

The Vanishing Race

[Johnny Cash](#)

Oh, wagon trains rollin' along
They fade from my visions and in time will be gone
I, I see an eagle in space
My people will follow oh oh, a vanishing race
An Indian brave rolled along one day
On a lonely mountain trail
And he gazed below with a heart of woe
Where the prairie schooners sail
A vision formed like a mortal storm
In the dust of the wagon train
A vanishing race appeared in space
And he sang his sad refrain
Oh, wagon trains rollin' along
They fade from my visions and in time will be gone
I, I see an eagle in space
And my people will follow a vanishing race
Oh, now great spirits on high
Please spare them the sorrow you show to my eye
Now my blankets are roll
And I ride to the valley of the brave Navajo
And I ride to the valley of the brave Navajo
A vanishing Navajo

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