

# Red Wing

There once lived an In-dian maid, a shy lit-tle prai-rie maid, Who  
 sang - a lay a love song gay, As on the plain she'd while a-way the day; She  
 loved a war - rior bold, this shy lit - tle maid of old, But  
 brave and gay, he rode out one day to bat - tle far a - way. 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 is sleep - ing, While Red Wing's  
 weep - ing her heart a - way. There way.