

# **PAHASKA**

by  
Bobby Bridger

## **Introduction**

A Lakota (Sioux) word, *pahaska* means “long hair”. As most of the scouts of the American West of the nineteenth century, Colonel William Frederick “Buffalo Bill” Cody wore his hair long. Cody, Wild Bill Hickok and other famous scouts of the era were civilians hired by the Army because of their intimate understanding of Plains Indian people and culture and for their working knowledge of the land itself. Pragmatically, politically, and stylistically emulating mountain men and plainsmen such as Jim Bridger and Kit Carson who preceded them into the heart of North America, Cody and other scouts wore beaded buckskins and long hair in deference to native plains people who preferred not to cut their hair.

Born in 1846 into a quintessential American family of the migration across the Great Plains, Cody’s destiny was, and forever remains, at the heart of western history; truly few individuals have affected world culture and history and left such an indelible imprint on mankind as Buffalo Bill. As the horse and buffalo culture of the mystic warriors of the Great Plains vanished under the initial industrial onslaught of our modern technological society, Will Cody was uniquely gifted and, with deft historical timing, able to hold the past, present and future in his hand for a fleeting, epochal moment. Cody used his talents, charisma and command of the moment to create an exhibition of the immediate transition of eras in western American history, preserving something of their essence all the while entertaining the masses and virtually creating the concept of celebrity out of thin air. Before Buffalo Bill individuals were merely “famous” -or infamous; the well-known were royalty, military heroes, outlaws, or villains.

Lakota people started calling Will Cody “Pahaska” as he was interacting with them at Fort Laramie and Fort Bridger early in his pre-adolescent career on the Great Plains. Throughout his life Cody spoke with pride of his Indian name and the showman even named his retreat in the Absaroka Mountains of Yellowstone Country, “Pahaska’s Tepee”.

I believe the name “Pahaska” offers special insight into William Frederick Cody; the name reveals his unique bond with Plains Indians fused long before the fame and celebrity of “Buffalo Bill” swept in away. Similarly, the name “Pahaska” offers a glimpse into the Plains Indians friendly, personal relationship with Cody, as with other non-Indians, before the invasion of the cultures of the world into America’s heart so devastated them. Peaceful relations between native people and immigrants then were often accompanied by a sense of shared goals and purposes.

Cody frequently referred to having a shared destiny with the buffalo and Plains Indians; indeed, one cannot utter William F. Cody's immortal alliterated sobriquet without conjuring buffalo. Indians and buffalo are equally synonymous metaphorically and in reality.

Twenty-first Century "politically correct" hindsight reveals the irony that a man renowned for killing buffalo for the Kansas Pacific Railroad in the 1860s was also nearly single-handedly responsible for preserving buffalo in the 1890s when fewer than three-hundred remained. At that nadir nearly half the surviving buffalo were well-cared for in Cody's Wild West. Considering Cody's reputation as an "Indian fighter", closely examination of history reveals another irony: from the 1880s until the early 1900s, as defeated Plains Indian nations were being herded onto reservations in order to be "reconstructed" into "civilized" farmers, Buffalo Bill's Wild West offered an unusual sanctuary for those "incorrigibles" who resisted as traditional Plains Indian religion and culture were being systematically dismantled and destroyed. Often Indian leaders such as Sitting Bull, Red Cloud, and other "troublemakers" were encouraged by Indian agents to join the Wild West in order to get them out of the way of reconstruction efforts. While depicting their traditional "vanishing" culture in the Wild West exhibition, however, hundreds of Cheyenne and Lakota people were able to imprint their culture's essence into mainstream non-Indian society while simultaneously preserving their culture's spiritual essence long enough for tribal people on reservations to form secret underground versions of sacred ceremonies to reunite and renew themselves. Perhaps the most significant of these "incorrigibles" was Lakota Holy Man, Black Elk, who, through the religious and secular experiences he had in Europe traveling with Cody, was able to return to his people with the broadened perspective needed to help them make the transition into white, Christian culture with the essential values of Plains Indian religion intact. This work, *Pahaska*, presents the opinion that William Frederick "Pahaska" Cody and Plains Indians were co-creators of the concept of "celebrity" in order for these historical ironies to occur.

Finally, *Pahaska* is the epic ballad of Will Cody, man-child of the great western American migration of the mid-nineteenth century. It is the tale of a unique hero who, after participating in western historical events, recreated these original historical events in a theatrical arena encompassing the entire world. As a living legend, Buffalo Bill rode into the spotlight of celebrity and taught us how we create mythology. It is most important, however, to keep in mind that the mythology created by Will Cody was deeply rooted in reality. Cody's depiction of the "Wild West" was an affectionate attempt to bring the essence of the western reality he loved to the rest of the world. Cody's reality was then and forever remains intertwined with the Plains Indian and buffalo. Perhaps Will Cody's greatest contributions are yet to come as Plains Indian religion and culture continue to mend, reunite, and revitalize while buffalo numbers rejuvenate. *Pahaska* is offered with that hope.

## Characters

## **The Balladeer**

The Balladeer is Pahaska's narrator in verse and song.

## **William Frederick "Buffalo Bill" Cody**

Called "Will" by his family even after the world knew him as "Buffalo Bill", Cody is in the beginning of Pahaska, the boy-hero who went to work as a bullwacker on freight wagon trains as age eleven to support his family. He grows into young manhood with the Pony Express and the Civil War to win acclaim as a buffalo hunter and scout for the famous Fifth Cavalry. After the Indian Wars Buffalo Bill emerges as the greatest showman of the Victorian period entertaining audiences all over the world.

## **Rain-In-The-Face**

Rain-In-The-Face was an Oglala Lakota man whose sons were boyhood companions of Will Cody in the mid-1850s at Fort Laramie. His elder son and namesake claimed he was the man who killed George Armstrong Custer at Little Big Horn. Later, Rain-In-The-Face (the son) traveled with Cody in the Wild West making the pair lifelong friends.

## **Sitting Bull**

Sitting Bull was a Hunkpapa Lakota. Although he was a medicine man, the advancing danger of the white invasion into his country thrust him into war as a spiritual leader. After the Custer Battle, Sitting Bull fled into Canada where he spent several years in political exile. Upon growing homesick, the chief returned to America expecting to be murdered surrendering as Crazy Horse before him. Much to his surprise, the medicine man discovered he had become too famous to be murdered. In 1885 he joined the Wild West as the exhibition was becoming popular. Cody sealed their friendship with the gift of a horse trained to buck and rear at the sound of gunshots. Sitting Bull left the Wild West show at the end of the 1885 season to return to the reservation to help his people politically. He was killed in the Ghost Dance frenzy of 1890, days before the massacre at Wounded Knee.

## **Black Elk**

An Oglala Lakota Wichasha Wakon (Holy Man/Priest), Black Elk spent his life reflecting upon and seeking meaning from a powerful vision he experienced as a boy. Present at most major pivotal historical moments of the Indian Wars, Ghost Dance Movement and Reconstruction Periods, Black Elk also traveled to Europe with Buffalo Bill's Wild West in 1887. After missing the boat as the Wild West show returned to America, Black Elk spent a year and a half wandering throughout Europe. Returning to France in 1889, Buffalo Bill found Black Elk in Paris. The scout threw a big reunion feast in Black Elk's honor and paid for his ticket to return home. Today, John G. Neihardt's *Black Elk Speaks* is considered the classic text of Plains Indian culture and religion.

## **The Recording**

**Recorded March 11,18 & April 6, 13, 1999; April 3 & 4, 2000  
Hill On The Moon Studios, Austin, Texas  
Produced by Bobby Bridger  
Engineered by John Main and Jim Inmon  
Mixed by Jim Inmon and Bobby Bridger  
Mastered by Jerry Tubbs at Terra Nova Digital Studios, Austin, Texas  
Web layout and design by Gil Bateman and Bobby Bridger**

## **The Players**

**Narration: Bobby Bridger  
Vocals: Bobby Bridger  
6 String and 12 String Acoustic Guitars: Bobby Bridger  
6 String Acoustic and Electric Guitar: John Inmon  
Bass: Bob Livingston  
Drums and Percussion: Paul Percy  
Fiddle: Richard Bowden  
Trumpet: Bob Meyers  
Bass Harmonica: George Carver  
Background Vocals: Bob Livingston and Bobby Bridger  
Traditional Lakota Songs: The Porcupine Singers\***

\*From the compact disc, Traditional Lakota Songs by The Porcupine Singers on Canyon Records. Used by permission.

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## **Pahaska**

**by  
Bobby Bridger**

**(The Balladeer)**

**It was a time for moving, for taking up the quest;  
Of blending and of clashing, as the "Old World" headed west.  
The emigrant's dream evolved into a phenomenal migration,  
Which strained at the seams of the young American nation,  
Already torn to sections with threats of fratricide,  
And rhetorical cacophonies of regionalistic pride.**

**For ten years the Kansas prairie had been the stark threshold  
Of the journey 'cross the ocean of grass, where the first wagons rolled  
From Independence to San Francisco 'till the rush of forty-nine  
Exploded on the prairie, as thousands hoped to mine  
Their fortunes in a perpetual stream of wagons grinding west  
In muddy trails, on creaking dreams and clattering unrest.**

The argument of “free soil” or “slave” divided border-states  
‘Til fist-a-cuffs gave way to knives and daring conflagrates.  
And in 1857, when a slaver’s hate put Isaac Cody six-feet-below,  
He left behind two grieving sons, five daughters and a desperate widow.  
Young Will was brave and responsible, ‘though only eleven years of age,  
Now suddenly depended upon to earn a grown man’s wage.

Soon Will was working freight wagon trains to the crack of a bullwacker’s whip;  
Horseback courier, from wagon to wagon, throughout the dangerous trip  
From Fort Leavenworth to Fort Laramie, through the heartland of the Sioux.  
The boy developed prairie survival skills and dreamed of his rendezvous  
With destiny out on the hazy rim where the plains and sky converge,  
Unaware that his great destiny and the American West would merge.

The bullwacker’s cry, “*Root hog or die*”, sings to the mighty ox teams.  
(Young Will Cody)

*“This hog won’t be tied for bacon and fried, I’ll stand justified in my dreams.  
I’ll take careful aim and I’ll earn me a name the world will know far and wide.  
I cut my own trail, even though I might fail, I’ll follow my own spirit guide!”*

#### SONG

(sung by Young Will Cody)

### THE RAINBOW TRAIL

*“There is something moving out there calling me out to the new frontier.  
Bright colors hanging in the air, I hear their sirens singing in my ear.  
Vision quests have begun, kindred spirits seek the sun,  
Knowing that their faith will never fail.  
Our destinies will coincide, my fate will be to jump astride  
That horse and ride the Rainbow Trail.”*

*“There is something moving out there calling me into the mystery.  
Crystal prisms in the icy atmosphere, hypnotizing me.  
Now’s the time to explore, reach beyond forevermore,  
Certain every mountain I can scale.  
My heart will be my spirit guide, I’ll find my power deep inside,  
As long as I ride the Rainbow Trail.”*

(CHORUS)

*“I’ll become the dream;  
Drink deep from life’s grail;  
My time is now,  
On the Rainbow Trail.  
And when I’m gone,  
They’ll sing my tale,*

*How I found my path,  
On the Rainbow Trail."*

*"There is something moving out there, calling me out to the Great Divide;  
A spirit-voice that I must hear, for I know it cannot be denied!  
Now's the time to explore; spirits call -spirits soar,  
Knowing time will memorize their tale.  
Our destinies will coincide, my fate will be to jump astride  
That horse and ride the Rainbow Trail."*

**(END OF SONG)**

**(Elderly Buffalo Bill, reflecting)**

*"My earliest memory was an awareness that I belonged to the plains;  
That my fate, as the buffalo and Indian's, was linked to the vast terrains.  
The first time I saw Indians dancing, heard them singing to the drum,  
I knew our destinies would merge; that one day I would become  
A bridge between our two cultures, a blending of white and red.  
Looking back now it seems tragic that this bridge was stained with blood-shed."*

*"On my first trip west, I killed an Indian; to tell the truth, it made me sick.  
It could have gone the other way, however, he'd have killed me just as quick;  
For we had been raided by the Pawnee, and chased all day and night,  
And I simply surprised him behind the bullwackers, ambushing them in the  
moonlight.*

*Well, the bullwacker's called me their 'boy-hero'; it was then I first tasted of fame;  
But I'd looked in his eye as I watched him die, and also first tasted of shame."*

*"As we walked back home to Kansas I got into a scuffle when I called a  
bullwacker a liar.*

*He smacked me twice good, took hold of my britches, and threw me into the  
campfire.*

*Then a young man stepped in, saved my hide for sure, for this villain was after my  
life;*

*And he had me cornered, 'til my friend intervened and took away his Bowie knife.  
My defender said, 'If a man harms a ha'r on his head, just one pretty, little lock,  
He'll answer to me, and soon he will see why they call me Wild Bill Hickok!'"*

*"Back in Kansas I tried some book-learning, but got into a school-yard fight.  
I stabbed the young man I fought for her hand; gave him and my mother a fright.  
Well, since I was in trouble, John Willis told mother he needed my help with a  
train*

*He was taking to Utah to supply the Army, out fighting the 'Mormon Campaign.'  
Just out of Green River the 'angels' ambushed us; took everything but our lives.  
I guess Brigham needed a regiment's rations to feed his one-hundred wives."*

*"We wintered at Fort Bridger; 'Ole Gabe' took me under his wing.*

*He dressed like a Sioux; Kit Carson did too! They both treated me like a king,  
Keeping me up nights with their stories, from back in the Rendezvous time;  
Before the coming of wagons; back when beaver was prime.  
Right then and there I decided I would grow up and be exactly like them;  
My buckskin-scout 'heroes'; my 'uncles' and 'brother,' Wild Bill, Kit and Jim."*

**SONG**

(sung by Young Will Cody)

**THE SCOUTS**

*"Jim Bridger taught me sign language, how to converse in Sioux,  
Shoshone and Arapaho, Crow and Cheyenne too.  
Made me a gold, fringed buckskin shirt, with beads red, white, and blue;  
Taught me all 'bout Indians and their spiritual virtue."*

*"Kit Carson taught me how to shoot from horseback at full-speed;  
How to run with the buffalo; follow the herd's stampede;  
And how to get among them before drawing deadly bead;  
And how a wise man only takes enough to fill his need."*

**(CHORUS)**

*"Times are changing;  
Rearranging;  
We are here,  
Then we are gone."*

*"Wild Bill Hickok taught me that true friendship never ends.  
A partner stands beside you and his loyalty transcends  
Any circumstance; he'll never tell you, 'Why Will, that depends.'  
Someone you trust forever is someone you call your friend."*

**(CHORUS)**

*"Times are changing;  
Rearranging;  
We are here,  
Then we are gone."*

**(END OF SONG)**

**(The Balladeer)**

The long winter ended. Kansas called in the spring.  
The bullwackers grew restless to hear the whips cracking  
'ore the ox teams, to coax, coerce and cajole  
Music from the axle, as the wheel begins to roll.  
And young Will was now a "plainsman," a twelve-year-old, a seasoned scout;  
Standing at the brink of manhood, his great vision fleshing out.

Several days out of Fort Laramie, separated from the train,  
Wagonmaster Lew Simpson, George Woods and young Will rode mules on the  
lonely plain.

When suddenly fifty hostiles appeared, galloping towards them in a hot swarm  
Of horses, spears and war-hoops; a feather-and-paint thunderstorm!  
Flight was hopeless; the moment belonged to the heart that remained relaxed and  
cool.

Lew Simpson instinctively called to his comrades; "*Circle tight boys; shoot yer  
mule!*"

Three shots did the business, the mules hit the ground, a pulsating barricade,  
The trio inside, severely outnumbered, holding hope in a fleshy stockade.  
The first greeting of arrows was answered with bullets, and more than a few hit  
their mark.

But the bad-hearted hostiles were thirsty for blood, so the charges continued 'til  
dark.

Tension dozed through the night. There was no plan, save the dimming hope of  
rescue;

Digging deeper inside, searching for courage, and making certain their aim was  
true.

But with the faithful morning, and the welcome light of the sun,  
Came the ominous odor of burning grass; a prairie fire, set to run  
'Ore the mule-fort inhabitants, forcing them to flee from the heat of the flame;  
And worse -acid smoke, which would camouflage archers, taking more careful  
aim.

Then fate intervened as rescues cry sang over the smoky fray.  
Hard-won hope appeared on the horizon, and the hostiles ran away!

Once again the bullwacker's boy-hero drank deep from the grail of fame.  
His courage was praised at the end of the day 'round the campfire they all sang  
his name.

Meanwhile, back in Kansas, Will's employers -Russell, Majors and Waddell  
Had a new business venture, the swiftest plan ever to carry the US Mail.  
They needed young riders, tested and proven; known to remain calm under  
stress.

In search of adventure, Will Cody joined the brave boys of the Pony Express.

## SONG

(sung by Young Will Cody)

## THE PONY EXPRESS

*"Two-thousand miles from St. Joseph to San Francisco;  
Two-thousand miles of prairie and mountain plateau;  
Alkali and desert flat; ambush by desperado.  
Two-thousand miles of racing snow, tornado and hail;*

*Two-thousand miles of danger and treacherous travail;  
Outrunning fate on blazing speed,  
Fearless heart and trusted steed prevail."*

*"Sleek and swift as lightning striking swiftness with the quirt!  
Sinew stretching massive muscles moving in concert!  
Yippee-Ti-Yi! Yippee-Ti-Yi-Yes!  
It's the Pony! The Pony Express!"*

*"Two-thousand miles, eighteen stations, fifty riders, ten days;  
Changing ponies on the run, avoiding all delays;  
Five riders a day; each riding three fifteen-mile relays!  
Two-thousand miles outrunning hostile bow and arrow hail  
Two-thousand miles not knowing what awaits down every trail  
Daring odds on dashing speed,  
Fearless heart and trusted steed prevail!"*

*"Slapping leather rhythm to the ringing of the spurs!  
Time and space singing in the music that occurs!  
Yippee-Ti-Yi! Yippee-Ti-Yi-Yes!  
It's the Pony! The Pony Express!"  
(END OF SONG)*

(The Balladeer)

Who knows if we choose paths, or follow some plan pre-ordained long ago?  
Instinct certainly guides us; could it be we already know  
The purest path to our essence, divining the Grand Master's plan,  
The ending already envisioned before we ever began?  
Or does chaos force us to action we might never have taken before?  
One thing we all understand clearly; there is no explanation for war.

Gunshots rang out at Fort Sumter! Rage ricocheted reprimand!  
As brother fell upon brother, retribution ravaged the land!  
Ignition begat explosion, 'til it seemed the whole world was on fire.  
And the glorious dream of democracy was destined to sadly expire  
In the flames of industrial madness as the gears and cartridge spun  
With no magic to heal the destruction of the deadly, mechanical gun.

Will vowed to his bed-ridden mother, while she lived he'd remain by her side,  
Providing for her and his sisters, for upon him they all still relied.  
The sacrifice of her husband was high enough price to pay  
For holding the Union together; her boy must stay  
And hold the *family* together, healing it's still tender scar.  
And a boy of fourteen, she reckoned, was too young to take part in a war.

So Will quit the plains and the prairie for the trapper's life in cold streams

Much closer to home and family, yet further away from his dreams.  
Will had a partner named Dave Phillips. The pair built a base-camp in a cave  
On the Republican River. The cabin would soon nearly become a grave.  
For Will broke his leg hunting elk; and Dave had to set the bone!  
Departing for help, Dave figured Will spending twenty days in the cave alone!

Paranoia crept through the cavern's shadowy solitude  
As the grip of isolation seized the boy's fragile fortitude.  
Was there enough food and water? Did Dave cut him enough firewood?  
What if infection gangrened his leg? What was the likelihood  
Of a bear, or badger; or worse yet, Indians or outlaws?  
How could he act to defend himself from man and tooth and claws?

Sensing a presence there with him brought Will from his sleep one night.  
Awakened, he noticed ten Indians crowding into the cave's candlelight.  
Recognizing their leader as Rain-In-The-Face, Will spoke to the Chief in Sioux;  
And though painted for war, the old man signed that he recognized *Pahaska* too.  
Since his sons and *Pahaska* were companions at Fort Laramie two years before,  
He would let *Pahaska* keep his long hair tonight, and forget he was a warrior.

*"Pahaska"*, the old man spoke softly, once touching Will's shoulder-length hair,  
*"In my dreams you rode horseback shooting little glass balls from the air.  
Many people were gathered together in a tepee too large to describe;  
In which you sheltered Lakota people, protecting the last of my tribe.  
The men honored you as a great hunter, and the women all sang tremolo,  
For you not only sheltered Lakota, but also the last buffalo."*

(SONG)

(sung by Rain-In-The-Face)

## ONE PERFECT MOMENT

*"Is there one moment we are born for;  
One perfect moment in our lifetime?  
Or is our lifetime one perfect moment;  
Gone in the blinking of an eye?"*

*"Do we come here with unique purpose;  
Directed by forces unspoken or seen?  
Could we be randomness gone searching  
For what our randomness might mean?"*

*"If there is reason in the moment;  
We'll never know 'til we depart.  
Questions of lifetimes or of moments  
Are answered listening to our heart."*

***“As the North Star shines in the heavens;  
Celestial compass, forever true!  
The heart is our guide through any question.  
Intuition’s our only clue.”***

***“Is there one moment we are born for?”  
(END OF SONG)***

**(The Balladeer)**

**Morning tiptoed into the lonely cavern; it’s light found Will alone  
In peaceful dreams, not knowing that Rain-In-The-Face was gone.  
In fact, the only sign the old chief had ever even been there at all  
Was the single eagle feather left hanging from a root in the cave’s rocky wall.  
A reminder of their meeting in a dream which explained what each dreamed,  
Prophesizing future directions; each unique purpose redeemed.**

**Did he really hear someone shouting? Could it really be Dave?  
Will finally emerged from the darkness, after twenty-nine days in the cave.  
As soon as he pulled himself from his mother’s long, thankful caress,  
He told her he would soon return to work riding the Pony Express  
Until he was eighteen and old enough to do what he felt was right,  
Which was to join the Union Army to hurry to take part in the fight.**

**Will kept his vow to his mother, often rushing home to her bedside.  
The faithful son finally held her in his arms the moment that she died.  
Soon after the funeral, Will announced his decision and kissed his sisters good-  
bye.**

**He joined the Union Army and was quickly assigned as a spy.  
Oh Will tasted of battle also, however, ‘til the long war came to an end.  
The killing stopped; peace was restored, and the Union began to mend.**

**The government viewed the railroad as metaphor. The wounded nation would  
heal**

**Independently financing a vision to unite the coasts with rails of shining steel.  
The Union Pacific Railroad would reunite, renew and redeem  
The North, South, East and West into one American Dream.  
The race to come together would re-inspire ingenuity  
To focus on the future, riding these new powers of industry.**

**Since time immemorial; since the first misty eon.  
In symbiotic symmetry, the buffalo and Plains Indian  
Migrated together in pristine harmony.  
Neither was prepared to meet the invasion of industry  
That now divided the ancient migratory path  
With no consideration of a tragic aftermath.**

Out on the sacred buffalo ground warriors beat the drum  
Prophesizing of the day that enemies would come.  
From band to band and tribe to tribe across the tall grass plain  
Relative warned relative, each struggling to explain,  
As no one knew exactly when, how numerous or strong,  
Only enemies were coming, coming before long.

Red Cloud broke his peace pipe and vowed that he would fight!  
Sherman rattled his sabers and paraded American might.  
Sheridan's Fifth Cavalry mustered to his bugle call,  
Provoking Plains Indians further by pushing their backs to the wall.  
"Conflict is inevitable!" the war-monger-politicians cried.  
On the prairie war paint flourished while ponies tails were tied.

The Laramie Treaty ended Red Cloud's War in 1868.  
Prospector's picked at it's honor, anxious to desecrate  
Anything that stood between them and their quest for gold.  
The government looked away, hoping somehow to hold  
The fragile peace long enough to link the rails of steel,  
And to hear progress humming in the music of the wheel.

The metal syncopation of a steel symphony;  
Hammers ringing on the plains in synchronicity;  
Muscle pounding wood and rail into fusing with steel cleat;  
And the fuel feeding the engine was buffalo meat!  
The railroad needed hunters to feed the working men.  
The prairie was calling; Will was listening, and found his path again.

(SONG)  
(sung by Will Cody)  
**DESTINY**

*"Gotta let it go -gotta learn to get out of the way.  
Let the spirit move -gotta let it make a brand new day.  
Gotta trust and let down my guard; gotta let it move me forward  
It's all gonna change anyway.  
Gotta learn to let it lead me -gotta learn to get out of the way."*

*"Gotta set it free; let it move me on down the line.  
Gotta let it breathe; let it create its own design.  
Only I can renew me, find my heart and come back to me,  
Gotta set it free and let it shine.  
Gotta let it live inside me, let it create its own design."*

*"Gotta let it be; something better waits on down the trail.  
If I can set it free; I just might touch that sacred grail."*

*Gotta trust that instinct guides me, gotta let it live inside me,  
When you dream you really cannot fail.  
Gotta learn to let it lead me, my destiny's calling down the trail.”  
(END OF SONG)*

**(The Balladeer)**

The legend spread like wildfire of four thousand buffalo slain  
In eighteen months by one man -a *Nimrod* of the Plains.  
The greatest buffalo hunter to ever race among the herds.  
When people saw Will coming he was greeted with these words.  
*“Buffalo Bill, Buffalo Bill. He never missed and he never will,  
Always aims and shoots to kill, and the company pays his buffalo bill.”*

But an argument arose. Some said Bill Comstock first used the name.  
Others argued that Comstock was the better hunter, more entitled to Cody's  
acclaim.

So a contest was arranged; the two Bill's would meet on the field.  
At the end of the day the sobriquet would be worn by the man who killed  
The most buffalo. Rules were decided, and soon a growing prairie encampment  
Swelled to hundreds, gathering to gamble, or to witness the historic event.

Will had a pony named Brigham, who was formerly owned by a Ute.  
With no saddle or bridle Brigham raced in deadly, instinctive pursuit  
Of the lead bulls, knowing when they fall, the stampede sharply turns,  
Spiraling back upon itself 'til a circle of death rolls and churns,  
Allowing the hunter control of the moment, with full access to his prey.  
Blessed with Brigham's breeding and training, Will hunted the Indian way.

When it was over, one-hundred and seventeen buffalo fell to their guns.  
Comstock killed forty-eight; “Buffalo Bill” Cody -sixty-nine!  
Clarions called Will's name in the east now as well as the west.  
Imaginations, long bored with urban monotony, were quick to manifest  
Dreams of frontier freedom, far away from industry's mill;  
Factory workers hungered for the adventures of “Buffalo Bill”.

Was it pattern or coincidence, order or chaos,  
Destiny or chance, that made the name synonymous  
With the west of imagination and the west of reality?  
Will Cody became “Buffalo Bill” , while simultaneously  
The pseudonym symbolized a new American Age;  
Reality filtered through fantasy, romanticized upon the page.

Hand-to-mouth, tongue-to-pen, beggar, actor, showman;  
After Ned Buntline met Will Cody “Dime Novels” began  
To appear in New York and Philadelphia, Washington and Chicago,  
Singing the praises of “Buffalo Bill”, his new hero

**Of the American “Wild West”. Brave and daring -dashing and cavalier,  
A prince of the plains, ready for action, a knight of the new frontier.**

**(SONG)**

**(sung by the Balladeer)**

## **DIME NOVELS**

**Ambushed by a name, held captive by a legend.  
What is the price of fame to ransom who you are?  
A prisoner of the game of meeting expectation  
Will learn how to pretend to be a star.**

**(Chorus)**

**Shining in the darkness and the shadows  
Burning,  
Bright as a beacon in the night.  
Riding on the hopes and dreams of hero's  
Turning  
Mysteries wishes into light.**

**Riding on the name, he let that pony run free.  
Blazing into flame, they burned into one.  
His freedom found in fame, his fortunate celebrity  
Reflected his acclaim back to everyone.**

**(CHORUS)**

**Shining in the darkness and the shadows  
Burning,  
Bright as a beacon in the night.  
Riding on the hopes and dreams of hero's  
Turning,  
Mysteries wishes into light**

**(END OF SONG)**

**(The Balladeer)**

**The general's companion, always at his side,  
Tactical advisor, confidant and guide,  
Tracker and interpreter of what the signs reveal,  
The scout serves as the senses of the army in the field.  
Advancing or retreating, heading in or moving out;  
Strategies depend upon the knowledge of the scout.**

**Shaped and molded by the prairie's ever-changing frontier,  
Will Cody's life seemed training to assume a scout's career.  
His knowledge of Plains Indians, each different tribe or band,  
Soon made him indispensable to Sheridan's command.**

**That Buffalo Bill's fame was now spreading nationwide  
Only served the General's purpose, and inspired Fifth Cavalry pride.**

**The stage was set, actors in place, the curtain soon would rise.  
President Grant ordered General Sherman to organize  
An authentic buffalo hunt for Russian Grand Duke Alexis  
Under the tutelage of "Buffalo Bill". General Sheridan invited his old nemesis  
Spotted Tail, the great Lakota warrior-Chief and diplomat,  
Who invited his entire tribe to hunt with the Russian aristocrat.**

**Who wrote, produced and directed the script created by the hunt,  
When fate and chance ironically merged in a diplomatic publicity stunt?  
Spotted Tail and the Sioux were honored; The Grand Duke's dream realized.  
The President and General's were glorified, as once-hostile nations' now  
fraternized.**

**At the center of attention, however, Buffalo Bill now held the key  
To open the gates of Twain's "Gilded Age", and his destiny.**

**Simultaneously, in New York the dime novel sprang from the page;  
The printed word leapt to life upon the stage.  
The dramatic essence of Buffalo Bill's adventures distilled  
To tiny, theatrical, heroic proportions, as Ned Buntline fulfilled  
Audience expectations of the American "Wild West".  
The play had found a hero to represent its quest.**

**(SONG)**

**(sung by the Balladeer)**

## **MAGICIANS FROM MYTHOLOGY**

**The audience waits hoping the curtain will unveil  
Forces charged with drama's sacred spell.  
A spiritual attraction; magnetic mystery;  
Magicians from mythology.**

**(CHORUS)**

**Living in illusion,  
Burning,  
In the hot spotlight,  
Acting on the words of the playwright.  
Reaching a conclusion,  
Turning,  
On what's wrong or right,  
Bringing the inclusion of insight,  
Burning bright.**

**The people call a hero; hoping he'll appear.**

**The people call in voices heroes hear.  
Vicarious charisma, staged synchronicity  
Fantasy merged with reality.**

**(CHORUS)**

**Living in illusion  
Burning,  
In the hot spotlight,  
Acting on the words of the playwright.  
Reaching a conclusion,  
Turning,  
On what's wrong or right,  
Bringing the inclusion of insight,  
Burning bright.  
(END OF SONG)**

**(The Balladeer)**

**The nation had a hero; one who could portray  
The star the myth created to light and lead the way.  
Whether in the theater, or in the Indian Campaigns;  
Whether on the New York stage, or out on the Great Plains,  
Each heroic act of Buffalo Bill's was now widely popularized,  
Embraced by high society and royally lionized.**

**Winter on the boards; summer in the saddle.  
In the spring of '76, the hero went back into battle.  
Washington was now ready to make war upon the Sioux.  
General's Sherman and Sheridan knew exactly what to do.  
Four General's were ordered to strategic military actions;  
Cavalry's and Infantry's marched in from all directions.**

**Surrounded in the center, their quarry's fate was sealed.  
Either he would stand and fight, or be forced to yield.  
And everyone knew he would die fighting to defend his precious land,  
And Plains Indians were being forced into a final, bloody stand.  
Yet, as the peacemaker's opened hand at times must learn to make a fist,  
So the logical tactician must learn about plot twist.**

**Red Cloud's 1868 Treaty had always been fragile.  
The mystic warrior Crazy Horse had organized hostile  
Bands of Lakota, Arapaho and Cheyenne.  
These forces were gathering around the medicine man,  
Sitting Bull, in the Powder River Territory,  
Where these two chiefs offered all true warriors one last chance at glory.**

**Then, Crazy Horse defeated General Crook at Rosebud,**

Leaving Custer alone and vulnerable to his destiny. Who's blood  
Should have been offered? Who's sacrifice supreme?  
Who should have paid the ultimate price for expansion's dream?  
When men go to war, women and children mourn;  
Warriors were defending families at Little Big Horn.

Headlines of Little Big Horn stunned the American Centennial Celebration:

*"Custer's Seventh Cavalry -A complete annihilation!"*  
The nation's mightiest warrior had fallen on the field  
Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse's great power was revealed.  
Thunderstruck, America lost the joy to celebrate,  
As fireworks set off gunpowder, raging to retaliate.

(Elderly Buffalo Bill)

*"I never killed anyone who wasn't trying to kill me  
In the heat of battle, when brave warriors disagree!  
After Little Big Horn the heat intensified.*

*Blood would be shed for blood sacrificed; the Seventh's slaughter sanctified!"*

(SONG)

(sung by Buffalo Bill)

## THE DUEL WITH YELLOW HAND

*"In July '76, as the nation stopped to mourn,  
Custer's bloody slaughter at Little Big Horn.  
The Fifth Cavalry was moving fast to join with General Crook,  
When my small scouting party rode to a prairie overlook."*

*"On Warbonnet Creek in Nebraska Badlands,  
We spotted the Dog Soldiers -Cheyenne warrior bands!  
Knowing they were riding to join with the Sioux,  
We made quick battle plans knowing what we had to do."*

*"Suddenly, the air was pierced with bullets of surprise!  
Stunned by our ambush, they'd no time to organize!  
We were charging from the ridge racing down to the prairie,  
Until I heard their leader, calling challenges to me!"*

*'I know you Pahaska! You are a worth foe!  
Come fight me Pahaska; today your blood will flow!  
I am Yellow Hand! Come fight me if you dare!  
And I will be victorious; Yes I will take your hair!"*

*"I took his noble challenge and I spurred into full speed.  
We raced towards each other, both drawing careful bead.  
My bullet killed his pony as mine threw me to the ground.*

*Still I came up with my rifle and I fired the fatal round.”*

*“Yellow Hand, Chief Yellow Hand! I took your long black hair!  
Yellow Hand, Chief Yellow Hand! Our duel was pure and fair!  
For the warrior finds his honor is his final shield.  
It’s all he carry’s with him beyond the battlefield.”*

**(END OF SONG)**

**(Elderly Buffalo Bill)**

*“After the duel with Yellow Hand I went back to the stage.  
Frankly, it embarrassed me, yet every night I would manage  
To play “Buffalo Bill” in tiny proportions, on the scale of melodrama,  
Void of any real action, aromas, sounds, or breath-taking panorama.  
One thing kept me going; gave me the courage to endure;  
A vision from my childhood was slowly beginning to mature.”*

*“When I was seven years old my father took me to Fort Leavenworth.  
The moment I saw the cavalry pass in revue was the moment of birth  
Of the “Wild West”. Instantly, I knew one day I would create a show  
With horses marching in procession. Simultaneously, I saw buffalo  
And Indians depicting life on the plains in a dream-like vision  
In which we all interacted with organized, magical choreographed precision.”*

*“Then, in June of ‘82, friends in North Platte asked my help with a July Fourth  
Celebration,*

*And I knew it was time for my boyhood dream to come to realization.  
I hired cowboys and Indians, sharpshooters, and found a small herd of buffalo;  
We robbed the Deadwood Stage, Raced the Pony Express, and created the  
world’s first rodeo.*

*And I incorporated Rain-In-The-Face’s dream the night he named me “Long Hair”  
And rode full speed throughout the arena, shooting little glass balls from the air.”*

**(The Balladeer)**

*Did the hero shape the showman, or the showman the hero?  
Never before had a hero recreated historical events and put them in a show.  
When living legend discovered theater a Promethean drama began  
To create an American icon; the “Wild West” embodied in a single man  
Synchronized with the visions of nations, at once the old and the new;  
The parade of living history, the myth passing in review!*

*After Little Big Horn Crazy Horse was murdered surrendering;  
Sitting Bull was forced to  
flee*

*To Canada, where he lived for many years as a refugee  
In political asylum. Meanwhile, Buffalo Bill’s star had only begun  
To shine. Celebrity had been born! Burning bright as the sun*

The legend led the way as the phenomenon unfurled.  
Buffalo Bill had become the first star known all around the world!

(Elderly Buffalo Bill)

*“When I heard Sitting Bull surrendered I knew right away  
If I could convince him to join my Wild West, then he could portray  
Himself just as I had done as Buffalo Bill. It seemed almost predestination;  
The two of us magically united, the red and white manifestation  
Of our cultures conflicting and merging. Although his was coming to an end,  
He called me “Pahaska” and I called him “kola” -my friend.”*

*“I gave Sitting Bull a trick horse trained to perform at the sound  
Of gunfire. He never rode him in the show; instead, he rode him around  
The grounds wherever we performed. He learned to sign and sell his autograph,  
And to patiently pose for the occasional publicity photograph.  
He gave all his money to the little white children who begged out on the street  
Or took them to our company cooks and gave them food to eat.”*

(The Balladeer)

Was it coincidence or cleverness that brought Sitting Bull to Buffalo Bill?  
The chief only surrendered after he had become too famous for the government  
to kill.

The heroic counterpart of *Pahaska*, his star now rose parallel  
To the scouts. After Little Big Horn the world knew the name Sitting Bull as well  
As Buffalo Bill's. His dispersion in Canada only added mystery  
To his fame. The shaman and the showman had become twins in celebrity!

Sitting Bull, however, used show business as a political dialectic,  
Realizing for his people an inspired survival tactic  
For the coming genocide. The chief became instantly adroit  
At manipulating celebrity. Where once he might brilliantly exploit  
A tangible adversary's military weakness, he understood this new, illusionary  
battlefield

Just as well. But could all Indians become too famous to be killed?

The magnetic attraction of their combination, however, would unite  
A “Wild West” exhibition of real heroes -red and white!  
Bringing invitations from the British Monarchy  
To perform for Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee.  
When the crowned heads of Europe offered royal patronage  
Buffalo Bill gave them all a ride on the Deadwood Stage!

(SONG)

(sung by Buffalo Bill)

**THE WILD WEST**

***“Ladies and Gentlemen! Allow me to present  
Historical enactment of real frontier events.  
Wild bucking bronco -flying hoofs kick at the air!  
Cowboys and Indians and equestrian warfare!”***

***“Ladies and Gentlemen! Children of any age  
Are welcome here; tonight we’ll rob the Deadwood Stage.  
Riding and shooting! Racing the Pony Express!  
Roping adventure straight from the wilderness.”***

**(BRIDGE)**

***“And then the earth begins to rumble ‘neath your feet;  
Thunder rolling from below;  
Bringing you right to the edge of your seat  
A stampeding herd of buffalo!”***

***“Ladies and Gentlemen! I humbly offer you,  
Chief’s Red Cloud and Sitting Bull of the Lakota/Sioux  
“Little Miss Sure Shot” -Miss Annie Oakley  
Will illustrate for you the firearms dexterity.”***

***“Ladies and Gentlemen! See how the West was won!  
History comes to life in our exhibition;  
Living and breathing mankind’s heroic quest!  
I’m Buffalo Bill! May I present the “Wild West”!”***

**(END OF SONG)**

**(The Balladeer)**

**Royalty embraced the Wild West in England, making a circle complete,  
As Great Britain acknowledged “Old Glory” with a salute from the Queen’s box  
seat.**

**The Prince of Wales rode “shotgun” with four kings majestic assemblage;  
For one moment in history a “true royal flush” riding the Deadwood Stage,  
With Buffalo Bill driving the coach, the Sioux whooping behind on horseback,  
Thrilling the frightened monarchs outrunning the Indians attack.**

**The Wild West was only beginning; the cycle had only begun;  
The Old World was fascinated with this New World phenomenon.  
It saw itself reflected in this knight in beads and buckskin,  
Recognizing the scout instinctively as long-lost, distant kin;  
The quintessential equestrian explorer-seeker-warrior and timeless hero  
That emerged from the mists of ancestral fires antiquities ago.**

**Are all circles never ending? Does everything come ‘round again?  
Do all cycles revolve and reunite at the place of their origin?  
Did Sitting Bull know he would fall victim to celebrity’s sinister side?**

**When he left the Wild West did he know his return would perfectly coincide  
With the messianic movement sweeping throughout defeated Indian reservations  
As Ghost Dancers hunger held hallucinating hope of ancestral resurrections?**

**Fearful a last, bloody fight was brewing in the dancer's delirium,  
The frenzy frightened whites as the movement gathered momentum.  
Bitter vengeance had limped away from each battlefield,  
And the wound of Little Big Horn had never really healed.  
The Ghost Dance triggered memories of defeat and shame,  
And Sitting Bull was the living symbol; the one Indian to blame!**

**General Miles asked Buffalo Bill to ride into the rapture with orders to apprehend  
Sitting Bull! Knowing the scout was the only whiteman Sitting Bull called friend,  
The general hoped the medicine man might allow reason to intervene;  
And that violence might be avoided if the chief removed himself peacefully from  
the scene.**

**But as time can only move forward, fate will not be denied;  
Sitting Bull and the whiteman's confusion were destined to collide.**

**James "White Hair" McLaughlin and Sitting Bull had a long running feud.  
Chagrined, the Indian Agent was furious plans to arrest Sitting Bull did not  
include**

**Him or his turn-coat Indian Police. Sitting Bull's leadership and brilliant  
recalcitrance**

**Had blossomed into blatant, defiant insolence with the growth of the Ghost  
Dance.**

**For eight years the wily chief had daunted the agent's every attempt at  
reconstruction;**

**"White Hair" plotted now to finally rid himself of this meddlesome obstruction.**

**McLaughlin detained Buffalo Bill at Standing Rock, quickly cabling the President  
To plead rescission of General Miles arrest orders. Daring to circumvent  
The situation with the logic that the showman's presence would exacerbate  
An already explosive circumstance, "White Hair" first attempted to exasperate  
Cody, giving him wrong directions to the camp of the medicine man.  
Frustrated, Buffalo Bill returned and "White Hair" initiated the second phase of  
his plan.**

**The agent thought he and his cronies might keep Buffalo Bill up all night  
Drinking and telling stories that with the early morning light  
Would force the showman to return to darkness to nurse his aching head.  
Experienced in such sessions, however, Buffalo Bill out-drunk them all instead.  
And before "White Hair" and his nefarious companions could rise to face the light  
of day,**

**Buffalo Bill had learned Sitting Bull's true location and was quickly riding that  
way.**

As no one can stop the rain when it decides it's time to fall,  
No one can alter the martyr's path when he hears his destiny call.  
As the driven rain compulsively seeks the quickest way to earth,  
So the martyr seeks deliverance; his death becomes his birth!  
The courage of his sacrifice when honor is all that remains,  
Compels his vision beyond defeat, where his victory always reigns.

Mounted troops intercepted Buffalo Bill; General Miles arrest orders were  
countermanded

By President Harrison, who quickly established martial law and commanded  
All civilians to leave the reservation. The military escorted Buffalo Bill to the  
border.

"White Hair" now had Sitting Bull in his sights and promptly issued the arrest  
order.

Indian Police seized the chief in the shadows of night, seizing him  
From his sleep, and demanding at gunpoint that he go immediately with them.

*"I am a chief, let me dress myself!"* Sitting Bull said with pride.

*"Go saddle my pony and I'll go with you, but as a chief I will ride  
In to see "White Hair" on my own horse. The one Pahaska gave to me."*

He paused for a moment in silence, gazing at his betrayers, some from his own  
family.

*"Red Tomahawk, you fulfill prophecy; you and your cousin, Bullhead.  
Do not be cowards for you are Lakota. You must be brave instead."*

(SONG)

(sung by Sitting Bull)

## ARROWS OF LIGHT

*"There's a power we all know.  
It pulls the string and pulls the bow.  
It hurls us spinning into empty space,  
To find the place,  
Where we all belong."*

(CHORUS)

*"We're all arrows of light  
Shot from bows shining so bright.  
Were we aimed, or do we find our own course?  
Yes we're all arrows of light  
Shot into shadows of fright  
Is the target the heart of the source?"*

*"There's a mystery in us all.  
And we must answer when it calls."*

*For there is so much more that we could be  
If only we would try.”*

**(CHORUS)**

*“We’re all arrows of light  
Shot from bows shining so bright.  
Were we aimed, or do we find our own course?  
Yes we’re all arrows of light  
Shot into shadows of fright  
Is the target the heart of the source?”*

*“There’s a spirit we all share  
We’re tied together everywhere  
Because we share a unique purpose here;  
To strike the fear that we are alone.”*

**(REPEAT CHORUS TWICE)  
(END OF SONG)**

**(The Balladeer)**

Red Tomahawk and Bullhead emerged with their prisoner in the cold morning  
light;  
Only to discover a hostile party of followers gathering to put up a fight  
To defend their beloved leader. A frozen silence fell upon the scene.  
Breath condensation crystallized the moment, creating a chilling, serene  
Calm, pregnant with generations of anger and frustration. The quietness forbode  
Seething violence, coiled in despair, poised, united to explode.

At the sound of gunshots Sitting Bull’s horse went into his dance.  
As the chief lay dying, his horse’s routine cast a macabre ambiance  
Over the fray, and, for a moment the fighting stopped in superstitious awe,  
As a ghostly gasp gushed from brave warriors, not believing what they saw.  
Was Sitting Bull the invisible rider now mounted upon death’s horse,  
In a final farewell to his people before galloping home to the source?

After Sitting Bull’s murder Lakota’s instinctively flocked to Red Cloud’s  
protection.  
While Ghost Dancing intensified praying for springtime’s ancestral resurrection.  
But the pall of death still hovered over a creek called Wounded Knee.  
Where Bigfoot’s band of old men, women and little babies were taken into  
custody  
By a vindictive Seventh Cavalry. The Minneconjous were herded into small  
groups  
Then surrounded by Hotchkiss guns and nervous, trigger-happy troops.

**(Elderly Buffalo Bill)**

*“When I heard about Sitting Bull’s murder and the Wounded Knee tragedy,*

*I bowed my head in sorrow, recalling my earliest memory  
Of Indians dancing and singing to the rhythm of the drum.  
Then I noticed tears upon my cheeks at the thought of what we had become  
Instead of what we might have been. How could we have gone so bad?  
How could we have missed the peaceful opportunities we had?"*

*"I certainly killed Indians; as sure as Indians could have killed me!  
Fighting was, however, the exception to the rule, as more often we would agree.  
Indeed, my life has been shaped by Indian's friendship, respect and congruence.  
My appearance is finely detailed, reflecting their profound influence;  
Which reveals my very being as a crossroads of our cultures coming together.  
I'm an American, but a Native Plainsman in beaded, buckskin leather."*

*"I hope one day this government of ours will become more aware  
In its dealings with Indians and treat them just and fair.  
They were the proud inheritors of this great land in which we now live.  
It was natural for them to fight us. From their perspective  
We were invaders, thieves, usurpers and plundering antagonists  
Stealing everything they cherished, it was natural for them to resist."*

*"All of my interests are still in the west -the modern west!  
Wyoming's Big Horn Basin is where I plan to spend the rest  
Of my time and energy; in Absaroka! Where the Shoshone  
River roars out of the Yellowstone and then gently meanders through Wapati  
Valley. Back in 1857 the old mountain man Jim Bridger told me about paradise;  
Twelve years later scouting, I saw it with my own eyes."*

(SONG)  
(sung by Buffalo Bill)  
**ABSAROKA**

*"Majestic mountains rise to heaven, kiss the clouds as they go drifting by;  
Golden eagle soaring upward, drawing lazy circles in the sky;  
The forest sings of wildness; the prairie sings of space;  
The river sings of freedom; the winds sing with grace,  
Sing with grace!  
I'm bound for Yellowstone,  
And the high plains of Absaroka!"*

*"Ancient canyons beckon with all mysteries and riddles etched in time;  
Luscious pristine valleys welcome wondrous light images sublime;  
The wood sings of growing; the water sings of birth;  
The rock sings of endurance; the Heavens sing with Earth,  
Sing with Earth!  
I'm bound for Yellowstone,  
And the high plains of Absaroka."*

(BRIDGE)

*“And when I’m over-burdened, in need of spiritual repair.  
I simply close my eyes; open my heart and I am there.”*

*“Splendid colors dance across the sky in every sunrise and sunset;  
Taking mortal breath away, gazing at the heavenly palette;  
The heart sings of vision; the mind sings of scope;  
The hands sing of working; the spirit sings of hope,  
Sing of hope!*

*I’m bound for Yellowstone,  
And the high plains of Absaroka.  
I’m bound for Yellowstone,  
And the high plains of Absaroka.”*

(END OF SONG)

(Elderly Buffalo Bill)

*“Rain-In-The-Face’s prophetic dream of my life certainly came to be.  
The last surviving buffalo now have sanctuary with me  
In my Wild West. From a mighty herd of eighty million, under five-hundred now  
remain.*

*Still, the prophet predicted my herd would survive to bring the buffalo back again.  
And that Lakota people would be sheltered performing in my Wild West.  
It makes perfect sense; without Indians and buffalo my life would not have been  
so blessed.”*

*“My journey has been filled with movement on the edge of phenomenal change.  
Since I was a boy I pursued the horizon, in love with the open range.  
I listened to the song in my heart; intuition became my guide;  
I followed my childhood vision and rode that Rainbow Trail the whole world wide.  
Now, however, I face a strange fork in my path not unlike the Indian and buffalo,  
As change races quickly past me, and my time draws near to go.”*

*“With a troupe of six-hundred people, one cannot imagine my debt.  
The more money I make, the more money I need; I’m tired of show business, and  
yet  
I must keep up the pace, traveling and performing in a different town every night;  
My whole life has become a blur of coach cars and big tops and riding into the  
spotlight.  
All of my colleagues and partners have died, leaving me alone and in declining  
health,  
While ill-fated investments have sucked and drained all of my once-incredible  
wealth.”*

*“In Denver I needed a quick twenty thousand to cover an old printing debt.  
I borrowed the money from Harry Tammen -a decision I soon would regret.*

*They say Tammen wanted to own Buffalo Bill like he owned the Denver Post;  
That he wanted to possess the myth and have absolute control of the foremost  
Celebrity in the world. All I know is that he broke my heart  
When he foreclosed on my Wild West and auctioned my whole world apart."*

(The Balladeer)

Harry Tammen controlled the funeral, ignoring the scout's final request  
To be buried in his beloved Cody, Wyoming. Instead, Buffalo Bill was laid to rest  
High atop Lookout Mountain in Denver. It matters not where his body lies,  
For the spirit of Buffalo Bill will live forever as long as children memorialize  
His life on the playgrounds of the world. As they lowered Will Cody into the  
ground  
The plains of South Dakota, near Wounded Knee Creek, heard a soft, wailing  
sound.

Black Elk sang a song honoring the Lakota's *kola -Pahaska* -long hair.  
Pipe smoke drifted to Heaven on the breath of the Holy Man's prayer.

(SONG)

(sung by Black Elk)

## **PAHASKA HAD A STRONG HEART**

*"Pounding like a drum inside us,  
Burning with life's fire.  
Instinctive forces push and guide us,  
Bring action to desire.  
The rhythm opens doors to vision;  
Inside is where it starts.  
We listen to the drum of wisdom  
Listening to our heart."*

*"At times there will appear a hero,  
Burning with life's fire.  
Directed as the archer's arrow  
Brings action to desire.  
His vision gives us wings of freedom;  
Inspiring us to start.  
He dances to the drum of wisdom,  
Following his heart."*

(CHORUS)

*"The circle -goes 'round,  
The cycle never ends!  
We think its all over;  
That's when it all begins!"*

*"Heroes come and heroes go  
Burning with life's fire.*

*Sometimes they lead;  
Sometimes they follow;  
They bring action to desire.  
But when the hero makes his exit,  
His time comes to depart.  
All the people will remember  
Is the hero's heart."*

**(CHORUS)**

*"The circle -goes 'round.  
The cycle never ends!  
We think it's all over.  
But that's when it all begins."*  
**(REPEAT CHORUS ONCE)**

**THE END**