

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