

Howard Shore, The King Of The Golden Hall

He laered hine ridan
And wealdan mece
And standan f?st
And feond ne forhtian.
Nu he sceal leornian
??t hearde so?:
He raerede his cnapa
Of cilde to menn
??t he his dea? geseo.

Se feond w?s simble mid heom.
Se feond ne reccede ege.

'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.'