

From dark Dunharrow in the dim morning
Withthane and captain rode Thengel's son:
To Edoras he came, the ancient halls

Of the Mark-wardens mist-enshrouded;
Golden timbers were in gloom mantled.
Farewell he bade to his free people,
Hearth and high-seat, and the hallowed places,

Fate before him. Fealty kept he;
Oaths he had taken, all fulfilled them.
Forth rode Théoden. five nights and days
East and onward rode the Eorlingas
Through Folde and Fenmarch and the Firienwood,

Six thousand spears to Sunlending,
Mundburg the mighty under Mindolluin,
Sea-kings; city in the South-kingdom
Foe-beleaguered, fire-encircled.

Doom drove them on. Darkness took them,
Horse and horseman; hoofbeats afar
Sank into silence; so the songs tell us.