Fallen Leaves

Fallen Leaves
(Jimmie Skinner)

All alone in a wigwam, in 1863,
There lived a fair Indian maiden,
They called Her Fallen Leaves.
Pretty as the stars up above you,
Fair as the moon in the trees,
Because she was born in October,
They Called Her Fallen Leaves.

There came a trooper one morning,
Just at the break of day,
He stopped to rest at the wigwam,
Of the shy little Indian maid.
Fallen Leaves the breezes whisper,
Fallen Leaves the breezes sigh,
When he rode on that evening,
Fallen Leaves rode by his side.

One night while she lay sleeping
The moon was shinning bright,
He stole away from the campfire,
Then rode into the night.
Fallen Leaves the breezes whisper,
Fallen Leaves the breezes sigh,
Out in the lonesome old forest,
Fallen Leaves she lingered and died.

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