Apache Tears

James Bernard

Hoof prints and foot prints, deep ruts the wagons made
The victor and the loser came by here
No head stones, but these bones bring the mascalero death moans
See the smooth black nuggets by the thousands lying here
Petrified, but justified are these apache tearsDead grass, dry roots, hunger crying in the night
Ghost of broken hearts and laws are here
And who saw the young squaw, they judged by their whiskey law
Tortured till she died of pain and fear
Where the soldiers lay her back, are the black apache tearsThe young men, the old men, the guilty and the innocent
Bled red blood and chilled alike with fears
The red men, the white men, no fight ever took this land
So don't raise the dust when you pass here
They're sleeping and in my keeping are these apache tears

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