

Red Wing Polka

Mills, Chattaway Arranged



There once was an In-dian maid. A shy lit-tle prair-ie maid. Who
She watched for him day and night, she kept the camp-fire bright. And



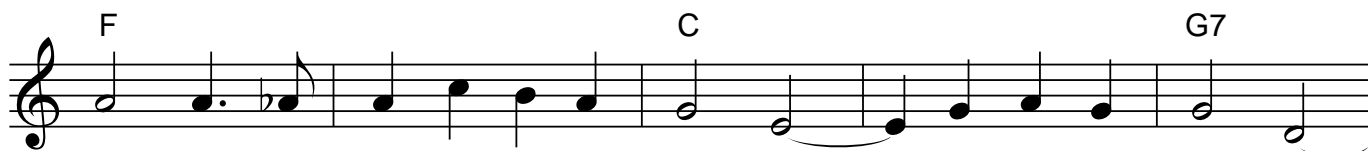
sang a lay, a love song gay as on the plain she'd while a-way the day. She
un-der the sky each night she'd lie and dream a-bout his com-ing by and by. But



loved a war-rior bold, this shy lit-tle maid of old. But
when all the braves returned, the heart of Red Wing yearned. For



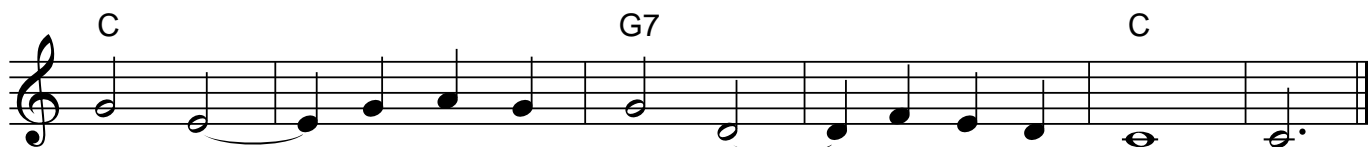
brave and gay, he rode one day to bat-tle far a--way.} Now the
far, far a-way her war-ri-or gay, fell brave-ly in the fray.}'



moon shines to-night on pret-ty Red Wing, ____ The breeze is sigh-ing,



The night bird's cry-ing ____ For a-far beneath his star her brave is



sleep-ing. ____ While Red Wing's weep-ing ____ her heart a--way. ____