

To north, to north there lay the land of dread
Dungorthin, where all ways were dead
In hills, in hills of shadow bleak and cold
Beyond was deadly nighshades hold

To south, to south the wide earth unexplored
To west, to west the ancient ocean roared
To east, to east in peaks of blue were piled
The mountains of the outer world.

Unsailed and shoreless, wide and wild
To east in peaks of blue were piled
In silence folded, mist enfurled
The mountains of the outer world

Beyond the tangled, woodland shade
Thorn and thicket grove and glade
Whose brooding boughs with magic hung
Were ancient when the world was young