

Leithian

An opera by Adam Klein
Libretto and Synopsis

Opera by Adam Klein. Based on THE SILMARILLION by J.R.R. Tolkien, © 1977 George Allen & Unwin (Publishers) Ltd.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

BEREN, son of Barahir, a Man	Tenor
LÚTHIEN, daughter of Thingol and Melian, part Elf, part Maia	Soprano
DAERON, Minstrel of Doriath, enamoured of Lúthien	Countertenor
THINGOL, King of Doriath, an Elf	Bass
MELIAN, Queen of Doriath, a Maia	Contralto
NARRATOR	Spoken
FINROD FELAGUND, Lord of Nargothrond, an Elf	Tenor
CELEGORM, son of Fëanor maker of the Silmarils, an Elf	Baritone
CURUFIN, son of Fëanor	Countertenor
EDRAHIL, an Elf of Nargothrond	Bass
SAURON, Chief Captain of Morgoth, a Maia	Baritone
HUAN, Hound of Valinor, a Maia in dog-form	Baritone
CARCHAROTH, Wolf of Angband, a Maia and huge wolf	Bass
MORGOTH, the Dark Lord, the Enemy, a Vala	Two Basses
MABLUNG, servant of Thingol, an Elf	Baritone
BELEG, servant of Thingol, an Elf	Mute role
MANDOS, Keeper of the Halls of the Dead, a Vala	Bass
DRAUGLUIN, Werewolf of Sauron's Isle	Baritone
THORONDOR, Lord of Eagles	Mute Role
DIOR, son of Beren and Lúthien	Boy Soprano
THE AINUR, FOREST NOISES, ECHOES, ELVES OF DORIATH AND NARGOTHROND, ORCS, SPIRITS IN THE HALLS OF MANDOS	SATB Chorus

Time: the First Age.

Place: Beleriand.

LIST OF SCENES AND INTERLUDES

Prologue: The Music of the Ainur- Orchestra and Chorus.

Scene 1: A Glade beside the River Esgalduin- Beren, Lúthien, Echo Chorus, Daeron.

Scene 2: In Menegroth- Chorus, Thingol, Lúthien, Beren, Melian.

Interlude: Beren travels to Nargothrond- Narrator.

Scene 3: The Halls of Nargothrond- Beren, Finrod, Celegorm, Curufin, Chorus, Edrahil.

Interlude: On the Way to Sauron's Aisle- Narrator.

Scene 4: Sauron's Chambers- Sauron, Finrod, Beren, (The Ten).

Scene 5: Nargothrond, in Lúthien's Prison Chamber- Lúthien, Huan.

Scene 6: The Dungeons of Sauron's Isle- Finrod, Beren, A Wolf, Lúthien offstage.

Scene 7: Sauron's Chambers; the Bridge outside the Tower; the Dungeon- Sauron, Draugluin, Lúthien, Chorus, Beren.

Scene 8: On the North Marches of Doriath- Beren, Lúthien, Celegorm, Curufin, (Huan).

Interlude: Beren Heads North- Narrator.

Scene 9: The Border of Anfauglith and Taur-nu-Fuin- Beren, Lúthien, Huan.

Scene 10: The Gate of Angband; Morgoth's Throne; the Gate- Carcharoth, Beren, Lúthien, Chorus, A Captive, Morgoth.

Interlude: Thorondor Bears Beren and Lúthien back to Doriath- Narrator.

Scene 11: In Menegroth- Thingol, Mablung, Chorus, Beren, Melian.

Scene 12: A Dark Valley in Doriath- Carcharoth, Huan, Mablung, Thingol, Beren.

Interlude: The Death of Beren- Narrator.

Scene 13: The Halls of Mandos- Chorus, Lúthien, Mandos, Beren.

Epilogue: Tol Galen- Beren, Lúthien, Dior, Huan.

Synopsis

I give here only a brief outline of the story. I strongly suggest that you read the *Silmarillion* at least up through the chapter of Beren and Lúthien, to be properly cognisant of the intricate workings of this history.

PROLOGUE

Eru the One, called by the Elves *Ilúvatar*, of his thought made the *Ainur*. He bade them make music before him. At first they only dimly understood each other's utterings, and sang only singly or in small groups. But gradually they began to make harmony with each other. Of them, *Melkor* was given a part of the understanding of all the other *Ainur*, and thus was most akin to Eru himself. But because of this he desired greatly to make things of his own, and from the first tried to sway the direction of the Music to his whim. In the development of each of the Three great Themes given the *Ainur* by Eru, *Melkor* put forth a theme he believed to be of his own devising, though all things derive from Eru. With the First Theme, he attracted a few *Ainur* to follow him, and the Music became as a great sea of discord around Eru. With the Second Theme *Melkor* and his followers for a time gained the upper hand. But the Third Theme, in which came the thought of the Children of Eru, could not be quenched, for whatever discord *Melkor* tried to sow was taken up in the playing of the Third Theme and changed into something greater than what had been before. Finally Eru caused the Music to stop, and gave Being to what had been heard, and invited any *Ainur* who so wished to enter at the beginning of Time and fashion *Eä* (the World) out of the music they had played. The final outcome of the war between *Melkor* (later called *Morgoth*- the Black Enemy), his followers and the other *Ainur*, was not known.

Those *Ainur* that entered into *Eä* are called the *Valar*, the Great Spirits; and the *Maiar*, their servants. They fashioned *Arda*, the Region, as the place where the Children of Eru (Elves and Men) would arise, what we call Earth. When the Elves came, the *Valar* gathered as many as would go to dwell with them in *Valinor*. Among the Elves called the *Noldor* was *Fëanor*, who made the *Silmarils* and caught in them the light of the Two Trees which gave light to *Arda*. Then *Ungoliant* poisoned the Trees and *Melkor* stole the *Silmarils* and fled to his fortress *Angband*, where he bound them in an iron crown. From the last drops of dew of each Tree the *Valar* made the Sun and Moon. *Fëanor* swore unending vengeance on *Melkor* and all who withheld the *Silmarils* from their rightful owner and all his sons, who swore with him. Thus came the *Noldor* back to Middle-Earth.

SCENE 1

In *Doriath*, in a glade beside the river *Esgalduin*, on an autumn evening, *Beren*, a Man, at last finding rest from his battles with the Servants of *Morgoth*, meets *Lúthien* (called *Tinúviel*- "Nightingale"- by *Beren*) and falls in love. *Daeron*, who was accompanying *Lúthien*, runs away in fear, and *Lúthien*, though she is drawn to *Beren*, also flees after a time. He chases her throughout the winter but cannot catch her. As Spring dawns, and she sings awake the flowers about her, he calls to her and she flees no more. (*Daeron*, enamoured of her, spies them and betrays them to her father King *Thingol* of *Doriath*.)

SCENE 2

In the Royal Hall of *Menegroth*, *Lúthien*, having forestalled her father's guards, brings *Beren* before the king as an honored guest. *Thingol*, in his wrath at this mere mortal for stealing his daughter's heart, but tempered by the advice of Queen *Melían*, who is of the *Maiar* (but has chosen the form of an Elf) and so knows somewhat of the future, names as brideprice for his daughter a *Silmaril* from *Morgoth's* Crown, thinking this an impossible task. *Beren* accepts the challenge.

SCENE 3

In *Nargothrond*, *Beren* asks the help of King *Finrod Felagund*, who swore an oath of friendship and aid to *Beren's* father. When *Finrod* tells his followers of *Beren's* quest, *Celegorm* and *Curufin*, two sons of *Fëanor*, who have gained much influence in *Nargothrond*, speak against him. All but ten side with them. *Finrod*, *Beren* and those ten Elves set out northward.

SCENE 4

At *Tol-in-Gaurhoth* (the Isle of Werewolves) *Sauron*, Chief Captain of *Morgoth*, has detained the Twelve, who through *Finrod's* arts have disguised themselves as Orcs, for questioning. *Finrod's* power is no match for *Sauron's* and at last they are revealed in their true forms. *Sauron* puts them into the Pit, intending to torture and kill them one at a time until one of them reveals the purpose of their journey.

SCENE 5

Lúthien, who managed to escape from the treehouse prison her father had put her in to stop her running after *Beren*, is now imprisoned by *Celegorm*, who has taken power in *Nargothrond*, and would marry her. She tells her troubles to *Huan*, the Hound of *Valinor*, currently serving *Celegorm*. Moved by her tale, he fetches her shadow-cloak and they go north in search of *Beren*.

SCENE 6

Beren and *Finrod* are the only ones left to be slain by *Sauron's* wolves. Fulfilling his oath *Finrod* breaks his bonds and slays the wolf that has come for *Beren*, but is himself mortally wounded. As *Beren* laments *Finrod's* death and his own seeming end, he hears, he thinks in delusion, *Lúthien* singing outside. He raises in answer a song of defiance against the Dark Lord (*Morgoth*).

SCENE 7

In his chambers, *Sauron* muses over the bravery of these Elves, how to make their leader (*Finrod*) confess, and the

presence of Lúthien down at the gate singing to Beren, and that all the wolves sent to retrieve her have been slain. When Draugluin, sire of all Angband's werewolves, announces dying that Huan is protecting her, Sauron decides to fetch her himself, thinking in his arrogance that he can be the greatest wolf ever to live, by whom Huan is doomed to be slain. At the Gate, Huan bests Sauron, and Lúthien extorts from him the mastery of the Tower. After she has caused the pits to open and all the prisoners have wandered away, but Beren has not emerged, she goes down and finds him, seemingly dead, collapsed upon Finrod. Her touch finally stirs him and they are reunited. Huan returns to his master Celegorm.

SCENE 8

On the north marches of Doriath, Beren, who wants to leave Lúthien in safety, argues with her, who will not leave his side. Up ride Celegorm and Curufin with Huan. The brothers try to kill Beren and take Lúthien, but Huan betrays his master and defends the lovers. Lúthien persuades Beren not to kill Curufin, but he takes his knife Angrist and his horse. As the brothers ride away together on Celegorm's horse, Curufin wounds Beren with an arrow. Lúthien heals him.

SCENE 9

Beren has stolen away from Lúthien as she slept. On the the border of Anfauglith (the Plain of Gasping Dust), which he must cross to reach Angband, Beren bids farewell to the lands of his home. But Lúthien, riding upon Huan, finds him, and Huan explains to Beren that Lúthien, bound to him by love, will die forsaken if he won't take her with him. Beren acquiesces, dons Draugluin's wolf-hide that Huan was wearing, and sets out toward Angband with Lúthien who is disguised (and flying) in the great bat Thuringwethil's hide. Huan returns south.

SCENE 10

At the Gates of Angband, Beren and Lúthien are stopped by the great wolf Carcharoth, raised by Morgoth to be the mightiest of his kind. Lúthien with her powers puts him to sleep and they descend to Morgoth's Hall, where Beren slinks unnoticed but Lúthien is discovered. She feigns service to Morgoth who lusts after her, but putting forth all her power makes the whole host and finally Morgoth fall asleep. She awakens Beren who cuts a Silmaril from the Crown, using Angrist. When he tries to free the other two, the knife snaps and the lovers flee in terror. At the Gate Carcharoth has revived. With Lúthien's power spent, Beren thrusts the Silmaril in the face of the wolf, thinking to frighten Carcharoth away with the holy radiance of the jewel, which flares to blinding brilliance in his hand. But Carcharoth, undaunted, bites off and swallows hand and jewel. The Silmaril burns so strongly inside Carcharoth that he flees in agony. As the Host of Morgoth awakens and comes after Beren and Lúthien, the great eagle Thorondor swoops down and bears them to safety. At last Beren is healed of the wolf's venomous bite.

INTERLUDE: The Flight of Thorondor.

SCENE 11

At the same time that Beren and Lúthien return to Menegroth, tell their tale and Thingol gives his daughter to Beren, Mablung brings news that a great wolf is wreaking havoc in Doriath. A hunting party is prepared, including Beren, Huan, Thingol and Mablung.

SCENE 12

Carcharoth is cornered in a brake, fights with Huan who slays him but is himself mortally wounded. In the fight, the wolf also mortally wounds Beren. Huan dies. Mablung cuts open the wolf's belly to find the Silmaril still in Beren's hand, which disappears as Mablung takes the jewel. Thingol bids him give it to Beren who, by then giving it to Thingol, achieves his quest.

INTERLUDE: The Death of Beren. Beren looks upon Lúthien ere he dies, and she bids him await her in the Halls of Mandos. Soon after, her spirit leaves her body and all Doriath mourn.

SCENE 13

The spirit of Lúthien pleads with Mandos, keeper of the Houses of the Dead in Valinor, not to let her and Beren be separated forever by the different fates of Elves (who are bound to Arda unto its end) and Men (whose spirits depart from Arda the Elves know not where), arguing that those joined in Love, which was a part of the Music of the Ainur, should not be so cruelly sundered. Mandos holds counsel with Manwë, Lord of the Valar, who ascertains that the will of Eru will not allow the Valar to withhold Death from Beren, since that is Eru's gift to Men. But Lúthien is given the choice of either leaving the Halls of Mandos and dwelling to the end of Time in Valinor, or becoming mortal as Beren is and returning to Middle-Earth with him to live again for a time until the death of Men comes naturally to them both. She chooses the latter. Huan is also granted True Death and accompanies them to Middle-Earth. (This fact is not in the published Silmarillion but is mentioned in one of the other posthumous publications.)

EPILOGUE

Beren and Lúthien have a son, Dior Thingol's Heir. They are seen with Huan at their home on Tol Galen.

LIBRETTO

PROLOGUE

NARRATOR (concert version): There was Eru, the One, who in Arda is called Ilúvatar, and he made first the Ainur, the Holy Ones, that were the offspring of this thought, and they were with him before aught else was made.

And he propounded to them themes of music, and they sang before him, and he was glad.

And Ilúvatar declared to them a mighty theme, and bade them make in harmony together a Great Music. Among the Ainur Melkor had been given the greatest gifts of power and knowledge, and had begun to conceive thoughts of his own, which he now wove into his music, and straightway discord arose about him. Some attuned their music to his, and about Ilúvatar swelled a sea of turbulent sound.

Then Ilúvatar arose, and he smiled, and a new theme began, like and yet unlike to the former. But the discord of Melkor contended with it, and the storm raged more violently than before, until many Ainur were dismayed and sang no longer, and Melkor had the mastery.

Then again Ilúvatar arose, and the Ainur perceived that his countenance was stern, and behold! amid the confusion arose a third theme, unlike the others, blended with an immeasurable sorrow. Though at first soft and sweet, it could not be quenched; and though Melkor's loud and vain music essayed with its violence to drown this new theme, it seemed that its most triumphant notes were taken by the other and woven into its own solemn pattern.

SCENE 1. *A glade beside the river Esgalduin. Summer evening before moonrise. Appropriate stars should be visible. Enter BEREN, gaunt with greying hair but not old.*

NARRATOR (concert version): Though all the lands about are overrun with Morgoth's servants, and the armies of the Eldar are broken, the enchantments woven around Doriath by Melian of the Maiar preserve a glimpse of the beauty of Beleriand of old. Now into this guarded realm comes a Man, a Mortal, 10 Beren son of Barahir, last of his house, staunch enemy of Morgoth, and a heavy doom is upon him. Fleeing Dorthônion where his father and companions were killed, and evading Sauron's grasp for four long years, he has at last wandered into the Hidden Kingdom, and Melian's unseen fence of bewilderment could not stay him.

BEREN: What land is this, so calm, so serene, so different from every place I have known? O my father, all my brave deeds avail not to avenge thy death. Would I were slain with thee! I have sought death in vain, I have sought death in vain, methought all Arda was at war. But here there is everywhere peace and life: is this the hidden kingdom of Doriath, guarded from the evils of Morgoth by the arts of Melian the Queen? But if so, how came I here? How have I passed her enchanted mazes, for Doriath is forbidden to those of mortal blood? *(Enter DAERON playing his flute, wearing a ferny crown.)* What music do I hear... *(Enter LÚTHIEN, raiment of sky-blue sewn with golden flowers, star-grey eyes, black hair, in her face a shining light. BEREN sees her)* Ha! *(BEREN hides. The Moon rises. It should get smaller as it ascends, as in Nature. LÚTHIEN dances to the flute for a time, then sings.)*

{ LÚTHIEN: Ir Ithil ammen Eruchin menel-vîr síla díriel si loth a galadh lasto dîn! A Hir Annûn Gilthônien, le linnon im Tinúviel!
FOREST(choing) : Ir Ithil ammen Eruchin menel-vîr síla díriel si loth a galadh lasto dîn! A Hir Annûn Gilthônien, le linnon im Tinúviel!

(The Moon halts its ascent.. BEREN is transfixed. He repeats, silently, "Tinúviel". It is heard in the orchestra. He is drawn out in the open and is seen by DAERON.)

{ DAERON: Flee, Lúthien! Ah Lúthien, go! An evil walks the wood! Away! Away!
FOREST(choing) : Flee, Lúthien! Ah Lúthien, go! An evil walks the wood! Away! Away!

NARRATOR (concert version): Daeron flees, but Lúthien lingers to gaze at this strange wayworn figure.

Curiosity gives way to unease, which in turn becomes fear, and she hurries away, with Beren stumbling after, calling silently "Tinúviel," the name emblazoned on his heart.

{ BEREN: (Ah)
LÚTHIEN: (Ah)

NARRATOR (concert version): Autumn passes into winter, and still he seeks her. Dawn and dusk, noon and night he wanders, but sees only leaves in the wind, hears only his own footsteps.

Far off through the icy air, he sees her dancing like a star upon a hill, but his limbs are bound as with a chain: he cannot move to chase her.

LÚTHIEN: Ah... Ah... Come Spring, sleep no more. Winter begone, your time is over. Flowers, grass, trees, birds, waters awake: it is time for growing, time for flowing. (*Flowers appear where her feet have passed.*)

FOREST(*echoing*): Ah... Ah... Come Spring, sleep no more. Winter begone, your time is over. Flowers, grass, trees, birds, waters awake: it is time for growing, time for flowing.

NARRATOR (concert version): Lúthien's song releases the bonds of Winter, and she dances; flowers spring from the ground where her feet have passed.

BEREN: Tinúviel! Tinúviel!

FOREST(*echoing*): Tinúviel! Tinúviel!

NARRATOR (concert version): Lúthien halts in wonder and flees no more – and embraces her doom.

(*LÚTHIEN slips from BEREN'S arms before daybreak. He lies in a swoon. She returns to him and often they wander together through Spring and Summer. DAERON betrays this to King THINGOL, who is enraged but finally promises LÚTHIEN that he will neither kill nor imprison BEREN, that she might reveal something of her story. He then sends servants to bring BEREN before him as a malefactor, but LÚTHIEN forestalls them and leads BEREN before the throne as an honored guest.*)

SCENE 2. *The Royal Hall of Menegroth. The birds of MELIAN are singing. Lights of day and starry night. The stone carved into trunks as of beeches. The gem-studded ceiling looks like leaves shining green from within on golden stems. Also golden lanterns, silver fountains, marble basins, floors of many-colored stones. Carved beasts on walls, trunks, branches. Hangings on walls with history of the Valar and other things written in Daeron's runes; fountains on the floors. THINGOL, with crown of green and silver, and MELIAN, on their thrones, a host in gleaming armor around them; nobles, ladies and servants.*

CHORUS: As Valinor across the Sea shines on in might and splendor,
So we shall grow in light and life though all Beleriand wither.

In Menegroth, in the Thousand Caves, in the Halls of Elu Thingol,
King of Doriath.

Outside our land reigns fear and death, for Morgoth is the ruler,
But by the gifts of Melian we live in peace forever.

In Menegroth, in the Thousand Caves, in the Halls of Elu Thingol,
King of Doriath.

(*LÚTHIEN leads BEREN into the Hall.*)

Now let us all rejoice in praise of Lúthien their daughter,
In whose beauty we have become the fairest of the Eldar.

In Menegroth, in the Thousand Caves, in the Halls of Elu Thingol,
King of Doriath.

(*They see Beren.*)

A Man! A Man!

(*BEREN looks at the King, and weapons surround him. MELIAN looks at him and he at her; his head drops.*)

THINGOL: Who are you, that come hither as a thief, and unbidden dare to approach my throne? (*BEREN filled with dread is silent.*)

LÚTHIEN: He is Beren, son of Barahir, Lord of Men, mighty foe of Morgoth, the tale of whose deeds is become a song even among the Elves-

THINGOL: Let him speak! What would you here, wild mortal? What has led your wandering feet hither, to beguile my daughter and walk my lands unasked and in secret? Can you show reason why you should not endure heavy punishment for your insolence and folly?

CHORUS: What will he say? What can he say? (*BEREN looks in LÚTHIEN'S eyes, then in MELIAN'S; fear leaves him and the pride of the House of Bëor returns to him.*)

BEREN: My fate, O King, led me hither, through perils such as few even of the Elves would dare. And here I have found what indeed I sought not, but finding I would possess forever. For it is above all gold and silver, and beyond all jewels. And neither rock nor steel nor fires of Morgoth nor all the powers of the Elf-Kingdoms shall keep me from the treasure I desire, for Lúthien is the fairest of all the Children of the World.

THINGOL: Death you have earned with those words, and death you should find suddenly, had I not sworn an oath in haste, of which I repent, baseborn mortal, who in the realm of Morgoth has learned to creep in secret, as his spies and thralls!

CHORUS: Oh harsh words, oh boiling blood! The Dark Lord's will works in our very halls!

BEREN: Death you can give me earned or unearned, but I will not take the names of baseborn, spy, or thrall. By this Ring, given by Felagund to Barahir my father, my House has not earned such names from any Elf, be he

king or no! (*He lifts the Ring of Felagund: twin serpents with emerald eyes, one holding a crown of golden flowers, the other devouring it: the badge of Finarfin and his house.*)

MELIAN: Forgo thy pride, O King, and hear my counsel: not by thee shall Beren be slain. Far and free does his fate lead him in the end; yet it is wound with thine. Take heed!

THINGOL: (*to himself, looking at LÚTHIEN*) Unhappy men, children of little lords and brief kings: shall such as these lay hands on Lúthien, and yet live? (*aloud to BEREN*) I see the Ring, son of Barahir, and I perceive that you are proud, and deem yourself mighty. But a father's deeds avail not to win the daughter of Thingol and Melian. See now! I too desire a treasure that is withheld. For rock and steel and the fires of Morgoth keep the jewel that I would possess against all the powers of the Elf-kingdoms. Yet you say that such bonds do not daunt you. Go your way therefore! Bring to me in your hand a Silmaril from Morgoth's Crown;

CHORUS: (*whispering*) A Silmaril! From Morgoth's Crown!

THINGOL: and then, if she will, Lúthien may set her hand in yours. Then shall you have my jewel; and though the fate of Arda lie within the Silmarils, yet you shall hold me generous.

BEREN: For little price do Elven-kings sell their daughters: for gems, and things made by craft. But if such be your will, I will perform it. When we meet again, my hand shall hold a Silmaril from the Iron Crown; you have not looked the last upon Beren son of Barahir. (*looks at MELIAN, then long at LÚTHIEN*) Tinúviel, farewell, I shall return for thee. (*Bows to King and Queen, puts aside the guards behind him, exits alone.*)
LÚTHIEN *sinks in tears.*)

CHORUS: Surely he walks to his death, but bravely so!
See Lúthien:

MELIAN: O King, thou hast devised cunning counsel! But if my eyes have not lost their sight, it is ill for thee, whether Beren fail or succeed in this task: thou hast doomed either thy daughter or thyself. And Doriath is now drawn within the fate of a greater realm.

CHORUS: How she weeps! How her tears burn us all! The peace of Doriath shall be no more; we are drawn under the shadow of Morgoth's hand.

THINGOL: I sell not to Elves or Men those whom I love and cherish above all treasure! And if there were hope or fear that Beren should come ever back alive to Menegroth, he should not have looked again upon the light of day.

INTERLUDE: BEREN travels to Nargothrond.

NARRATOR: Beren passes through Doriath unhindered, coming at length to the Twilight Meres and the Fens of Sirion. Climbing the hills above the Falls of Sirion, he looks westward; far in the distance, past Talath Dirnen, the Guarded Plain, he sees the highlands of Taur-en-Faroth, the Hills of the Hunters, the land of Nargothrond where dwells King Finrod Felagund, whose Ring Beren now wears. Being destitute, and without hope or counsel, he turns his feet thither. Before long, aware that he is being watched by the Elves of Nargothrond, and in dire peril from their arrows as he crosses Talath Dirnen, he holds aloft the Ring, crying aloud, "I am Beren son of Barahir, friend of Felagund. Take me to the King!" He is taken alive to the Hidden Halls. Finrod needs not the Ring to recognize Men of the House of Bëor and the kin of Barahir. Behind closed doors, Beren tells his tale and Finrod knows in his heart that the oath he swore to Barahir in the Fen of Serech has come upon him for his death.

SCENE 3. *The Halls of Nargothrond. FINROD's private chambers. BEREN and FINROD Felagund are in conversation.*

BEREN: And thus, O King, have I come to your Halls. Will you now honor your oath to my father, and aid me in my hopeless quest?

FINROD: (*after some thought*) It is plain that Thingol desires your death, but this doom goes beyond his purpose. For the Silmarils are cursed with an oath of hatred, the Oath of Fëanor, and he that even names them in desire moves a great power from slumber. The Sons of Fëanor would lay all the Elf-kingdoms in ruin rather than suffer any other than themselves to possess a Silmaril. And now two of them dwell in my Halls; and though I am King, Celegorm and Curufin hold much power in the realm. They have shown me friendship in every need, but I fear they will show you neither love nor mercy, if your Quest be told. Yet my own oath holds; and thus are we all ensnared. Let us go. (*to servants*) Summon all to the Throne Room! (*The People of Nargothrond assemble before King FINROD Felagund.*)

CHORUS: As our lord has commanded, we have gathered here. (*Half*) What means this meeting? (*Half*) It surely concerns that strange man, (*Half*) Beren? (*All*) lately arrived from the east.

FINROD: My people, I bid you recall the deeds of Barahir, who in the Battle of Sudden Flame rescued me from death in the Fen of Serech.

CHORUS: Barahir of the house of Bëor?

FINROD: There I swore an oath of friendship and aid in every need to him and all his kin, and gave him my Ring, which now you see upon the hand of Beren his son.

CHORUS: His son!

He calls me now to honor my oath and aid him in his quest, which is... which is to recover and render as brideprice to King Thingol... a Silmaril from the Iron Crown.

CHORUS: (*variously*) A Silmaril! From the Iron Crown!

CELEGORM: Hear me, O Elves of Nargothrond! (*drawing his sword*) Be he friend or foe, Elf, Man or demon of Morgoth, or any other living thing in Arda, neither law nor love nor league of hell nor might of the Valar nor any power of wizardry shall defend him from the pursuing hate of the Sons of Fëanor, if he take or find a Silmaril and keep it. For the Silmarils we alone claim until the World ends.

CURUFIN: If with this .. Man, ye dare undertake such madness, ye will surely have war in Nargothrond, pools of blood on your marble floors; yea even in Doriath will none be spared. For we alone hold right to the Silmarils until the world ends.

CHORUS (*except the Ten*) : This quest is folly and will doom us all! Finrod is no Vala to command us! We will take no part in this mad errand! Felagund is king no more if he persist!

CHORUS (*only the Ten*) : How dare these brothers slander the name of our lord? How can so many be swayed by such lies? We will not stand by and let our King be ridiculed thus, alone among his own people.

CELEGORM and CURUFIN: We shall send Finrod to his death and Nargothrond shall be ours. How can such a quest succeed where all of the might of the Elf-kingdoms has failed? And are we not the eldest line of the Noldor; is not power here as elsewhere ours by right?

FINROD: (*casting his crown at his feet*) Your oaths of faith to me ye may break, but my bond I must hold! Yet if there be any on whom the shadow of our Curse has not yet fallen, I should find a few to follow me, and not go hence as a beggar thrust from the gates. (*The Ten step forward.*)

EDRAHIL: (*picks up the crown*) O King, choose one as steward until you return, for you remain my king, and theirs, whatever betide.

FINROD: Orodreth my brother, thou shalt have this crown until my return. (*Exeunt one side BEREN, FINROD, the Ten companions; then other side CELEGORM, and CURUFIN, smiling.*)

NARRATOR: On an autumn evening Beren, Finrod and the Ten set out north from Nargothrond. Beneath Ered Wethrin, the Mountains of Shadow, they slay a company of sleeping Orcs, and by the arts of Felagund they take on the forms and faces of their victims. Thus disguised, they journey far unhindered, but in the western pass between Ered Wethrin and Taur-nu-Fuin Sauron captures them, being in doubt due to their haste and not reporting their deeds to him as they pass.

SCENE 4. *Sauron's chambers, on Tol-in-Gaurhoth, the Isle of Werewolves.*

SAURON: You twelve Orcs behave strangely, not reporting to me, as is commanded of all servants of the Dark Lord who pass this isle. But now you are here; make your report. Where have you been? What have you seen?

FINROD: (*disguising his voice*) We are come out of Beleriand; fire and flowing blood we saw. Thirty we killed and threw their bodies in a dark pit, where now ravens sit and owls cry.

SAURON: Then tell me, what news from the southlands? Did you fare into the realm of Nargothrond? Who reigns there now?

FINROD: We but walked its borders. Felagund as ever is king there.

SAURON: Then you heard not that he is gone, and Celegorm holds the throne?

FINROD: That is not true! If he is gone, then Orodreth his brother holds the throne.

SAURON: Sharp ears indeed you must have, to hear so swiftly tidings of realms you entered not! What are your names? Who is the leader of this band?

FINROD: Dungalef I am called; this is Nereb and ten warriors beside. We are on an errand of need and haste to Angband-

SAURON: Not so fast! I would hear of Doriath! Is it true that Daeron's insipid flute no longer shrieks in dreary old Neldoreth? They say even Lúthien the Fair is tongue-tied and dances no more. Ha ha!... (*BEREN glares at him.*) What a grim look, Nereb! What troubles you? Are you not glad that a shadow falls on outlaw Thingol's woods? Whom do you serve, Light or Darkness? Come, Orcs of Morgoth, repeat your vows! Death to Light, to Law, to Love! Cursèd be Moon and Stars above! May Everlasting Darkness old that waits outside in surges cold drown Manwë, Varda and the Sun! May all in hatred be begun, and all in evil ended be, upon the Earth, in Air and Sea!

BEREN: Who is Sauron to hinder work that must be done? We serve him not, nor owe him obeisance, and now we would go!

SAURON: (*laughing*) Patience! You may soon leave. But first I shall sing you a song. (*chants*)
The shattered shield, the spell unmade! Disguises revealed, trust betrayed!

Uncovered purpose, open mind, Secrets laid bare, the truth to find!

FINROD: (*chants*) The armor like a mountainside, No flame or spike can pierce the hide!

Trust unshaken, broken the trap, Prison doors open, shackles snap!

SAURON: Chains are unyielding, snares hold fast! Against my will no spell can last!
 FINROD: Strength unbounded and shifting shape! Spell unbroken, freedom, escape!
 FINROD: Freedom, escape! Freedom, escape!

In forests far the birds fly free, Singing their songs from rock and tree!

Singing of Life, singing of Love, Singing to Moon and Stars above!

The Sea still sighs on western sands, Casting its waves on Undying Lands-

SAURON: Where kin slew kin and sea ran red, A curse was laid upon your heads,

And far from noble is your plan To govern over mortal lands

Where Melkor reigns in might supreme! In vain the Noldor plot and scheme

to overthrow the rightful Lord Of Arda. Neither spear nor sword

Nor strength of mind can help your cause, For Balrog-whips and Werewolf-jaws

Are master over Elven-song Which in this land does not belong!

The game is won, magic undone, disguise begone!

(FINROD falls to the ground. They are returned to their true forms.) Eleven Elves and a Man. Who are you, and to what end did you take these shapes and try to steal your way northward? *(Silence.)* Very well, into the pit with them! I shall slay you, cruelly, each in turn, until one of you betrays the truth to me. *(They are removed from the chamber.)*

SCENE 5. *Nargothrond, in the prison chamber of LÚTHIEN. HUAN sitting by her.*

NARRATOR (concert version): Having learned from her mother of Beren's capture, and knowing that no one else will attempt a rescue, Lúthien escapes her father's house arrest and sets out alone to save him. Orodreth's stewardship means nothing: the sons of Fëanor hold sway over all the Elves of Nargothrond. Sauron sends wolves into the Elf-lands and Celegorm and Curufin go out to hunt them with Huan the Hound of Valinor, who finds Lúthien while his masters are at rest. They feign pity and pretend to offer Lúthien assistance, and so bring her to Nargothrond, only to hold her captive while they send word and suit to her father the King of Doriath. Night upon day she sits in despair, with Huan at her feet.

LÚTHIEN: This evil son of Fëanor would have me as bride! My father would send an army to my rescue ere he gave his daughter to one so base. Alas that Nargothrond should be thus ensnared, and perhaps ended! Oh, Huan, Huan! Swiftest and boldest hound that ever trod these mortal lands, what madness holds thy lords that they heed not my cries? Oh, oh, that they will not swiftly lead a host against Sauron to save my beloved and King Finrod? This oath of Fëanor has become one of Morgoth's greatest weapons, turning us upon each other, who should be as one against the might of the North. If only I could regain my cloak from them, my cloak of shadow with which I escaped my father's treehouse prison, I might leave this place, and- *(HUAN rises to leave.)* Huan! Whither goest thou? Do not leave me, friend! *(HUAN leaves)* Ah Beren, Beren, how now shalt thou be saved? For none save the child of Melian takes thought of thee, most valiant foe of Morgoth, and friend to all creatures free and good in the world. And here sit I, prisoner, prisoner of my own kin! Ah, ah, ah, Beren, Beren, how now shalt thou be saved? How now shalt thou be, how now, how now shalt thou, shalt thou be saved?*(HUAN reënters, drops the Cloak of Shadow at her feet.)* Huan, what means this? My cloak!

HUAN: Lady beloved-

LÚTHIEN: You speak!

HUAN: Lady beloved, whom all Men, all Elves and all things clad in fur or feather should serve and love, arise! Don your cloak! By secret ways we shall fly from Nargothrond, and in the North seek your beloved. You shall ride upon my back even as Orcs upon their wolf-steeds, and ere dawn we shall be leagues away, for I am swift and tireless. Let us go; there is no time to spare.

LÚTHIEN: Ah my friend, truly wert thou born in Valinor! *(Hugs him, puts on the cloak, gets on his back. No fat sopranos please. Exeunt.)*

NARRATOR (concert version): Huan bears Lúthien away, and swiftly they pass northward over Talath Dirnen. Crossing the River Teiglin they steal through the Forest of Brethil and come nigh Ered Wethrin where Beren, Finrod and their companions slew the Orc-company. They travel on to Minas Tirith, the watch-tower upon the Isle of Werewolves, Tol-in-Gaurhoth that was once Tol Sirion, where Sauron holds their quarry captive, killing them one by one until now only two are left alive.

SCENE 6. *A pit in the castle of Tol-in-Gaurhoth, in which lie Beren and Finrod. The Ten have all been slain.*

FINROD: The wolf comes next for you.

BEREN: Then let him take me! I am of little account.

FINROD: I must keep my oath.

BEREN: I release you from it!

FINROD: You cannot.

BEREN: I would you were never thus bound! Cursed be oaths and promises! They bring naught but misery. But how shall you keep your oath? These shackles are forged of solid steel.

FINROD: Yet to my oath I am sworn even to death. (*The werewolf comes for Beren, but FINROD puts forth all his power, breaks his bonds and slays the werewolf.*) Ngyaaaah! Ah!

WOLF: Ah!

FINROD: Ah! Ah!

WOLF: Aaah! (*dies*)

FINROD: (*but is himself mortally wounded.*) I go now to my long rest in the Timeless Halls beyond the seas and the Mountains of Aman. Long will it be ere I am seen again among the Noldor, and it may be that we will not meet a second time in death or in life, for apart lie the fates of our kindreds. Farewell.. fare..well... (*Dies.*)

BEREN: Farewell, true friend! Soon will be my time. Cursed be my quest, that such a king should die! Ah, Tinúviel, I shall not bring thy father his ransom, I shall never again look on thee. Ah Tinúviel, the one ray of hope, the one happiness in my life.

LÚTHIEN: (*Offstage*) Beren, Beren, I am come for thee. Ah... Beren, Beren, for thy love I am come, to aid thee in thy quest. Ah, ah... Beren, Beren, hear me now and be glad.

BEREN: Now I hear thy voice! I dream, or I am mad. I see the stars shining above me, I hear nightingales singing in the trees! Sweet perfume of spring flowers! The Seven Stars! The Sickle of the Valar burns in the North! (*Sings aloud.*)

Oh quake, thou Dark Lord on thy throne, thou knowest thy end is near!

While the Seven Stars hang over thee thy power cannot long endure!

The Valar shall come out of the West, no evil against them shall stand,

Thy armies all shall wither and die, and vanish like dust in the sand!

Cast out shalt thou be from Arda's sphere, never shalt thou return,

Thy servants all shall quake and fall, thy kingdom of hate shall burn!

(*Collapses upon Finrod.*)

SCENE 7. Sauron's chambers.

LÚTHIEN: (*offstage*) Beren, Beren, ah, fear not, fear not, our love cannot be conquered! Ah, ah, ah, Beren, Beren, take heart, take heart! Draw thy strength, draw thy courage from my song! Ah, ah, ah, Ah, ah, Beren, Beren, hear my song! Ah, ah, ah, ah... (*Pauses.*)

SAURON: (*over Lúthien's song*) Ah, little Lúthien! What brings the foolish fly to the web unsought? Who is this Beren whom she seeks? Not the son of Barahir, surely: he is mortal; he could not have passed the Girdle of Melian. But why would an Elf take a Man's name? No matter: for such a jewel as Lúthien, the Master will richly reward me— when she is caught: all the wolves I have sent to fetch her hither have been slain, how I cannot fathom. Yet no matter: now Draugluin has gone out, the sire of all the werewolves of Angband, mighty and fierce; he shall surely bring her to me. My captives have told me nothing, though most have been slain: their loyalty is admirable! But I have kept their leader for last; the Man will have been slain by now. If the death of his comrades will not loosen his tongue, perhaps a few years hanging from the cliffs of Thangorodrim, like his kin Maedhros, will persuade him to..(*DRAUGLUIN enters in the throes of death.*) What! Draugluin!

Thou bringest not the maid? Thou, Draugluin?

DRAUGLUIN: Huan is there! (*Dies.*)

SAURON: Huan! The Hound of Valinor, who shall not die but by the jaws of the mightiest wolf ever to roam the lands of Arda. Poor Draugluin, thou wert not the mightiest. But surely I could be! There is no power greater than

!SAURON: mine save that of the Master! HA ha ha haaa ha haa! Very soon now Huan shall be no more, and Lúthien shall be mine! (*Chants*)

LÚTHIEN: Ah (*sings the Third Theme*) , ah, ah, ah. Ah, ah, ah, ah

Form of a werewolf, teeth and jaws! Poison fangs, ripping claws! (*Takes the shape of a werewolf..*)

NARRATOR (concert version): Sauron, now in the shape of a huge, hideous, ravenous wolf, descends from his tower to win the passage of the bridge and seize his lissom-limbed prize.

SCENE 7a. Beside the bridge outside the castle. Dead wolves all around.

LÚTHIEN: Ah, Beren, Beren, why dost thou answer no more? Ah, Beren, Beren, dost thou hear me no longer? Ah, ah, ah, ah.

NARRATOR (concert version): Out of the shadows creeps Wolf-Sauron, approaching in such horror that Lúthien stays her song and Huan leaps aside. The ghastly shape with menacing eyes and foul breath springs upon the maid, who swooning casts a fold of her shadow-cloak before his eyes. Sauron stumbles in a fleeting drowsiness. Huan springs upon him and back and forth they grapple, now falling, now rising. Suddenly Huan throws and pins his foe, who shifts his shape from wolf to snake, from monster to his own accustomed form, but the great hound's grasp cannot be broken.

LÚTHIEN: You shall be stripped of your raiment of flesh, and your ghost be sent quaking back to Morgoth, and there everlastingly shall your naked self endure the torment of his scorn, unless you yield to me the mastery of the Tower!

SAURON: (*gasping*) I... yield... I... yield...

LÚTHIEN: What do you yield?

SAURON: ...the...mastery...of...the...Tower. (*LÚTHIEN assumes mastery of the Tower.*)

LÚTHIEN: Release him, Huan. (*HUAN releases SAURON, who instantly changes into the form of a vampire and flies away dripping blood on the trees. LÚTHIEN stands on the bridge*) Hear me, all within this Tower! Ended is the reign of evil! I, Lúthien, now mistress of this isle, command that the Gates be thrown down, the walls opened, the pits laid bare! Arise in freedom!

NARRATOR The spell that bound stone to stone is loosed, and the pits are laid bare, and thralls and captives that had long been imprisoned there wander out, shielding their eyes against the moonlight.

THRALLS AND CAPTIVES: (*wandering out, shielding their eyes against the pale moonlight*) O joy, o joy to be free! Free! To see again the light of the Moon and Stars! O joy to live once more! O joy to be free! O joy to be free! To see again the light of the Moon, the Moon and Stars, the Moon and

{ Stars! To breathe fresh air, to feel the grass beneath our feet! Streams and hills and valleys! O joy to live once more!

LÚTHIEN: (*after a while*) But Beren comes not. How comes he not? Come, Huan, let us find him! (*Exeunt*)

SCENE 7b. *The pit. Enter LÚTHIEN and HUAN, finding BEREN still lying by FINROD, unheededful.*

LÚTHIEN: What do I see? Am I too late? Oh Beren, Beren, I did not escape the prisons of my father and the sons of Fëanor to find thee dead! Was it not thy voice I heard from outside the Gates, singing loud and clear? Thou canst not leave me now! Thou canst not leave me now! Oh Beren, Beren, Beren! Oh! Oh, oh, oh, ah, ah, ah, ah! (*Collapses upon him, arms around him, and falls into a deep forgetfulness. BEREN is aroused by her touch.*)

BEREN: Tinúviel! Tinúviel! Ah, my love, my life! (*He lifts her up. The new light of dawn shines upon them..*)

{	LÚTHIEN: Beren? Beren! Ah, I thought thee slain!	Ah, my love!
	BEREN: My love!	Ah, it was thee I heard!
{	Ah! Beren, Beren, ah, ah, my love! My life! Ah, ah, ah! Ah, ah, ah!	
	thee more! Tinúviel, Tinúviel, ah, ah, my love! My life! Ah, ah, ah! Ah, ah, ah!	
{	My life, my love, ah, Beren, Beren! My love! Ah, ah, ah.	Ah (<i>to end</i>)
	My life, My love, my life! Tinúviel, my love, ah, ah.	Ah (<i>to end</i>)

(*HUAN returns to his master in Nargothrond.*)

SCENE 8. *Somewhere on the north marches of Doriath.*

NARRATOR (concert version): Having buried the body of King Finrod on the hilltop of Tol Sirion, Beren and Lúthien travel free through the woods, renewing for a time their joy. Winter hurts them not, for flowers linger where Lúthien has trod, and the birds sing beneath snow-clad hills. But now, as they wander through the Forest of Brethil and come nigh to her father's kingdom, Beren's vow can not be ignored.

BEREN: Tinúviel.

LÚTHIEN: Yes, my love?

BEREN: Alas, we can stay together no longer!

LÚTHIEN: What sayest thou?

BEREN: I must keep my oath to thy father, and may not return to his Hall without a Silmaril in my hand. Ah, all oaths are for the breaking of the heart! I must set forth once more, alone, now that thou art returned to the safety of Doriath.

LÚTHIEN: No, I shall not again be parted from thee! Is not our love a bond stronger than any oath ever sworn?

Nay, if thou wilt here forsake my hand, then I shall not return home, but follow thy feet against thy will!

BEREN: I cannot bring thee under the shadow of Morgoth's halls! Compared to that dreadful place Sauron's Isle were a mere unpleasant thought!

LÚTHIEN: Whithersoever thy feet lead thee, I shall go!

BEREN: My love I pray thee-

LÚTHIEN: Speak to me no more of separation-(*CELEGORM and CURUFIN ride up with HUAN. They are hunting.*)

CELEGORM: Look, brother, is it not Beren the Brave and Lúthien the Fair, the very sources of our shame and misfortune?

CURUFIN: Yes, brother! Those by whose deeds we have been banished from Nargothrond! What seest thou in this Man that is not found in us Princes of the Noldor?

CELEGORM: And what of your Quest, mortal fool? I see no shining jewel here! Are you returning the Princess to Menegroth and admitting defeat? Or do you plan to skulk about in the shadows the rest of your short life, hiding Lúthien from those who rightly deserve to have her?

CURUFIN: Let us right some wrongs, dear brother!

CELEGORM: Let us right some wrongs!

NARRATOR (concert version): Celegorm tries to run Beren down, while Curufin lifts Lúthien to his saddle. Beren leaps away from Celegorm, full upon Curufin's horse, knocks him to the ground and throttles him. Celegorm aims a spear at Beren, but Huan springs, causing Celegorm's horse to swerve away and not approach.

CELEGORM: A curse upon this horse, and upon you, faithless hound!

CURUFIN: (*as BEREN throttles him*) ...ah ...ah ...ah

LÚTHIEN: Forbear thy anger, my love! Spill no blood here! We have foes enough without war amongst ourselves as well. I pray thee make peace!

BEREN: Very well, but at least we may render him less dangerous. (*Takes his gear and weapons, holds up the knife Angrist.*)

NARRATOR (concert version): Beren strips Curufin of his gear and weapons. He holds up a knife and examines it.

BEREN: What marvelous tool is this?

CURUFIN: Angrist it is called, wrought in Nogrod by Telchar the Dwarf-smith. It will cleave iron as if it were green wood.

BEREN: Then let it rejoice in new service against the Black Enemy. Now, Elf, I bid you walk back to your noble kinsfolk; may they teach you to turn your valor to better use. Your horse I keep for the service of Lúthien, and may it be accounted happy to be free of such a master.

CELEGORM: The wrath of the Sons of Fëanor shall find you yet! I curse you under sun and stars, I curse you from rising unto sleep!

CURUFIN: Go hence unto a swift and bitter death!

NARRATOR (concert version): Curufin gets on Celegorm's horse and they feign to ride away. Beren turns his back, and Curufin fires an arrow at Lúthien, which Huan catches in his mouth. Another shot, and Beren springs before Lúthien and catches it full in the shoulder. Huan chases the brothers away, forsaking their service at last.

NARRATOR: Huan finds herbs in the forest and brings them to Lúthien, who staunches Beren's wound and by her arts and love heals him. But once they are safely inside Doriath, Beren slips from Lúthien's side as she sleeps, and rides north to meet the challenge of his doom.

SCENE 9. *On the border between Anfauglith, a desert with dunes and wind blowing, and Taur-nu-Fuin, a pine-spruce forest. The mountains called Thangorodrim in the distance.*

BEREN: (*Rides in on CURUFIN's horse, dismounts.*) Good steed, farewell. Run now back to the vale of Sirion, to sweet waters and long green grass about thy feet. (*The horse hesitates.*) Go now! I can ask no living thing to come with me on this final road.

NARRATOR (concert version): The horse reluctantly retraces its steps, and Beren is left alone at the edge between the lands he has known and the great gasping dusty expanse of Anfauglith. Seeing no escape from the path that lies before him, he sings aloud a song of parting, caring not what ear might overhear him.

BEREN: Farewell, ye trees tall and proud,
 Ye flowers and grasses that watch the seasons change,
 Ye streams murmuring over stone, and meres standing alone and silent.
 Farewell now mountain, vale and plain,
 Wind and rain, frost and mist and cloud,
 Ye stars and moon that ever look upon the earth,
 And Heaven's deep expanse whither no echo comes
 Of those who under the shadow of the north do weep and choke and die.
 Farewell, sweet earth and northern sky,
 Forever blest, since here did dance and sing
 Under Sun and Moon and silver Stars

Lúthien Tinúviel, more fair than ever mortal tongue can tell.

Were Arda brought to ruin and hurled unmade into the old abyss,

Yet were its creation good, that Lúthien, Lúthien for a time should be.

(Pause. He holds up Angrist toward Thangorodrim.) Accursed Lord of Darkness, thou shalt yet taste the wrath of the West!

NARRATOR (concert version): Beren slowly begins to make his way down the hills toward Thangorodrim.

LÚTHIEN: *(offstage)* Ah Beren, Beren, fearless and proud,

BEREN: Tinúviel?

LÚTHIEN: Do not yet say farewell to me!

Not thus do Elves forsake the love they hold forever. *(Enters in the disguise of the vampire Thuringwethil, with HUAN in the skin of DRAUGLUIN.)*

BEREN: But I see two evil shapes approaching!

LÚTHIEN: My love is a power as great as thine

To shake the Gate and Tower of Death

With a challenge weak and frail that yet endures

BEREN: Surely with this trickery the Dark Lord tries to ensnare me! *(HUAN and LÚTHIEN cast aside their disguises. LÚTHIEN runs toward BEREN.)*

LÚTHIEN: And would not yield were it held beneath the roots of the world.

BEREN: Tinúviel!

LÚTHIEN: Beloved fool to seek escape from such pursuit, to trust not in might so weak, thinking to save from love thy beloved, who welcomes grave and torment sooner than in guard of kind intent to languish, unable to aid him for whose support her love, her love was made!

BEREN: Methought 'twere some sorcery of Morgoth.

LÚTHIEN: Only with these disguises could we traverse this land unhindered.

BEREN: *(after a silence)* Thrice now I curse my oath to Thingol; I would that he had slain me in Menegroth, rather than I should bring thee hither.

HUAN: From the shadow of death you can no longer save Lúthien, for by her love she is now subject to it. If you will not break your vow, then Lúthien must either forsaken die alone, or by your side challenge the fate that lies ahead- hopeless, yet not certain. Further counsel I cannot give, nor further with you may I go. But my heart forebodes that what you find at the Gate I myself shall see. All else is dark to my eyes, yet perchance our three paths shall lead back to Doriath, and meet before the end. *(He proffers DRAUGLUIN's hame to BEREN who takes it.)*

NARRATOR (concert version): He gives Beren the hame of Draugluin as a disguise.

BEREN: *(after a long pause)* So be it. *(He and LÚTHIEN assume disguises)*

NARRATOR (concert version): They don their ghastly costumes.

BEREN: AAAAAUUUUUU! *(howling as he leaps down the hill.)*

NARRATOR (concert version): Down the hill he leaps and loafs, with her fluttering above him, setting their course toward the jagged peaks on the horizon.

SCENE 10. *Gate of Angband. Black chasms beside the road, put there by Grond, MORGOTH'S hammer, from which rise wisps as of serpents writhing. Cliffs left and right upon which sit croaking vultures. At center is the Gate, a wide dark arch under a 1000-foot precipice. CARCHAROTH at the Gate halts BEREN and LÚTHIEN and approaches with menace.*

NARRATOR (concert version): After a long and weary journey across the barren, trackless waste of Anfauglith, Beren and Lúthien reach the drear dale where stands the impregnable Gate of Angband. Black chasms lie scattered about, left by Grond, Morgoth's Hammer, during his battle with Fingolfin. Carrion-fowl adorn the cliffs on either side. Guarding the gate is a werewolf of unfathomable size, Carcharoth, the Red Maw, raised by Morgoth himself.

CARCHAROTH: Hail Draugluin, lord of my kindred! What rare fortune brings you here alive, whom it is rumored was slain by Huan at Sauron's Isle? Come nearer, if Draugluin you be, that I may know more of this tale.

BEREN: Who are you to bar my way, upstart whelp? I come in haste to the Master with new tidings from Sauron who haunts the forests. Stand aside or swiftly go and announce my coming!

CARCHAROTH: *(rising and moving aside)* Enter. *(They begin to pass him, LÚTHIEN hiding behind BEREN.)* Stay! What slinks beside you as if to hide from me? I know not this vampire. What sneaking errand brings you to the King, you winged vermin? Small matter, I think, if you enter or stay, or if I crush you like a fly! *(Approaches LÚTHIEN, scenting her fragrance)* Such sweet scent never flowed from such a form! What are you?

NARRATOR (concert version): Beren steps between them.

{ CARCHAROTH: Aaaarrrrrrrrrhhh! *(sung with the French "r")*

BEREN: Aaaaarrrrrrrrhhhh! (*sung with the French "r"*)

LÚTHIEN: (*throws off her disguise, lifts up her hand*) Sleep, tortured spirit! Fall into dark dreams and for one brief hour forget the dreadful doom of life!

NARRATOR (concert version): Lúthien swings her shadow-cloak over the wolf's eyes and he falls as if struck by lightning. Elf and Man now pass through the Gate and down the labyrinthine stair. (*BEREN and LÚTHIEN descend through Angband. Troll-statues mark every turn. Distant cries of captives in pain are heard, also hammers.*) At last they come to the Seat of Morgoth in his nethermost hall, upheld by horror, lit by fire, filled with weapons of death and torment.

SCENE 10a. *In the nethermost Hall, there is harsh hoarse laughing, firelight reflected off black walls and floors. Pillars with carved serpents, smoke covering the ceiling. Around MORGOTH, who sits on his throne, are ORCS armored in black; a few doomed CAPTIVES gasp upon the floor. Nearest MORGOTH are the BALROGS with fiery manes, red hands, huge fangs. WOLVES crouched at heel. The SILMARILS shine faintly over all from MORGOTH's crown.*

ORCS: (*variously*) Kick him again! Ha ha! Bring the whip! Get the hot irons! Burn the truth from him!

CAPTIVE: Aaaaaah! (*dies.*)

ORCS: (*variously*) He's dead. What a weakling! Ha ha! Ha ha! Ha ha ha ha ha! All right, all right, bring the next one in! (*BEREN slinks in unnoticed, LÚTHIEN flies in and flutters about the pillars. The laughter dies; the host of Orcs cower beneath her shadow.*) Look! Thuringwethil! Impossible! Thuringwethil is dead! Yet there she flits!

MORGOTH: Shadow descend! Do not think to cheat my eyes! None may defy my will. Descend, foolish, frail bat-shaped thing, yet not bat within, ere my anger blast you down! (*Slowly LÚTHIEN descends and droops before the throne. As MORGOTH bends his gaze on her, BEREN crawls under his throne.*)

LÚTHIEN: A lawful errand has brought me here, tidings I bear from Sauron in Taur-nu-Fuin.

MORGOTH: Your name, shrieking waif, your name!

LÚTHIEN: Thuringwethil am I, who cast a shadow over the moon in shivering Beleriand.

ORCS: See? Thuringwethil it is!

MORGOTH: Liar! Think you to weave deceit before the eyes of the Dark Lord? Leave your false raiment and stand revealed as you truly are! (*Slowly the bat-shape falls away.*)

NARRATOR (concert version): The bat-fell falls away, and Lúthien is revealed.

LÚTHIEN: (*raising her arms*) Ah (*singing*), sleep, ah, dream long, long and deep, Ah, ah sleep, sleep, ah... (*continuing through Morgoth's next lines; the Orcs, Balrogs and Wolves become drowsy.*)

ORCS: See? A disguise! What is that? Why is it here? Why is my head so heavy? (*yawn*)

MORGOTH: So, Lúthien!

ORCS: Lúthien!

MORGOTH: A liar like all Elves and Men! Yet welcome to my hall! What news of Thingol in his hole? What fresh folly is in his mind that he cannot keep his daughter from straying thus? Or has he no better counsel for his spies?

LÚTHIEN: (*staying her song*) Thingol sent me not, nor knows what road his daughter has taken. Yet every path must at last lead northward, and here of need I come, before your throne I humbly bow, and offer my service in dance and song, for Lúthien knows many ways to soothe the hearts of kings.

MORGOTH: Here of need you shall stay, in joy or in pain.

ORCS: Ha ha!

MORGOTH: Yes, you shall share in our fate of woe and travail! Why should I spare your frail body from breaking torment? Of what use to me is your babbling song and foolish laughter?

ORCS: Crush her where she stands! Chop her up and feed her to Carcharoth! Ha ha! Ha ha ha! Whip her! Boil her! Burn her alive!

MORGOTH: (*after a pause*) Yet I will give you a brief respite, a little while to live, a pretty toy for idle hours. Sing, for a time! Here we seldom find such beauty amid our long labors. I will listen and better consider your final fate.

{ LÚTHIEN: Ah, ah, Great is the Kingdom of Melkor. Ah, ah, He rules all Arda, his power has no equal. Ah, ah, all beings great and small bow to his will

MORGOTH: Such cruel beauty! In slothful gardens the cursed Valar taste and caress many a fragrant flower, ere crushing the soft cool tissue beneath their feet! Ah, eternal hunger, blinding thirst's unending fire, for a moment cease, as I take this tender morsel, to savor and defile! (*reaches for LÚTHIEN.*)

LÚTHIEN: (*eludes his grasp, and again taking up her wings flies about, singing*) Ah, ah! Darkness reigns throughout the land! Ah, ah, shadows fall upon thy throne. Sleep, sleep deep and long, rest from care, sleep, sleep, all Arda is yours. (*The host and lastly Morgoth fall asleep. The fiery glow dies out in MORGOTH's lidless eyes.*)

NARRATOR (concert version): The fiery glow grows dim in Morgoth's lidless eyes.

LÚTHIEN: Ah...! (*Fires die out in the hall.*)

NARRATOR (concert version): The fires lighting the Hall die out.

LÚTHIEN: Ah...! (*The Silmarils blaze forth and Morgoth's head nods.*)

NARRATOR (concert version): As Morgoth nods, the Silmarils blaze forth.

LÚTHIEN: Ah, Ah... (*Her voice is like rain dropping into pools, profound and dark.*) Dream now, dark as the outer Void where once you walked alone. Ah, Ah, Ah... (*MORGOTH falls over, the crown rolls off his head.*) Beren! Beren! Awake! Take the jewel! Beren-- ah... (*Sinks shivering, her power spent.*)

NARRATOR (concert version): Awakened by her hand, Beren casts aside his disguise, and tries to free a Silmaril from the crown.

BEREN: (*roused by LÚTHIEN's hand, casts aside his disguise and tries in vain to move the Crown, tries in vain to pull a Silmaril out by hand.*) It will not budge! (*Suddenly remembers Angrist and pulls it out*) Ah! Come, Angrist, now prove thy maker's skill, and cut this holy jewel from its accursed prison!

NARRATOR (concert version): He cuts a Silmaril free, and holds it in his hand, through which it shines.

BEREN: Why not go beyond my vow and free all three of them? Now, Angrist, for the liberation of Arda! (*Tries to cut out another, but the blade snaps, a shard from it hitting MORGOTH on the cheek.*)

NARRATOR (concert version): The knife snaps.

MORGOTH: Ah (*groaning and, with the entire host, stirring in sleep.*)

ORCS: Ah

BEREN: Tinúviel! (*BEREN and LÚTHIEN, struck with terror, flee the Hall heedless and without disguise.*)

NARRATOR (concert version): Back up the endless stairs they flee, heedless and without disguise, desiring only to see the light once more.

SCENE 10b. *The Gates of Angband. Carcharoth is awake. BEREN and LÚTHIEN approach.*

NARRATOR (concert version): At last they reach the Gate, but their escape is not unopposed: Carcharoth has arisen from his slumber.

CARCHAROTH: Rrrrrrrrrrrrr! (*sung with the French "r"*)

LÚTHIEN: Beren, I am spent! I have not the strength to quell the beast again!

BEREN: (*holding aloft the Silmaril*) Get you gone and fly, for here is a fire that will consume you and all evil things! (*Thrusts the jewel before the eyes of the wolf. CARCHAROTH looks upon the jewel and is not daunted.*)

CARCHAROTH: aaaaArrr! (*bites off the hand holding the Silmaril and swallows it.*)

BEREN: Ahhhh... (*Faints in pain. Pause. The Silmaril begins to burn the wolf.*)

LÚTHIEN: Ah!

NARRATOR (concert version): He swallows Beren's hand, and immediately the jewel starts to burn him.

CARCHAROTH: AAAAAAaaaaa!!

HILL ECHO: AAAAAAaaaaa!! (*howling, CARCHAROTH flees before them: the jewel is burning him from within. LÚTHIEN sucks the poison from BEREN's wound and puts forth her failing power to staunch it.*)

ORCS (*within*) : A Silmaril has been taken! Kill the thief! To arms! To arms!

(*THORONDOR and other Eagles swoop down and bear BEREN and LÚTHIEN away southward as Orcs and Balrogs appear at the Gate. Fire and smoke burst forth from Thangorodrim.*)

NARRATOR (concert version): Above the wall of the valley, three mighty birds appear. They swoop swiftly down and bear Beren and Lúthien aloft, into the clouds.

INTERLUDE: *The Flight of Thorondor. The Eagles bear them away, over Gondolin, back to Doriath.*

NARRATOR: Fire and smoke belch forth from Thangorodrim, and flaming bolts are hurled far abroad, falling ruinous upon the lands; the Noldor in Hithlum tremble. But the path of Thorondor is far above the earth, where the Sun daylong shines unveiled and the Moon walks amid the cloudless Stars. Thus they pass swiftly over the waste of Anfauglith, and come above the hidden valley of Tumladen. No cloud nor mist lie there, and looking down Lúthien can see far below, like a white light starting from a green jewel, the radiance of Gondolin the fair, where dwells Turgon with his host. Beren sees nothing, and Lúthien weeps, fearing for his life. At last the Eagles set them down upon the borders of Doriath, even in that same dell whence Beren had set out northward in despair and left Lúthien asleep. There the eagles lay her at Beren's side, and return to their eyries atop the Mountains of Shadow south of Gondolin. Huan comes to her, and together they tend Beren, whose wound is fell and poisonous. Long he lies, his spirit wandering upon the dark borders of death, but suddenly, when Lúthien's hope is almost spent, he awakens; it is Spring again.

SCENE 11. *The Halls of Menegroth.*

THINGOL: Why do my messengers tarry so long? Surely Celegorm and Curufin will obey my summons for aid in finding my daughter, or they have not a shred of honor left in them!

MELIAN: Yet from the horrors of the North few ever return, even of the brave knights of King Thingol.

Remember it was thou in thy rage who began this hopeless adventure: thou didst set this wheel turning; blame not the Sons of Fëanor, reprehensible though they be, for the consequences of thine own foolish pride! (*Enter Mablung, out of breath.*)

THINGOL: Mablung, at last you return. What is wrong? Where are the others?

MABLUNG: My lord, on the northern borders walks a peril such as I have never known: a wolf of such size and strength and fury that nothing withstands its approach. It has broken through the Girdle of Enchantment and now wreaks terror in the forests on the banks of Esgalduin. I alone of all the messengers escaped its fatal wrath and have hardly returned hither; the beast comes daily nearer to Menegroth-

CHORUS: Lúthien! Lúthien! Lúthien and Beren have come out of the west! O joy, o joy, our Star has returned! O joy, our land shall be dark no more! Lúthien our Star has returned! (*Enter BEREN, LÚTHIEN, and HUAN.*)

BEREN: (*leads LÚTHIEN before the Throne and kneels.*) I return according to my word. I am come to claim my own.

THINGOL: What of your quest, and your vow?

BEREN: It is fulfilled. Even now a Silmaril is in my hand.

THINGOL: Show it to me!

BEREN: (*holds out his left hand, slowly opening the fingers. It is empty, and he raises his right arm.*) From this hour I name myself Beren the Empty-handed. In the hand that was once upon this arm lies a Silmaril, buried in the belly of a wolf. It was bitten off as we fled from Angband, where I cut the holy jewel from Morgoth's Crown while he slept.

MELIAN: But the Dark Lord sleeps never. How came you even nigh his throne, let alone caused him to sleep?

BEREN: Disguised as a wolf, I stole into the Hall while Lúthien sang a song of such power that the whole host of Morgoth fell into slumber.

THINGOL: Beren; you are a man unlike all others, and I deem you among the great in Arda. And my daughter's love for you is a thing new and strange in my sight. I see now that your doom may not be withstood by any power of the world. Therefore I yield my will, and give to you my daughter Lúthien, fairest of all the children of Ilúvatar. (*BEREN takes the hand of LÚTHIEN before her father's throne.*)

CHORUS: O wondrous day when Elf weds Man; From such a union may we see
That though in fate apart we stand Yet kindred we shall ever be.

MABLUNG: Lord, it is with grief that I must remind you of the severity of our danger! This great wolf draws hourly nearer and must be overthrown, or all Doriath will be laid waste!

THINGOL: And he is driven by the power of a Silmaril; who can withstand his rage?

BEREN: And my quest is not yet fulfilled.

MABLUNG: It may be that together we can vanquish the beast.

THINGOL: It is our only hope. Prepare we now a hunting-party, and make haste! (*Exeunt THINGOL, BEREN, MABLUNG, BELEG and HUAN. A shadow of dread falls upon LÚTHIEN.*)

SCENE 12. *The Battle of HUAN and CARCHAROTH. A dark valley, down the northern side of which the river Esgalduin falls in a torrent over steep falls. At the foot of the Falls CARCHAROTH drinks to ease his consuming thirst and pain.*

NARRATOR (concert version): And so begins the Hunting of the Wolf, of all pursuits of beasts that tales tell the most perilous. On this hunt go Huan the Hound of Valinor, Mablung Heavy-Hand, Beleg Strongbow, Beren Erchamion, and Thingol King of Doriath, leaving Lúthien behind at the Gates of Menegroth. In a dark valley into which the river Esgalduin tumbles in steep falls, Carcharoth drinks the sweet water to ease his consuming thirst and pain.

CARCHAROTH: Aaauuu! (*Hearing the approach of the Hunting-party he slips into a deep brake and lies hid. The Party enters and sets a guard all about the place. After a while HUAN becoming impatient leaves BEREN's side unnoticed and enters the brake.*)

NARRATOR (concert version): Hearing the Hunters' approach, rather than rush to the attack, his devil's cunning bids him hide in a deep brake and await them. Cautiously the Company approach the pool, and set a guard about the brake. Having grown impatient to see this wolf, Huan has left Beren's side unnoticed and slipped into the thicket alone to dislodge him.

BEREN: Huan?

MABLUNG: Where is he? (*CARCHAROTH bursts out of the thorns and leaps at THINGOL. BEREN swiftly strides before him with a spear, but CARCHAROTH sweeps it aside and bites Beren in the chest. HUAN now leaps on the back of the wolf and they roll fighting into the bushes. THINGOL kneels by BEREN, heeding not the howling and baying nor the falling rocks, due to the clamor, that choke the falls.*)

NARRATOR (concert version) Suddenly the wolf erupts from the brake and charges Thingol. Beren strides between them, but the wolf fells him, biting his chest.

CARCHAROTH: (wolf noise, biting Beren)

BEREN: Ahh...!

NARRATOR (concert version) Huan overtakes Carcharoth, and they fight bitterly. Thingol rushes to Beren's side as the two great beasts battle to the death.

THINGOL: Beren! Beren!

CARCHAROTH AND HUAN: (sounds of canine battle: growls, yelps, barks, howls)

(*At length CARCHAROTH howls his last, but HUAN mortally wounded staggers out of the bushes and collapses by BEREN .*)

NARRATOR (concert version): The wolf is dead, but Huan has been wounded with the venom of Morgoth.

HUAN: My doom is fulfilled. Farewell, Beren son of Barahir...

NARRATOR (concert version): BEREN speaks not, but lays his hand on HUAN's head, and the hound dies. Mablung and Beleg approach, and seeing what has happened cast aside their spears and weep. Then Mablung goes to see the remains of the fell beast of Angband.

(*Then MABLUNG takes a knife, rips open the belly of the wolf, and sees the hand still holding the Silmaril. He reaches out to touch it, but the hand disappears and the Silmaril blazes forth. He brings it to THINGOL .*)

NARRATOR (concert version): Mablung returns to Thingol's side with a shining jewel in his hand.

MABLUNG: Lord, I have cut open the wolf, and within he was wellnigh consumed as with a fire, but the hand of Beren that yet held the Silmaril was incorrupt. But when I reached out to touch it, the hand was no more, and the jewel shone forth full and bright.

THINGOL: Put the Silmaril in Beren's living hand. (*Mablung does so*)

BEREN: (*aroused by the jewel's touch, holding it aloft, proffering it to the King, who takes it*) Now is the Quest achieved, and my doom full-wrought. (*Collapses. They carry him away slowly.*)

NARRATOR (concert version): Beren son of Barahir gives the holy jewel of Fëanor to King Elu Thingol of Doriath, and speaks no more.

INTERLUDE: *The Death of Beren.*

NARRATOR: Beren is borne back to Menegroth upon a bier of branches with Huan at his side. At the feet of the great Beech-tree Hírilorn they meet Lúthien, and she sets her arms around Beren, and kisses him, and bids him await her beyond the Western Sea; and he looks upon her eyes ere his spirit departs. Thus ends the Quest for the Silmaril, but the tale of Leithian, Release from Bondage, does not end. For the spirit of Beren tarries in the Halls of Mandos, even as Lúthien had bidden, unwilling to leave the world until Lúthien comes to say her last farewell upon the dim shores of the Outer Sea, whence Men that die set out never to return. And the spirit of Lúthien falls down into darkness, and at last flees her body, which then lies like a flower that is suddenly cut off and remains a while unwithered on the grass. And upon Thingol falls a winter, as it were the hoar age of mortal Men. And though he, alone of the Eldar, possesses one of the three great jewels of Fëanor, it cheers him not.

SCENE 13. *The Halls of Mandos.*

{ FINROD, BEREN, HUAN: Ah (*variously*)

{ SPIRITS: Here we await the End of Time When all shall be as one,
When all shall sing unending praise To Eru on his throne.

When Elves and Men shall meet again In Music fair and strong,

And understand each other's fate And place within the Song.

Our bodies have been lost to Death, Our spirits yet remain

Within the shadowed Halls of Mandos, Keeper of the Slain.

LÚTHIEN: Mandos! Mandos! Hear my song! and have pity for me and for Beren the Man whom I love.

(*MANDOS slowly comes forth.*)

{ SPIRITS: Ah

{ LÚTHIEN: Great is the sorrow of the Eldar, who are bound to Arda unto its end, for they must watch all beauty wither away. Great is the grief of Men, who are bound to leave Arda and never return, for they have not time enough to know its wonders. Great are the Two Kindreds made by Ilúvatar to dwell in the Kingdom of Earth, yet one is not free to leave, the other not free to remain. But Love also was in the Music of the Ainur, and Love binds one to another without heed to race or doom. In Love is seen the power of Eru working through his Children: How could he mean so to hurt them by sundering forever those who through Love have restored some small wholeness to the World?

MANDOS: Beren, come forth! (*the spirit of BEREN comes forth.*) (*to both*) Your plight has moved me to pity as none other since the beginning of Time. But I have not the power to hold the spirits of Men beyond their time of waiting; nor can I change the fates of the Children of Eru. Therefore I shall seek the word of Manwë Lord of the Valar, in whose inmost thought the will of Eru is revealed. (*Exit .*)

BEREN AND LÚTHIEN: Oh to be with thee once more! Once more ere the end! Would I had been of your kind, and the World at peace. But oh to be with thee! I ask for nothing more.

MANDOS: (*reënters*) Lúthien, Eru the One grants you a choice. Because of your labors and your sorrow, you shall be released from my Halls and may go to Valmar, there to dwell unto the World's End among the Valar, forgetting perhaps the griefs that your life has known. Thither Beren cannot come, for it is not permitted to the Valar to withhold Death from him, which is the Gift of Eru to Men. Or, you may return to Middle-earth and take Beren with you, there to dwell again, but without certitude of life or joy. Then you shall become mortal, subject to a second death, even as he; and ere long you will leave the Earth forever, and your beauty become only a memory in song.

SPIRITS, including FINROD and HUAN: Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

LÚTHIEN: The latter doom I choose, if my beloved agree.

BEREN: Yes, yes, so that whatever betide, our fates shall be joined,

LÚTHIEN and BEREN: and our paths shall lead together beyond the confines of the World.

MANDOS: So be it. And if you wish, Huan may join you.

BEREN: So be it. (*The spirits of BEREN, LÚTHIEN and HUAN depart for Middle-Earth.*)

SCENE 14. *Tol Galen, an island of Ossiriand, surrounded by the waters of the stream Adurant. BEREN and LÚTHIEN now have a son, DIOR, Heir of THINGOL. HUAN is with them, granted the same fate of True Death by Manwë. The waters of Adurant rush by, green grow the grass and trees.*

NARRATOR: It is said that Beren and Lúthien returned to the northern lands of Middle-earth, and dwelt for a time as living Man and Woman, in Ossiriand, on Tol Galen, the Green Isle amid the rushing waters of Adurant. And with them went Huan the Hound of Valinor, granted the fate of True Death by Manwë for the love he bore his chosen masters. They raised a son, Dior, Thingol's heir, of threefold race, Elf, Man and Maia, from whom sprang lines of Elves and Men that have endured down the long ages, though all the World is changed.

BEREN, LÚTHIEN, DIOR and HUAN: Ah (*variously*)

CHORUS: Ah

END

Third revision complete April 26, 1989, Silver Spring MD

Revised to Scene 7 Aug. 21 1990 Indianapolis IN

Revised to end February 1991, Milwaukee WI

Scenes 8-10 revised and Notes on Performance added Nov. 6 1991, Milwaukee WI

Scenes 10-13 revised during composition, amended 2/20/92, Indianapolis and 6/92, Indianola IA

Corrections and revisions made 11/5/93, New York City

More corrections, revisions, and concert version narrator lines added 7/25/"2006", Toronto ON

More narrator lines added from the score 5/14/"2007" Charleston SC