



Ainur - From Ancient Times -



The Beginning of Days

Lyrics: Wilma Collo,
Music: Luca & Marco Catalano, Gianluca Castelli

Part I

In the primeval dark
tumult of unformed shapes
Subsiding in the harmony
of mountains, vales and capes
Shade flying before the light
of lamps shedding their rays
Confusion giving way
to the new rule of changeless days
Joy of the newborn world
waiting to sprout and grow
The cloud-capped tops of trees above
and rippling grass below
Upon the Isle of Almaren
the Earth was in its spring
The land of new-made green reposed
within its magic ring
Joy of the newborn world
waiting to sprout and grow
The cloud-capped tops of trees above
and rippling grass below
Upon the Isle of Almaren
the Earth was in its spring
The land of new-made green reposed
within its magic ring

Part II

Crossing the cosmic confines
Delving deep under Earth
First of all foes, gliding unseen
Rotting the lives of all living things
He came, the soul of poison
And killed the springs of light
Hurling seas and lands
Into the chaos of lasting night
Hurling seas and lands
Into the chaos of lasting night
Hurling seas and lands

Part III

A new abiding place
beyond the western Sea
Full flowering of things
that had begun to be
Home of the Deathless, land of bliss,
of pureness made anew
Music was in every leaf,
in every wind that blew
And a fresh song of power
arose from the green mound
Two shoots were seen, slender and green
emerging from the ground
They grew and blossomed, it is told
in the lost tales of yore,
And for the first time Arda saw
the Trees of Valinor
Falling from countless flowers,
A dew of silver gleam;
From the other one, glittering gold
Cascades of flame in sun-like rain
Smile of the Opening Hour
The flourishing of time
The unrepeated miracle
Of Aman in its prime