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