

Olórin, who once was...  
Sent by the Lords of the West  
To guard the lands of the East  
Wiseest of all Maiar  
What drove you to leave  
That which you loved?

Mithrandir, Mithrandir, O Pilgrim Grey  
No more will you wander the green fields of this earth  
Your journey has ended in darkness.  
The bonds but, the spirit broken  
The Flame of Anor has left this World  
A great light, has gone out.