

# The Lay of Maedhros by Aidan Minton

An extract

**Please note: I did not come up with the story. It is based on one of the many tales of J.R.R Tolkien's *Silmarillion*.** I decided to create this small extract because Tolkien seems to (for some reason) neglected to compose a poem about this story unlike *The Tale Of Beren And Luthien* from the same book. The creation of the poem is an imitation of his writing style and prose. For example he used eight syllables consistently with seven syllables thrown in occasionally to make his poems easier to read/sing . Additionally every line rhymes similarly to his other poems and the language is designed to sound similar. Finally "Fëanor" is three syllables (fea-an-or). Thank you for reading my poem.

There was in the days of the Eldar  
From days hence few remember  
A great elf-smith, most renowned-  
An Ebony mane, his head was crowned  
The Elf Fëanor the proud.

Great metal wonders crafted thee  
By hands the god Aulë gave he,  
By the god's gift of his sharp mind  
He chose his love of his heart's kind.  
"Not a fair maiden" fools shall tell  
But no fool is she, Nerdanel.  
Unmatched was she as a sculptor  
Adviser she, to Fëanor  
And in the elder days of yore  
Seven children, hath she bore-  
Behold, sons of Fëanor.

The Youngest and of them, the less  
The twins, Amrod and Amras  
Whose Scarlet manes, their heads did bore  
But seldom mentioned in elf-lore  
Are they, sons of Fëanor

Third youngest of Fëanor's kin  
The sly Trickster, Curufin.  
He was alike to his father  
In that he was a great crafter,  
His great bold frame, was much the same,  
And in both their souls burned a flame  
Unquenchable, all the same.  
His descendancy he did bore  
A great elf-smith, Celebrimbor  
Who forged the three Elven Rings  
Untouched by Sauron's corrupt stings;  
In Aman they shine Everlasting  
Protected from all evil things.  
But Cruel is the soul, Curufin  
If indeed one lies within.  
His Rotten,devious heart's core  
Has birthed twisted deeds o'er and o'er  
As a son of Fëanor.

Caranthir, as the middle child  
Was called "the dark", for he was vile-  
And for his mane, which was that shade  
And for the quick anger of thy blade.  
His rash wrath was his wont he bore;  
The wont of having friends no more  
Except as a cruel warrior  
With The Sons of Fëanor.

The Third son of Nerdanel born  
The great woodsmen Celegorm  
Who with great patience on his prey  
Could kill with deadly shot far away  
Like the swift god Oromë.  
Yet he would follow every whim  
Of his young brother Curufin

Who would lead him to greedy sin.  
When their plans eventually tore  
He hath gashed the great title sore,  
“Woodsmen, son of Fëanor”

The second son Nerdanel bore,  
The shy bard they will call Maeglor;  
Who, with thy fine harp, would compose  
Soliloquy, ballad, and prose.  
Least liked by his father, Fëanor  
Who hath thought thee soft and unsure.  
And his kin will coerce Maeglor,  
Pressuring him to take up sword  
With the Sons of Fëanor.

The eldest born, of all the host  
The corrupted hero Maedros  
His crimson mane, he was crowned  
A great general, most renowned.  
Great legions did he command forth  
Against the black foe, Morgoth.  
In the mission to redeem  
His father's Jewel's radiant gleam  
In the dark crown by light unseen.  
Ere from this world he will goeth  
Driven mad by thy cruel oath,  
he shall slash his honor sore  
And lose pureness of his heart's core,  
But he will still venture evermore  
His oath, son of Fëanor.