

## 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 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 to-night on pret-ty Red Wing,— The breeze is

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

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