Red Wing

Thurland Chattaway

Kerry Mills (1869–1948)

1. There once lived an In‑dian maid, A shy lit‑tle prai‑rie maid, Who
2. She watched for him day and night, She kept all the camp‑fires bright, And

sang a lay, a love song gay, As on the plain she'd while a‑way the day; She
un‑der the sky, each night she would lie, And dream a‑bout his com‑ing by and by; But

loved a war‑rior bold, this shy lit‑tle maid of old, But
when all the braves re‑turned, the heart of Red Wing yearned, For

brave and gay, he rode one day to bat‑tle far a‑way.
far, far a‑way, her war‑rior gay, fell brave‑ly in the fray.

Now, the moon shines to‑night on pret‑ty Red Wing, The breeze is

sigh - ing,____ the night bird's cry - ing,____ For a - far 'neath his star her brave is

sleep - ing,____ While Red Wing's weep - ing____ her heart a - way.____