

The Old Walking Song

Rivendell

The Road goes ever on and on,
out from the door of where it began.
And now far ahead the Road has gone,
let others follow it who can.

The Road goes ever on and on,
down from the door where it began.
Now far ahead the Road has gone,
and I must follow, if I can!
Pursuing it with eager feet,
until it joins some larger way,
where many paths and errands meet.
And whither then? I cannot say.

The Road goes ever on and on,
out from the door of where it began.
And now far ahead the Road has gone,
let others follow it who can!
And let them a journey new begin,
but I at last with weary feet
will turn towards the lighted inn,
evening-rest and sleep to meet.

The Road goes ever on and on,
down from the door where it began.
Now far ahead the Road has gone,
and I must follow, if I can!
Pursuing it with eager feet,
until it joins some larger way,
where many paths and errands meet.
And whither then? I cannot say.

Is it a new Road or a secret gate?
The day will come at last for me,
when I shall take the hidden paths that run
West of the Moon and East of the Sun.

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