



Buffy Sainte-Marie, “My Country ‘tis of Thy People You’re Dying”



Hear how the bargain was made for the West:
With her shivering children in zero degrees,
Blankets for your land, so the treaties attest,
Oh well, blankets for land is a bargain indeed,
And the blankets were those Uncle Sam had collected
From smallpox-diseased dying soldiers that day.
And the tribes were wiped out and the history books censored,
A hundred years of your statesmen have felt it's better this way.
And yet a few of the conquered have somehow survived,
Their blood runs the redder though genes have paled.
From the Grand Canyon's caverns to craven sad hills
The wounded, the losers, the robbed sing their tale.
From Los Angeles County to upstate New York
The white nation fattens while others grow lean;
Oh the tricked and evicted they know what I mean.

My country 'tis of thy people you're dying.



Peter LaFarge, “The Senecas (As Long as the Grass Shall Grow)”



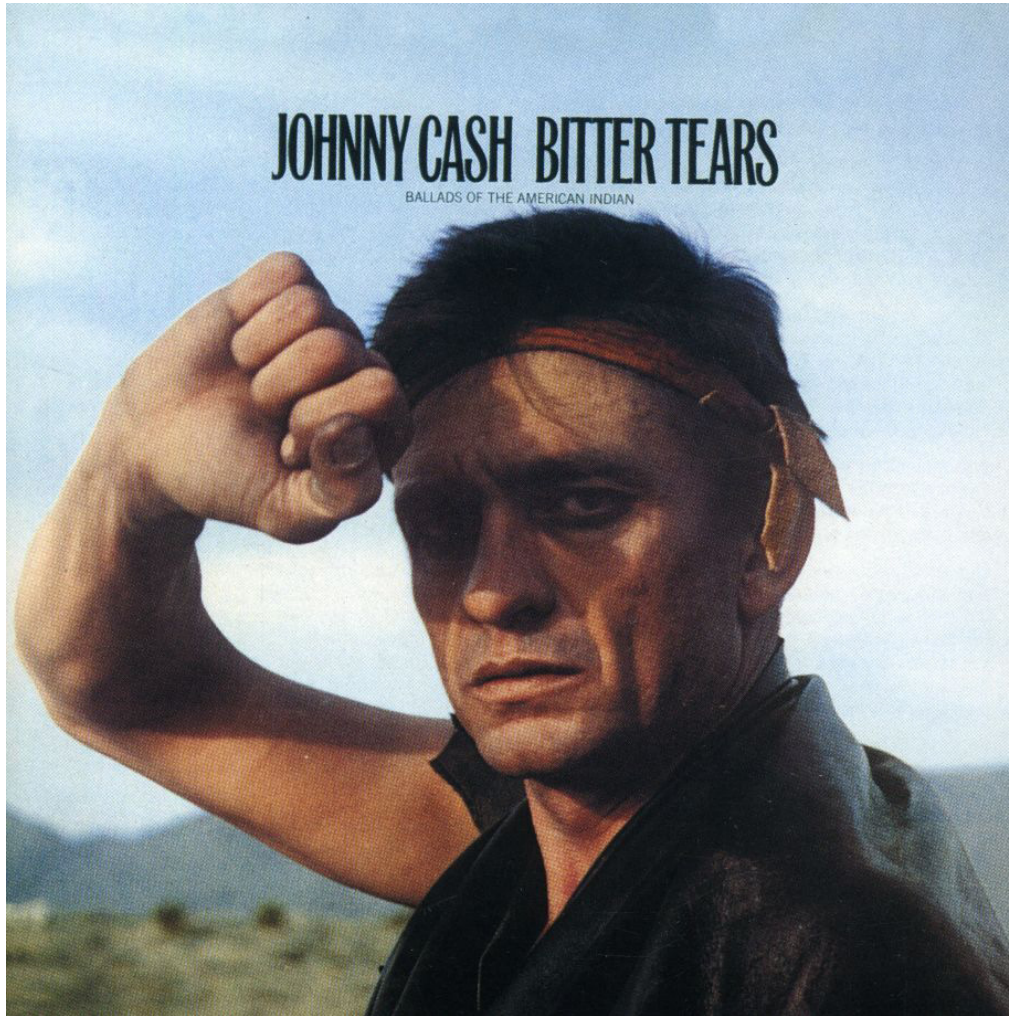
The Senecas are an Indian tribe of the Iroquios nation
Down on the New York Pennsylvania Line you'll find their reservation
After the US revolution, Cornplanter was a chief
He told the tribe these men they could trust, that was his true belief
He went down to Independence Hall and there a treaty signed
That promised peace with the USA and Indian rights combined
George Washington gave his signature, the Government gave its hand
They said that now and forever more that this was Indian land

As long as the moon shall rise
As long as the rivers flow
As long as the sun will shine
As long as the grass shall grow

On the Seneca reservation there is much sadness now
Washington's treaty has been broken and there is no hope, no how
Across the Allegheny River they're throwing up a dam
It will flood the Indian country, a proud day for Uncle Sam
It has broke the ancient treaty with a politician's grin
It will drown the Indian graveyards, Cornplanter can you swim
The earth is mother to the Senecas, they're trampling sacred ground
Change the mint green earth to black mud flats as honor hobbles down



Johnny Cash, “The Ballad of Ira Hayes”



There they battled up Iwo Jima hill
Two hundred and fifty men
But only twenty-seven lived
To walk back down again
And when the fight was over
And Old Glory raised
Among the men who held it high
Was the Indian, Ira Hayes

Ira Hayes returned a hero
Celebrated through the land
He was wined and speached 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'd done
And when did the Indians dance

Then Ira started drinking hard
Jail was often his home
They let him raise the flag and lower it
Like you'd throw a dog a bone
He died drunk early one morning
Alone in the land he fought to save
Two inches of water and a lonely ditch
Was a grave for Ira Hayes