

# Howard Shore, The Fallen (Theoden Grives For His Son)

Words by Philipa Boyens,  
translated into Old English (Rohirric) by David Salo,  
music by Howard Shore

Old English (Rohirric)

H laered hine rdan  
And wealdan mce  
And standan fst  
And fond ne forhtian.  
N h sceal leornian  
t hearde s&#039;ocute;;  
H raerede his cnapa  
Of cilde t&#039;ocute; menn  
t h his da geso.

S fond ws simble mid heom.  
S fond ne reccede ege.  
&#039;He taught him to ride,  
To wield a sword.  
To stand strong

And show his enemy no fear.  
Now he must learn  
The hard truth:  
That he had brought his boy  
From childhood.  
So that he might face his death  
Like a man.

The enemy was always with them.  
The enemy did not care about fear.