

Rarely, save when illy treated  
Doth the Indian rob and plunder,  
And break white man's laws asunder.  
Give him liberty, pale faces,  
As accorded other races,  
And he would become a nation  
Purged from crime and degradation'

Sitting Bull his plea hath ended.  
Though not all by him intended  
Hath he through his scribe transmitted.  
Should his message, thus submitted  
To the people, be rejected,  
Be despised and be neglected.  
He hath filled his obligation.  
Henceforth he his loving station •  
Holdeth near his people, stricken.  
He will watch by those who sicken.  
He will whisper to the dying  
Of a land where is no sighing,  
Of a land where plenty reigneth,  
Where no cold nor hunger paineth,  
Where the white man and red brother  
Dwell in peace with one another.  
Thus will he impress and guide them,  
Though they know not that beside them