On the bank of the river stood Running Bear, young Indian brave

On the other side of the river stood his lovely Indian  $\ensuremath{\mathsf{maid}}$ 

Little White Dove was her name, such a lovely sight to see

But their tribes fought with each other, so their love could never be

Running Bear loved Little White Dove With a love big as the sky Running Bear loved Little White Dove

With a love that couldn't die

He couldn't swim the raging river 'cause the river was too wide

He couldn't reach the Little White Dove waiting on the other side

In the moonlight he could see her throwing kisses 'cross the waves

Her little heart was beating faster waiting for her Indian brave

Running Bear dove in the water, Little White Dove did the same

And they swam out to each other through the swirling stream they came

As their hands touched and their lips met, the raging river pulled them down

Now they'll always be together in their happy hunting ground