

The world was young, the mountains green,  
No stain yet on the Moon was seen,  
No words were laid on stream or stone,  
When Durin woke and walked alone.  
He named the nameless hills and dells;  
He drank from yet untasted wells;  
He stooped and looked in Mirrormere,  
And saw a crown of stars appear,  
As gems upon a silver thread,  
Above the shadow of his head.  
The world was fair, the mountains tall,  
In Elder Days before the fall  
Of mighty Kings in Nargothrond  
And Gondolin, who now beyond  
The Western Seas have passed away:  
The world was fair in Durin's Day.

A king he was on carven throne  
In many-pillared halls of stone  
With golden roof and silver floor,  
And runes of power upon the door.  
The light of sun and star and moon  
In shining lamps of crystal hewn  
Undimmed by cloud or shade of night  
There shown forever far and bright.  
No harp is wrung, no hammer falls:  
The darkness dwells in Durin's halls;  
The shadow lies upon his tomb  
In Moria, in Khazad-dûm.  
But still the sunken stars appear  
In dark and windless Mirrormere;  
There lies his crown in water deep,  
Till Durin wakes again from sleep.