

## Rivendell "Mithrandir"

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From Wilderland to Western shore,  
From northern waste to southern hill  
Through dragon-lair and hidden door  
And darkling woods he walked at will.

With Dwarves and Hobbits, 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.

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With mortal and immortal folk,  
With bird on bough and beast in den,  
In their own secret tongues he spoke.

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