



# Ainur - From Ancient Times -



## The Fall of Gondolin

Lyrics: Wilma Collo,  
Music: G. Castelli, Luca & Marco Catalano

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### Part I - Tuor

Predestined to become the hope  
Of all in the drear time  
The time when feast changed into tears  
And grandness into slime  
He went to the forbidden gate  
Of Gondolin the great  
To warn the king against the doom  
Brought forth by pride and hate

Stranger from the Great Sea,  
From a far-off shore  
Where the rocks have voices  
and the waves are hoar,  
An obscure enigma,  
he will come at last  
Speaking the deep language  
of a buried past

The vigour of the human race  
Is gathered in his form  
And he sounds like the symphony  
Of waves after the storm

Stranger from the Great Sea,  
From a far-off shore  
Where the rocks have voices  
and the waves are hoar,  
An obscure enigma,  
he will come at last  
Speaking the deep language  
of a buried past

### Part II - The Secret city

Nobody knows  
What road will lead you there  
Tales of something  
That seems to be nowhere  
A cherished secret  
That the mountains screen  
A guarded treasure  
Never to be seen

In the valley the rivers sing  
Light-winged legend carried by the wind  
Fleeting flicker, immaterial sound  
Hidden city, when will you be found

The dazzling brightness  
Of marble and of gold  
Marvel of marvels  
So hard to behold  
End of the rainbow  
Dreamed of from afar  
Vanishing image  
Of a falling star

Hopeless memory of a long-loved thing  
Song of dead leaves floating in the wind  
Apparition of a haunting ghost  
Hidden city, found and lost



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### Part III - Song of Destruction

Attacking the unconscious city  
Invading it unawares  
They came over hills and ramparts  
They went up the vast, white stairs  
And that was a night of shrieking  
And summer changed into death  
A welter of black confusion  
The fierce blast of dragons' breath

Gondolin, Gondolin, proud and wondrous  
Treason has woken within your walls

No weapon could stop the slaughter  
No hand could avert the stroke  
The ruin of falling bulwarks  
The spirals of strangling smoke  
Distraction and desperation  
Enfolding the happy plain  
The jealously guarded kingdom  
Brought down by the ruthless bane

The end of the long illusion  
Catastrophe of the land  
Where centuries of seclusion  
Were useless against Hell's band  
The city beyond the mountains  
Collapsed like a tower of glass  
And ceased like the short-lived echo  
Of beautiful things that pass

And greedy ivy is all that grows now  
Among the rubble of tumbling halls

The lives of Elves and Men  
Entwined are in his destiny  
And in his eyes the wistful gaze  
Into infinity

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“And in the end the city fell.  
Its streets were filled with the might of  
Morgoth's monstrous creatures:  
wolves, Orcs and Balrogs wandered around,  
spreading fire and death.  
And in the very square of the King,  
Ecchelon of the Fountain engaged a deadly  
battle with Gothmog lord of Balrogs,  
where each killed the other.  
Then, by the pass called the Eagles' Cleft,  
the fugitives from Gondolin were ambushed by  
Orcs; and a Balrog was with them.  
They were only saved by the courage of  
Glorfindel the golden-haired,  
whose valour lives on in Elfish songs.”