

Nenya

Sally Oldfield

Sally:

Three rings for the elven kings!
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Brian Burrows:

Three rings for the elven kings!
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Sally:

They come from the darkness!

Brian Burrows:

Moriquendi!

Sally:

They come from the green lands!

Brian Burrows:

Laiquendi!

Sally:

They come from the clear light!

Brian Burrows:

Calaquendi!

They are the makers!

They are the makers!

Of the earth and the wind and the light!

Sally:

Three rings for the elven kings under the sky!
Three rings for the elven kings under the sky!
Three rings for the elven kings under the sky!
Wrought of star-fire!

Makers of all things fair under the sky!
Bearers of the silver flame that never dies!
Mirrors of all things true whenever they lie!
Wrought of star-fire!

The strange light of the elven night shines on their
faces

A charmed breeze from the elven trees rustles the
grasses

Three rings for the elven kings under the sky!
Wrought of star-fire!

The light of the lady is on the land
Fear the starlight hand!

They are strangers from afar seen by the holy!
They bring secrets of the stars to the lost and the
lowly!
Three rings for the elven kings under the sky!

Wrought of star-fire!

I've seen them in the darkest night
They are the makers of the light
Through wind and rain and storm they call me home.

Ella kom ye la! I cried unto these ones
I've wandered through the dark so long!
I've waited through the night for the rising sun!

They cried "We who of the earth are born
Will lead you through the healing storm,
It's time to follow the path of the ancient ones!"

It's sunrise and high tide!
In the blue endless space my eyes open wide
There's a land I can see!
There's a land I can see!
There's a land I can see!

(Sally Oldfield)