

Farewell we call to hearth and hall!
Though wind may blow and rain may fall,
Far over wood and mountain tall.

To Rivendell, where Elves yet dwell
In glades beneath the misty fell,

With foes ahead, behind us dread,
Until at last our toil be passed,
Our errand sped, Our journey done,

To Rivendell, where Elves yet dwell
In glades beneath the misty fell,

To Rivendell, where Elves yet dwell
In glades beneath the misty fell,
Through moor and waste we ride in haste,
And whither then we cannot tell.
Seldom have walked the feet of Men
Few mortal eyes have seen the light
That lies there ever, long and bright.

Clear is the water of your well;
White is the star in your white hand;
Unmarred, unstained is leaf and land