

## From Good Homes "Black Elk Speaks"

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white heat.. was on  
our tracks  
the four-legged on  
the run  
white heat.. on our  
backs  
burning like a  
sun  
we walked.. walked  
til there was no-where  
left to go  
we walked.. many fell  
down  
bloody in the  
snow  
white heat.. was on  
our tracks  
and growing to a  
flood  
white heat.. on our  
backs  
and growing to a  
flood  
we fought..  
fought  
til there was no-where  
left to go  
we fell... a pool of  
red neath  
passing wheels in mud  
and snow  
black elk... "I did

not know then  
how much was that  
end.."  
black elk... "I see  
it now...  
from the high-hill  
old age.."  
black elk... "I see  
the people

scattered along the  
gulch  
black elk... "I see  
it plain..  
"as when I saw with  
young eyes...  
and I see...something  
else died  
in the bloody  
snow...I see...  
A peoples' dream died  
there...  
it was a beautiful  
dream..  
it was a beautiful  
dream..."  
wo-o, wo-o-o-o,  
wo-o-o-o  
wo-o, wo-o-o-o,  
wo-o-o-o

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