

# Thor's Son

Words: Robert E. Howard Music Arwyn Antarae

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of five staves of music. The first two staves are marked 'slowly' and the last three are marked 'faster'. The lyrics are written below the notes.

*slowly*  
Ser - pent prow on the A - fric coast, Doom on the Moor - ish town;  
And this is the song the steers - man sang As the dra - gon - ship swept down:  
*faster*  
I fol - lowed As - grimm Snor - ri's son a - round the world and half - way back, And 'scaped the hate of  
Gald - jer - hrun who sank our ship off Ska - ger - ack. I lent my sword to Hroth - gar then; his eyes were ice, his  
heart was hard; He fell with half his wea - pon - men to our own kin at Mik - li - gard.

*Serpent prow on the Afric coast,  
Doom on the Moorish town;  
And this is the song the steersman sang  
As the dragonship swept down:*

I followed Asgrimm Snorri's son around the world and half-way back,  
And 'scaped the hate of Galdjerhrun who sank our ship off Skagerack.  
I lent my sword to Hrothgar then; his eyes were ice, his heart was hard;  
He fell with half his weapon-men to our own kin at Mikligard.

And then for many a weary moon I labored at the galley's oar  
Where men grow maddened by the rune of row-locks clacking ever more.  
But I survived the reeking rack, the toil, the whips that burned and gashed,  
The spiteful Greeks that scarred my back and trembled even while they lashed.

They sold me on the Eastern block; in silver coins their price was paid;  
They girt me with a chain and lock, I laughed and they were sore afraid.  
I toiled among the olive trees until a night of hot desire  
Blew me a breath of outer seas and filled my veins with curious fire.

Then I arose and broke my chain and laughed to know that I was free,  
And battered out my master's brain and fled and gained the open sea.  
Beneath a copper sun adrift, I shunned the proa and the dhow,  
Until I saw a sail uplift, and saw and knew the dragon prow.

Oh, East of sands and sunlit gulf, your blood is thin, your gods are few;  
You could not break the Northern wolf and now the wolf has turned on you.  
The fires that light the coasts of Spain fling shadows on the Eastern strand.  
Master, your slave has come again with torch and axe in his red hand!

*Serpent prow on the Afric coast,  
Doom on the Moorish town;  
And this is the song the steersman sang  
As the dragonship swept down.*