

RED WING

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 coming 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 tonight on pretty Red Wing. The breeze is sighing, the night bird's crying,

For a - far 'neath his star her brave is sleeping, While Red Wing's weeping her heart a - way.