

All that is gold does not glitter  
All that is long does not last  
All that is old does not wither  
Not all that is over is past  
And I may not get through in time  
Oh, Elfstone - bearer of my green stone  
In the south under snow a green stone thou shalt see  
Elfstone - in the shadow of the dark throne  
For the hour is at hand that long hath awaited thee  
Greenleaf - bearer of the Elvenbow  
Far beyond Mirkwood many trees on earth grow  
Thy last shaft when thou hast shot  
Under the mournful trees thou shalt walk  
For dark are the waters of Kheledzaram  
And my heart trembles at the thought that I may see them soon  
I am longing for harmony - the freedom within me  
Out of dark to the day's rising  
I came crying in the sun - sword unsheathing  
To hope's end I rode and to heart's breaking  
Now for wrath  
Now for ruin - and a red nightfall  
When the black breath blows - and death's shadows grow  
All lights pass  
Life to the dying - in my hand lying  
Shrivel like the old mist - like the winds go wailing  
Lost and forgotten be - darker than the darkness  
Where gates stand for ever shut  
'Til the world is mended