

Howard Shore "Helm's Deep"

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Hwǣfǣ|r cwǣfǣ³m helm? Hwaer cwǣfǣ³m byrne?
Hwǣfǣ|r cwǣfǣ³m feax flǣfǣ³wende? HD
Hwǣfǣ|r cwǣfǣ³m hand on hearpestrengē?
Hwǣfǣ|r cwǣfǣ³m scir fǣfǣ½r scinende?

Hǣfǣ©o drǣfǣ©ag ǣfǣ°ǣfǣi losinga
Earla ǣfǣ°inga ǣfǣ°e hǣfǣ©o forlǣfǣ©as

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

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