Falling Leaf

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Far beyond the rolling prairie where the noble forests rise,
dwells the sweetest little maiden ever seen by mortal eyes.
She was something like the sunlight, daughter of an Indian chief,
Came to bless thier home in Autumn and they called her Falling Leaf.

From the deep and tangled forest, all alone one summer day,
Came a hunter worn and weary and into their hut did stray.
Weeks went by but still he lingered Gentle Falling Leaf beside,
Till with smiles of love she promised soon to be his woodland bride.

One bright day this hunter wandered o'er the prairies waste alone,
Long Leaf she waited for his coming but his fate was never known.
Like the summer leaf she faded, like the autumn leaf she died,
and they closed her eyes in slumber near the gentle river side.

Falling Leaf, the breezes whispers of thy spirits early flight,
cans't thou hear it softly lisping o'er her grave each winter night?
Far beyond the stars in heaven, dwells a maiden of holy light,
while from out the lonely wigwam comes a wail of woe each night.

GG
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