

## Helm's Deep

Howard Shore

Hwær cwóm helm? Hwaer cwóm byrne?  
Hwær cwóm feax flówende? HD  
Hwær cwóm hand on hearpestreng?  
Hwær cwóm scir fýr scinende?

Héo dréag ðá losinga.  
Earla ðinga ðe héo forléas.

Heo naefre wacode degred  
To bisig mid degeweorcum  
Ac oft heo wacode sunnanwanung  
Donne nihtciele creap geond moras  
And on paere hwile  
Heo dreag pa losinga  
Earla pinga pe heo forleas.  
Heo swa oft dreag hire sawle sincende  
Heo ne cupe hire heortan lust.

'She never watched the morning rising,  
Too busy with the day's first chores,  
But oft she would watch the sun's fading,  
As the cold of night crept across the moors.  
And in that moment  
She felt the loss  
Of everything that had been missed.  
So used to feeling the spirit sink,  
She had not felt her own heart's wish.'