

SCENE 4 Sauron's chambers, on Tol-in-Gaurhoth, the Isle of Werewolves.

1 *Largo.*

1 *Largo.* *tempo libero* ~ 50

bassoon *cello* *oboe* *contrabassoon*

6 *violin* *bass clar.* *cello* *bassoon* *contrabassoon* *8vb*

mp *mf*

13 SAURON *mf* 6 6 3 3

You twelve Orcs behave strangely, not reporting to me, as is com-mand-ed of all serv-ants of the Dark Lord who pass this isle. But now you

pp *strings* *p*

(8vb)⁻¹

17 are here; make your report. Where have you been? What have you seen?

mp *mf* *f* *p* *saxophone* 3

22 FINROD *disguising his voice* *mp* 3 3

We are come out of Be-ler-i-and; fire and flowing blood we saw.

col canto *8vb*

25 *mf* 3 *mp* *mf*

Fi 8 Thir-ty we killed and threw their bodies in a dark pit, where now rav-ens sit and owls cry. *mf*

Sa 4 Then tell me, what news from the

strings *p*

29 *p* 3

Fi 8 We but walked its

Sa 4 south lands? Did you fare in-to the realm of Nargothrond? Who reigns there now?

horn contrabassoon

34 *f* 3 *f* 3 *Andante.* ♩ = 66 *mf*

Fi 8 bord-ers. Fe-la-gund as ev-er is king there. *f* 3

Sa 4 Then you heard not that he is gone, and Cel-e-gorm holds the throne?

strings *tempo preciso* *mf* trombone

37 *f* 3 *f* 3

Fi 8 That is not true! If he is gone, then Or - od-reth his broth-er holds the throne. *f* 3

Sa 4 Sharp ears in - deed you must have, to hear so

cresc. aboe *f*

41

Sa *3* swift - ly tid-ings of realms you en-tered not! *3* What are your names? Who is the lead-er of this band?

strings

p bones (knock on piano or tongue smack)

46

Fi Dun-ga-lef I am called; *Lento.*

strings

pp = 60 cello
bassoon
contrabassoon
bass viol

rit.

51

Fi this is Ner - eb and ten war-ri-ors be-side. We are on an er-rand of need and haste to Ang-band-

Sa

p *mp accel.* *mf*

ff

Not so fast!

(8vb) *loco*

54

Sa I would hear of Dor - i-ath! Is it true that Dae-ron's in-sip-id flute no longer

winds *ff* *Andante.*

violin *f* *mf* cello

sim.

58

Sa shrieks in drear-y old Nel-dor-eth? They say ev-en Lú-thi-en the Fair is tongue-tied and

mf

fff

mf

sim.

62

Sa danc-es no more. Ha ha! BEREN glares at him. What a grim look, Nereb! What troubles you? Are you not

f

fff winds

fff horn

mf

sim.

66

Sa glad that a shadow falls on out - law Thingol's woods? Whom do you serve, Light or Dark-ness?

cresc.

70

Sa

clarinet

winds

subito ppp

p

mp

fff Come, Orcs of Mor-goth,

fff tempo preciso

8vb

74

Sa re-peat your vows! *Agitato.* $\text{♩} = 72$ *f* Death to Light, to Law, to Love!

tempo preciso *mf* *viola saxophone* *sim.*

78

Sa Curs - ed be Moon and Stars above! May Ev - er - last - ing Dark - ness old that

81

Sa waits out - side in surg - es cold drown Man - wē, Var - da and the Sun! May all in hat - red be begun, and

sim.

84

Be *BEREN* *fff* Who is

Sa all in ev - il end - ed be, up - on the Earth, in Air and Sea!

ff

87

Be Saur-on to hin - der work that must be done? We serve him not, nor owe him o - bei - sance,

tutti

3

91

Be *8* and now we would go!

Sa *8* laughing *ff* *mf* *3* Pa - tience! You may soon leave. But first I shall sing you a song.

95

Sa *8* He chants *mf* The shattered shield, the spell un - made! Dis - guis - es re-vealed, trust be-trayed!

p bones (knock on piano or tongue smack)

8vb *sim.*

99

Fi *8* **FINROD** He chants *mf* *cresc. al % (m. 109)* The armor like a mountainside, No flame or spike can pierce the hide!

Sa Uncovered pur-pose, op-en mind, Secrets laid bare, the truth to find!

bassoon *cresc. al % (m. 109)* *loco* *timpani*

8vb

103

Fi *8* Trust un-shak-en, broken the trap, Prison doors open, shackles snap! Strength unbounded and shifting shape! Spell un - broken, freedom, escape!

Sa Chains are unyielding, snares hold fast! A - gainst my will no spell can last, no

ff *sempre*

107

Fi Freedom, es-cape! Freedom, es-cape! In for-ests far the birds fly free,

Sa

spell can last!

trumpet

horn

ff

mandolin

sim.

110

Fi Singing their songs from rock and tree! Sing-ing of Life, sing-ing of Love, Sing-ing to Moon and Stars a-bove! The

Sa

113

Fi Sea still sighs on western sands, Casting its waves on Un - dy-ing Lands—

Sa

Where kin slew kin and sea ran red, A

sim.

8va

116

Sa curse was laid up-on your heads, And far from no-ble is your plan To govern ov - er mortal lands Where

8va

sempre legato

119

Sa

Mel - kor reigns in might supremel In vain the Nol - dor plot and scheme to

(*8va*)

loco

sim.

122

Sa

ov - er - throw the right-ful Lord Of Ar - da. Neither spear nor sword Nor strength of mind can help your cause, For

(nigh-ther)

mp cresc. al % (m. 131)

mp cresc. al % (m. 131)

sim.

125

Sa

Bal - rog-whips and Werewolf-jaws Are mast - er o - ver El-ven-song Which in this land does not be-

128

Sa

long! The game is won, mag - ic un-done, dis - guise be gone!

131

Sa *mp*
 E-lev-en Elves and a Man. Who are you, and to what

FINROD falls to the ground. They are returned to their true forms.

fffp *tempo libero* *col canto* *pp*

Lead. *

136

Sa
 end did you take these shapes and try to steal your way north-ward? Very well, in - to the pit with them!

140

Sa *mf*
 I shall slay you, cruel - ly, each in turn, un-til one of you be-trays the truth to me.

143

p *bass clar.* *trombone* *saxophone*
 They are removed from the chamber and taken to the dungeons.