The Plains Indians

While out on ***The Plains*** where trees were lacking

Some fine young brave did their ***buffalo*** tracking.

Hunting these beasts along with elk and with deer,

They used *animal hides* for dress and for gear.

And wasting none of their kill, they used every part,

From its horns, hoofs and hair to its buffalo’s heart.

They carved bones into tools, and sinews made rope,

Over fifty uses in all, they even made soap.

Indeed, what genius they showed, what a people most skilled

To provide for their needs with but one creature killed.

And living near to the rivers, they had plenty to eat,

Did the ***Dakota*** and ***Kiowa*** and the old ***Blackfeet***.

And out of the ***sod***, they’d build water-tight homes

To stay when not traveling where the buffalo roams.

While in the season to hunt, they would pack up a sled

And camp in a ***tepee*** when it came time for bed.

Whose most mighty chiefs were quite sure to impress

By the grandeur and style of their ***feathered headdress***,

With its long colored *plumes*, those of eagles and hawks,

--A grand sight to behold, in ***war paint*** or peace talks.

And none could compare to their skills with a horse

As these ***braves*** did battle with such courage and force,

Charging boldly their steeds as fast as they’d go,

While piercing an enemy with an *arrow and bow.*

Now, of all the ***Sioux*** braves, there is one who is known,

As fierce as wild fire and as tough as cut stone,

A chief known to all, and by all tribes most vaunted:

***Sitting Bull*** stands tall for his spirit undaunted.

Yes, the tribes of the Plains were a spirited crew

Who could make do anywhere that Fate took them to.

Great trackers and huntsmen and fighters as well,

They adorn our grand tale with their glories to tell.