Mithrandir

Rivendell

From Wilderland to Western shore,
Form northern waste to southern hill
Through dragon-lair and hidden door
And darkling woods he walked at will.

With Dwarves and Hobbits, Elves and Men,
With mortal and immortal folk,
With bird on bough and beast in den,
In their own secret tounges he spoke.

A deadly sword, a healing hand,
A back that bent beneath it's load;
A trumpet-voice, a burning brand,
A weary pilgrim on the road.

A lord of wisdom throned he sat,
Swift in anger, quick to laugh;
An old man in a battered hat
Who leaned upon a thorny staff.

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