

# The Uruk-Hai

Howard Shore

nur  
ru(a)  
sú(re)

[...groans...  
...wind...]

Ai! Laurië lantar lassi súrinen,  
Yéni únótimë...

[Ah! like gold fall the leaves in the wind,  
Long years numberless...]

nen  
Yé(ni) ú(nó)timë ve rámar aldaron!  
Yéni ve lintë yuldar avánier  
mi oromardi lissë-miruvór

[Long years numberless as the wings of trees!  
The long years have passed like swift draughts  
of the sweet mead in lofty halls]

Namárië!  
Nai...  
Nai hiruvalyë Valimar!  
Nama

[Farewell!  
Maybe...  
Maybe thou shalt find Valimar!]

Et Eärello Endoreнна utúlien.  
Sinome maruvan ar Hildin(yar)

[Out of the Great Sea to Middle-Earth I am come  
In this place I will abide, and my heirs]