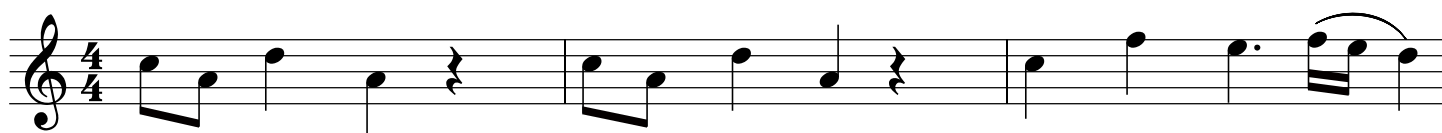


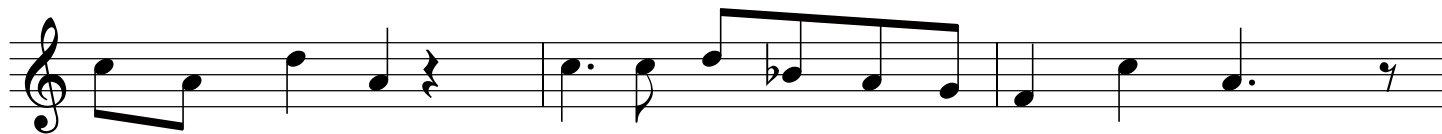
The Third Brother's Drinking Song



Pour an oth er!

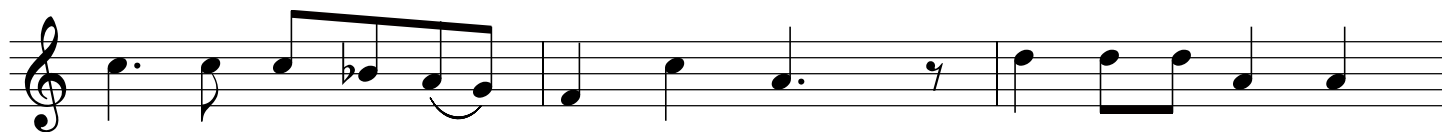
Pour an oth er!

Drink a draft my



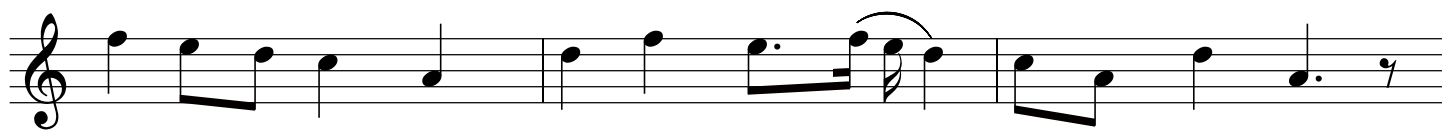
new found broth er.

Long a go, three broth ers go three ways.



All un know ing one broth er slays.

Drink with me, will you?



Still I must kill you.

For you slew my broth er, broth er.

by Lady Anne of Briar Ditch

Tune: The Volga Boatmen (Russian Folk Song)