

An Elven-maid there was of old,
ገላ ራከውል~ጠረጣጣ ስላግ ላይ ገላ ራከውል ፡
A shining star by day:
፤ ርከውል ስላግ ገላ ራከውል ፡
Her mantle white was hemmed with gold,
ላን ገላ ራከውል ላይ ላይ ላይ ላይ ላይ ፡
Her shoes of silver-grey.
ላን ርከውል ላይ ላይ ፡

A star was bound upon her brows,
፤ ስላግ ላይ ላይ ላይ ላይ ላይ ፡
A light was on her hair
፤ ራከውል ላይ ላይ ላይ ፡
As sun upon the golden boughs
፤ ስላግ ላይ ላይ ላይ ላይ ላይ ፡
In Lórien the fair
፤ ራከውል ላይ ላይ ፡

Her hair was long, her limbs were light,
ላን ላይ ላይ ላይ ላይ ላይ ላይ ፡
And fair she was and free;
ገላ ላይ ላይ ላይ ላይ ላይ ፡
And in the wind she went as light
ገላ ላይ ላይ ላይ ላይ ላይ ፡
As leaf of linden-tree.
፤ ራከውል ላይ ላይ ፡

Beside the falls of Nimrodel,
ገላ ላይ ላይ ላይ ላይ ላይ ፡
By water clear and cool,
ገላ ላይ ላይ ላይ ላይ ላይ ፡
Her voice as falling silver fell
ላን ላይ ላይ ላይ ላይ ላይ ፡
Into the shining pool.
ገላ ላይ ላይ ላይ ላይ ፡

Where now she wanders none can tell,
ላይ ላይ ላይ ላይ ላይ ላይ ፡
In sunlight or in shade;
፤ ራከውል ላይ ላይ ላይ ፡
For lost of yore was Nimrodel
ላይ ላይ ላይ ላይ ላይ ላይ ፡
And in the mountains strayed.
ገላ ላይ ላይ ላይ ላይ ፡

The Elven-ship in haven grey
 ་ རྒྱུ་ལོ་ལྷོ་ལོ་ལོ་ལོ་ལོ་
 Beneath the mountain-lee
 རྒྱུ་ལོ་ ་ རྒྱུ་ལོ་ལོ་ལོ་ལོ་
 Awaited her for many a day
 རྒྱུ་ལོ་ ་ རྒྱུ་ལོ་ལོ་ལོ་ལོ་
 Beside the roaring sea.
 རྒྱུ་ལོ་ ་ རྒྱུ་ལོ་ ་ རྒྱུ་ལོ་

A wind by night in Northern lands
 ་ རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་
 Arose, and loud it cried,
 རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་
 And drove the ship from elven-strands
 རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་
 Across the streaming tide.
 རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་

When dawn came dim the land was lost,
 རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་
 The mountains sinking grey
 ་ རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་
 Beyond the heaving waves that tossed
 རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་
 Their plumes of blinding spray.
 རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་

Amroth beheld the fading shore
 རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་
 Now low beyond the swell,
 རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་
 And cursed the faithless ship that bore
 རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་
 Him far from Nimrodel.
 རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་

Of old he was an Elven-king,
 ་ རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་
 A lord of tree and glen,
 ་ རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་
 When golden were the boughs in spring
 རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་
 In fair Lothlórien.
 རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་ ་ རྒྱུ་

From helm to sea they saw him leap,
 ከሃገር ላይ ያለውን ቅዳስ ስም
 As arrow from the string,
 እንደ አባቶች ልማት
 And dive into the water deep,
 በክብር ውስጥ ይሸጋገሩ
 As mew upon the wing.
 እንደ ማሽከር መሆናቸው

As arrow from the string,

And dive into the water deep,

As mew upon the wing.

The wind was in his flowing hair,
 ʃə ɪz ɪn ɪz fləʊɪŋ ˈheɪə,
 The foam about him shone;
 ʃə ɪz ɒb aʊt ɪm ʃəʊn
 Afar they saw him strong and fair
 əˈfa ˈteɪ səʊ ɪm strɒŋ ənd ˈfeɪə
 ʃə ˈhəʊ ˈlaɪk ɪz ˈsɪwən
 Go riding like a swan.
 ɡo ˈraɪdɪŋ laɪk ə swən :

[illegible]

ኦ ክፍለ ጥያቄ ለጠላት

ከ፻ ከሳ ሪ፻ ለ፻ ሪ፻፶፱ ሺ ሺ

ዋና ሃሳብ ፡ ፍጥነት ፡

But from the West has come no word,
 þarð bryðþar mǫr lǣt fram mænigra.
 And on the Hither Shore
 þær nā þar lánan clyf
 No tidings Elven-folk have heard
 fram rēþra cūl Cwian—beag læt ligra
 Of Amroth evermore.
 þa wylf hānawif:

ዶ/ር ካሪስታ ከሪየር ለኛ ጥሪ ጠቅሞታል፡

And on the Hither Shore

ገጽ ፳፻፲፱ ለክፍል ፳፻፲፱ ርዕስ

No tidings Elven-folk have heard

ကပ် ဂုဏ်တင် ဇီဝိတ်-ပေတုလေ လာရာ

Of Amroth evermore.

ቅ ጂኤ ክስጢጥ፡