

**Fallen leaves**

All alone in a wigwam  
In eighteen sixty-three  
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 whispered  
Fallen Leaves the breezes sighed  
When he rode on that evening  
Fallen Leaves rode by his side

One night while she lay sleeping  
The moon was shining bright  
He stole away from the campfire  
Then rode into the night

Fallen Leaves the breezes whispered  
Fallen Leaves the breezes sighed

Our in that lonesome old forest  
Fallen Leaves she lingered and died