and proud,  
 marched north away with blowing loud  
 of brazen horns their lord to greet,  
 trampling the earth with grinding feet. 430  
 Behind them bold but wary went  
 now Beren, swift as hound on scent,  
 until beside a darkling well,  
 where Rivil rises from the fell  
 down into Serech's reeds to flow, 435  
 he found the slayers, found his foe.  
 From hiding on the hillside near  
 he marked them all: though less than fear,  
 too many for his sword and bow  
 to slay alone. Then, crawling low 440  
 as snake in heath, he nearer crept.  
 There many weary with marching slept,  
 but captains, sprawling on the grass,  
 drank and from hand to hand let pass  
 their booty, grudging each small thing 445  
 raped from dead bodies. One a ring  
 held up, and laughed: 'Now, mates,' he cried  
 'here's mine! And I'll not be denied,  
 though few be like it in the land.  
 For I 'twas wrenched it from the hand 450  
 of that same Barahir I slew,  
 the robber-knave. If tales be true,  
 he had it of some elvish lord,  
 for the rogue-service of his sword.  
 No help it gave to him - he's dead. 455  
 They're parlous, elvish rings, 'tis said;  
 still for the gold I'll keep it, yea  
 and so eke out my niggard pay.  
 Old Sauron bade me bring it back,  
 and yet, methinks, he has no lack 460  
 of weightier treasures in his hoard:  
 the greater the greedier the lord!  
 So mark ye, mates, ye all shall swear  
 the hand of Barahir was bare!'  
 And as he spoke an arrow sped 465  
 from tree behind, and forward dead

choking he fell with barb in throat;  
 with leering face the earth he smote.  
 Forth, then as wolfhound grim there leapt  
 Beren among them. Two he swept 470  
 aside with sword; caught up the ring;  
 slew one who grasped him; with a spring  
 back into shadow passed, and fled  
 before their yells of wrath and dread  
 of ambush in the valley rang. 475  
 Then after him like wolves they sprang,  
 howling and cursing, gnashing teeth,  
 hewing and bursting through the heath,  
 shooting wild arrows, sheaf on sheaf,  
 at trembling shade or shaken leaf. 480  
 In fateful hour was Beren born:  
 he laughed at dart and wailing horn;  
 fleetest of foot of living men,  
 tireless on fell and light on fen,  
 elf-wise in wood, he passed away, 485  
 defended by his hauberk grey  
 of dwarvish craft in Nogrod made,  
 where hammers rang in cavern's shade.

As fearless Beren was renowned:  
 when men most hardy upon ground 490  
 were reckoned folk would speak his name,  
 foretelling that his after-fame  
 would even golden Hador pass  
 or Barahir and Bregolas;  
 but sorrow now his heart had wrought 495  
 to fierce despair, no more he fought  
 in hope of life or joy or praise,  
 but seeking so to use his days  
 only that Morgoth deep should feel  
 the sting of his avenging steel, 500  
 ere death he found and end of pain:  
 his only fear was thraldom's chain.  
 Danger he sought and death pursued,  
 and thus escaped the doom he wooed,

and deeds of breathless daring wrought 505  
 alone, of which the rumour brought  
 new hope to many a broken man.  
 They whispered 'Beren', and began  
 in secret swords to whet, and soft  
 by shrouded hearths at evening oft 510  
 songs they would sing of Beren's bow,  
 of Dagmor his sword: how he would go  
 silent to camps and slay the chief,  
 or trapped in his hiding past belief  
 would slip away, and under night 515  
 by mist or moon, or by the light  
 of open day would come again.  
 Of hunters hunted, slayers slain  
 they sang, of Gorgol the Butcher hewn,  
 of ambush in Ladros, fire in Drun, 520  
 of thirty in one battle dead,  
 of wolves that yelped like curs and fled,  
 yea, Sauron himself with wound in hand.  
 Thus one alone filled all that land  
 with fear and death for Morgoth's folk; 525  
 his comrades were the beech and oak

who failed him not, and wary things  
 with fur and fell and feathered wings  
 that silent wander, or dwell alone  
 in hill and wild and waste of stone      530  
 watched o'er his ways, his faithful friends.

Yet seldom well an outlaw ends;  
 and Morgoth was a king more strong  
 than all the world has since in song  
 recorded: dark athwart the land      535  
 reached out the shadow of his hand,  
 at each recoil returned again;

two more were sent for one foe slain.  
 New hope was cowed, all rebels killed;  
 quenched were the fires, the songs were stilled,      540  
 tree felled, heath burned, and through the waste  
 marched the black host of Orcs in haste.

Almost they closed their ring of steel  
 round Beren; hard upon his heel  
 now trod their spies; within their hedge      545

of all aid shorn, upon the edge  
 of death at bay he stood aghast  
 and knew that he must die at last,  
 or flee the land of Barahir,  
 his land beloved. Beside the mere      550  
 beneath a heap of nameless stones  
 must crumble those once mighty bones,  
 forsaken by both son and kin,  
 bewailed by reeds of Aeluin.

In winter's night the houseless North      555  
 he left behind, and stealing forth  
 the leaguer of his watchful foe  
 he passed - a shadow on the snow,  
 a swirl of wind, and he was gone,  
 the ruin of Dorthonion,      560  
 Tarn Aeluin and its water wan,  
 never again to look upon.

No more shall hidden bowstring sing,  
 no more his shaven arrows wing,  
 no more his hunted head shall lie      565  
 upon the heath beneath the sky.  
 The Northern stars, whose silver fire  
 of old Men named the Burning Briar,  
 were set behind his back, and shone  
 o'er land forsaken: he was gone.      570

Southward he turned, and south away  
 his long and lonely journey lay,  
 while ever loomed before his path  
 the dreadful peaks of Gorgorath.  
 Never had foot of man most bold      575  
 yet trod those mountains steep and cold,  
 nor climbed upon their sudden brink,  
 whence, sickened, eyes must turn and shrink  
 to see their southward cliffs fall sheer  
 in rocky pinnacle and pier      580  
 down into shadows that were laid  
 before the sun and moon were made.

In valleys woven with deceit  
and washed with waters bitter-sweet  
dark magic lurked in gulf and glen;      585  
but out away beyond the ken

of mortal sight the eagle's eye  
from dizzy towers that pierced the sky  
might grey and gleaming see afar,  
as sheen on water under star,      590  
Beleriand, Beleriand,  
the borders of the Elven-land.

#### 4. OF THE COMING OF BEREN TO DORIATH; BUT FIRST IS TOLD OF

##### THE MEETING OF MELIAN AND THINGOL.

There long ago in Elder-days  
ere voice was heard or trod were ways,      595  
the haunt of silent shadows stood  
in starlit dusk Nan Elmoth wood.  
In Elder-days that long are gone  
a light amid the shadows shone,  
a voice was in the silence heard:  
the sudden singing of a bird.      600  
There Melian came, the Lady grey,  
and dark and long her tresses lay  
beneath her silver girdle-seat  
and down unto her silver feet.  
The nightingales with her she brought,      605  
to whom their song herself she taught,  
who sweet upon her gleaming hands  
had sung in the immortal lands.  
Thence wayward wandering on a time  
from Lorien she dared to climb      610  
the everlasting mountain-wall  
of Valinor, at whose feet fall  
the surges of the Shadowy Sea.  
Out away she went then free,  
to gardens of the Gods no more      615  
returning, but on mortal shore,  
a glimmer ere the dawn she strayed,  
singing her spells from glade to glade.  
A bird in dim Nan Elmoth wood  
trilled, and to listen Thingol stood      620  
amazed; then far away he heard

a voice more fair than fairest bird,  
a voice as crystal clear of note  
as thread of silver glass remote.

Here the manuscript C ends. Of the next short section there are no less than five rough drafts, with endless small variations of wording (and the first ten lines of it were written onto the B-text). The final form was then added, in type, to the D typescript:

Of folk and kin no more he thought;      625  
of errand that the Eldar brought  
from Cuivienen far away,  
of lands beyond the Seas that lay  
no more he recked, forgetting all,

drawn only by that distant call 630  
 till deep in dim Nan Elmoth wood  
 lost and beyond recall he stood.  
 And there he saw her, fair and fay:  
 Ar-Melian, the Lady grey,  
 as silent as the windless trees, 635  
 standing with mist about her knees,  
 and in her face remote the light  
 of Lorien glimmered in the night.  
 No word she spoke; but pace by pace,  
 a halting shadow, towards her face 640  
 forth walked the silver-mantled king,  
 tall Elu Thingol. In the ring  
 of waiting trees he took her hand.  
 One moment face to face they stand  
 alone, beneath the wheeling sky, 645  
 while starlit years on earth go by  
 and in Nan Elmoth wood the trees  
 grow dark and tall. The murmuring seas  
 rising and falling on the shore  
 and Ulmo's horn he heeds no more. 650

But long his people sought in vain  
 their lord, till Ulmo called again,  
 and then in grief they marched away,  
 leaving the woods. To havens grey  
 upon the western shore, the last 655  
 long shore of mortal lands, they passed,  
 and thence were borne beyond the Sea

in Aman, the Blessed Realm, to be  
 by evergreen Ezelohar  
 in Valinor, in Eldamar. 660

52. On one of the copies of D *Dungorthin* was changed to *Dungortheb*, but this belongs to a later layer of nomenclature and I have not introduced it into the text.
55. *Taur-nu-Fuin C*: the line as written on the B-text still had *Taur-na-Fuin*.
140. *Beor's son*: changed on one of the copies of D to the *Beoring*, i.e. a man of *Beor's* house. This was a change made when the genealogy had been greatly extended and *Barahir* was no longer *Beor's* son but his remote descendant (see P. 198).
- 249-330. In this section of the Canto the rewriting on (or inserted into) the B-text exists in two versions, one the immediate forerunner of the other. The difference between them is that in the earlier *Gorlim* was still, as in the earlier *Lay*, taken to *Angband* and to *Morgoth* himself. Thus the passage in the first rewriting corresponding to lines 255 - 66 reads:  
 to Angband and the iron halls  
 where laboured Morgoth's hopeless thralls;  
 and there with bonds on hand and foot  
 to grievous torment he was put

In what follows the two versions are the same, except that in the first it is *Morgoth*, not *Sauron*: precisely the same lines are used of each. But at lines 306-x x the first version has:

Then *Gorlim* wavered, and he drew  
 half back; but *Morgoth's* daunting eyes  
 there held him. To the Lord of Lies

'tis vain in lies the breath to spend:  
as he began, so he must end,  
and all must answer as he could

and at lines 318-21 Morgoth says:

Thou fool! A phantom thou didst see  
that Sauron my servant made to snare  
thy lovesick wits. Naught else was there.  
Cold 'tis with Sauron's wraiths to wed!

547. The word aghast is marked with an X in C (because Beren was not aghast).

567-8. At first the passage in B (p. 167, lines 369 - 82) beginning No more his hidden bowstring sings was scarcely changed in the rewriting, but as first written C had (old lines 376 - g):  
found him no more. The stars that burn  
about the North with silver fire  
that Varda wrought, the Burning Briar  
as Men it called in days long gone

Old lines 373 - 5 were then cut out and 376 - g rewritten:

The stars that burn with silver fire  
about the North, the Burning Briar  
that Varda lit in ages gone

This was in turn changed to the text given, lines 567 - 8.

581. In one of the copies of D an X is placed against this line. I think this was probably very late and marks my father's changed ideas concerning the making of the Sun and Moon.  
596. Nan Elmoth: in the preliminary draft the name of the wood was first Glad-uial, emended to Glath-uial; then Gilam-moth, emended to Nan Elmoth. It was here that the name Nan Elmoth emerged.  
627. In one of the drafts of this passage the line is from Waking Water far away.  
634. In one of the drafts of this passage Tar-Melian stands in the margin as an alternative.

#### Commentary on lines 1 - 660.

A strictly chronological account of the evolution of the legends of the Elder Days would have to consider several other works before the revisions to the Lay of Leithian were reached. By treating the Lay revised and unrevised as an entity and not piecemeal I jump these stages, and names which had in fact emerged a good while before appear here for the first time in this 'History'. I do little more than list them:

65. Menegroth  
89. elanor and niphredil. At line 125 is -a reference to the golden elanor.  
115. Middle-earth  
149 ff. The names of the men of Barahir's band, beside Beren and Gorlim: Dagnir, Ragnor, Radhruin, Dairuin, Gildor, Urthel, Arthad, Hathaldir; Belegund and Baragund. Belegund and Baragund are the sons of Bregolas (Barahir's brother); and Gorlim is the son of Angrim (199).  
All these names appear in The Silmarillion (pp. 155, 162).

161. 'the fen of reedy Serech.' Beren came on the Orcs at the well of Rivil, which 'rises from the fell/down into Serech's reeds to flow' (434 - 5).

162. Felagund is called Inglor (Inglor Felagund in the sub-title,

P 335).

182, 560. Dorthonion

186. Elbereth

196, etc. (Tarn) Aeluin

255, etc. Sauron

259,347. Gaurhoth. Cf. Tol-in-Gaurhoth 'Isle of Werewolves' in The Silmarillion.

434. Rivil

494. Hador

512. Dagmor. Beren's sword is named nowhere else.

519. Gorgol the Butcher. He is named nowhere else.

520. Ladros (the lands to the north-east of Dorthonion that were granted by the Noldorin kings to the Men of the House of Beor).

520. Drun. This name is marked on the later of the 'Silmarillion' maps (that on which the published map was based) as north of Aeluin and west of Ladros, but is named in no other place.

574. Gorgorath. This has occurred in the prose outline for Canto X of the Lay, but in the form Corgoroth (p. 272).

596, etc. Nan Elmoth. See note to line 596.

634. Ar-Melian (Tar-Melian). The name is not found elsewhere with either prefix.

659. Ezellohar (the Green Mound of the Two Trees in Valinor).

In addition may be noted here Dungorthin (52), where the new version changes the old lines 49 - 50

To North there lay the Land of Dread  
whence only evil pathways led

to

To North there lay a land of dread,  
Dungorthin where all ways were dead

In the old version 'the Land of Dread' clearly meant, simply, 'the land of Morgoth'. Here Dungorthin is placed as it is in The Silmarillion (p. 121), between the Mountains of Terror and the northern bound of the Girdle of Melian; see p. 314.

In the revised Lay the story of Gorlim was greatly developed. In the old (see pp. 162 - 4, 169-70), Gorlim left his companions and went 'to meet / with hidden friend within a dale', he found 'a homestead looming pale', and within it he saw a phantom of Eilinel. He left the house, in fear

of Morgoth's hunters and wolves, and returned to his companions; but after some days he deliberately sought out Morgoth's servants and offered to betray his fellows. He was taken to the halls of Morgoth-who does not say that the wraith was set to decoy Gorlim:

a wraith of that which might have been,  
methinks, it is that thou hast seen!

(But in lines 241 - 2 it is said that 'men believed that Morgoth made/the

fiendish phantom'.)

There is also a remarkable development in the revised Lay, in that 'the XII Beorings' (one would expect XIII, including Barahir himself) of Dorthonion were the very men who saved King Felagund in the Battle of Sudden Flame:

For these it was, the chosen men  
of Beor's house, who in the fen  
of reedy Serech stood at bay  
about King Inglor in the day  
of his defeat... (159-63)

In the Silmarillion the story is that 'Morgoth pursued [Barahir] to the death, until at last there remained to him only twelve companions' (p. 162): there is no suggestion that these survivors were a picked band, already joined as companions in an earlier heroic deed.

Felagund (Inglor) is now said to have turned to Nargothrond (lines 166 - 7) after his rescue by Barahir and his men (see pp. 85-6).

From this point onwards substantial rewriting of the poem is restricted to a few sections.

#### Canto III continued.

From the end of the rewritten opening of the poem (line 660 above) the D typescript continues as a copy of B to the end of the poem, but though it was certainly made under my father's supervision it is of very minor textual value in itself.

The passage in the original text (p. 173) lines 453 (Thus Thingol sailed not on the seas) to 470 was left unchanged; but for lines 471 (In later days when Morgoth first) to approximately 613 my father substituted 142 lines of new verse (omitting the long retrospective passage lines 563 ff. concerning Beren's journey over the Mountains of Terror), in which there is very little of the old Lay, and as the passage proceeds progressively less. There is no doubt that these lines are (relatively) very late: an apparently contemporaneous piece of rewriting in Canto X is

certainly post-1955 (see p. 360), and they may well be considerably later than that. There is a quantity of rough draft material in manuscript but also a typescript made by my father of the first 103 lines, inserted into the D-text.

In later days, when Morgoth fled  
from wrath and raised once more his head  
and Iron Crown, his mighty seat  
beneath the smoking mountain's feet  
founded and fortified anew, 5  
then slowly dread and darkness grew:  
the Shadow of the North that all  
the Folk of Earth would hold in thrall.  
The lords of Men to knee he brings,  
the kingdoms of the Exiled Kings 10  
assails with ever-mounting war:  
in their last havens by the shore  
they dwell, or strongholds walled with fear  
defend upon his borders drear,  
till each one falls. Yet reign there still IS  
in Doriath beyond his will  
the Grey King and immortal Queen.  
No evil in their realm is seen;  
no power their might can yet surpass:



came upon Luthien.)

radiant into darkened skies,  
 her living light on all was cast  
 in fleeting silver as she passed.  
 There now she stepped with elven pace, 75  
 bending and swaying in her grace,  
 as half-reluctant; then began  
 to dance, to dance: in mazes ran  
 bewildering, and a mist of white  
 was wreathed about her whirling flight. 80  
 Wind-ripples on the water flashed,  
 and trembling leaf and flower were plashed  
 with diamond-dews, as ever fleet  
 and fleeter went her winged feet.

Her long hair as a cloud was streaming 85  
 about her arms uplifted gleaming,  
 as slow above the trees the Moon  
 in glory of the plenilune  
 arose, and on the open glade  
 its light serene and clear was laid. 90  
 Then suddenly her feet were stilled,  
 and through the woven wood there thrilled,  
 half wordless, half in elven-tongue,  
 her voice upraised in blissful song  
 that once of nightingales she learned 95  
 and in her living joy had turned  
 to heart-enthraling loveliness,  
 unmarred, immortal, sorrowless.

Ir Ithil ammen Eruchin  
 menel-vir sila diriel 100  
 si loth a galadh lasto din!  
 A Hir Annun gilthoniel,  
 le linnon im Tinuviel!

The typescript ends here, but the final manuscript draft continues:

O elven-fairest Luthien  
 what wonder moved thy dances then? 105  
 That night what doom of Elvenesse  
 enchanted did thy voice possess?  
 Such marvel shall there no more be  
 on Earth or west beyond the Sea,

at dusk or dawn, by night or noon 110  
 or neath the mirror of the moon!

On NeIdoreth was laid a spell;  
 the piping into silence fell,  
 for Daeron cast his flute away,  
 unheeded on the grass it lay, 115  
 in wonder bound as stone he stood  
 heart-broken in the listening wood.

And still she sang above the night,  
 as light returning into light  
 upsoaring from the world below 120

when suddenly there came a slow  
 dull tread of heavy feet on leaves,  
 and from the darkness on the eaves  
 of the bright glade a shape came out  
 with hands agrope, as if in doubt 125

or blind, and as it stumbling passed  
 under the moon a shadow cast  
 bended and darkling. Then from on high  
 as lark falls headlong from the sky  
 the song of Luthien fell and ceased; 130  
 but Daeron from the spell released  
 awoke to fear, and cried in woe:  
 'Flee Luthien, ah Luthien go!  
 An evil walks the wood! Away! '  
 Then forth he fled in his dismay 135  
 ever calling her to follow him,  
 until far off his cry was dim  
 'Ah flee, ah flee now, Luthien! '  
 But silent stood she in the glen  
 unmoved, who never fear had known, 110  
 as slender moonlit flower alone,  
 white and windless with upturned face  
 waiting

Here the manuscript comes to an end.

#### Canto IV.

A small section of this Canto was partly rewritten at some late date. Lines 884ff. were changed to:

Then Thingol said: 'O Dairon wise,  
 with wary ears and watchful eyes,  
 who all that passes in this land  
 dost ever heed and understand,  
 what omen doth this silence bear?

This was written rapidly on the B-text and was primarily prompted, I think, by the wish to get rid of the word 'magic' at line 886, which is underlined and marked with an X on the D typescript. At the same time 'wild stallion' at 893 was changed to 'great stallion', and Tavros to Taurus at 891. A little further on, lines 902 - 19 were changed, also at this time:

beneath the trees of Ennorath.\*  
 Would it were so! An age now hath  
 gone by since Nahar trod this earth  
 in days of our peace and ancient mirth,  
 ere rebel lords of Eldamar  
 pursuing Morgoth from afar  
 brought war and ruin to the North.  
 Doth Tauros to their aid come forth?  
 But if not he, who comes or what?'  
 And Dairon said: 'He cometh riot!  
 No feet divine shall leave that shore  
 where the Outer Seas' last surges roar,  
 till many things be come to pass,  
 and many evils wrought. Alas!  
 the guest is here. The woods are still,  
 but wait not; for a marvel chill  
 them holds at the strange deeds they see,  
 though king sees not - yet queen, maybe,  
 can guess, and maiden doubtless knows  
 who ever now beside her goes.'

Lines 926 - 9 were rewritten:

But Dairon looked on Luthien's face

and faltered, seeing his disgrace  
 in those clear eyes. He spoke no more,  
 and silent Thingol's anger bore.

But these rewritings were hasty, at the level of rough draft, and in no way comparable to what has preceded.

(\* Ennorath: 'Middle-earth'; cf. The Lord of the Rings, Appendix E (III.393, footnote t).

## I

### Cantos V - IX.

There is no later recasting in these Cantos save for four lines in Canto IX: the dying words of Felagund to Beren (2633 ff.):

I now must go to my long rest  
 in Aman, there beyond the shore  
 of Eldamar for ever more  
 in memory to dwell.' Thus died the king,  
 as still the elven harpers sing.

At this point my father wrote on one of the copies of the D-text: 'He should give ring back to Beren' (for the later history of the ring see Unfinished Tales p. 171 note 2, and The Lord of the Rings Appendix A, III. 322 note r and 338). But in fact it is nowhere said that Beren had returned the ring to Felagund.

### Canto X

With the beginning of this Canto a substantial passage of new writing begins, at first written on the B-text, and then, with further change, in a typescript made by father, to all appearance at the same time as that given on pp. 352 - 5 (but in this case the new verse was retyped as part of the D-text).

Songs have recalled, by harpers sung  
 long years ago in elven tongue,  
 how Luthien and Beren strayed  
 in Sirion's vale; and many a glade  
 they filled with joy, and there their feet                    5  
 passed by lightly, and days were sweet.  
 Though winter hunted through the wood,  
 still flowers lingered where they stood.  
 Tinuviel! Tinuviel!  
 Still unafraid the birds now dwell                    10  
 and sing on boughs amid the snow  
 where Luthien and Beren go.

From Sirion's Isle they passed away,  
 but on the hill alone there lay  
 a green grave, and a stone was set,                    15  
 and there there lie the white bones yet  
 of Finrod fair, Finarfin's son,

unless that land be changed and gone,  
 or foundered in unfathomed seas,  
 while Finrod walks beneath the trees                    20  
 in Eldamar\* and comes no more  
 to the grey world of tears and war.

To Nargothrond no more he came

but thither swiftly ran the fame  
 of their dead king and his great deed, 25  
 how Luthien the Isle had freed:  
 the Werewolf Lord was overthrown,  
 and broken were his towers of stone.  
 For many now came home at last  
 who long ago to shadow passed; 30  
 and like a shadow had returned  
 Huan the hound, though scant he earned  
 or praise or thanks of Celegorm.  
 There now arose a growing storm,  
 a clamour of many voices loud, 35  
 and folk whom Curufin had cowed  
 and their own king had help denied,  
 in shame and anger now they cried:  
 'Come! Slay these faithless lords untrue!  
 Why lurk they here? What will they do, 40  
 but bring Finarfin's kin to naught,  
 treacherous cuckoo-guests unsought?  
 Away with them! ' But wise and slow  
 Orodreth spoke: 'Beware, lest woe  
 and wickedness to worse ye bring! 45  
 Finrod is fallen. I am king.  
 But even as he would speak, I now  
 command you. I will not allow  
 in Nargothrond the ancient curse  
 from evil unto evil worse 50  
 to work. With tears for Finrod weep  
 repentant! Swords for Morgoth keep!  
 No kindred blood shall here be shed.  
 Yet here shall neither rest nor bread  
 the brethren find who set at naught 55

(\* Eldamar: earlier reading the Blessed Realm.- With these lines cf. the revised version of Felagund's dying words in Canto IX (p. 357).)

Finarfin's house. Let them be sought,  
 unharmed to stand before me! Go!  
 The courtesy of Finrod show! '

In scorn stood Celegorm, unbowed,  
 with glance of fire in anger proud 60  
 and menacing; but at his side  
 smiling and silent, wary-eyed,  
 was Curufin, with hand on haft  
 of his long knife. And then he laughed,  
 and 'Well?' said he. 'Why didst thou call 65  
 for us, Sir Steward? In thy hall  
 we are not wont to stand. Come, speak,  
 if aught of us thou hast to seek! '

Cold words Orodreth answered slow: 70  
 'Before the king ye stand. But know,  
 of you he seeks for naught. His will  
 ye come to hear, and to fulfil.  
 Be gone for ever, ere the day  
 shall fall into the sea! Your way  
 shall never lead you hither more, 75  
 nor any son of Feanor;  
 of love no more shall there be bond  
 between your house and Nargothrond! '



more strong than proudly spoken oath. IS  
 Have I not plighted thee my troth?  
 Hath love no pride nor honour then?  
 Or dost thou deem then Luthien  
 so frail of purpose, light of love?  
 By stars of Elbereth above! 20  
 If thou wilt here my hand forsake  
 and leave me lonely paths to take,  
 then Luthien will not go home...

At the same time line 2974 was changed to

beyond all hope in love once more

and 2988 ff. to

In rage and haste  
 thus madly eastward they now raced,  
 to find the old and perilous path  
 between the dreadful Gorgorath  
 and Thingol's realm. That was their road  
 most swift to where their kin abode  
 far off, where Himring's watchful hill  
 o'er Aglon's gorge hung tall and still.

They saw the wanderers. With a shout  
 straight on them turned their steeds about...

#### Cantos XI - XIII.

There is no rewriting in Cantos XI and XII, but a little towards the end of XIII. Lines 4092 - 5 were replaced by:

the Silmarils with living light  
 were kindled clear, and waxing bright  
 shone like the stars that in the North  
 above the reek of earth leap forth.

Lines 4150 - 9 were replaced by:

In claws of iron the gem was caught;  
 the knife them rent, as they were naught

but brittle nails on a dead hand.  
 Behold! the hope of Elvenland,  
 the fire of Feanor, Light of Morn 5  
 before the sun and moon were born,  
 thus out of bondage came at last,  
 from iron to mortal hand it passed.  
 There Beren stood. The jewel he held,  
 and its pure radiance slowly welled 10  
 through flesh and bone, and turned to fire  
 with hue of living blood. Desire  
 then smote his heart their doom to dare,  
 and from the deeps of Hell to bear  
 all three immortal gems, and save IS  
 the elven-light from Morgoth's grave.  
 Again he stooped; with knife he strove;  
 through band and claw of iron it clove.  
 But round the Silmarils dark Fate  
 was woven: they were meshed in hate, 20  
 and not yet come was their doomed hour

when wrested from the fallen power  
of Morgoth in a ruined world,  
regained and lost, they should be hurled  
in fiery gulf and groundless sea,                    25  
beyond recall while Time shall be.

Canto XIV.

Lines 4185 - go were rewritten:

At last before them far away  
they saw a glimmer, faint and grey  
of ghostly light that shivering fell  
down from the yawning gates of Hell.  
Then hope awoke, and straightway died -  
the doors were open, gates were wide;  
but on the threshold terror walked.  
The dreadful wolf awake there stalked }  
The wolf awake there watchful stalked }  
and in his eyes the red fire glowered;  
there Carcharoth in menace towered,  
a waiting death, a bidding doom:

Lines 4208-11 were rewritten:

and Beren in despair then strode  
past Luthien to bar the road,  
unarmed, defenceless, to defend  
the elven-maid until the end.

\*

Of the original Lay scarcely more than a sixth is represented in the rewriting, and the proportion of new verse to old is less than a quarter; so that Humphrey Carpenter's statement in *The Inklings*, p. 31, that 'Eventually, indeed, he came to rewrite the whole poem' must, alas, be corrected.

Note on the original submission of the  
Lay of Leithian and The Silmarillion  
in 1937.

In the wake of the immediate success of *The Hobbit*, which was published on 21 September 1937, Stanley Unwin, the chairman of George Allen & Unwin, was naturally anxious that my father should produce a sequel or successor - about hobbits. The result of the first meeting between them, not long after the publication of the book, was that my father sent in various manuscripts, among them the Lay of Leithian (referred to in the correspondence of that time as the Gest(e) of Beren and Luthien) and *The Silmarillion*.

Humphrey Carpenter says in his *Biography* (p. 183) that 'the manuscript [of *The Silmarillion*] - or rather, the bundle of manuscripts - had arrived in a somewhat disordered state, and the only clearly continuous section seemed to be the long poem "The Gest of Eeren and Luthien".' Rayner Unwin has told me that in the record kept by Allen L Unwin of incoming manuscripts the works delivered on 15 November 1937 were listed as:

x Farmer Giles of Ham  
Long Poem  
Mr Bliss  
The Gnomes Material  
The Lost Road

Notes of my father's show that together with *The Silmarillion* 'proper' he sent at this time *Ainulindale* (The Music of the Ainur), *Ambarkanta* (The Shape of the World), and *The Fall of the Numenoreans*. I think that this is why the fourth item in the record book was written down as 'The Gnomes Material'. It may be that the different manuscripts were not very clearly differentiated, while the title-pages of the different works would certainly seem obscure; and 'The Gnomes Material' was a convenient covering phrase.\* But perhaps one may detect in it a note of helplessness as well, apparent also in the description of item z as a 'Long Poem'. - On the other hand, it should be mentioned that the text of *The Silmarillion* was at that time a fine, simple, and very legible manuscript.

(\* There is no question that *The Silmarillion* itself did go to Allen R Unwin at this time. My father made a note while it was gone about changes to be made to it when it came back to him, and he specifically acknowledged the return of it (Letters p. 27): 'I have received safely... the Geste (in verse) and the *Silmarillion* and related fragments.'

There is no evidence that *The Silmarillion* and the other Middle-earth prose works were submitted to the publishers' reader. In his report on the poem he referred only to 'a few pages' and 'some pages' in prose, and Stanley Unwin, when he returned the manuscripts on 15 December 1937, mentioned 'the pages of a prose version' which accompanied the poem. Humphrey Carpenter seems certainly right in his suggestion (Biography p. 184) that these pages were attached 'for the purpose of completing the story, for the poem itself was unfinished'; they were pages from the story of Beren and Luthien as told in *The Silmarillion*. But it is also obvious from the reader's report that he saw nothing else of *The Silmarillion*. He headed his report: 'The Geste of Beren and Luthien (Retold in Verse by?)', and began:

I am rather at a loss to know what to do with this - it doesn't even seem to have an author! - or any indication of sources, etc. Publishers' readers are rightly supposed to be of moderate intelligence and reading; but I confess my reading has not extended to early Celtic Gestes, and I don't even know whether this is a famous Geste or not, or, for that matter, whether it is authentic. I presume it is, as the unspecified versifier has included some pages of a prose-version (which is far superior).

By the last sentence he meant, I think, that the story, as represented in what he took to be a close prose translation, was authentic 'Celtic Geste', and that 'the unspecified versifier' had proceeded to make a poem out of it.

However, he was a critic positive in his taste, and he contrasted the poem, greatly to its disadvantage, with 'the few pages of (presumably) prose transcript from the original'. In the poem, he said, 'the primitive strength is gone, the clear colours are gone' - a notable conclusion, even if the actual evolution of the Matter of Beren and Luthien was thus turned onto its head.

It may seem odd that the reader who was given the poem should have had so little to go on; even odder, that he wrote with some enthusiasm about the fragment of prose narrative that accompanied it, yet never saw the work from which the fragment came, though that was the most important manuscript sent in by the author: he had indeed no reason to suspect its existence. But I would guess that my father had not made it sufficiently clear at the outset what the Middle-earth prose works were and how they related to each other, and that as a result 'the Gnomes Material' had been set aside as altogether too peculiar and difficult.

At the bottom of the reader's report Charles Furth of Allen R Unwin

wrote: 'What do we do?'; and it was left to the tact of Stanley Unwin to devise a way. When he returned the manuscripts to my father he said:

As you yourself surmised, it is going to be a difficult task to do anything with the Geste of Beren and Luthien in verse form, but our

reader is much impressed with the pages of a prose version that accompanied it

- and he quoted from the report only the approving (if misdirected) remarks which the reader had made about the Silmarillion fragment, and which Humphrey Carpenter quotes- 'It has something of that mad, bright-eyed beauty that perplexes all Anglo-Saxons in the face of Celtic art,' &c. But Stanley Unwin then went on to say:

The Silmarillion contains plenty of wonderful material; in fact it is a mine to be explored in writing further books like The Hobbit rather than a book in itself.

These words effectively show in themselves that The Silmarillion had not been given to a reader and reported on. At that time it was an extremely coherent work, though unfinished in that version.\* Beyond question, Stanley Unwin's object was to save my father's feelings, while (relying on the reader's report - which concerned the poem) rejecting the material submitted, and to persuade him to write a book that would continue the success of The Hobbit. But the result was that my father was entirely misled; for in his reply of 16 December 1937 (given in full in Letters pp. 26 - 7) - three days before he wrote saying that he had completed the first chapter, 'A Long-expected Party', of 'a new story about Hobbits' - he said:

My chief joy comes from learning that the Silmarillion is not rejected with scorn... I do not mind about the verse-form [i.e. the verse-form of the tale of Beren and Luthien, the Lay of Leithian] which in spite of certain virtuous passages has grave defects, for it is only for me the rough material.+ But I shall certainly now hope one day to be able, or to be able to afford, to publish the Silmarillion!

He was quite obviously under the impression that The Silmarillion had been given to a reader and reported on (no doubt he saw no significance in Stanley Unwin's phrase 'the pages of a prose version'); whereas so far as the existing evidence goes (and it seems sufficiently complete) this was not the case at all. He thought it had been read and rejected, whereas it had merely been rejected. The reader had certainly rejected the Lay of Leithian; he had not rejected The Silmarillion, of which he had only seen a few pages (not knowing what they were), and in any case enjoyed them - granting the difficulties that an Anglo-Saxon finds in appreciating Celtic art.

(\* There was not in fact a great deal more to be done in reworking the 1930 text: the new version extended (in some 40,000 words) to part way through Chapter XXI, Of Turin Turambar.

+ This may seem a rather surprising thing to say; but it is to be remembered that he had abandoned the poem six years before, and was at this time absorbed in the perfecting of the proee Silmarillion.)

It is strange to reflect on what the outcome might conceivably have been if The Silmarillion actually had been read at that time, and if the reader had maintained the good opinion he formed from those few pages;

for while there is no necessary reason to suppose even so that it would have been accepted for publication, it does not seem absolutely out of the question. And if it had been? My father wrote long after (in 1946, Letters

P. 346):

I then [after the publication of *The Hobbit*] offered them the legends of the Elder Days, but their readers turned that down. They wanted a sequel. But I wanted heroic legends and high romance. The result was *The Lord of the Rings*.

GLOSSARY OF OBSOLETE, ARCHAIC,  
AND RARE WORDS AND MEANINGS.

In this list words occurring in the Lay of the Children of Hurin (H, and the second version H ii) and in the Lay of Leithian (L, and the continuous part of the later rewriting L ii) are referenced to the lines; words from other poems or passages are referenced to the pages on which they occur.

Both Lays, but especially *The Children of Hurin*, make use of some totally lost words (and lost meanings), but the list includes also a good many that remain well-known literary archaisms, and some words that are neither but are of very limited currency.

an if, H 63, 485.

as as if, H 310, ii. 659.

astonied astounded, H 578.

bade H ii.646. If *This Thingol she bade* means 'This she offered to Thingol' the word is used in two senses within the line: she bade (offered) him the helm, and bade (asked) him to receive her thanks', but more probably the line means 'she asked him to receive it, and her thanks' (cf. H 301).

bale evil, woe, torment, H 56, ii. 81.

balusters the pillars of a balustrade, p. 132.

bated restrained, held in, H 1121.

bent open place covered with grass, H 1032, 1517, 1539, ii. 500; L 1369, 2281.

betid come to pass, L 2408

blent mingled, H 453, 583; L ii. 317.

boots in it boots not, it is of no use, H 1871.

bosmed (in bare-bosmed) bosomed, H 1198.

brand blade, sword, H 1340, ii. 149.

carping talk, chatter, H 477; carped H 506.

casque helmet, H ii. 655.

chaplet garland, L 753

chase hunting-grounds, L 3297

clomb old past tense of climb, H 1494; L 1382, 3872.

corse corpse, H 1295, 1404; L 3620.

cozening beguiling or defrauding, p. 305.

croft enclosed plot of arable land, L 1968.

dear precious, valuable, H 480.

dolour suffering, L 2814.

dolven (also in dark(ly)-, deep-dolven) delved, dug, H 2052; L 213, 1677, 11. 63.

dreed endured, suffered, H 531.

drouth (the same word in origin as drought) dryness, H 946, 972; (plains of, fields of) drouth, thirst, H 826; L 2047.

eld old age, H ii. 595; of eld, of old, H x x 8, ii. 262.

enfurled (in mist-enfurled) enveloped, swathed (in something

twisted or folded), L 59, ii.61. The word is not recorded with the prefix en-. Cf. furred, wrapped, L 1551, unfurled, opened out, L 404, 1591, 3986.

enow enough, L 1304.

error (probably) wandering, H ii. 495.

fain gladly, H 130; L 823; glad, L ii.368; fain of eager for, or well-pleased with, H 410, 458, ii. 786; warfain eager for war, H 386, 1664, ii. 137, bloodfain ii. 750; I had fainer I would like it better, H ii. 146.

falchion (broad) sword, H 1217, ii.63, 146

fallow golden brown, H 2106; pp. 128 - g; fallow-gold p. 129;

fallow deer L 86. (A distinct word from fallow of ground.)

fare journeying, H 2184.

fast fixedly, unmovingly, H 1614 (or perhaps adjective qualifying pondering, deep, unbroken, cf. fast asleep); secure against attack, L 360.

fell hide, L 2344, 3398, 3458, 3484, 3941, 4124, ii. 528.

fey death-bound, L 3305; see unfey.

flittermouse bat, L 4074.

fold land, H 765; folds H 533, 1632 probably the same, but perhaps 'windings'.

force waterfall, H 1595.

forhungered starved, L 3076.

forwandered worn out by wandering, H 190, 897, ii.498; L 550, 2354.

\*354

freshets small streams of fresh water, H 1597; L 1934.

frith wood, woodland, H 1795; p. 132; L 896, 2264, ii. 124.

frore frosty, H ii. 594; very cold, L 578, 1718.

garth enclosed ground beside a house, garden, yard, H 149, ii. 313.

ghyll deep rocky ravine, H 1498.

glaive lance, or sword, H 322, 1210, ii.680.

glamoury magic, enchantment, pp. 122 - 3; L 2073.

gloam twilight, p. 146.

grasses plants, herbs, L 3122.

guerdon recompense, H 658; L 222, 1064, 4139.

haggard (of clothes) ragged, disordered, H 466; (of hills) wild, H 2120, L 3167; modern meaning H 1890, L 3720 (in transferred sense, haggard hunger, haggard care H 1437, L 564)

haled drew, pulled out, H ii. 551.

hap fortune, lot, condition, H 340.

hest command, H 86, 689.

hie hasten, H 838.

hight called, named, H 366, 863.

hold fastness, stronghold, L 52, 1702, 2457; p. 134 (or perhaps 'grasp'); refuge, L 210.

holt wood, copse, L 2342.

inane empty, void, L 3533.

keep central part of the stronghold, L 1677.

lambent of flame, playing on a surface without burning, H 1217.

lapped hemmed in, H 690; enfolded, H 709.

lea grassland, H 35, 1797, ii. 66.

leasows meadows, H 1797.

leeches physicians, L 3055, 3144.

let hinder, L 2019.

levin lightning, H 1681.

lief willing, L 3417; lievet better, more delightful, H 78.

like please, H go, 286, 598, 1376, ii. 226, 626 (but 'like' H 616)

lind linden, lime-tree, p. 120.

loath hateful to, L 3419; unwilling, L 3417.

lode path, road, H 798.  
 louted bent, bowed, H 1520.  
 march borderland, H ii. 493; L 3672.  
 marge margin, H 1555.  
 mavis song-thrush, L ii. 74.  
 meed reward, requital, H 81, 268, 701, 793, ii. 195, 231, 604.  
 meet fitting, H 487.  
 mete deal out (used in the construction I shall mete thee a meed, his meed was meted) H Sr, 532, 701 1092, ii. 195.  
 mews seagulls, p. 129; seamew H 1551.  
 neb beak, bill, L 255, 570, ii. 381, 409.  
 nesh soft, tender, L 4220.  
 opes opens, L 3740; oped H 550.  
 or ever before ever, L 1821.  
 or... or either... or, H 439 - 40 L 54, 2886; p. 359  
 outer utter, uttermost (?), L 2079.  
 palfrey small saddle-horse, L 3379.  
 parlous perilous, dangerous, L ii. 456.  
 pled old past tense of plead, L 2983.  
 pleniluae full moon, p. 354.  
 prate chatter, talk to no purpose, H 501.  
 quick living, alive, H ii. 78.  
 quod (quoth), said, H 88.  
 quook old past tense of quake, L 3582.  
 recked cared, H 619; L ii. 629; unrecked unheeded, disregarded, H 1799.  
 redeless without resource, devoid of counsel, L 3427.  
 rive cleave, H 1211; past tense rove, L 4149.  
  
 roamed wandered, went (of a path or journey), H 1432; extended (?) (of regions), H 1577. (These usages appear to be unrecorded.)  
 rout company, troop, band, L 2997.  
 rove see rive.  
 ruel-bone some kind of ivory, L 2261 (cf. J. R. R. Tolkien, *Sir Gawain, Pearl, and Sir Orfeo*, translation of Pearl stanza 18: And her hue as rewel ivoty man).  
 nath pity, compassion, H 306, 1941, 1969, 2134, ii.654; L 116;  
 remorse, H 509; sorrow, H 1661  
 shaws woods, thickets, H 647 (cf. the Trollshaws west of Rivendell).  
 sheer (of light) bright, L 689; (of water) clear and pure, L 1439.  
 shoon old plural of shoe, L 490.  
 shores supports, props, L 3880.  
 sigaldry sorcery, L 2072 (cf. stanza 3 of the poem *Errantry*, in J. R. R. Tolkien, *The Adventures of Tom Bombadil*, 1962).  
 slade valley, dell, H 235, I 150 2171 ii. 561; slades of death H 685, 886.  
 slot track, trail (of a hunted creature), H 745, 1314  
 alough mire, mud, H 881.  
 sped availed (attained his purpose), H 41; prospered (transitive), H 247, (intransitive) ii. 574; pressed, urged on, H 284; sent with haste, H 654.  
 stared (probably) shone, L 3132 a meaning of the verb found in the mediaeval alliterative poems: cf. J. R. R. Tolkien, *Sir Gawain, Pearl, and Sir Orfeo*, translation of Pearl stanza 10: stars stare in the welkin in minter night, where the original has staren with this meaning.  
 strikes runs, flows, H 240, 520, ii. 567.  
 suage assuage, relieve, H 612.  
 sued petitioned for, appealed for, H 857.  
 swath 'the space covered by a sweep of the mower's scythe' (O.E.D.), H 33, ii.64; L 2106.  
 swinking toiling, H 784.

sylphine of the nature of a sylph (spirit inhabiting the air, see p. 306),  
 L 4077. (This adjective to sylph is not recorded.)  
 tale count, amount, sum, H 159, 471, ii. 326. Cf. untold uncounted,  
 H ii. 678, L 12, 2251.  
 targe shield, H 13 I 409, 2 I 53, it. 284, 785.  
 thewed in mighty-thewed, of great strength, with mighty sinews,  
 H ii. 714.  
 thirled pierced, H 697.  
 tilth cultivated land, H 1798.  
 tors rocky hill-tops, H 2119.  
 travail hardship (as endured on a journey, i.e. both travail and  
 travel), H xyg, ii. 300.  
 unfey not 'fey', not fated to die, H ii. 752 (or possibly the meaning is  
 'not feeble, not timid', reversing another sense of fey). This word is  
 apparently not recorded in English, but u-feigr 'unfey' is found in  
 Old Norse.  
 unkempt uncombed, H 490.  
 unreeked see reeked.  
 wading going, passing, H 1605.  
 waiviag refusing, rejecting, H ii. 154.  
 wallet bag for provisions, H 228, ii. 551.  
 wan dark, L 261, ii. 561.  
 wanhope despair, H 188.  
 web woven fabric, L 14711; used of ring-mail L 324, and of the  
 'weavings' of fate H ii. 13.  
 weeds clothes, H 445.  
 weft woven fabric, L 3061.  
 weird fate, doom, H 160, ii. 119, 246, 327; L 2290, 3173.  
 weregild the price to be paid in compensation for the killing of a man,  
 varying according to his rank, L ii. 177.  
 whin gorse, L ii. 195.  
 wieldy (capable of easily wielding body or weapon), vigorous, agile,  
 H 1765.  
 wildered lost, H 188, 204, 1316, ii.516; p. 146; bewildered, H 774; L  
 641 (see p. 323).  
 minding (1) of the motion of wind or water (without any necessary  
 suggestion of twisting), H 769, 1857. (2) (of trumpet) blowing,  
 H 1832.  
 wist see wot.  
 mold forested hills or uplands (see p. 88), H 1816, 1992, 1994; L 1742.  
 wolfham(e) wolfskin, L 3398; pp. 271 - 3, 283 (see p. 271).  
 woof woven fabric, L 4149.  
 wot (present tense of verb wit), know, H 204, ii. 516; past tense wist  
 knew, H 160, 200, 399, ii.327; past participle unwiet unknown,  
 H 257.  
 wrack (1) ruin, disaster, destruction, H 27, 629, 2036, ii. 120; p. 142.  
 (2) seaweed, H 1569  
 wrights craftsmen, H 300 I 147, ii. 641, 671.

## APPENDIX.

### C. S. Lewis's Commentary on the Lay of Leithian

I give here the greater part of this commentary, for which see pp. 150-1.\*  
 Lewis's line-references are of course changed throughout to those in this  
 book. The letters H, J, K, L, P, R refer to the imaginary manuscripts of  
 the ancient poem.

For the text criticised in the first entry of the commentary see pp. 157-8, i.e. text B(1).

Meats were sweet. This is the reading of PRK. Let any one believe if he can that our author gave such a cacophany. J His drink was sweet his dishes dear. L His drink was sweet his dish was dear. (Many scholars have rejected lines x - 8 altogether as unworthy of the poet. 'They were added by a later hand to supply a gap in the archetype,' says Peabody; and adds 'The more melodious movement and surer narrative stride of the passage beginning with line g [But fairer than are born to Men] should convince the dullest that here, and here only, the authentic work of the poet begins.' I am not convinced that H, which had better be quoted in full, does not give the true opening of the Geste.

That was long since in ages old  
When first the stars in heaven rolled,  
There dwelt beyond Broseliand,  
While loneliness yet held the land,  
A great king comely under crown,  
The gold was woven in his gown,  
The gold was clasped about his feet,  
The gold about his waist did meet.  
And in his many-pillared house  
Many a gold bee and ivory mouse  
And amber chessmen on their field  
Of copper, many a drinking horn  
Dear purchased from shy unicorn  
Lay piled, with gold in gleaming grot.  
All these he had etc.)

(\* An account of it, with some citation, has been given by Humphrey Carpenter in *The Inklings*, pp. 29-31, where the view expressed in his *Biography*, p. 145, that 'Tolkien did not accept any of Lewis's suggestions', is corrected.)

[It seems virtually certain that it was Lewis's criticism that led my father to rewrite the opening (the B (2) text, p. 154). If the amber chessmen and ivory mice found no place in the new version, it is notable that in Lewis's lines occur the words 'And in his many-pillared house'. These are not derived from the B (1) text which Lewis read, but in B (2) appears the line (14) in many-pillared halls of stone. It seems then that Durin's many-pillared halls in Gimli's song in Moria were originally so called by C. S. Lewis, thinking of the halls of Thingol in Doriath.]

40. The description of Luthien has been too often and too justly praised to encourage the mere commentator in intruding.



130. 'A weak line' (Peabody) .

[The original reading in B which Lewis criticised was who had this king once held in scorn, changed to who once a prince of Men was born]

137. Some emend. The rhythm, however, is good, and probably would occur more often if the syllabic prudery of scribes had not elsewhere 'emended' it.

172. LH When I lost all  
[No alteration made to the text.]

173-4. L Thus, out of met night while he gazed,  
he thought, with heavy heart amazed

[No alteration made to the text.]

[In the following comment the reading criticised was:

But ere he dared to call her name  
or ask how she escaping came]

175-6. she escaping. A Latinised phrase, at once betraying very late corruption. The ugly assonance ere... dared confirms my suspicion of the distych. No satisfactory emendation has been proposed.

[she escaping came was changed to she escaped and came]

196. H Whining, his spirit ached for ease. Peabody observes of the whole passage: 'The combination of extreme simplicity, with convincing truth of psychology, and the pathos which, without comment, makes us aware that Gorlim is at once pardonable and unpardonable, render this part of the story extremely affecting.'

[No alteration made to line 196]

208. haply. LH chance.  
[No alteration made to the text.]

209 - 10. One of the few passages in which Schick's theory of deliberate internal rime finds some support.  
[See the comment on line 68.]

215. that. H the.  
[No alteration made to the text.]

[The lines 313 - 16 referred to in the following comment had been

bracketed for exclusion, and that at 3 I 7 changed to Then, before the text went to Lewis.]

313. H reads Thus Morgoth loved that his own foe  
Should in his service deal the blow.  
Then Beren...

'Our scribe is right in his erasure of the second distych, but wrong in his erasure of the first' (Peabody). The first erased couplet certainly deserves to remain in the text; indeed its loss seriously impairs the reality of Morgoth. I should print as in H, enclosing Thus... blow in brackets or dashes.

[My father ticked the first two lines (313-14), which may show that he accepted this suggestion. I have let all four stand in the text.]

400. Of Canto z as a whole Peabody writes: 'If this is not good romantic narrative, I confess myself ignorant of the meaning of the words.'

401. et seq. A more philosophical account of the period is given in the so called Poema Historiale, probably contemporary with the earliest MSS of the Geste. The relevant passage runs as follows:

There was a time before the ancient sun  
And swinging wheels of heaven had learned  
to run  
More certainly than dreams; for dreams  
themselves  
Had bodies then and filled the world with elves.  
The starveling lusts whose walk is now  
confined  
To darkness and the cellarage of the mind,  
And shudderings and despairs and shapes of sin  
Then walked at large, and were not cooped  
within.  
Thought cast a shadow: brutes could speak:  
and men  
Get children on a star. For spirit then  
Kneaded a fluid world and dreamed it new  
Each moment. Nothing yet was false or true.

[Humphrey Carpenter, who cites these verses in *The Inklings*, says (p. 30): Sometimes Lewis actually suggested entirely new passages to replace lines he thought poor, and here too he ascribed his own versions to supposedly historical sources. For example, he suggested that the lines about the "elder days" [401 ff.] could be replaced by the following stanza

of his own, which he described as "the so called Poema Historiale [&c.]".' But he cannot have intended these lines, which not only, as Humphrey Carpenter says, show 'how greatly Lewis's poetic imagination differed from Tolkien's', but are in a different metre, as a replacement; see Lewis's comment on lines 438 - 42.]

413. Another instance where the 'internal rime' theory is justified.

438-42. Almost certainly spurious. This abstract philosophical statement - which would not surprise us in the scholastic verse of the period, such as the Poema Historiale - is quite foreign to the manner of the Geste. L reads:

...singing in the wood  
And long he stood and long he stood  
Till, many a day, with hound and hail  
His people seek him ere they sail,  
Then, finding not, take ship with tears.  
But after a long tale of years  
(Though but an hour to him it seemed)  
He found her where she lay and dreamed.

[My father marked lines 438 ff. in the typescript, but made no change to the text.]

516. Flowering candles. The reader should notice how the normally plain style of the Geste has yet the power of rising into such expressions as this without losing its unity.

[In the following comment the reading criticised was:

the silent elms stood dark and tall,  
and mund their boles did shadows fall            518  
where glimmered faint...]

518. did PRK, let JL. Though neither is good, PRK seems the better reading. Its slight clumsiness may be passed over by a reader intent on the story: the 'neat' evasion let, with its purely formal attribution of an active role to the trees, is much worse, as cheap scenery is worse than a plain backcloth. H reads:

The silent elms stood tall and grey  
And at the roots long shadows lay

519-42. 'This passage', Peabody observes, 'amply atones for the poet's lapse (dormitat Homerus) in 518. Ipsa mollities.'

[I do not understand why Lewis picked particularly on did at line 518: the

use of did as a metrical aid was very common in the B-text as Lewis saw it - it occurred twice, for instance, in the passage here praised: did flutter 523, did waver 533, both subsequently changed.]

555 - 6. 'O si sic omnia! Does not our poet show glimpses of the true empyrean of poesy, however, in his work-

manlike humility, he has chosen more often to inhabit the milder and aerial (not aetherial) middle heaven?' (Pumpernickel). Some have seen in the conception of death-into-life a late accretion. But cf. the very early lyric preserved in the MS N3057, now in the public library at Narrowthrode (the ancient Nargothrond), which is probably as early as the Geste, though like all the scholastic verse it strikes a more modern note:

Because of endless pride  
 Reborn with endless error,  
 Each hour I look aside  
 Upon my secret mirror,  
 And practice postures there  
 To make my image fair.

You give me grapes, and I,  
 Though staring, turn to see  
 How dark the cool globes lie  
 In the white hand of me,  
 And stand, yet gazing thither,  
 Till the live clusters wither.

So should I quickly die  
 Narcissus-like for want,  
 Save that betimes my eye  
 Sees there such shapes as haunt  
 Beyond nightmare and make  
 Pride humble for pride's sake.

Then, and then only, turning  
 The stiff neck mund, I grow  
 A molten man all burning  
 And look behind, and know  
 Who made the flaw, what light makes dark,  
 what fair

Makes foul my shadowy form reflected there,  
 That self-love, big with love, dying, its child  
 may bear.

[It is a matter for speculation, what the author of Nargothrond thought of the public library at Narrowthode. - This poem, with some alterations, was included in *The Pilgrim's Regress* (1933).]

563-92. Sic in all MSS. The passage is, of course, genuine, and truly worthy of the Geste. But surely it must originally have stood at 391 Of 393? The artificial insertion of Beren's journey in its present place - where it appears as retrospect not as direct narrative, though defensible, belongs to a kind of art more sophisticated than that of the Geste: it is just such a transposition as a late Broseliandic literary redactor would make under the influence of the classical epic.

[A quarter of a century later, or more, my father rewrote this part of the poem; and he took Lewis's advice. See p. 352.]

[The original reading of B criticised in the next comment (lines 629 ff.) was:

Then stared he wild in dumbness bound  
at silent trees, deserted ground;  
the dizzy moon was twisted grey  
in tears, for she had fled away.)

629 - 30 Thus in PRKJ. The Latinised adverbial use of the adjective in mild and the omitted articles in the next line are suspicious.

L But wildly Beren gazed around  
On silent trees (and)\* empty ground.  
The dizzy moon etc.

(\* Peabody supplies and. But the monosyllabic foot is quite possible. Cf. 687.)

H But wildly Beren gazed around.  
Emptied the tall trees stood. The ground  
Lay empty. A lonely moon looked grey  
Upon the untrodden forest may.

I prefer H because it gets rid of the conceit (it is little more) about the moon. (This sort of half-hearted personification is, of course, to be distinguished from genuine mythology.)

[Against this my father scribbled on Lewis's text: 'Not so!! The moon 'was dizzy and twisted because of the tears in his eyes.' Nonetheless he

struck the two lines out heavily in the typescript, and I have excluded them from the text.]

635-6. An excellent simile.

641. Peabody, though a great friend to metrical resolutions in general, finds this particular resolution (Bewildered enchanted) 'singularly harsh'. Perhaps the original text read wildered.

: [The reading in B was bewildered, enchanted and forlorn. My father then changed bewildered to wildered and placed it after enchanted.]

651-2. JHL transpose.

[This was done. Cf. lines 1222 - 3, where these lines are repeated but left in the original sequence.]

[After line 652 B had:

Thus thought his heart. No words would come  
from his fast lips, for smitten dumb  
a spell lay on him, as a dream  
in longing chained beside the stream.

After seeing Lewis's comment my father marked this passage 'revise', and also with a deletion mark, on which basis I have excluded the four lines from the text.]

Only in PR. Almost undoubtedly spurious. 'The latest redactors', says Pumpernickel, 'were always needlessly amplifying, as if the imagination of their readers could do nothing for itself, and thus blunting the true force and energy of the Geste....'  
Read:

A heartache and a loneliness  
- Enchanted waters pitiless.'  
A summer maned etc.

[heartache was the original reading of B at 651 x, changed later to hunger, but retained at 1223.]

653-72. Of this admirable passage Peabody remarks: 'It is as if the wood itself were speaking.'

677-9. LH From dim cave the damp moon eyed  
White mists that float from earth to hide  
The sluggard morrow's sun and drip

[No alteration made to the text.]

683. Beat, which is utterly inappropriate to the sound described, must be a corruption. No plausible emendation has been suggested.

[My father scribbled in a hesitant substitute for beat and a different form for line 684 (of his own feet on leafy....) but I cannot read the rhyming words.)

685-708. In praise of this passage I need not add to the innumerable eulogies of my predecessors.

710. Bentley read sam far off, to avoid the ugliness that always results from w-final followed by an initial vowel in the next word.

[The reading criticised was saw afar, and the line was changed as suggested.)

715. Stole he PRK. He stole JHL. PRK looks like the metrical 'improvement' of a scribe: dearly bought by a meaningless inversion.

[The reading criticised was Then stole he nigh, changed to Then nigh he stole.)

727 - 45 This passage, as it stands, is seriously corrupt, though the beauty of the original can still be discerned.

[See the following notes.]

[The original reading of B in lines 729 - 30 was:

the hillock green he leapt upon -  
the elfin loveliness was gone;]

729. Intolerable bathos and prose in a passage of such tension.

[The original reading of B in line 739 was:

its echoes wove a halting spell:]

739. Why halting? 'Let the amanuensis take back his rubbish' (Bentley) .

[Against this my father wrote 'A spell to halt anyone', but in the margin of B he wrote staying/binding, and I have adopted binding in the text.]

[The original reading of B in lines 741 - 5 was:

His voice such love and longing fill        741  
 one moment stood she, touched and still;  
 one moment only, but he came  
 and all his heart was burned with flame.    744]

741-2. The historic present is always to be suspected. The second verse is hopelessly corrupt. Touched in this sense is impossible in the language of the Geste: and if the word were possible, the conception is fitter for a nineteenth century drawing-room in Narrowthrode than for the loves of heroes. HL read:

And clear his voice came as a bell  
 Whose echoes move a wavering spell  
 Tinuviel. Tinuviel.  
 Such love and longing filled his voice  
 That, one moment, without choice,  
 One moment without fear or shame,  
 Tinuviel stood; and like a flame  
 He leapt towards her as she stayed  
 And caught and kissed that elfin maid.

[My father marked the passage 'revise', and very roughly corrected it (adopting the concluding verses of Lewis's version) to the form which I have given in the text, despite the defective couplet.]

[The original reading of B was:

aswoon in mingled grief and bliss,  
 enchantment of an elvish kiss.)

760-1. L Aswoon with grief, aswoon arith bliss,  
 Enchanted of an elvish kiss.

[enchanted for enchantment was adopted.)

[The original reading - the text B(1) seen by Lewis, see p. 194- of lines

762 - 73 was:

and saw within his blinded eyes  
 a light that danced like silver flies  
 a starlit face of tenderness  
 crowned by the stars of Elfinesse.  
 A mist a:as in his face like hair,        5  
 and laughing whispers moved the air -  
 'O! dance with me now, Beren. Dance! '-  
 a silver laugh, a mocking glance:  
 'Come dance the wild and headlong maze

those dance, we're told, beyond the ways            10  
 who dwell that lead to lands of Men!  
 Come teach the feet of Luthien! '  
 The shadows wrapped her. Like a stone  
 the daylight found him cold and lone.

On line 8 of this passage Lewis commented:]

L a silver laughter, an arch glance

'Whether mocking or arch is the more intolerably  
 miss-ish I care not to decide' (Peabody).

[The line was abandoned in the B(2) version. On lines 9 - 12 Lewis  
 commented:]

JHL omit. Is not the whole passage [from the begin-  
 ning of the Canto to the end of the passage from B(1)  
 given above] unworthy of the poet?

[It is clear that this severe criticism led to the rewriting of the opening of  
 the Canto.]

775. The chiasmus 'is suspiciously classical. H gives Dark  
 is the sun, cold is the air.

[Against this my father scribbled: But classics did not invent chiasmus!  
 - it is perfectly natural.' (Chiasmus: a grammatical figure by which the  
 order of words is one of two parallel clauses is inverted in the other.)]

[The passage criticised by Lewis in the following comment was:

Hateful art thou, O Land of Trees!  
 My flute shall finger no more seize;  
 may music perish etc.]

849. Clearly corrupt. HJL Oh hateful land of trees be  
 mute! My fingers, now forget the flute!

[Against this my father wrote: 'Frightful 18th century!!!' But he re-  
 ordered the second line to: my fingers the flute shall no more seize,  
 and subsequently rewrote the passage to the form given in the text, lines  
 849-52.]

849-83. 'These lines are very noble' (Pumpnickel).

909. cometh. HJL comes. HJL is certainly the more  
 emphatic rhythm.

[No alteration made to the text.]

[The original reading of B at line 911 was:

...those shores,  
those white rocks where the last tide mars]

911. 'Where eight dull words oft creep in one low line.'  
Lines of monosyllables are often to be found in the Geste, but rarely so clustered with consonants as this. No satisfactory emendation has been suggested. I suspect this is a garbled version of 1142 - 3:  
our scribes do not always accept or understand epic repetition.

[The emendation made to B and given in the text is derived from lines 1142 - 3 as Lewis suggested. His reference is to Pope, An Essay on Criticism, line 347: And ten low words oft creep in one dull line.]

978-9. In Gestestudien Vol. XIII pp. 9 - 930 the reader will find a summary of the critical war that has raged

round the possibility of the assonance (or rime) of within-dim. Perhaps a great deal of ink would have been saved if the scholars of the last century had been familiar with the L reading Where out of yawning arches came A white light like unmoving flame.  
'My own conclusion is that if the assonance in the textus receptus is correct, the same phenomenon must originally have occurred often, and have been suppressed elsewhere by the scribes. Editorial effort might profitably be devoted to restoring it' (Schuffer).  
But cf. 1140-1.

[The original reading of B in lines 980 - x was:

With gentle hand there she him led  
down corridors etc.]

980. J Downward with gentle hand she him led,  
which explains the corruption. The verse originally ran Downward with gentle hand she led.  
The scribe of J, wrongly believing an object to be needed, inserted him. Vulg. then 'emends' the metre by dropping Downward and inserting there: thus giving a clumsy line.

[In this note Vulg. = Vulgate, the common or usual form of a literary work. My father wrote in Lewis's line on the B-text with his initials, and made the consequent change of down to through in line 981.]

[The original reading of B was: as into arched halls was led]  
991. HJL she led

996. L in old stone carven stood  
 [No alteration made to the text.]

[The original reading in B was: while waters endless dripped and ran]

1007. H While water forever dript and ran  
 [The original reading in B was: in lightless labyrinths endlessly]

1075. Labyrinths. HJL Labyrinth.

[Lewis corrected his spelling to Laborynth(s), against which my father queried: 'Why this spelling?']

980-1131. The whole of this passage has always been deservedly regarded as one of the gems of the Geste.

1132-61. I suspect that this passage has been greatly expanded by the late redactors who found their audience sometimes very ignorant of the myths. It is, as it stands, far from satisfactory. On the one hand it is too long an interruption of the action: on the other it is too succinct for a reader who knows nothing of the mythology. It is also obscure: thus in 1145 few readers can grasp that their means 'the Silmarils'. The shorter version of H and L, though not good, may in some respects be nearer the original:

Then Thingol's warriors loud and long  
 Laughed: for wide renown in song  
 Had Feanor's gems o'er land and sea,  
 The Silmarils, the shiners three,  
 Three only, and in every one  
 The light that was before the sun  
 And moon, shone yet. But now no more  
 Those leavings of the lights of yore  
 Were seen on earth's back: in the drear  
 Abyss of Morgoth blazing clear  
 His iron crown they must adorn  
 And glitter on orcs and slaves forlorn etc.

[My father put an exclamation mark against the shiners three; and he wrote an X against lines 1144 - 5 (see note to these lines).]

\*

Here C. S. Lewis's commentary on The Gest of Beren and Luithien ends, and no more is recorded of the opinions of Peabody, Pumpernickel, Schuffer and Schick in the volumes of Gestestudien - nor indeed, on this subject, of those of their generous-minded inventor.