

## Aragorn Son Of Arathorn

Rivendell

Through Forests deep and?  
His? mighty?  
? in his face  
In his eyes a glooming blaze  
? the crown of his Father and Gondor Throne  
On his side brights the sword of Elendil  
The Ancient?  
All that is gold does not glitter,  
Not all those who wander are lost;  
The old that is strong does not wither,  
Deep roots are not reached by the frost.

From the ashes a fire shall be woken,  
A light from the shadows shall spring;  
Renewed shall be blade that was broken,  
The crownless again shall be king.

In Minas Tirith stands his throne  
The? of Gondor is his?

Through, through forests deep  
And? his pride  
His crowless might  
Through? his?

? in the face  
In the face, in his eyes  
A glooming blaze

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Deep roots are not reached by the frost.

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The crownless again shall be king.

On, on his side?  
The mighty sword  
Of Elendil, of Elendil  
The Ancient Glory