

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.'