

Song of Beren and Luthien

Glindar

When trees were strong and leaves were green— and the e - vening a - ir was
warm and clean the lo - vely dau - ghter of a queen— In a sha - dy
glade was da - an - cing the har - per's mu - sic spread far and wide and
lost his track and wi - thout a rest was
heard it was by a da - ring wight who had lo - nely and hea - ding West
wan - dering

So Beren reached the wooded glade,
And hidden peered the Elven maid,
Enchanted him the glowing light
Of Luthien's robe and her beauty bright.
This vision though didn't last a lot
And Luthien fled as the harper stopped
So sad and desperate Beren was,
And lonely roamed at the day's close.

He kept on looking for the sound
That still was echoing in his mind,
To try and seize the distant dream
To enjoy the beauty of Tinuviel's gleam.
The gentle sigh of the falling leaves,
And the whispers of the morning breeze
Warmly welcomed the woodland's guest
And encouraged Beren to end his quest.

Then winter came the winter cold
That all the gloomy thoughts unfolds,
But Beren's strong will did not drain
Despite the snow and the lashing rain.
And then one night her robe he saw,
And felt that frost was about to thaw
Among the trees as Tinuviel danced
At a human shadow she quickly glanced.

When spring was back the harp again
Was tuned and echoed across the plain,
So Luthien's mellow light was shed
On elven boughs and flowers red.
While she was dancing a voice she heard
"Tinúviel! Tinúviel!"
And thus on Luthien a spell was laid
And to Beren's doom she was ever chained.

Their journey was so long and hard,
As sadly sung by every bard,
Across high mountains misty and cold,
And breaking waves that crashed and roared.
But faith and courage they never lost,
And then at last in a glade they met.
Long time ago they passed away
Like morning dew on a rainy day.