

# Small Fred, The Heart Of The Appaloosa

From the land of shooting waters to the peaks of the Coeur d'Alene  
Thimbleberries in the forest, elk grazing on the plain  
The People of the Coyote made their camp along the streams  
Of the green Wallowa Valley when fences had no name.  
And they bred a strain of horses, the treasure of the tribe  
Who could toe-dance on a ridge or gallop up a mountainside  
Who could haul the hunter's burden, turn a buffalo stampede  
The horse that wore the spotted coat was born with matchless speed.

CHORUS:

Thunder Rolling in the Mountains  
Lead the People across the Great Divide  
There's blood on the snow in the hills of Idaho  
But the heart of the Appaloosa never died.  
In the winter came the crowned ones near frozen in the cold  
Bringing firearms and spyglasses and a book that saves the soul  
The people gave them welcome, nursed them till their strenght returned  
And studied the talking paper, its mysteries to learn.  
In the shadow of the mission sprang up farms and squatter towns  
The plain was lined with fences, the plow blade split the ground  
In the shallows of the Clearwater gold glittered in the pan  
And the word would come from Washington: remove the Indian.

CHORUS

The chief spoke to the People in his anger and his pain  
"I am no more Chief Joseph. Rolling Thunder is my name.  
They condemn us to a wasteland of barren soil and stone  
We shall fight them if we must, but we will find another home."  
They fled into the Bitterroot, an army at their heels  
They fought at White Bird Canyon, they fought at Misery Hill  
Till the colonel saw his strategy and sent the order down  
To kill the Appaloosa wherever it be found.

CHORUS

Twelve hundred miles retreating, three times over the Divide  
The horse their only safety, their only ally  
Three thousand Appaloosas perished with the tribe  
The people and the horses dying side by side.  
Thunder Rolling in the Mountains said, "my heart is sick and sad.  
Our children now are freezing. The old chiefs are dead.  
The hunger take our spirit. Our wounds are deep and sore.  
From where the sun now stands I shal fight no more."

CHORUS

They were sent to Oklahoma, malaria ran rife  
But more died of broken hearts far from the land that gave them life  
And the man once called Joseph at death was heard to say  
"We have given up our horses. They have gone away."  
But sometimes without warning from a dull domestic herd  
A spotted horse of spirit wondrous will emerge  
Strong it is and fearless and nimble on a hill  
Listening for thunder, the Appaloosa's living still.

CHORUS