

SON OF GLOOM



He came in the wan year of lamentation,
Dispossessed inheritor of his lot
Somberness and grimness upon his features,
He was just a pawn in the crazy plot

To the King of Doriath a child to foster,
In the Hidden Kingdom a grievous sight
For his face was marked with the seal of sorrow
And his dawn was under the shade of night

*Son without a father, from the Land of Shadows
Chilly gusts of winter over summer meadows,
Banished from the garden where white lilies bloom
Only scarlet flowers for the son of gloom*

Long days spent away on the windy marches
Warring against enemies in the wild,
He became the ireful, stone-hard avenger
Who could not forgive when he was reviled
Pitiless in poisoning his own life

*Hero without blessing, ruler without power
Tale whose words are bitter, man whose soul is sour
Victim of perdition, youth that could not bloom,
Only blood-red flowers for the son of gloom*

BELEG'S SONG



“Son of Men, impenetrable mind
Far-off world that cannot be defined,
Swart reflection of a wandering flame
Running wild, renouncing your true name

*Against the wasting weapons of murderous hands
Against the shafts of anger like fiery brands
I will be there to shield you
whatever you do*

With my bow that does not know defeat
With the sword that all the Elves shall greet
With my life I'm ready to defend
You, the one I've chosen as my friend”