

# Summoning, South Away

Leave the halls and caverns deep  
Were the forests wide and dim  
Stoops in shadow grey and grim

Float beyond the world of trees  
Past the rushes, past the reeds  
Past the marshes, weaving weeds

... and the crowns of the seven kings, and the rods of the five wizards...

South away! South away now!  
Far away seek the sunlight and the day.

Hail, Eomir, king of the mark.