

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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