

# Nimrodel

Hmi

An El-ven-maid there was of old, a  
Her hair was long, her limbs were white, and  
Where now she wanders none can tell, in

A

G

shin-ing star by day: her mant-le white was she  
fair she was and free; and in the wind she  
sun-light or in shade; for lost of yore was  
sun-light or in shade; for lost of yore was

Emi

Hmi

hemmed with gold, her shoes of sil-ver-grey.  
went as light as leaf of lin-den-tree.  
Ni-mro-del and in the moun-tains strayed.  
Ni-mro-del and in the moun-tains strayed.

Mezihra: A

G

1. *hlas* — *sloky* 1+2, 7+8, 13  
1.+2. *hlas* — *sloky* 3+4, 9+10  
2.+3. *hlas* — *sloky* 5+6, 11+12

An Elven-maid there was of old,  
A shining star by day:  
Her mantle white  
    was hemmed with gold,  
Her shoes of silver-grey.

A star was bound upon her brows,  
A light was on her hair  
As sun upon the golden boughs  
In Lórien the fair.

*Mezihra*

Her hair was long,  
    her limbs were white,  
And fair she was and free;  
And in the wind she went as light  
As leaf of linden-tree.

Beside the falls of Nimrodel,  
By water clear and cool,  
Her voice as falling silver fell  
Into the shining pool.

*Mezihra*

Where now she wanders none can tell,  
In sunlight or in shade;  
For lost of yore was Nimrodel  
And in the mountains strayed.

The elven-ship in haven grey  
Beneath the mountain-lee  
Awaited her for many a day  
Beside the roaring sea.

*Mezihra*

A wind by night in Northern lands  
Arose, and loud it cried,  
And drove the ship from elven-strands  
Across the streaming tide.

When dawn came dim  
    the land was lost,  
The mountains sinking grey  
Beyond the heaving waves that tossed  
Their plumes of blinding spray.

*Mezihra*

Amroth beheld the fading shore  
Now low beyond the swell,  
And cursed the faithless ship that bore  
Him far from Nimrodel.

Of old he was an Elven-king,  
A lord of tree and glen,  
When golden were the boughs in spring  
In fair Lothlórien.

*Mezihra*

From helm to sea they saw him leap,  
As arrow from the string,  
And dive into the water deep,  
As mew upon the wing.

The wind was in his flowing hair,  
The foam about him shone;  
Afar they saw him strong and fair  
Go riding like a swan.

*Mezihra*

But from the West has come no word,  
And on the Hither Shore  
No tidings Elven-folk have heard  
Of Amroth evermore.

J.R.R.T./KS