

## Eumaeus The Swineherd

### The Lord Weird Slough Feg

Twelve herds on the mainland's shore  
Gathering slaughter I wait  
I'll bring you my finest boar  
Driving the droves to their fate  
I am a swineherd awaiting my master's return  
From the city of Troy

The anger of Gods increase  
Gathering slaughter to burn  
The baying of hounds won't cease  
Long for their master they yearn  
Suitors will fall to the hand of my master  
Upon his triumphant return

The insolent suitors boast  
Carelessly stalking their prey  
I'm ranging the island's coast  
Searching my mind for a way  
I am a swineherd impatiently waiting  
The spilling of blood on that day