There once was an Indian maid, a shy little prairie maid, Who watched for him day and night, She kept all the campfires bright, And maid, night, A She

sang a lay a love song so gay As on the plain she'd while away the day. She loved a warrior under the sky each night she would lie, And dream about his coming by and by; But when all the braves returned, This shy little maid of old, But brave and gay he rode one day to turned, the heart of Red Wing yearned, For far, far away, her warrior gay, fell

Red Wing

American Folk Tune
Red Wing

Battle far away. Now the moon shines tonight on pretty

Red wing, The breeze is sighing the night bird's crying

For afar 'neath his star her brave is sleeping While Red Wing's

Weeping her heart away.