**IN WESTERN LANDS**

 by J. R. R. Tolkien

 ttto "New Britain"

In western lands beneath the sun the flower may rise in spring,

The trees may bud, the water run, the merry finches sing

Or there may be 'tis cloudless night and swaying beeches bear

The Elven stars as jewels white, amid their branching hair.

Though here at journey's end I lie in darkness buried deep,

Beyond all towers strong and high, beyond all mountains steep,

Above all shadows ride the sun and stars forever dwell,

I will not say the day is done, nor bid the stars farewell.