Red Wing

Words by Thurland Chattaway.

Music by Kerry Mills

\[J = 120\]

There once lived an Indian maid, A shy little prairie maid, Who
worked for him day and night; She lit all the camp fires bright; And

sang all day a love song gay, As on the plains she'd while a way the day. She

loved a warrior bold, This shy little maid of old, But
But when all the braves returned, The heart of Red Wing yearned,

brave and gay he rode one day To a battle far a way. Now the
For far, far a way, her warrior gay Fell bravely in the fray.

moon shines to night 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. She way