

# ROQUAT 10

is meant for Apa-L 63, December 30, 1965, from Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Boulevard, Minneapolis Minnesota 55417.

Here, as mentioned before (besides, the Christmas rush has slowed down the mail and I don't have any L-zines to comment on, so I must find something else to put in) is a song in the mode ann-thennath by Ted Johnstone.

## THE PASSING OF THE ELVEN-KIND

O'er all the lands the fair folk trod,  
The final eventide has come,  
And those who wandered, silver-shod,  
Have faded from the changing land.  
The march of man has pushed them from  
Their forest lands and verdant sod  
Until at last they must succumb  
To forces they cannot withstand.

No more the fair Galadriel  
Will sing in green Lothlórien;  
The empty halls of Rivendell,  
Deserted, silent, thick with dust,  
Recall the empty hours when  
They stood as lonely citadel  
Against the coming age of Men,  
But fell, as Elrond knew they must.

The shadows of the fading age  
Grew long across the fields of gold;  
The Elven-lords, each silent, sage,  
Had left the flow'ring mallorn trees.  
For them the world was growing old—  
Though mankind saw a turning page—  
The fair folk left their last freehold  
And passed beyond the Sundering Seas.

And Círdan wrought them ships which bore  
Them from the Havens o'er the sea  
And watched them sail for fairer shore  
And leave the world of mortal man  
In which no place for them could be.  
And in this world they stay no more,  
But dwell in Elvenhome the Free,  
As fair as when the world began.

It originally appeared in All Mimsy 5, November, 1959. Best wishes to you all for the new year.

# ROUNDTOP

is meant for Aps-I 63, December 30, 1965, from Ruth Berman, 8820 Edgewater Boulevard, Minneapolis Minnesota 55417.

Here, as mentioned before (besides, the Christmas rush has slowed down the mail and I don't have any L-rines to comment on, so I must find something else to put in) is a song in the mode arranged by Ted Johnston.

## THE PASSING OF THE ELVEN-KIND

For all the lands the fair folk trod,  
The final eventide has come,  
And those who wandered, silver-shod,  
Have faded from the changing land.  
The march of man has parted them from  
Their forest lands and verdant sod  
Until at last they must succumb  
To forces they cannot withstand.

No more the fair Galadriel  
Will sing in green Isildorien;  
The empty halls of Rivendell,  
Deserted, silent, thick with dust,  
Recall the empty hours when  
They stood as lonely outcasts  
Against the coming age of Man,  
But fall, as Elrond knew they must.

The shadows of the fading age  
Grew long across the fields of gold;  
The Elven-lords, each silent, sage,  
Had left the flow'ring mallorn trees.  
For them the world was growing old—  
Though mankind saw a turning page—  
The fair folk left their last threshold  
And passed beyond the Sundering Seas.

And Cirian wrought them ships which bore  
Them from the Havens o'er the sea  
And watched them sail for fairer shore  
And leave the world of mortal man  
In which no place for them could be.  
And in this world they stay no more,  
But dwell in Rivendome the Free,  
As fair as when the world began.

It originally appeared in All Mimsy 6, November, 1959. Best wishes to you all for the new year.