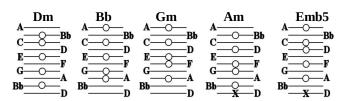
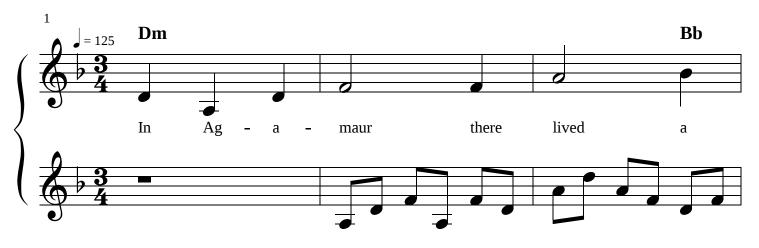
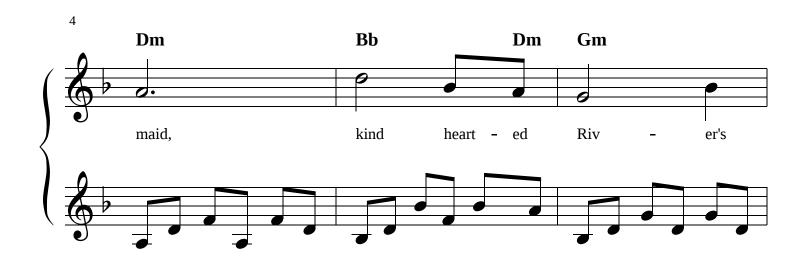
Tune Kantele to Dm

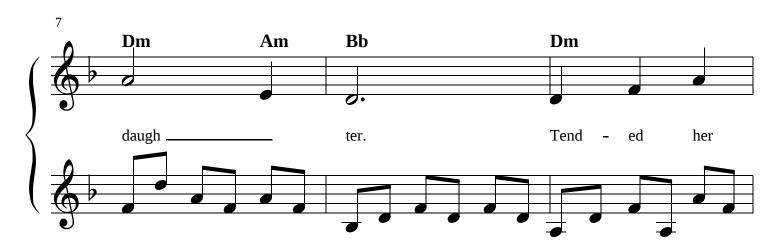
Ballad of the Red Maid

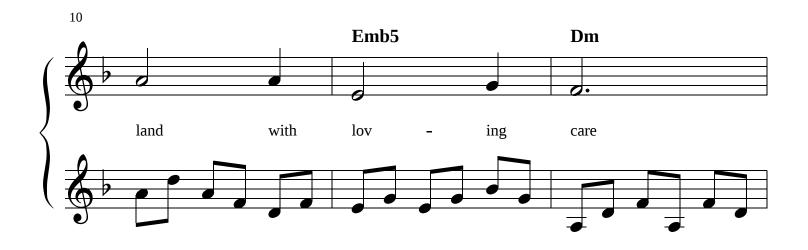


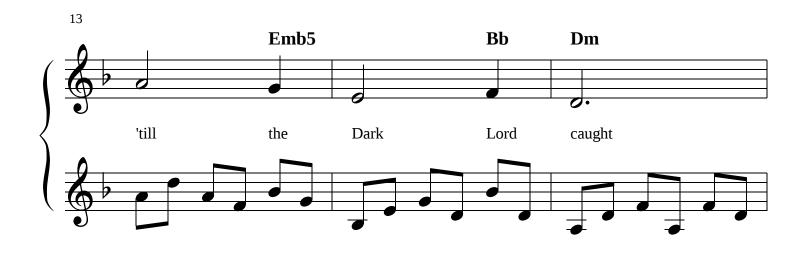
by Lani K. Thompson

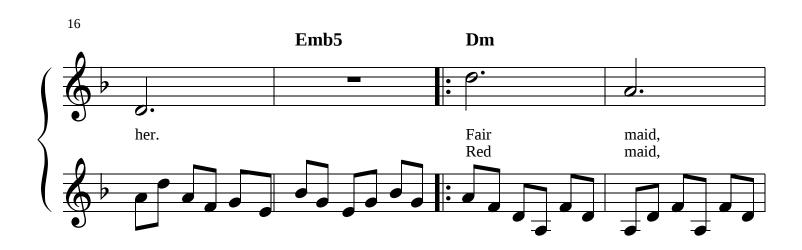


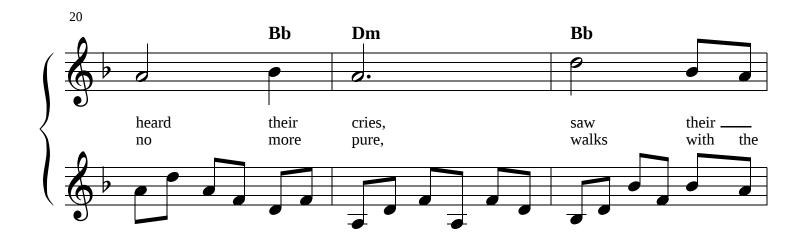


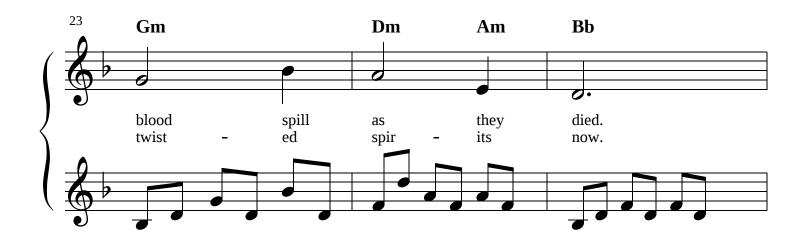


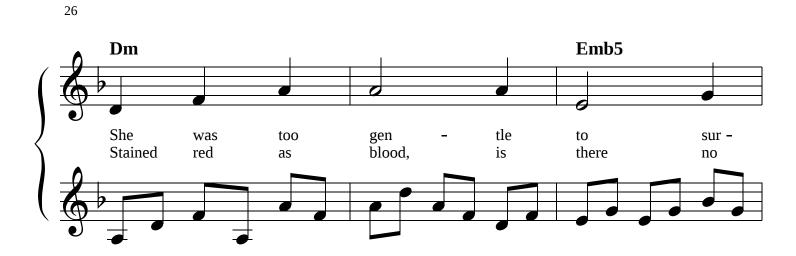


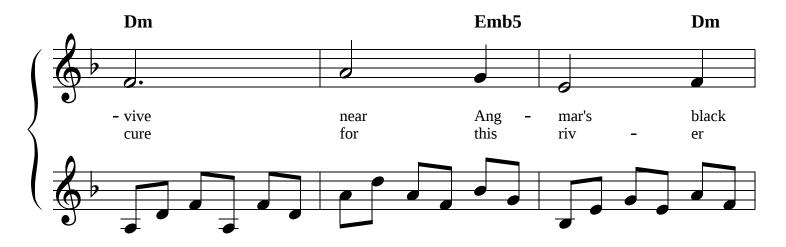


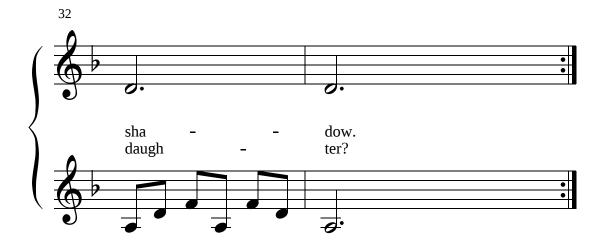












2. Wight-raising gaunt lord rules here now, Ally to Angmar's vile horde.
All that was good and clean and pure, Bent to serve the Dark Lord.
Fair maid, heard their cries, Saw their blood spill as they died.
She was too gentle to survive 'Neath Angmar's black shadow.
Red Maid, no more pure,
Walks with the twisted spirits now.
Stained red as blood, is there no cure For this river-daughter?

3. Hear now of how a sister's love, Freed the river-daughter, Called her to Nature, called her back, Cleansed the bloody water. Fair maid heard their cries, Saw the blood run from the sky. She, too, was gentle, could not deny Ease to her own sister. Red maid is no more. Found her peace in Agamaur. Sleep now dear maid on that far shore, Lovely river-daughter.