

Farewell sweet earth and northern sky,  
For ever blest, since here did lie  
And here with lissom limbs did run  
Beneath the Moon, beneath the Sun,

Lúthien Tinúviel  
More fair than mortal tongue can tell.  
Though all to ruin fell the world  
And were dissolved and backward hurled

Unmade into the old abyss,  
Yet were it's making good, for this-  
The dusk, the dawn, the earth, the sea-  
That Lúthien for a time should be.

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