

# The Black River

## The Sword

Great peril awaits us beyond the black river  
Summoned by the beating of drums  
Our number is few, our errand is dire  
We do what must be done At the bidding of the high priest  
Tribes gather for war  
Evil sorcery is unleashed  
Upon the opposite shore Make your stand with the great hound  
The frontier is lost  
Black waters lie before you  
Together you cross Take heart do not fear  
When you know your death nears We shall build you a cairn beyond the black river  
Where no one will disturb your rest  
There you shall lay in your helm and your harness  
Your sword across your breast Now take a quick moment to answer this question  
As the ferry approaches the shore  
Will you have the coin to pay for your passage  
Or the courage to take up the oar?

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