

Translation of *Namárië*

Ah! golden fall the wind-blown leaves,
The long years countless as trees' wings!
Long years have passed by like swift draughts
Of sweet mead in the lofty halls
Beyond the West, 'neath Varda's vaults,
Within whose blue tremble the stars
In her song's holy, queenly voice;
Who now shall fill the cup for me?
For Kindler, Varda, Star-Queen, lifts
Cloud-like hands from Mount Everwhite
Drowning in shadow deep all paths,
And darkness from a grey land lies
On the foaming waves between us,
And mist hides Calaciryo's gems.
Lost to the East is Valimar!
Farewell! Maybe thou, even thou
Shalt find Valimar! Fare thee well!

Reuben Thomas

First four lines probably 1st July 1992, modified 8th December 2004; the rest 4th June 2009, for reading party on 12th June 2009.