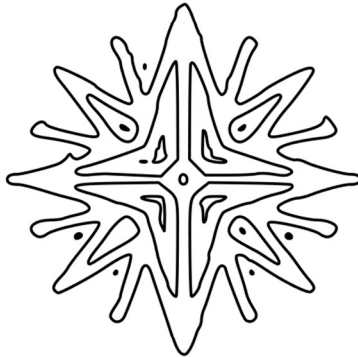




FÛMR ANOR FÛMR

Being a publication of the
CAMBRIDGE TOLKIEN SOCIETY



Issue 59

MICHAELMAS 2022

*“Et Eärello Endoreнна utúlien. Sinomë maruvan ar
Hildinyar tenn’ Ambar-metta.”*

EDITORIAL

‘When Winter comes, and singing ends,’ sings the Ent-wife; but singing decidedly has not ended this winter! Here at last is Anor 59, the Poetry Issue – a celebration of poetry, parody and song. Readers can look forward to a mystery Quenya poem (with a prize awaiting the lucky decipherer), some cutting-edge analysis of Eärendil’s sartorial choices, and the triumphant return of Mike Whitaker to the pages of Anor for the first time since 1989!¹ Not to mention more Eagle Debate poems than you can shake a Sting at: there’s nothing like the prospect of being dropped from an Eagle to stimulate one’s creativity.

Speaking of creativity, you may have noticed our snazzy new cover design! Immense thanks are due to Chris Pang for his creative endeavours – and willingness to make eleventh-hour changes at the behest of the Editor.

A very merry Yuletide to you all; and happy reading!

Daeron (Eleanor Smith)

¹ Which we believe may be a record.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

<i>A Mystery Poem</i> by Ardariel	6
<i>Eärendil Was A What Now?</i> by Samuel Cook	10
<i>The Song of Beren and Lúthien: A New Translation</i> by Eleanor Smith	16
<i>Song of Glory</i> by Alex Colesmith	21
<i>The End Of The Age As We Know It</i> by Mike Whitaker	24
<i>The Nine, the Seven, and Three</i> by James Baillie	28
<i>Frère Frodo</i> by Richard Zhang	31
<i>On Théoden</i> by Chris Pang	32

<i>Poems of the Eagle Debates</i>	33
by various members of the Society	
<i>A Christmas Carol</i>	46
by Samuel Cook	

A MYSTERY POEM

Ardariel

Editor's note: This is a Quenya rendering of a poem written by Tolkien in English, and there is a prize awaiting the person¹ who is able to determine which! Send your thoughts to me (via the usual email address) by 1st March 2023, and you'll be in with a chance of winning a bottle of mead. The winner will be chosen at random from among the first ten entries.

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¹ This competition is open only to undergrads and to grads who joined the Society this year: it is aimed at newer members of the Society.

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EÄRENDIL WAS A WHAT NOW?

Samuel Cook

The Lay of Eärendil is the longest published poem in *LOTR* and is a rather intricate piece of poetic creation. But let's leave all that to one side and think about what it says about Eärendil. Specifically, how he was equipped. So, I'm going to go through the first two verses of the poem and consider what they tell us about how Eärendil was decked out. Because from the third verse onwards he's just off journeying and then he gets to Valinor and meets literal demiurges, you can get away with anything you want, so there's no point worrying too much about that. Here, therefore, is my line by line commentary, lines in italics, my commentary in normal type.

> *Eärendil was a mariner*

Yeah, OK, fair enough.

> *That tarried in Arvernien*

Bit worrying that he liked lazing about when the fate of literally all the remaining Free Peoples of Middle-earth depended on him, but fine.

> *He built a boat of timber felled*

Can confirm wood is a good thing to build a boat out of.

> *In Nimbethil to journey in*

Yep, there are trees there. Checks out.

>Her sails he wove of silver fair

Hang on, what? Weaving with silver? I assume this means silver-coloured thread, rather than literal silver, because otherwise this is next-level weaving.

>Of silver were her lanterns made

So he liked fancy lanterns. I suppose that's fair enough.

>Her prow was fashioned like a swan

Tolkien did like his swans. But yeah, figureheads and sculpted prows totally a thing.

>And light upon her banners laid

What does this even mean? They put lamps on the sails? But we've already described the lanterns. Is it just that her shiny silver sails were so shiny they seemed to be illuminated? I really don't know.

>In panoply of ancient kings

You mean no one's made any better armour recently or anything? All you've got is old stuff lying around. Very Middle-earth.

>In chainéd rings he armoured him

Yep, chainmail is a sensible thing to armour yourself in. Though, if you're going to be spending most of your time on a boat, you maybe don't want to be wearing it all the time, just in case you fall over the side. Because one thing about wearing a load of metal is that it's quite heavy and you'll sink. Which is a bad thing for your chances of continued existence.

>His shining shield was scored with runes

One assumes this means the Cirth. Either it was a very big shield or the writing was very small. But yeah, fundamentally, there's no reason you can't write on your shield. It's a bit pointless, because who's going to have time to be reading it in a battle situation, but there's no law against it.

>To ward all wounds and harm from him

Oh, they're magic runes. Well, it's Middle-earth, so I suppose that's possible.

>His bow was made of dragon-horn

Whoa! Whoa! Just hold on here. Where have you got that dragon horn from? At this point, we only know of one dragon to have been killed and that's Glaurung. And we're explicitly told that his body was tossed on a big pyre and burned to ashes. Did Mablung just slyly chop off some dragon horn whilst no one was looking, before the body was burned, and bring it back to Doriath where it was made into

a bow for some reason? And then this one bow happened to make it out of the ruin of Doriath to the Mouths of Sirion? So yeah, this one seems improbable. It was probably made of a more available horn and then poetic licence intervened. Or Eärendil was just a relentless self-propagandist.

>His arrows shorn of ebony

This is just a bit stupid. Ebony is a pretty dense wood. What you've got here are very heavy arrows that aren't going to go very far. They're just bad arrows. I'm assuming this means the shafts were of ebony and the tips of something sensible, like steel, because ebony-tipped arrows would make even less sense, unless you had literally no metal-working technology. On the other hand, your ebony arrows would look quite stylish, at least. As your enemies killed you, while you shot at them ineffectually, they'd at least know you were a person of means and taste.

>Of silver was his habergeon

Silver looks nice. But it's not a good thing to make armour out of, because it's quite soft and also really heavy – it's nearly 50% denser than iron. You'd be really slow and not terribly well-protected. Though you would be very shiny. Eärendil is making some really poor equipment choices here. Seems to be a bit of a form over function guy. And if he does fall off his boat, he's going straight to the bottom. I suppose,

charitably, we could interpret it as actually being the rather more practically useful silvered steel and it getting bigged up by the poet or by Eärendil himself, but....

>*His scabbard of chalcedony*

Chalcedony is a mineral. As in basically a rock. This is going to be a heavy scabbard. Shiny again, but really not that practical.

>*His sword of steel was valiant*

Finally! A sensible choice. Steel is definitely a good thing to make a sword out of.

>*Of adamant his helmet tall*

Well, adamant isn't a real thing. If we assume it's a poetic description of diamond, a) that's an improbably large diamond and b) again, a bit impractical. Diamond's hard, but it's also very brittle. One good bop on the head, and you'd be wearing a lot of shards. Top marks for visual éclat once more, though.

>*An eagle-plume upon his crest*

OK, that's fair enough.

>*Upon his breast an emerald*

Can't go anywhere without your bling, apparently, if you're Eärendil.

So, what can we conclude? Apart from that at least two of Eärendil's accessories are actually impossible, it seems he was a very inexperienced mariner, who would have been weighed down by all his ornate clothing choices and definitely drowned had he fallen over the side. He also seems to have been a bit of a peacock, consistently choosing shiny things over actually effective things.

In other words, the first line of the poem should probably read 'Eärendil was a right spanner'.

THE SONG OF BEREN AND LÚTHIEN: A NEW TRANSLATION

Eleanor Smith

Author's note: You know how when you read ancient or medieval poetry, the odds are that you'll run across several translation styles? The 19th-century style (flowery and often metrical), the 20th-century academic style (prosaic but accurate), the 20th-century poetic style (free verse, very loose), and so on. Here I imagine a Middle-earth where history has progressed such that the 20th-century poetic translators are finally getting their hands on the poems 'translated' by Tolkien...

An excerpt from *Sindarin Poems and Songs of the Third
Age: A New Anthology*

This short poem is notable for the fame of its Westron translation. Indeed, the translation was for a while the only known form of the poem, though its attempt to render *anthenath* metre in Westron, and frequent designation as a translation in manuscripts, made it clear that a Sindarin original lay behind it. Much scholarly ink has been spilled over the legendary attribution of the translation to Elessar, and whether it was produced at his court in Minas Tirith, or earlier, in Imladris. But the original poem was not known

until a manuscript containing the original was discovered by Tolkien – in a wardrobe, of all places.¹ Even now, it has received little scholarly attention beyond Tolkien’s own translation of it.

Once thought to be part of the Lay of Leithian, it is in fact a brief summary of the meeting of Beren and Lúthien, ending with a reference to their sufferings to come. Curiously, a variant form of it appears in some manuscripts of the Second Version of the Lay of the Children of Húrin. There it is clearly an interpolation, completely different in metre and in style. These stylistic differences and the lateness of the manuscripts are good reasons for considering it a poem of the Third Age rather than the Second. Linguistic dating is too vague to be of much use here, but such ‘summary’ poems had become popular in the Third Age, often replacing the Lays they described.

But its relationship to the Lays, or lack thereof, is in many ways the least important thing about this poem. Standing on its own merits, it is one of the most beautiful and evocative examples of its kind. Tolkien thought its use of imagery unparalleled, and in his painstaking translation – which reproduces the *ann-thennath* metre almost perfectly – he shows the complexity of the relationship between image and

¹ Yes, this really happens – look up the Hendregadredd manuscript sometime.

narrative. In contrast, I hope my own brings across how fluid that relationship can be.

amid grass and green leaves
and tall white hemlock:
light
as of stars amid night
amid her hair, her cloak:
nightingale, dancing

beren, of mountains cold
comes amid leaves
along a river of sorrow;
sees light in shadow,
flowers of gold

beren, roaming
leaves weariness behind
and grasps at moonlight;
light that the night swallows
as the woods swallow her –
nightingale, dancing

*

as leaves falling in the forest

was the music of her feet
as wind sighing in the trees
was his longing

as the light of moon and stars
was her glow upon the hill
as the cold and wintry heavens
was his waiting

*

there she comes, spring's daughter
amid the rain falling
amid the green, her feet like flowers
and song flowing from her:
her voice like water

there he comes, calling
nightingale, nightingale
and stills her in flight –
and fate falls upon her
as falls the night

as falls her hair
as dark as dead of night
but lit within:

her arms like silver
draw him in:
her eyes are stars.

*

amid every kind of shadow –
shadow of stone mountain,
shadow of iron hall,
shadow of nightshade wood,
shadow of deepest sea –

it is never said
that the light was broken

that their singing ended.

SONG OF GLORY

Alex Colesmith

The so-called Song of Glory, a popular ditty from the Second Age. The original version, which lacks the alteration to the final chorus, went very swiftly out of fashion when Glorfindel actually *did* return; he found out about the song three years after his return, by accident. Unexpectedly to all but the old soldiers among the Elves, he found it hilarious and insisted on singing it at every feast he attended. To quote Erestor: 'He found it greatly preferable to the serious Lament for Glorfindel, saying that he had died to protect the Eldar so that they could sing in happiness as he had once.'

(To the tune of John Brown's Body; Glory is here used semi-seriously as a shortening of Glorfindel)

Glory's in Beleriand, underneath the wave
Glory's in Beleriand, underneath the wave
Glory's in Beleriand, underneath the wave
He'll be back to fight again!

CHORUS:

Poor Glorfindel, what a horrible way to die,
Pulled down by a Balrog, splatted like a fly,
Poor Glorfindel, what a horrible way to die,
He'll be back to fight again!

He duelled the Valaraukar as he fled from Gondolin
He duelled the Valaraukar as he fled from Gondolin
He duelled the Valaraukar as he fled from Gondolin
He'll be back to fight again!

[CHORUS]

His sword it smote the Balrog and he pierced its fiery breast
His sword it smote the Balrog and he pierced its fiery breast
His sword it smote the Balrog and he pierced its fiery breast
He'll be back to fight again!

[CHORUS]

The Balrog tumbled off the cliff and grabbed him by his hair
The Balrog tumbled off the cliff and grabbed him by his hair
The Balrog tumbled off the cliff and grabbed him by his hair
He'll be back to fight again!

[CHORUS]

The chasm rang with echoes as they fell into Thorn Sir
The chasm rang with echoes as they fell into Thorn Sir
The chasm rang with echoes as they fell into Thorn Sir
He'll be back to fight again!

[CHORUS]

Thorondor bore his body up and laid it on the peak
Thorondor bore his body up and laid it on the peak
Thorondor bore his body up and laid it on the peak
He'll be back to fight again!

[CHORUS]

Tuor built a stone-cairn there to mark the place he lay
Tuor built a stone-cairn there to mark the place he lay
Tuor built a stone-cairn there to mark the place he lay
He'll be back to fight again!

[CHORUS]

The flowers blow there ever now about his stony grave
The flowers blow there ever now about his stony grave
The flowers blow there ever now about his stony grave
He'll be back to fight again!

FINAL CHORUS:

Poor Glorfindel, what a horrible way to die
Pulled down by a Balrog, splatted like a fly,
Mandos sent his soul back and we still don't quite know why
Now he's back to fight again!

THE END OF THE AGE AS WE KNOW IT

Mike Whitaker

(With thanks to LukeB from #filkhaven Discord, and Samuel from the CTS, and also Paul Smith for the title)

Inspired by Marriott Edgar's "The Battle Of Hastings" – <http://monologues.co.uk/Battle-of-Hastings.htm> – and with a sly nod to Pam Ayres' "In Defence of Hedgehogs" – <http://misswhistle.blogspot.com/2009/06/in-defense-of-hedgehogs.html>

I'll tell of t'battle of Gondor
As 'appened at end of the Age
When Gandalf got stroppy wi't' Witch King
And Denethor went up in a blaze.

'Twere this way: at gates of the city,
That Sauron, who were always a swine
Sent t' Witch King and batterin' ram thing
T'knock up and ask fer th' time.

Now Gandalf were 'avin' nowt of it,
And 'sides, 'e 'adn't a clock,

So stood amid wreckage of gateposts,
And started th' Witch King t'mock

T'Witch King gave good as he'd gotten,
But Mithrandir, 'e just said "Up yours!
Ah'll si' thee on t'fields of Pelennor
Let's say about twenty past four."

Meanwhile, t'Steward were despairin' and grief struck,
So set hisself and 'is lad on to stew
Till Gandalf, 'e came t' t'rescue
Well, at least for one of the two.

Armies lined up on th' stroke of four-twenty,
Orcs and oliphaunts facin' off Men
Strider gave signal for charge, so both did,
Then hauled off, an' did it again.

'Twere lookin' reet grim then for Gondor
Till t'Riders showed up in a throng
And rode through like 'ot knife through butter
Said Strider, "What took thee so long?"

Th' Witch-King faced Éowyn, gloatin':
"No man can kill me," 'e said.
So she flashed 'im 'er knockers and stabbed 'im.

“Oh bugger,” ’e said, and dropped dead.

And after t’ battle were over,
They found, where the Nazgul been at,
Théoden, ’neath ’is ’orse, in a puddle,
Like an ’edge’og, all squashed, dead and flat.

Now Strider set ’imself to thinkin’
“We’d best go pay Sauron a call,
In ’ope to distract ’im from Frodo,
So into Mount Doom ’e can fall.”

So off to a place called Morannon,
They marched, all with weapons in ’and,
And some fella named Mouth of Sauron
Rode out to ask what they’d got planned.

’E had things what ’e’d nicked, like, from Frodo
So Gandalf said “I’ll ’ave that stuff,
An’ thee can sod off back to Mordor,”
An’ off the chap went in an ’uff.

Then t’Black Gate came suddenly open
And ’ill-trolls and orcs ran amuck
Gandalf took ’ead count of forces,
Thought, private-like, “Crikey, we’re screwed.”

So 'e said to the chaps all around 'im,
"It's a reet proper day for a stand!"
('Twas swank, for they 'adn't no option)
On 'is 'orse, with 'is staff in his 'and.

Meanwhile on Mount Doom there were Frodo
Wi' Gollum caught up in a brawl
Till former gave latter the finger
An' latter were rightly appalled.

'E stepped back in shock at the gesture,
'E were outraged, and properly miffed.
Then, clutchin' the ring in his horror,
Went arse over tip off the cliff.

"'Ang on!" cried Sauron, in dudgeon,
"That were mine – 'ee by gum, now I'm vexed,
'Cause me Nazgul are dropping like insects –
I've a nasty suspicion I'm next."

Th' Eagles turned up to the rescue,
T'pick Frodo out of the fire.
An' Sam eyed 'em and said, all put out like,
"Could thee not 'ave brought us from t'Shire?"

THE NINE, THE SEVEN, AND THREE

James Baillie

To the tune of James Blunt's "1973"

O Ninya,
Though now it wanes there
Your power's been
Etched on Lorien
O Vilya
Wish I had a will that
This ring so strong
Would not be gone

Once we forged our rings through the dark of night
So we'd linger here under mortal light
And we sang of crafts Noldorian,
But where shadows lie
There will always be
The one ring to doom
The nine, the seven and three
'Til dawns the age of Men

O Narya,
Seek from the harbour
To where you'll shine clearly, when
The rain has gone

Now elf-lords go there,
Their age is over,
But my memory plays a tune
Of Eregion

Where we forged our rings through the dark of night
So we'd linger here under mortal light
And we sang of crafts Noldorian,
But where shadows lie
There will always be
The one ring to doom
The nine, the seven and three
'Til dawns the age of Men

Yes we forged three rings under elven sky,
And nine for mortals doomed to die,
And we sang of crafts Noldorian,
Seven for the dwarf-lords,
In stone halls deep,
But one still doomed
The nine, the seven and three
'Til dawns the age of Men

For one ring to rule them all was made,
One to bring and find nineteen betrayed,
While we sang of crafts Noldorian,
And where shadows lie,
The dark lord could see,

And in darkness bind,
The nine, the seven and three
'Til dawns the age of Men

So where shadows lie
There will always be
The one ring to doom
The nine, the seven and three

FRÈRE FRODO

Richard Zhang

To the tune of “Frère Jacques”

Little hobbits, little hobbits,
Where are you? Where are you?
Meat is back on menu,
Meat is back on menu,
Just right now, just right now.

ON THÉODEN

Chris Pang

For 'gainst that darkening sky
And golden roof
Let sing the wizard's song
To Théoden move

Not all is dark, take courage
Lord of the Mark
For better help you will not find

To pierce the feeble veil
And aged sooth
Let fly that lightning spear
To Théoden move

Not all is dark, take courage
Lord of the Mark
For better help you will not find

It is not so dark here.

POEMS OF THE EAGLE DEBATES

Various members of the Society

Over the past few years, Eagle Debates have continued very regularly – even during lockdown! – but Anor issues have not. I am therefore taking this opportunity to catch up, and offer you a bumper crop of Eagle Debate poems into the bargain. Some may be missing: if anyone remembers writing a poem for one of these debates and doesn't see it here, send it to me for publication in the next issue.

MICHAELMAS 2020 – BEST-DRESSED CHARACTER

Leah Palmer on Yavanna:

In cotton field, and flaxen gold,
Harvesters, in the hot autumn sun,
They pull the plants, their roots from earth,
And with their harvest, it has begun.

Through the winter, by the fire,
To the sound of storms and voices higher,
The cotton from the fields turns
Upon the spindle as firewood burns.

As comes the spring, and with it light,
The cotton thread it turns to flight
Upon the loom, through fingers deft

The fabric soft is woven, weft.

In summer's heat the seamstress gals
Gather round in tree's cool shade
Their needles prick the patterns out
On fabric that their sisters made.

As leaves and grasses turn to gold
The harvest time again is seen
And the garment of the year's cycle
Is given, at last, to the Queen.

The garment's fabric, cotton soft,
Its grain, its weave, its thread,
All these began in harvest fields,
And in Yavanna's stead.

Eleanor Smith on Ulmo:

A silver crown was on his brow,
and silver was his shining mail;
and like the foam flung from the prow
of ships his hair was silver-pale.
He clad himself with ocean-green:
its hem with ghostly fires burned
when from the shore his form was seen
ere Tuor to the Elf-king turned.

Cici Carey-Stuart on Éowyn (to the tune of *Sweet Transvestite*):

Dernhelm:

How d' you do I
See you've met my
Faithful Windfoia
He's just a
Little brought down because
When you rode
You seemed like you'd be a little lighter
Don't get strung out
By the way I look
Don't judge a book by its cover
I'm not much of a man by the light of day
But by night, I'm one hell of a fighter
I'm just a sweet shield maiden
From Edoras, Rohirrim

Let me
Give you a ride, maybe
Help you to hide
You look like you'd fight
Pretty groovy
And if they want something visual
That's not too abysmal
We'll both hide in our cloaks
In the cavalry

Merry:

I'm glad I caught you at home
Could I join your march?
We both want to fight for Rohan

Dernhelm:

Right

Merry:

We'll just blend in the background
Then ride on to Pelennor
We won't have to be any worry

Dernhelm:

Well, you got
Told not to fight, welll
How about that
Well, Merry
Don't you panic
By the ride of the night
We will both get to fight
We'll bring them a double act
In a pact

I'm just a sweet shield maiden
From Edoras, Rohirrim
Hey, hey
I'm just a sweet shield maiden

Merry:

(Sweet shield maiden)

Dernhelm:

From Edoras, Rohirrim

Merry:

(Rohirrim)

Dernhelm:

So

Let's ride to the fields

And fight with our shield

I see the Witch King of Ang... mar

But your prophecy

Didn't really foresee

No man may kill me

But I am

No man

LENT 2021 – MOST MUSICAL CHARACTER

Samuel Cook on Frodo Baggins, alias DJ Swaggins (to the tune of *Mr Boombastic*):

They call me Mr. Boombastic Ringlord fantastic touch me in the back

they say I'm Mr. Bro... mantic

They call me Mr. Bagbastic DJ fantastic, touch me back he say I'm Bromantic

Smooth just like silk

Watch me do this amazing bloody filk

I'm a lyrical hobbit don't take me for no troll

With my Mt. Doom physique Jah know me well swoll

My pipeweed's got you under its spell

I'm just like a folk Mozart baby can't you tell
My house-dance-rave-folk music is better than a bell
I write down all your songs really really well
None of you lot can even bloody spell
And if it weren't for me you'd all be bored as hell

Eleanor Smith on Thorin & Company:

The dwarves of yore made mighty songs
Of ancient gold and ancient wrongs,
Of dragon-fire; a deep-voiced choir,
They chanted in harmonious throngs.

They sang of treasure gleaming bright,
They chanted terror in the night:
In hobbit's den they sang – and then
They sought the mountain at first light.

But not as thirteen, not alone
Did they set out for halls of stone.
The hobbit came – and so their fame
Shall ever live round Thorin's throne.

Lucy Hyde on Tom Bombadil:

Ho Tom, merry Tom, Tom Bombadilli,
Tom's here to win this round – while he remains silly
Over hill, under star, round the paths he's hopping
Singing down the motorway, you won't see him stopping.
Skipping down through King's Parade, wading in the river

Jumping into tourist punts, making you voters dither.
Aragorn can rule his land, but he'll be dead and dust soon,
Frodo can save the world, but he has a hard doom.
Thorin and company, why there's a merry party
But parties in Tom's land, there's nothing quite so hearty!
Up! Hop! come along, Tom's up on this eagle!
No one can compare to him – why Maggot'd call him regal!
He may be the oldest or maybe that (meat ????)¹ tree fellow,
But he's the best singer here AND his boots are yellow!

Cici Carey-Stuart on Saruman (to the tune of *Joseph's Dreams*):

Saruman annoyed the Wizards
But what made them sad
Was the things he later told them of the
Visions he had had

“In my palantír one day
I had seen a sign
That staffs of blue and brown and grey
Would soon all bow to mine

I dreamed I saw the free People
The elves the dwarves and men
Bowing down before my tower
It made me wonder WHEN”

¹ Referring to the Meat-Ent Hypothesis, first theorised during this debate by Dan Kent: see Anor 58.

EASTER 2021 – FAVOURITE FÊTES

Eleanor Smith on Thranduil's eternal rave:

O! Thranduil's banquets
are feasts to remember!
There's no need for blankets –
it isn't December!
O! tra-la-la-lally
here down in the valley!

O! Wood-elves are drinking
and strong wine is flowing!
The glasses are clinking,
there's no sign of slowing!
O! tril-lil-lil-lolly
the party is jolly,
ha! ha!

Cici Carey-Stuart on the Unexpected Party:

Far across the round doorway of green
To larders deep and Hobbits keen
We will away, ere end of day,
To make a fête like none have seen.

The fire was roaring in the hearth
The dwarves were singing in their mirth
The tea was brown, it passed around,
Dwarves and Hobbits filled to the girth.

The plates were in the kitchen sink
The pantry stores brought to the brink
His mem'ries of this blessed night
Committed Bilbo, to pen and ink.

MICHAELMAS 2021 – CREEPIEST MOMENT

Rosalind Mackey on the Dead Marshes:

Far away is a marsh of the dead,
Of which many of you have read,
Where lie bodies of elves,
Men and orcses as well.
He who strays to his doom will be led.

Candles and flickering flames,
Pale faces that wax and wane,
In marshes dun
Are luring the one
Who carries Isildur's bane.

LENT 2022 – BEST ACADEMIC

Eleanor Smith on Tom Bombadil:

Hey dol! Merry dol! Tom Bombadillo!
There's been much debate surrounding Old Man Willow!
Streams of scholars' ink from their inkwells springing –
But for scholarship the only thing is singing!
I'll sing you a tale of how to calm the tree-life,

Teach them all to leave Hobbit-folk in free life:
Hey! Come derry dol! Fear no agitation!
Every claim will be backed up by a citation!

EASTER 2022 – BEST EAGLE DEBATER

Rosalind Mackey on Finrod Felagund:

Then sudden Felagund there waiting
Danced in answer a dance of debating
His grace was unlike any seen
Hypnotic even, and dressed in green
He wove his movements in a dance
Of winning, of a second chance
To show them all that he was best
At debating, or really any test.

Backwards and forwards swayed their dance
The tempo getting extremely fast
The opponent busted out some moves
That shook the room like horses' hooves
His arms were like a swirling storm
His movements shapely in their form
– and Finrod almost fell to the floor

But hewer of caves as he was
By such a move he could not be stopped
He raised his head up to the sky
And spread his arms as if to fly
If he couldn't dance an eagle debate

He'd dance an eagle and leave it to fate
The opponent saw that he'd been beat
He sat down and admitted defeat.

Alex Colesmith on Smaug:

Every coin
Every jewel
Every cup
Every tool
Belongs to me
If you take one
You're a fool
Leave them be.

Every sword
Every spear
Every chalice
If you take it
From my hoard
Live in fear
Of my malice
You won't make it.

Every bauble
Every gem
Remember Dale?
You'll be like them.
This hoard is mine

All this gold
Mine alone
In this mine
Beneath the cold
Lonely stone

Flaming death
Ruin and grief
From my breath
To every thief
Iron each scale
Each tooth a sword
I shall not fail
To keep my hoard
Wings blot out sun
My claws are spears
I am the one
The whole world fears.

Richard Zhang on Tom Bombadil:

I am in a debate
My opponents are all late
CTS is great
I get to rule my fate.

I love the word
I hate the Orc
I am not an academic

My laugh is a pandemic.

What's this? Thrown off an eagle?
Old Bombadil don't care
He can balance on a needle
And he can find a good lair
In the river he married.

Poetry is his love
As is the dance-off
Old Bombadil is super chill
And confident in his skill.

And now, to finish our metrical merriment...

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Samuel Cook

Hark the herald Uruks sing
Glory to the Red Eye King!
War on Earth and rule of iron
Elf and human in exile
Joyful, all ye Uruks roar
Join the triumph of Mordor
With demonic host proclaim
Thû is king in Middle-earth
Hark the herald Uruks sing
Glory to the Red Eye King!

Thû by mighty Morg'th adored
Thû the everlasting Lord!
Last in time to e'er reign
King fore'er on mortal plane
Sprayed with blood the Godhead see
Hail the incarnate deity
Pleased o'er us to e'er dwell
Sauron, our great prince of Hell.
Hark the herald Uruks sing
Glory to the Red Eye King!

Hail, eternal Lord of Men

Hail the Scourge of Elvendom
Dark and death to all He brings
Risen with despair in his wings
Cruel He wars for evermore
Mighty He sends forth the Orcs
So that we shall conquer far
And tear down proud Valimar
Hark the herald Uruks sing
Glory to the Red Eye King!

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