

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]