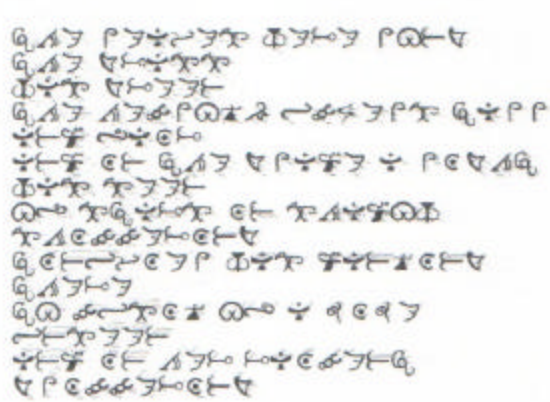
Brad Reddell

The Tale of Tinuviel

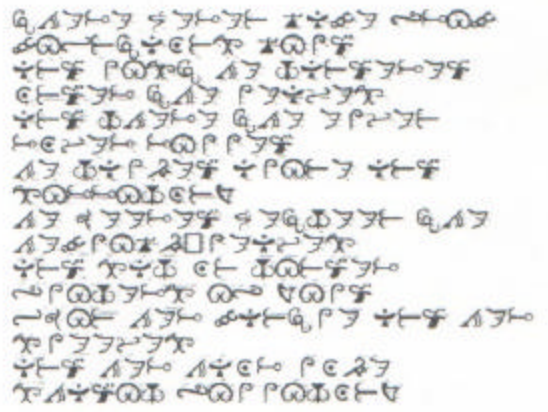
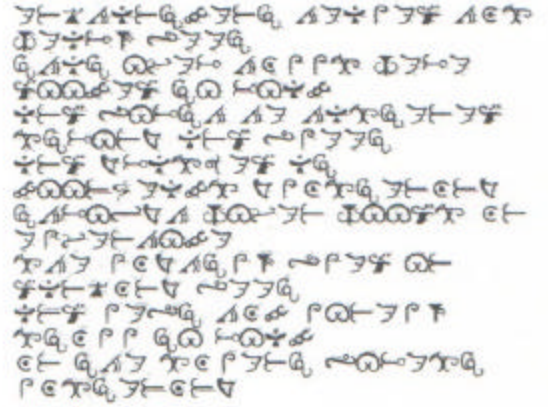
Part I

(In Elven Runes and translation)

The leaves were long, the grass was green,
The hemlock -umbels tall and fair,
And in the glade a light was seen,
Of stars in shadow shimmering,
Tinuviel was dancing there,
To music of a pipe unseen,
And in her raiment glimmering,



There Beren came from mountains cold
And lost he wandered inder the leaves
And where the elven river rolled
He walked alone and sorrowing
He peered between the hemlock-leaves
And saw in wonder flowers of gold
Upon her mantle and her sleeves
And her hair like shadow following



Enchantment healed his weary feet
That over hills were doomed to roam
And Forth he hastened strong and fleet
And grasped at moonbeams glistening
Through woven woods in Elvenhome
She lightly fled on dancing feet
And left him lonely still to roam
In the silent forest listening