Dulcimer

There once was an Indian maid, a shy little prairie maid, Who sang away the day, She loved a warrior bold, This shy little maid of old.

And under the sky each night long day as on the plain she'd dream about his heart lit of Red Wing of Red Wing.

But then one day her warrior gay, fell bravely to the fray.

Now the

Chorus

Red Wing

American Folk Tune
moon shines tonight on pretty Red Wing, The breeze is sighing the night bird's

cry ing While a far far away her brave lies

sleep ing And Red Wing's weeping her heart a

way.