

Howard Shore, Lothlorien

(Verse 1: Quenya)

A Olôrin i yresse
Mentaner i Nmeherui
Trien i Rômenôri
Maiaron i Oiosaila
Manan elye etevanne
Nôrie i melanelye?

(Verse 2 and 3: Sindarin)

Mithrandir, Mithrandir, A Randir Vithren
-reniathach i amar galen
I reniad In ne mr, nuithannen
In gwidh ristennin, i fae narchannen
I lach Anor ed ardhon gwannen
Calad veleg, ethuiannen.

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English Translations:

Olôrin, who once was...
Sent by the Lords of the West
To guard the lands of the East
Wiseest of all Maiar
What drove you to leave
That which you loved?

Mithrandir, Mithrandir, O Pilgrim Grey
No more will you wander the green fields of this earth
Your journey has ended in darkness.
The bonds but, the spirit broken
The Flame of Anor has left this World
A great light, has gone out.