

Valery Larbaud

"Rohirrim"

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Rohirrim

[M/L:Ivan. V]

Fly and take the light of the sunrise
Over the top of the hills.
Ride till the twilight come to us
Never rest, never retreat and never loose.
Hard as iron ; valiant stong and noble like a horse
Cause on a shaddle I was born

Listen to the horn
Calling us to war;
Answer the horn call.

Ride across the hills,
Share out the wind
With the Rohirrim riders.
Fight all day and night
This the life
Of the Rohirrim riders.

One with my clan snd one with my horse
The fury of my sword
That will fall over my enemies heads.
Feel the thunderstep of the defenders of The Mark,
The wall of spears when we attack
And the power of the braves.

Listen to the horn
Calling us to war.
Listen to the horn call
Warlike is my blood, thick and heavy
I can feel it flowing through my veins.
In my throat a battle hymn, in my hand a sword of steel
That my enemy will taste : all of them have sealed their
fate
On the battlefield they 'll die.
Here comes the earthquake. The ground will shake
With the charge of the Rohirrim riders.

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