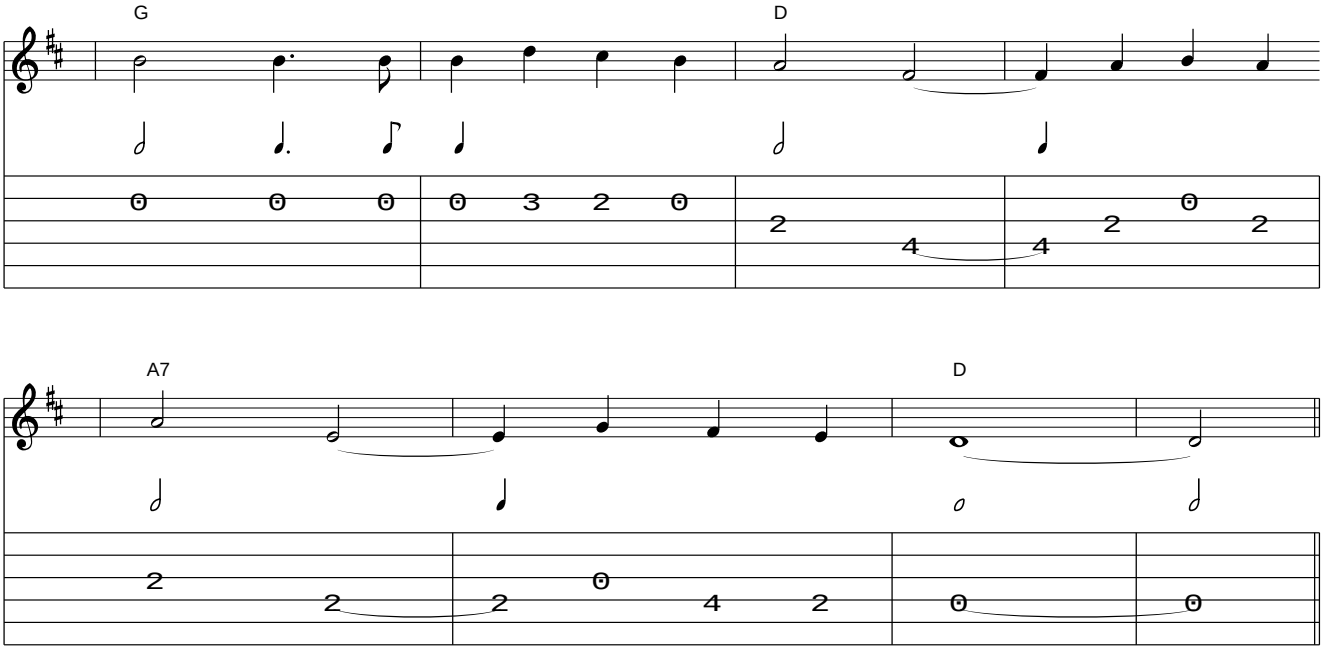
Red Wing 1

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk .





1. There oncelived an In−dain maid, A shy little pra−rie maid, Who
   She loved a war−ior bold, This shy little maid of old, But
2. She watchedthru the day and night, She kept allthe camp−fires bright, And
   When all the braves re−turned, the heart of Red Wing yearned, For
   sang a−way, the live long day, As
   blythe and gay, he rode one day, To
   under the sky, each night shewould lie, and
   brave one day, her war−rior gay, fell
   on the plain she’d wiled a−way the day.
   bat−tle far a−||way.
   dream a−bout his com−ing by and by;
   brave−ly in the||fray.
   Now, the moon shines to−night on pret−ty Red Wing,_ The breeze is
   sigh−_ing, the night bird’s cry−ing,_ For a−
   far ’neath his star her brave heart sleep−ing,_ While Red Wing’s
   weep−ing_ her heart a−way._