

# PETER LA FARGE ON THE WARPATH

WITH NICK NAVARRO, INDIAN DRUMS

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FN 2535



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IRA HAYES  
JOHNNY HALF-BREED  
RADIO ACTIVE ESKIMO  
THE CRIMSON PARSON  
MOVE OVER, GRAB A HOLT  
GATHER ROUND  
IF I COULD NOT BE AN INDIAN

DRUMS  
WHITE GIRL  
I'M AN INDIAN  
STAMPEDE  
PLEASE COME BACK, ABE  
WAR WHOOP  
FATHER, OH MY FATHER

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# PETER LA FARGE-ON THE WARPATH

## NICK NAVARRO - INDIAN DRUMS

### Notes by Skip Weshner

Someone once said that the word "fair", as in "fairplay" is a peculiarity of the English language, and that the term...and the particular attitude it represents has no exact equivalent in otherwise civilized cultures. In fact, a Scandinavian friend maintains that only among the Anglo-Saxon peoples is the right to personal justice regarded as an automatic portion of each man's inheritance. If this is so, then it is quite natural that we build our nation, our laws, and our value judgments of each other on the essential bedrock of fairplay. Right? From the cradle to the tomb, our deepest and bitterest shock comes each time we discover that some one, or something, or even life itself has dared to be unfair..to us. And if we, ourselves are ever accused of being unfair to others, we react in instantaneous outrage and denial. We defend our sacred commitment to "the rules of the game" by striking back at the accuser; with violence, if we think we're big enough, and with whatever justifications or rationalizations we can get the world to swallow, or bring ourselves to believe. At our most generous, we may admit to having made mistakes... perhaps because we were misinformed, or led astray, or because we were perhaps merely being human. These admissions come more readily when we can be sure that we have - literally, if necessary - buried our mistakes, and can assure the court of public opinion and that of our own self-esteem that we would never have erred "had we only known"...and that we would gladly make amends, had time not robbed us of the opportunity, and that chastised by experience and with newly opened eyes and hearts, we could never be accused of taking unfair advantage of our fellow men again...today or ever...even "as long as the grass shall grow!" We are, after all, essentially decent men, and fair.

Are we? After a hundred years of nominal emancipation in this land of the fair and decent society, the Negro members of our "open society", numbering in the millions, have barely begun to win their basic civil and social and legal rights as citizens, against ponderous resistance from their white neighbors, in every part of the land: overt in some areas, covert and hypocritical in still more. Today they have developed organization, leadership, sympathy and assistance (mainly from the young of the dominant race), plus the encouragement and protection of the law of the land, as decreed by our high courts and actively, if somewhat reluctantly implimented by government process. And still the process is grindingly slow, a full century after we acknowledged the unfairness of human enslavement and shed the blood of a divided nation in order to wash out our guilt.

Deservedly, the Negro struggle for equality holds our attention...and the world's. But look around you, friend: there's someone else that has somehow escaped the enjoyment of your essential decency as a neighbor, or your true blue sense of fair play. He is not very organized...his leaders command little attention from the world or from the various governments he must live with in this land, and he has a considerable list of grievances that you, and all of us have some responsibility for correcting and redressing; if we are Americans, and if we are at all fair.

We have stolen his land from him. We have brushed him aside by conquest, when necessary, using the full unfair advantage of the European technologies and weaponry and tactics that foredoomed his battle against our encroachment. When the economics of open warfare were deemed excessive or inconvenient, we have solemnly enticed him into treaties, which we have broken again and again whenever it suited the largest or meanest conditions or our own aggrandizement. Finally, we have crushed him by sheer numbers.

He had a culture when we came...a rich symiosis with all the elements of the natural world around him. We drove him from his hunting grounds, then slaughtered the game that he lived on, on and from... for sport, or just for the hell of it. We herded him, by force or by hollow promises to the poorest lands... the ones no white man wanted, and delivered him into the hands of government agents who usually understood little of the language and none of the spirit of their charges; who held him in contempt, and too frequently were their worst exploiters.

When he resisted; when he sought to regain his land and his ancient life and his dignity...when he "broke out of the reservation"...we turned on him with armies, with savagery and with massacre, and ran him into the ground like an animal...and then drove him back to the parched remnants where his tribes withered; from alien climate, or from the white man's diseases, or from that thing of utter homelessness that both he and the white man who brought it to him knew as a poison: the white' man's whiskey.

And when it should happen, as it has from time to time, that the supposedly worthless reservation lands had some latent value to the white man, he has not hesitated, by legal means or whatever else came to hand, to confiscate or reallocate or seduce the land away from this man who can read the world around him by turning of a leaf, or the texture of the dust or the color of the sky...but who has not been equipped to cope with the laws of men and of property that we have spent the milleniums sharpening our near-sighted vision upon. And we're still stealing.

Even worse: we have slandered him. We, his destroyers, have called him cruel, because by the ethic that we preach and only sometimes live by, his rites and tests of manhood and bravery and worthiness for this life and the next seem cruel to us. We call him deceitful:...we, who have demonstrated the worthlessness of our own promises and of the honor that should have bound us to them. We have called him worthless, "shiftless", because of our drives and our hungers and our ways and priorities for doing our world's business are not his. We have committed the greatest sin of all:...we have hated him for being what he is and we are not. We hated him because he is different, and we only tolerate him as a picturesque spectacle when he persists in following his own ways, or as a second class, inferior copy when he tries to follow ours: like a monkey in the suit of a man; a funny beggar with a blanket instead of a tin cup.

We hate him! Oh, yes we do. There is no rage so venomous as that of the despoiler, especially when the victim will not have the grace to conveniently go away, or die away, but remains to confront the sinner with

the pitiful fruit of his sinning. We have made him the villain in our national morality play...We cheer when the brave cavalry comes over the hill, charging down upon and dispersing the murdering marauding Indian. Never mind why the Indian fights. We've chronicled it in our archives, and in our great libraries and in the fairer histories that honest men have written; but the truth is not what we teach our children, in our schools, or our theatres...on our omnipresent television screens. Our children know...each succeeding generation...that the cowboy under the white hat is the hero, the one with the black hat and the skinny moustache is the villain, and the "only good Injun is a Dead Injun"... or a traitor in cavalry blue.

It's about time that we who are stripping the land of its wealth at suicidal speed...who are burning more hungry mouths than the world's soil can ever feed...who are becoming more alienated each day from our natural heritage, by isolation; by every kind of

pollution, and by the inexorable commitment to a barely perceived and hardly controlled irrationality which we call by the smug name of urbanization...we, the conquerors of all except ourselves, whom the Gods have paid the awful compliment of relinquishing the power of absolute decision over all life and death... perhaps we might learn about symbiosis...about ecology ...about living with nature, including our own...and not despite it. We had better learn -- soon.

The Indian has known these things...has learned these mysteries...these laws of living for thousands of years. Is it too late for us to ask him? Are we too proud to seek the path of salvation or sanity from the so recently vanquished, and the stubbornly unassimilated? Where he has found a voice that can bridge the worlds between his thought and ours, had we not best listen?

Peter La Farge is such a voice.  
Listen.

*Dedication for the album, "Peter La Farge on the Warpath".*

*Written Sunday night and Monday morning  
January 3 and 4, 1965.*

*OLIVER LA FARGE IS A NAME LIKE A FLAG;  
HE WOVE THE CHIEF BLANKETS OF HIS  
STORIES*

*FROM ALL FOUR DIRECTIONS,  
BOXING THE COMPASS OF INSPIRATION.  
HE HELD SELDOM BEAUTY BY THE HAND,  
IT SWARMS AMONG HIS LINES.  
THE FLINT AND STEEL OF TRUTH  
LIGHT CONSTANT SPARKS AMONG HIS  
WORDS.*

*TALL CLIFF DWELLER  
THE INDIANS CALLED HIM.  
HE NAILED THE CAUSE OF INDIAN RIGHTS  
UPON HIS HEART,  
CHALLENGING THE IRON FINGERNAIL OF  
GREED.*

*HE HELD OPEN  
THE AWFUL GATES OF ENDINGS  
SWINGING SHUT UPON THE TRIBES,  
HIS SOUL SORE FROM SHATTERED  
TREATIES  
IN THE DARK  
OF WASHINGTON.*

*THE WARRIOR IS GONE.  
THE WAR PONY HAS NO RIDER.  
THERE ARE NO MORE WORDS  
TO BE ENCHANTED.  
HE ROSE UP FROM ILLNESS  
TO SPEAK TO TAOS PUEBLO  
AND THE BITTER KNIGHT OF INK  
WILL JOUST NO MORE.  
THE INDIAN FIGHT  
MUST HAVE WORN A CAVITY  
IN HIS HEART.  
BUT HE NEVER SHOWED IT.*

*INDIANS BLANKETED,  
THEIR LONG HAIR TRUSSED  
CARRIED THE COFFIN  
TO IT'S DELIBERATE REST.*

*HE WAS A SELDOM MAN.*

Side 1, Band 1

BALLAD OF IRA HAYES

Chorus: Call him drunken Ira Hayes, He won't  
answer any more;  
Not the whiskey drinkin' Indian, not the marine  
that went to war.

1. Gather 'round me, people there's a story I would  
tell  
About a brave young Indian, you should remember  
well;  
From the land of the Pima Indians, a proud and  
noble band,  
Who farmed the Phoenix Valley in Arizona land.
2. Down their ditches for a thousand years the  
waters grew Ira's people's crops,  
Till the white man stole their water rights and  
their sparklin' water stopped.  
Now Ira's folks grew hungry and their land grew  
crops and weeds.  
When war came Ira volunteered and forgot the  
white man's greed.
3. Well, they battled up Iwo Jima Hill - two hundred  
and fifty men,  
But only twenty-seven lived - to walk back down  
again;  
When the fight was over - and Old Glory raised,  
Among the men who held it high was the Indian -  
Ira Hayes.
4. Ira Hayes returned a hero, - celebrated thru the  
land,  
He was wine and speched and honored, -  
everybody shook his hand;  
But he was just a Pima Indian, --no water, no  
home, no chance;  
At home nobody cared what Ira done-and when do  
the Indians dance?
5. Then Ira started drinkin' hard - jail was often his  
home;  
They let him raise the flag and lower it, -as you  
would throw a dog a bone;  
He died drunk early one morning, -alone in the land  
he'd fought to save;  
Two inches of water in a lonely ditch - was the  
grave for Ira Hayes.
6. Yea call him drunken Ira Hayes - but his land is  
just as dry,  
And the ghost is lying thirsty in the ditch where  
Ira died.

Chorus: Call him drunken Ira Hayes, He won't  
answer any more;  
Not the whiskey drinkin' Indian, Nor the marine  
that went to war.

# JOHNNY HALF-BREED

by  
Peter La Farge

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Side 1, Band 2

## JOHNNY HALF-BREED

- I'll tell you of a man, he was a half-breed too,  
He knew the woods and roam'd them, he was  
an out-cast true.  
The people they all run him off, he never came  
around  
And when it come to hidin', he sure could not be  
found.  
They call'd him Johnney Half-Breed and they  
made it mighty clear  
They call'd him Johnny Half-Breed, Half-  
Breed's ain't welcome here.  
Mongrels ain't invited and no curs do we allow,  
So listen, Johnny Half-Breed, get out and get  
out now.
- The city that we spoke of was named for Galilee  
Within a forest ocean, a mighty sea of trees  
All around it in the forest Half-Breed Johnny  
rambled round  
He knew all about eagles and where honey could  
be found,  
Not a white man or an Indian, no parents and no  
land  
The trees they were his teachers, the animals  
his clan.  
He could converse with the otter, and held forth  
with the bear,  
They say he talked with fishes, and to birds when  
they were there. (Chorus)
- Now, in the town we speak of, the new mayor had  
a child  
A girl of six or seven, and not uncommon wild  
Often she would wander and then return to home  
Till once a flying squirrel tempted her to roam  
She followed half a mile or more until she lost  
the track  
Panic hit her suddenly, she knew of no way back  
The forest turned and twisted all about her every  
way  
And all her steps were wrong ones when she got  
lost that day. (Chorus)
- When she turned up missing, a mighty search  
was called  
They feared that she was murdered and worried  
she was mauled  
They tramped the woods for miles around and  
helicopters flew

And when all that they finished, nothing's all they  
knew  
Someone mentioned Johnny, and someone was  
laughed down  
Someone spoke of woodcraft, and some said  
"That forest clown!"  
Some said, "Why, he is just a bum, a dirty lost  
half-breed!"  
But Johnny was their one hope, and they sent for  
him with speed. (Chorus)

- Johnny started searching until he tracked the  
child  
Carried her in his half-breed arms out of the  
forest wild  
He was a hero for a day, they asked him to  
remain  
They said they learned their lesson, that all  
people are the same  
But Johnny said "You take your handshakes,  
your sidewalks and your town  
Ask for me by the whippowill, he'll say where  
I'll be found  
I prefer to talk with wildcats and to hear the  
wild goose moan  
I'm headed back to wilderness, the forest is my  
home."

# RADIOACTIVE ESKIMO

by  
Peter La Farge

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Side 1, Band 3

## RADIOACTIVE ESKIMO

- Hooray! I'm a radioactive eskimo with a radio-  
active mother  
A radioactive sister and a radioactive brother.  
You may think that you're hot I don't want to put  
you down  
But we have the highest count found in any old  
town
- Bring on the geiger counter, bring on the old  
hard rain  
Bring on the army engineer, the answers just the  
same. (Chorus)
- My wife can't suckle our babies, the milk must  
come from cans  
My wife's too radioactive, Say, we're real atom  
fans. (Chorus)
- When we eat the caribou, the moss the caribou  
eats  
Is rained on good by the dirty rain, it's radio-  
active meat. (Chorus)

# THE CRIMSON PARSON

Words and Music  
by PETER LA FARGE

Introduction  
they call'd him the Crim-son Par-son, the Rev'rend Chi-ving-ton  
His'try don't rec-om-mend him for the trou-ble he be-gun  
"Kill and scalp all In-di-ans big and lit-tle" was his cry  
"Nets make lice kill the ba-bies, too let ev'ry In-di-an die!" Oh, the  
Rev'rend Col-o-nel Chi-ving-ton with his bi-ble by his side Oh, the  
Rev'rend Col-o-nel Chi-ving-ton he took a blood-y ride and  
when he'd done his rid-in' from Hell's bel-ly hate was Oh the  
Rev'rend Col-o-nel Chi-ving-ton start-ed up a might-y war

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\* use same melody for both

Side 1, Band 4

## THE CRIMSON PARSON

- They call'd him the Crimson Parson, the Rev'rend Chivington  
His'try don't recommend him for the trouble he begun  
"Kill and scalp all Indians big and little" was his cry  
"Nets make lice, kill the babies, too, let ev'ry Indian die!"  
Oh, the Rev'rend Colonel Chivington with his bible by his side  
Oh, the Rev'rend Colonel Chivington he took a bloody ride  
And when he'd done his ridin' from Hell's belly hat was  
Oh the Rev'rend Colonel Chivington started up a mighty war.
- In the valley of the Sand Creeks lived a peaceful dreaming tribe  
Chivington knew them for peaceful, but glory was his pride  
In the middle of the night he fell upon the place  
300 Indians died at once a victory in disgrace.  
15 were warriors, the rest woman and child  
They scalped and massacred them all, Colonel Chivington went wild  
The Arapaho and the Cheyenne, they'd been talking peace  
Died that night at Sand Creek, so they would not increase. (Chorus)
- (Spoken) Broken, bad hurt and outraged, North the survivors marched  
Picking up recruits as they went for revenge their throats were parched  
They cut the overland stage route, struck down the telegraph poles  
They killed more whites than Chivington reds, and they took an unbibled toll  
(Sung) All the way up to Sitting Bull they told their bloody tale  
And warpaths smoked as they hadn't smoked since they cut the Oregon Trail  
Indian war for just 12 years scattered all about the land  
And the Reverend Colonel Chivington did it all with his little band. (Chorus)

# MOVE OVER, GRAB A HOLT

by Peter La Farge

Chorus  
I'm a mov-in' man with a nec-ess-ary urge Day-light's free so's the  
freed-om surge Move over grab a holt and come a-long, babe move  
over grab a holt and come a-long

© I'll take you with me if your engine runs  
But don't bother me baby if you can't come  
Chorus

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2. Plane or bus, train or car  
Wherever it is it's not too far  
Chorus

4. Come on baby, take my hand  
Those who are scared are the 'also ran'  
Chorus

5. With Bobby and Joanie signin' so bright  
Who needs a compass with all that light  
Chorus

6. There's a whole new world to build out there  
Let's go see it and find out where  
Chorus

7. White man, black man, yellow man, red  
All gotta do what Lincoln said  
Chorus  
Repeat first verse.

Side 1, Band 5

## MOVE OVER, GRAB A HOLT

- I'm a movin' man with a necessary urge  
Daylight's free so's the freedom surge  
Move over, grab a holt and come along  
babe  
Move over grab a holt and come along.
- I'll take you with me if your engine runs  
But don't bother me baby if you can't come  
(Chorus)
- Plane or bus, train or car  
Wherever it is it's not too far. (Chorus)
- Come on baby, take my hand  
Those who are scared are the 'also ran'  
(Chorus)
- With Bobby and Joanie signin' so bright  
Who needs a compass with all that light.  
(Chorus)
- There's a whole new world to build out there  
Let's go see it and find out where. (Chorus)
- White man, black man, yellow man, red  
All gotta do what Lincoln said. (Chorus)  
Repeat first verse.

GATHER ROUND by Peter LaFarge

Musical score for 'Gather Round' by Peter LaFarge. The score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It includes a chorus and a verse. The lyrics are: 'Now I'm just an Ind-ian and my old car has runnin' boards, I've stood in the un-em-pley-ment line and wore the clothes I can't afford. I wandered my way on six-ty six and I've gone from town to town. I've thumb'd and bum'd and work'd and shirk'd but I'm here to gather 'round. So gather round, gather round, gather round. Americans gather round. Gather round, gather round, gather round, Americans gather round.' The score includes various musical notations such as chords (F#, G, A, B, C, D, E), rests, and dynamic markings.

2. If you want to know this country, if you want to know this land  
 Take a long look at the wide Missouri, walk the sandy Rio Grande  
 When you get to know her people then you'll get to know her heart  
 You'll find New York and Frisco ain't so very far apart.  
 Chorus

3. There's been some talk that said we're slippin', that our rating's gettin' low  
 Some said we're fools and nicompoops and some that we're too slow  
 Well this is the U. S. A. of Lincoln and the same of Washington  
 Why, there's you and me and a whole lot more, and Uncle Sam has just begun.  
 Chorus

4. We want you to get this straight without any seams  
 When they pinches our eagle that's me that screams  
 Just an Indian guy but I'm goin' your way  
 With the American people and the U. S. A.  
 Chorus

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Side 1, Band 6

GATHER ROUND

- Now I'm just an Indian and my old car has runnin' boards,  
 I've stood in the unemployment line and wore the clothes I can't afford,  
 I wandered my way on sixty six and I've gone from town to town  
 I've thumb'd and bum'd and work'd and shirk'd but I'm here to gather 'round  
 So gather round, gather round, gather round  
 Americans gather round  
 Gather round, gather round, gather round,  
 Americans gather round.
- If you want to know this country, if you want to know this land  
 Take a long look at the wide Missouri, walk the sandy Rio Grande  
 When you get to know her people then you'll get to know her heart  
 You'll find New York and Frisco ain't so very far apart. (Chorus)
- There's been some talk that said we're slippin', that our rating's gettin' low  
 Some said we're fools and nicompoops and some that we're too slow  
 Well this is the U. S. A. of Lincoln and the same of Washington  
 Why, there's you and me and a whole lot more, and Uncle Sam has just begun. (Chorus)
- We want you to get this straight without any seams  
 When they pinches our eagle that's me that screams  
 Just an Indian guy but I'm goin' your way  
 With the American people and the U. S. A. (Chorus)

IF I COULD NOT BE AN INDIAN by Peter LaFarge

Musical score for 'If I Could Not Be an Indian' by Peter LaFarge. The score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It includes a chorus and a verse. The lyrics are: 'If I could not be an Indian but I could choose my clan It's simple which I'd chose, sir, I'd be in Ir-e-land why, the way they fought the Brit-ish sev'-ral hundred years or more That's the way that we fought Custer, Why, they're Indian to the core, It's hard lessons to the rulers when they hold a captive race You cannot reach a man's heart when you're stepping on his face. Chorus' The score includes various musical notations such as chords (F#, G, A, B, C, D, E), rests, and dynamic markings.

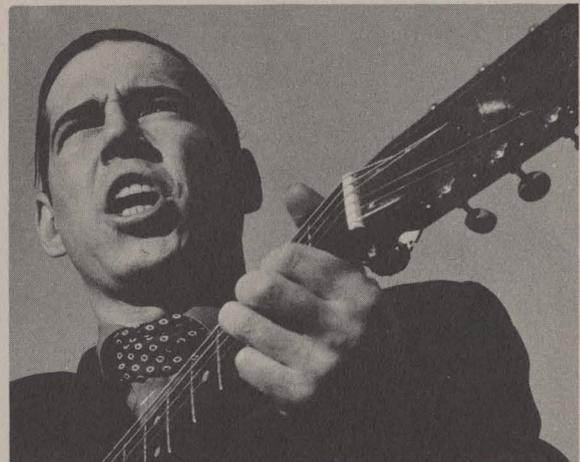
2. Take away a man's religion, give him a ball and chain  
 Try to do things your way, the results are just the same  
 Therefore we feel a friendship to our brothers o'er the sea  
 There's no difference in betwixt us, except our enemy  
 Chorus

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Side 1, Band 7

IF I COULD NOT BE AN INDIAN

- If I could not be an Indian but I could choose my clan  
 It's simple which I'd chose, sir, I'd be in Ireland  
 Why, the way they fought the British sev'ral hundred years or more  
 That's the way that we fought Custer, Why, they're Indian to the core,  
 It's hard lessons to the rulers when they hold a captive race  
 You cannot reach a man's heart when you're stepping on his face. (Chorus)
- Take away a man's religion, give him a ball and chain  
 Try to do things your way, the results are just the same  
 Therefore we feel a friendship to our brothers o'er the sea  
 There's no difference in betwixt us, except our enemy. (Chorus)



DRUMS

- From the Indian reservation to the governmental school  
Well, they're goin' to educate me to the white man's Golden Rule  
And I'm learnin' very quickly, for I've learned to be ashamed,  
And I come when they call "Billy," though I've got an Indian name  
And there are drums beyond the mountain Indian drums that you can't hear  
There are drums beyond the mountain  
And they're gettin' mighty near.
- And when they think that they'd changed me, cut my hair to meet their needs,  
Will they think I'm white or Indian, quarter-blood or just half-breed?  
Let me tell you, Mr. Teacher, when you say you'll make me right,  
In five hundred years of fighting, not one Indian turned white. (Chorus)
- Well, you thought that I knew nothing, when you brought me here to school.  
Just another empty Indian, just America's first fool.  
But I can tell you stories that are burnt and dried and old.  
But in the shadow of their telling walks the thunder proud and bold. (Chorus)
- Long Pine and Sequoia, Handsome Lake and Sitting Bull,  
There's Magnus Colorado with his sleeves so red and full;  
Crazy Horse the legend, those who bit off Custer's soul:  
They are dead, yet they are living, with the great Geronimo. (Chorus)
- Well, you may teach me this land's history, but we taught it to you first.  
We broke your hearts and bent your journeys; broken treaties left us cursed.  
Even now you have to cheat us, even though you think us tame.  
In our losing, we found proudness, in your winning, you found shame. (Chorus)

DRUMS

Rhythmically Verse Words and Music by Peter La Farge

1. From the In-dian, res-er-va-tion to the gov-ern-mental school, Well, they're go-in' to ed-u-cate me to the white man's Golden Rule. And I'm learn-in' very quick-ly, for I've learned to be a-shamed, And I come when they call "Bil-ly," though I've got an In-dian name.

Chorus  
And there are drums a-beyond the moun-tain In-dian drums that you can't hear There are drums a-beyond the moun-tain and they're get-tin' might-y near.

2. And when they think that they'd changed me, cut my hair to meet their needs, Will they think I'm white or Indian, quarter-blood or just half-breed? Let me tell you, Mr. Teacher, when you say you'll make me right, In five hundred years of fighting, not one Indian turned white.

3. Well, you thought that I knew nothing when you brought me here to school. Just another empty Indian, just America's first fool. But I can tell you stories that are burnt and dried and old. But in the shadow of their telling walks the thunder proud and bold.

4. Long Pine and Sequoia, Handsome Lake and Sitting Bull, There's Magnus Colorado with his sleeves so red and full, Crazy Horse the legend, those who bit off Custer's soul: They are dead, yet they are living, with the great Geronimo.

5. Well, you may teach me this land's history, but we taught it to you first. We broke your hearts and bent your journeys, broken treaties left us cursed. Even now you have to cheat us, even though you think us tame. In our losing, we found proudness, in your winning, you found shame.

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WHITE GIRL

- I am stunned and I am broken and my head is in my hands,  
For she who said she love me will not wed an Indian man.  
My gods who were wild ridden stand quiet by my side,  
For although I loved her, she would not be my bride.  
(Chorus)  
Oh, good-bye, softly sweet one, it was splendid while it ran,  
Good-bye, my bitter white girl, I'll forget you if I can.
- She came up to the pueblo with her bright blonde hair.  
They told me not to love her, but I did not care.  
She took me to her parties; she carried me around.  
And I was a proud one, the tallest man in town. (Chorus)
- For I found great wonder, all wrapped in brilliant dreams.  
I held her strong but gentle, as kings have held their queens.  
I learned to drink strong whiskey as she took me here and there.  
Until life without my whiskey I could not bear. (Chorus)
- Well, when she came to leave me, she took me by the arm,  
And she said she loved me and would not do me harm.  
But she would not marry; not an Indian, she said.  
She thanked me for my offer, and I wished that I was dead. (Chorus)
- Now I'm back among my people and they are kind to me.  
Although I'm sad with staggers when I drink that tough whiskey.  
For I've been a white girl's pet, a captive Indian,  
Shown off and discarded, just a drunk who might have been. (Chorus)

WHITE GIRL

Moderately Verse Words and Music by Peter La Farge

1. I am stunned and I am bro-ken and my head is in my hands, For she who said she loved me will not wed an In-dian man. My gods who were wild rid-den stand qui-et by my side, For al-though I loved her, she would not be my bride.

Chorus  
Oh, good-bye, soft-ly sweet one, it was splen-did while it ran. Good-bye, my bit-ter white girl, I'll for-get you if I can.

2. She came up to the pueblo with her bright blonde hair. They told me not to love her, but I did not care. She took me to her parties, she carried me around. And I was a proud one, the tallest man in town.

Chorus  
3. For I found great wonder, all wrapped in brilliant dreams. I held her strong but gentle, as kings have held their queens. I learned to drink strong whiskey as she took me here and there. Until life without my whiskey I could not bear.

Chorus  
4. Well, when she came to leave me, she took me by the arm. And she said she loved me and would not do me harm. But she would not marry, not an Indian, she said. She thanked me for my offer, and I wished that I was dead.

Chorus  
5. Now I'm back among my people and they are kind to me. Although I'm sad with staggers when I drink that tough whiskey. For I've been a white girl's pet, a captive Indian, shown off and discarded, just a drunk who might have been.

Chorus  
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# I'M AN INDIAN I'M AN ALIEN

by Peter La Farge

The first line of musical notation for 'I'm an Indian I'm an Alien' is shown in two staves. The first staff contains the melody with lyrics: 'I'm an Indian I'm an alien I'm a stranger in your town All your white men's roads lead up-ward All the Indian's lead him down'. The second staff contains the bass line.

1. And the dark feuds flow around me  
The shadows thick as snow  
But I've got to keep on singin'  
For the road knows where I go

2. For there's got to be somebody  
Indian or not  
To be singin' on the dark road  
To open up the lot

3. And you can fill up all your prisons  
Lock and bar the doors  
But for everyone you lock up  
There'll be a thousand more

4. For the red man and the black man  
The yellow, white and brown  
We walk the road together  
And this road is Freedom bound

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Side 2, Band 3

## I'M AN INDIAN I'M AN ALIEN

1. I'm an Indian, I'm an alien  
I'm a stranger in your town  
All your white men's roads lead upward  
All the Indian's lead him down
2. And the dark feuds flow around me  
The shadows thick as snow  
But I've got to keep on singin'  
For the road knows where I go
3. For there's got to be somebody  
Indian or not  
To be singin' on the dark road  
To open up the lot
4. And you can fill up all your prisons  
Lock and bar the doors  
But for everyone you lock up  
There'll be a thousand more
5. For the red man and the black man  
The yellow, white and brown  
We walk this road together  
And this road is freedom bound

# STAMPEDE

Words and Music  
by PETER LA FARGE

The first line of musical notation for 'Stampede' is shown in two staves. The first staff contains the melody with lyrics: 'Now there's just one word I don't want to hear When I heard it call'd it cost a friend quite dear I can hear it echo as tho' it were now And I was a-chasin' of the long horn'ed cow. Stampede! They're a-comin' up the draw Stampede! Three thousand head or more, Here they come a-smokin' fire So you'd better earn your hire Stampede and hell to score.' The second staff contains the bass line.

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Side 2, Band 4

## STAMPEDE

1. Now there's just one word I don't want to hear  
When I heard it call'd it cost a friend quite dear  
I can hear it echo as tho' it were now  
And I was a-chasin' of the long horn'ed cow,  
Stampede!  
They're a-comin' up the draw Stampede!  
Three thousand head or more, here they come  
a-smokin' fire  
So you'd better earn your hire  
Stampede and hell to score
2. Now Frankie was my buddy, he rode point upon  
my heart  
We drank and fought and partnered back to back  
and trouble start  
We heard the call one evening in the thunder and  
the black  
When the lightening hit the leaders and the devil  
lead the pack. (Chorus)
3. Well, our horses they were handy for we had just  
rode in  
We went from drinking coffee to a-thinkin' of our  
sins  
There wasn't time for praying and hardly time to  
cuss  
There was a smoking roar and rattle and the  
leaders were on us. (Chorus)
4. Frankie's foot it missed the stirrups and his  
hand it missed the horn  
And as the cattle crushed him from his body life  
was torn  
I was mounted and a-riding when I heard his final  
yell  
"Be proud that you're an Indian and give the  
ladies hell!" (Chorus)
5. Now I ain't got no partner 'cause Frankie's dead  
and gone  
Just so he'd be remembered, I put him in this  
song  
Now some admire headstones, but I think he'd like  
this best  
He weren't fancy in his livin', he ain't fancy in his  
rest. (Chorus)

PLEASE COME BACK, ABE

1. Please come back Abe, please come back  
 Please come back Abe, please come back  
 We've polished up your boots and we've gotten  
 out your hat  
 Please come back Abe, please come back.  
 Well, Abe, I ain't no educated man  
 I never learn'd much in school 'cept ma-be  
 my A-B-C's and the Golden Rule  
 I never read by firelight we had electricity  
 But I read all your speeches, Abe, and they  
 sure sound good to me.
2. Abe, I hear it said you're called the Great  
 Emancipator  
 That's a right big word, I'd like to study on it  
 later  
 Kinda scares a man who never passed a spellin'  
 bee  
 But, Abe, if that's what you're called, Abe, it's  
 all right by me. (Chorus)
3. Abe, what we need right now is a rail-splittin'  
 man  
 A long lanky honest feller to do what he can  
 To straighten out our country, I know you got the  
 key  
 And if, just once, I could see you pass, it would  
 mean a lot to me. (Chorus)

2. Now there was one way to stop this, with 14,000  
 names  
 But the white men were not frightened, like  
 Custer of ill fame  
 They never thought the Indian would organize  
 "They never have, they never will, it'll be a great  
 surprise." (Chorus)
3. The Indians fought with pens and pencils, just  
 14,000 strong  
 They threw it into referendum and it didn't take  
 'em long  
 The Indians took the saddle, as they did in days  
 of yore  
 Now they're frightened at the Capital 'cause the  
 Indians want no war. (Chorus)
4. Now in every Indian nation and in every Indian  
 tribe  
 Indian hearts stand up to sing of South Dakota's  
 pride  
 All across America the red man has found out  
 As long as he is organized the thieves are all in  
 rout  
 Chorus: Oh the Indians got no war whoop (we  
 checked with the Harvard Department of  
 Anthropology and they told us)  
 Oh, the Indians got no war whoop, anymore  
 Etc.  
 End with war whoop.

WAR WHOOP

Words and Music  
by PETER LA FARGE

Way up in South Da-ko-ta leg-is-la-tors pass'd a law to make the  
 In-dian re-ser-va-tions State land for-er-er more, Cat-tle  
 bar-ons gave the or-ders for they con-troll'd the vote, and  
 no one in the Ca-pi-tal would dare to rock the boat. But them  
 In-dians got no war whoop an-y more an-y more No them  
 In-dians got no war whoop an-y more It's all right to ra-vage  
 The de-fence-less sa-vage cause them In-dians got no war whoop an-y more

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FATHER, OH MY FATHER

Words and Music  
by PETER LA FARGE

Is it dim burn-ing low Is it dark  
 burn-ing slow Has it gone from your  
 reach You war ea-gle of speech  
 Fa-ther oh - my Fa-ther the torch you lit burns  
 high and the trum-pet bea-cons of free-dom char the sky

2. Is it far where you're gone  
 Is it still falling long  
 Has it gone from your eyes  
 Your war Indian cries

Chorus  
 3. Is it soft last the bed  
 Is it hard lyin' dead  
 Has it gone from your side  
 The freedom and pride

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WAR WHOOP

1. Way up in South Dakota legislators pass'd a law  
 To make the Indian reservations State land forever  
 more,  
 Cattle barons gave the orders for they controlled  
 the vote  
 And no one in the Capital would dare to rock the  
 boat,  
 But them Indians got no war whoop any more,  
 any more  
 No them Indians got no war whoop any more.  
 It's all right to ravage the defenseless savage  
 Cause them Indians got no war whoop any more.

FATHER, OH MY FATHER

1. Is it dim burning low  
 Is it dark burning slow  
 Has it gone from your reach  
 You war eagle of speech  
 Father, oh my father  
 The torch you lit burns high  
 And the trumpet beacons of freedom char the sky
2. Is it far where you're gone  
 Is it still falling long  
 Has it gone from your eyes  
 Your war Indian cries (Chorus)
3. Is it soft last the bed  
 Is it hard lyin' dead  
 Has it gone from your side  
 The freedom and pride (Chorus)