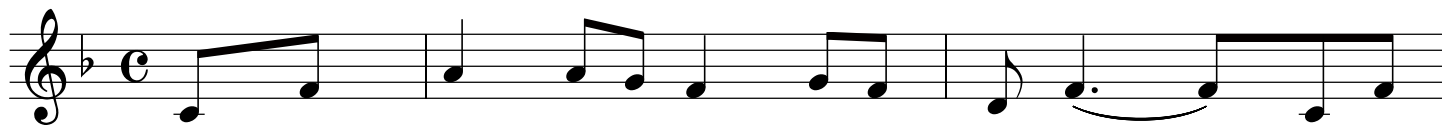
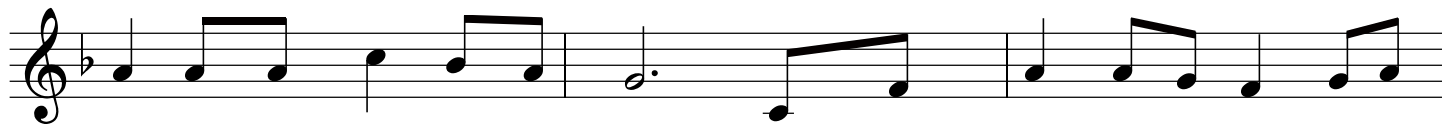


Peasant's Farewell To The Mercenaries



From this valley they say you are leaving, We shall



miss your bright swords and strong arms. For they say you are taking as



plunder All the food we had stored in our barns.

Words uncredited

Tune: Red River Valley