**I SIT BESIDE THE FIRE AND THINK**

by J. R. R. Tolkien

ttto "New Britain"

I sit beside the fire and think of all that I have seen,

Of meadow flowers and butterflies in summers that have been,

Of yellow leaves and gossamer in autumns that there were,

With morning mist and silver sun and wind upon my hair.

I sit beside the fire and think of how the world will be

When winter comes without a spring that I shall ever see.

For still there are so many things that I have never seen

In every wood in every spring there is a different green.

I sit beside the fire and think of people long ago

And people who will see a world that I shall never know,

But all the while I sit and think of times there were before,

I listen for returning feet and voices at the door.