**ALL THAT IS GOLD DOES NOT GLITTER**

 **By J.R.R. Tolkien**

All that is gold does not glitter,

Not all who wander are lost;

The old that is strong does not wither,

Deep roots 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.

Poem from *The Fellowship of the Ring* (Harper Collins 2005)