MINAS TIRITH SONG

Choir: O red Gwan wen ost

grad cresc.

in gi li ath

simile
Slowly, majestically $J = 60$

Tempo I $J = 120$
Text based on the poems
The Retreat from Osgiliath and The White Rider
by PHILIPPA BOYENS

THE RETREAT FROM OSGILIATH
Black wings against a pale morning
There is no more light, not in this sun
Call the retreat
There will be no warning
The citadel of the stars is gone
Osgiliath is fallen.

THE WHITE RIDER
Their race was over;
All courage gone;
A light shone in the west –
The White Rider had come.