

Olórin, who once was...
Sent by the Lords of the West
To guard the lands of the East
Wiseest of all Maiar
What drove you to leave
That which you loved?

Mithrandir, Mithrandir, O Pilgrim Grey
No more will you wander the green fields of this earth
Your journey has ended in darkness.
The bonds but, the spirit broken
The Flame of Anor has left this World
A great light, has gone out.