

## The Search of Beleg

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# The Search of Beleg

by [SootyOwl](#)

## Summary

Túrin has left his home in Doriath after his fight with Sauros, and Thingol sends his friend Beleg Cúthalion to find him. The two friends are separated a long time and live very different lives from the ones they used to. What are they thinking during the years they spent away from each other?

This is my imagining of a ballad from Middle-Earth which tells a part of the story of Túrin Turambar.

## Notes

This song was written as part of my story 'In Shadows' and will feature in it in later chapters. It is a ballad designed for two singers, a Man and an Elf, which will tell part of the story of Túrin Turambar. I always liked the relationship between Túrin and Beleg (I also love key ship them) and thought this would be a perfect moment to write about. It is written deliberately long (as all Tolkien songs are, let's face it) and I hoped to make it seem as though it fitted a Middle Earth style.

I've never attempted to write a ballad before and hope it came off okay. I'm also working on creating music for it as well, but aside from a basic melody I'm a looong way off finishing it. Please let me know what you think of my first attempt at poetry/songwriting!



Beleg:

*An Elf of Doriath, strong and proud.*

*Marchwarden of Thingol am I*

*Long I have fought, against evil avowed*

*And Morgoth I dare defy.*

*But no blade wield I in recent days.*

*Another task have I.*

*I search along the ancient ways*

*And issue a weary sigh.*

*Túrin I seek, dear friend to me,*

*Gone too long from my sight.*

*A year I have searched from under tree*

*From hill, 'cross rivers bright.*

*Why have you gone? Whither you stay?*

*Come back by light of day!*

Túrin:

*A man of ill-repute am I,*

*A bandit, coarse and low.*

*Yet once I bore a name more high*

*Which many once did know.*

*Turin I was, yet can be no more*

*For who is left to hear?*

*Abandoned was I and blame I bore*

*And then forced to disappear.*

*Among outlaws I wield my sword.*

*And no renown I earn.*

*Lawless I live, and own no lord.*

*For greater things I yearn.*

*Why have I come? What end is in sight?*

*Curse the endless night!*

Beleg:

*Your sword was sharp and your helm so fierce*

*That Enemies turned and fled.*

*With Elf-like strength your blade did pierce  
Their flesh which then freely bled.  
But too proud you were and fates conspired  
To drive you from your home.  
Mockery endured, your temper fired,  
No longer in Doriath you roam.  
But wronged you were and pardon given  
By king and foster kin.  
Yet ere you knew, to Wilds were driven  
From sanctuary therein.*

*Where have you gone? How long shall I seek?  
'Cross mountains and moors so bleak?*

*Túrin:*

*Men I have led against Angband's hoards,  
Yet still my heart it does grieve.  
No vast array of glit'ring swords  
Could my happiness achieve.  
Cúthalion! Cúthalion! I long to see  
Your eyes so bright and keen!  
To stand together 'neath blossoming tree  
And talk of where we've been.  
Your bow, my sword once Enemies feared  
And spoke our names with dread.*

*The Dragon-helm then was so revered*

*The sight would strike them dead.*

*Where are those days? How long ago?*

*Since blood and carrion crow?*

*Beleg:*

*Under the sun and under the moon,*

*I walk though these lands unseen*

*Through Marshy bog and sandy dune*

*In searching now have I been.*

*I will not halt and I will not rest*

*My feet go wand'ring on,*

*Till Húrin's son I hold to my breast*

*For then a new day shall dawn.*

*My heart it weeps, my thoughts are dark*

*The birds they sing no more.*

*No nightingale, no wondrous lark*

*Can soothe my spirit sore.*

*What have you done? What have you seen?*

*Come back to King and Queen!*

*Turin:*

*Where are you now, my brother and friend*

*Belov'd and ne'er forgotten?*

*In woodland glade, by river bend*

*Or dungeons dark and rotten?*

*Once we did walk through the forest fair,*

*Where light was often found.*

*Yet the darkness now we both must bear*

*And in misery be bound.*

*My soul is empty, my fire gone,*

*The laughing sun does hide.*

*No warming rays, no breaking dawn*

*Till you are by my side.*

*When shall I see you? Is it too late?*

*To change my evil fate?*

*Túrin and Beleg:*

*The night has fallen and yet we live,*

*For how long we cannot say.*

*How many months more shall I give*

*In wandering day to day?*

*We await the day when Sword and Bow*

*Shall combine once again.*

*Our friendship renewed and souls aglow*

*With memories of hill and glen.*

*Brothers-in-arms, not to be parted*

*We were Elf and Man as one.*

*Yet false that proved, one departed*

*And inev'table Doom begun.*

*How long shall we wait? How long shall we weep?*

*Morgoth's Curse shall reap.*

*Doriath's woods and Dor-Lómin's hills,*

*Shall share our woes and ills.*



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