

Brodingnagian Bards

"Weathertop"

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We escape along the Great Road
Strider, my friends and I, Frodo
The Black Riders follow, just five of their lot.
If only we'll meet Gandalf on Weathertop.

Through Midgewater Marshes and trecherous bogs
And Neckerbreakers squeeking through the cold,
gloomy fog
Off in the distance, our eyes are caught
By leaps of lightening on Weathertop.

Many days on the road have left us thin
But to joke we look like wraiths seems far too grim.
We turn towards Amon Sul now long crumbled with rot
Where the watchtower was burned on old Weathertop

We climb up the hill with hope of finding Gandalf
But tracks in the dust tell us he was off.
Down the Great Road, our hearts are distraught,
Five Black Riders race towards old Weathertop.

"We've a fortnight to go to reach Rivendale,"
Says Strider, "There's nowhere safe between here and
there.
So sit your backs to the fire on guard for the plot.
For a battle begins tonight on Weathertop."

Then over the dell, I see a shadow rise.
Three, then five dark figures, wraiths in moonlight
Terror ensnares us, Sam speeds to my side.
I hear The Ring calling...me to hide.

I reach in my pocket and grip it tight.
My mind goes blind to warnings. Ah, but to hide.
I slip the ring on, unleashing my hell
As the pale king's knife stabs me and I'm quelled.

In the morning, I wake whispering, "O', where's the pale
king?"
To my companions joy I live and still clutch The Ring.
My body is weak, but our journey unstopped.

As we make our escape from old Weathertop

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