

## FAMOUS LOST WORDS

COMPILED BY IRON THUNDERHORSE<sup>∞</sup> AND THE ALGONQUIAN CONFEDERACY OF  
THE QUINNIPIAC TRIBAL COUNCIL (ACQTC)<sup>∞</sup>

### I.

Like the daybreak star  
shining brilliantly against  
a backdrop of eternal darkness,  
the prophetic spark  
of enlightened wisdom  
shines forth from the heavens.  
Prophecy is the beacon  
that leads the insightful few  
from chas to the spiritual center  
of mystical equilibrium.

- IRON THUNDERHORSE, "RETURN OF THE THUNDERBEINGS," 1990

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<sup>∞</sup> The Algonquian Confederacy of the Quinipiatic Tribal Council is an unrecognized tribe of the Algonquian peoples.

## II.

As long as the drum beats,  
As long as the river runs,  
We will sing the songs of our people.  
And in the new season  
We shall plant the seeds of peace  
And let them grow wild and free.  
The old ways must not be forgotten.  
Signs among us . . . Speak of danger !!!  
We must follow the Great Law of Peace  
To save our people  
From fire hotter than a thousand suns.  
The people long for the corn harvest  
The smell of sweet grass on their land  
Birch-bark cradles and snapping turtle rattles.  
As long as the grass grows  
A flower will grow  
And we will be there for its fragrance.

- DENNIS BANKS, APRIL 30, 1991

III.

The earth was created by the assistance of the sun, and it should be left as it was...

The earth and myself are of one mind. The measure of the land and the measure of our bodies are the same...

Perhaps you think the Creator sent you here to dispose of us as you see fit.

If I thought you were sent by the Creator I might be induced to think you had a right to dispose of me... I never said the land was mine to do with as I chose. I claim a right to live on my land, and accord you the privilege to live on yours.

- HIN-MAH-TOO-YAH-LAT-KEKT OF THE NEZ PERCE, ALSO KNOWN AS CHIEF JOSEPH, 1877

## IV.

When I was a boy, the Sioux owned the world; the sun rose and set on their land; they sent ten-thousand men to battle. Where are the warriors today? Who slew them? Where are our lands? Who owns them? What white man can say I ever stole his land or a penny of his money? Yet, they say I am a thief...

Who has ever come to me hungry and unfed? Who has ever seen me beat my wives or abuse my children? What law have I broken? Is it wrong for me to love my own?...

Because I am a Sioux; because I was born where my father lived; because I would die for my people, and my country?

- TATANKA YOTANKA OF THE HUNKPAPA, ALSO KNOWN AS SITTING BULL, 1889

## V.

I have learned by experience  
and you have seen for yourselves...  
how VILEY these bearded [people]  
have repaid me for all I did for them.  
They have given me a thousand insults;  
they have imprisoned me, and chained  
me up like a dog by the feet and  
by the neck, and worst of all, they  
have done this after giving me their word  
that they were with me and I with them,  
that we had become allies.

- MANKU OF THE INCA (SOUTHERN PERU), C. 1533 (Quoted from “Stolen Continents,” page 181).

## VI.

His Catholic Majesty must know  
that we found these natives  
who had so much wisdom  
and committed so few crimes...  
There was then no evil thing,  
but today there is no good.

- MANCIO SIERRA, CONQUEROR OF PERU, 1589

## VII.

I will say only one thing to you and  
the venerable saintly priests. Why  
didn't you remember or take any notice  
when the whites were killing so many  
of us? Why didn't you do anything when  
a certain Father Herruera... put his  
horse's saddle on a poor Indian and  
mounted on him, and began to whip him, gashing his belly with his spurs?...  
WHY didn't you take pity when that  
happened? And now you remember,  
now you know that there is a true God?  
When they were killing us, didn't you  
know there was a true God?... but  
rather, even in the dark of the night,  
you were killing us  
on the gallows!

- A MAYAN MAN'S REPLY TO A CHRISTIAN PRIEST WHO MANIPULATED HIM  
RELIGIOUSLY IN THE YEAR OF 1847

## VII.

I tremble  
for my country  
when I reflect  
that  
God is just.

- THOMAS JEFFERSON, 1784



VIII.

Brother... listen to what we say. There was a time when our forefathers owned this great island. Their seats extend from the rising to the setting sun. The Great Spirit had made it for the use of Indians. He had created the buffalo, the deer, and other animals for food. He has made the bear and the beaver. Their skins served us for clothing... The white people, Brother, had now found our country. Tidings were carried back and more came...

Brother, continue to listen... We also have a religion which was given to our forefathers and has been handed down to us, their children...

Brother, we do not wish to destroy your religion... We only want to enjoy our own.

- RED JACKET OF THE SENECA, 1805

## X.

When you arise in the morning, give thanks for the morning light, for your life and strength. Give thanks for your food and for the joy of living...

Show respect to all men, but grovel to none...

So live your life that the fear of death can never enter your heart... When your time comes to die... Sing your death song and die like a hero going home.

- TECUMSEH OF THE SHAWNEE, APRIL 1809

XI.

You have taken me prisoner with all my warriors. I am much grieved... I expected to hold out much longer and give you more trouble before I surrendered.

Black Hawk is now a prisoner of the white man, but he can stand torture, and he is not afraid of death. He is no coward. Black Hawk is an Indian.

- CHIEF BLACK HAWK OF THE SAUK, CAPTURED BY THE BAD AXE MASSACRE, 1832

## XII.

Hear ye, Dakotas! When the Great Father at Washington sent us his Chief Soldier to ask for a path through the hunting grounds, a way for his iron road to the mountains and the western sea, we were told that they wished merely to pass through our country, not to tarry amongst us, but to seek for gold in the far west. Our old chiefs thought to show their friendship and good will, when they allowed this dangerous snake in our midst...

Yet before the ashes of our council fires are cold, the Great Father is building his forts among us... His presence here is an insult and a threat. It is an insult to the spirits of our ancestors.

- MAŃPÍYA LÚTA OF THE OGLALA SIOUX, ALSO KNOWN AS RED CLOUD, 1868