**GANDALF THE GREY**

by J. R. R. Tolkien

When ev'ning in the Shire was grey

His footsteps on the Hill were heard.

Before the dawn he went away

On journey long without a word.

From Wilderland to western shore,

From northern waste to southern hill,

Through dragon-lair to hidden-door

And darkling woods he walked at will.

With Dwarf and Hobbit, Elves and Men,

With mortal and immortal folk,

With bird on bough and beast in den

In their own secret tongues he spoke.

A deadly sword, a healing hand,

A back that bent beneath its load,

A trumpet-voice, a burning brand,

A weary pilgrim on the road.

A lord of wisdom throned he sat,

Swift in anger, quick to laugh,

An old man in a battered hat,

Who leaned upon a thorny staff.

He stood upon the bridge alone

And fire and shadow both defied.

His staff was broken on the stone

In Khazad-dûm his wisdom died.