

## **Robbie Robertson**

# **"The Code of Handsome Lake"**

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These are the people of the longhouse  
These are the people that you tried to break  
These are the people of the pines  
Who follow the code of Handsome Lake

He drank your poison, swallowed your fire  
And lay with fever four long years  
He received a vision so inspired  
Three messengers with painted faces appeared

On the Allegheny river at a place called Burnt House  
The code was shared for the very first time  
By a Seneca chief, they call Handsome Lake  
With a wounded heart and a sober mind

These are the people of the longhouse  
These are the people that you tried to break  
These are the people of the pines  
Who follow the code of Handsome Lake

We are the people of the longhouse  
We are the people that you couldn't break  
We are the people of the sacred pipe  
Who Follow the code of Handsome Lake

When the Dark Moon had come to live in your soul  
Get in touch with your creator, you are not alone  
These are the words that he had spoken two hundred  
years ago  
And today they still ring true, like they're carved in  
stone

When Native life was hurled into the pit by way of the  
Canon, Rum, and Greed  
Oh a great fire was burned, to let the smoke rise  
And show the Six Nations the code was still alive

Way down deep in the bush  
We Oh hi ne oh he oh we oh we we

These are the people of the longhouse  
These are the people that you tried to break  
These are the people of the pines

Who follow the code of Handsome Lake

We are the people of the longhouse  
We are the people that you couldn't break  
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