

The Riddle of Strider

All that is gold does not glitter
Not all those who wander are lost;
The old that is strong does not wither,
Deep root are not reached by the frost.
The old that is strong does not wither,
Deep root are not reached by the frost.

From the ashes a fire shall be woken.
A light from the shadows shall spring;
Renewed shall be blade that was broken,
The crownless again shall be king
Renewed shall be blade that was broken,
The crownless again shall be king

JRRT/KS+KG