

Cometh not to him that shirketh.
Not to him that idly sigheth.
But to him whose feet swift flieth
Is the race at length accorded,
And the golden prize awarded.
Listen! my beloved nation,
To the earnest exhortation
Sitting Bull brings from your sires.
Dance no longer round your fires,
Thinking thus to woo the sages,
The Messiahs of past ages!
All your forms have no attraction
For these souls of earnest action.
But in every true endeavor
Will they aid and guide you, ever.
And, O pale face, more enlightened,
Be not anxious, be not frightened,
When you see the red man dancing,
'Round his camp fires wildly prancing;
'Tis his mode of invocation.
White man maketh supplication
When and wheresoe'er he chooseth,
Yet the privilege refuseth
To his poor, untutored brother,
Who at present knows no other
Way to ease his-burdened feeling,