

Howard Shore, Treebeard

Naur vi eryn,
lanc i dalaf.
Mathach vi geven?
Nostach vi 'wilith?
Mab le i nagor,
Bad gurth vi ngalad firiél.
Dorthach vi mar han?
Dagrathach go hain?

'The woods are burning,
the ground lies bare.
Do you feel it in the earth?
Can you smell it in the air?
The war is upon you,
Death moves in the fading light.
Are you part of this world?
Will you join their fight?'

Word-for-word translation:

'Fire in forest,
naked [is] the ground.
Feel-you [it] in earth?
Smell-you [it] in air?
Takes you [or you are taken by] the war,
Goes death in light fading.
Dwell-you in land this?
Will-make-war-you with them?'