

Soundtracks

"The Missing"

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Hǎ©o naefre wacode dǎ!grǎ©d
Tǎ³ bisig mid dǎ!geweorcum
Ac oft hǎ©o wacode sunnanwanung
ǎ□onne nihtciele crǎ©ap geond mǎ³ras
And on ǎ°aere hwile
Hǎ©o drǎ©ag ǎ°ǎi losinga
Earla ǎ°inga ǎ°e hǎ©o forlǎ©as.
Hǎ©o swǎi oft drǎ©ag hire sǎiwle sincende
Hǎ©o ne cǎ°ǎ°e 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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