

The Elders

Many Elders are gone and we must keep their ways
Passing them on to the last of their days
Singing and dancing to the rawhide drum
Traditional Elders speaking native tongues
Did you listen when they spoke, did you listen and learn?
The wisdom of Elders in young hearts return
Remember their song, now they dance in the air
On a soft summer day with the wind in their hair
Remember their song of their life and their ways
Pass it on down, to the last of your days
Did you listen when they spoke, did you listen and learn?
The wisdom of Elders in young hearts return
Pass it on

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