

RED WING

Old-Time and Bluegrass Song by Thurland Chattaway and Kerry Mills **DATE:** 1907; **CATEGORY:** Fiddle and Instrumental Tunes; **RECORDING INFO:** Norman Blake and Red Rector; Wilma Lee Cooper; Riley Puckett; Don Reno and Bill Harrell; Reno & Smiley Chubby Wise; **NOTES:** "Red Wing" was composed by Kerry Mills in the early years of Tin Pan Alley and published in 1907. Jim Kimball explains it was subtitled "An Indian Fable" or "An Indian Intermezzo" and was part of a fad for things Native-American that swept the country in the first decade of the 20th century.

The musical score is written on a single treble clef staff in C major, 4/4 time. It consists of five lines of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. Chords are indicated by letters above the staff. The word "Chorus" is written above the start of the third line of music.

There once lived an In-dian maid, A shy lit-tle pai-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 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.

C F C
 There once lived an Indian maid, a shy little prairie maid,
 Dm G C Am D G
 Who sang alay, a love song gay, as on the plain she'd while away the day;
 C F C
 She loved a warrior bold, this shy little maid of old,
 Dm G C Am D G C
 But brave and gay, he rode one day to battle far away.

F C
Chorus: Now the moon shines tonight on pretty Red Wing,
 G C
 The breeze is sighing, the night bird's crying,
 F C
 For afar 'neath his star her brave is sleeping
 G C
 While Red Wing's weeping her heart away.

She watched for him day and night, she kept all the campfires bright,
 And under the sky, each night she would lie, and dream about his coming by and by;
 But when all the braves returned, the heart of Red Wing yearned,
 Far, far, far away, her warrior gay fell bravely in the fray. *Chorus*

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