

## **The Trail of Tears**

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By Ruth Margaret Muskrat

In the night they shriek and moan,  
In the dark the tall pines moan  
As they guard the dismal trail.  
The Cherokees say it is the groan,  
Every shriek and echoed groan  
Of their forefathers that fell  
With broken hopes and bitter fears  
On that weary trail of tears.

Broken hopes and broken hearts,  
A quivering mass of broken hearts  
Were driven over the trail.  
Stifling back the groan that starts  
Smothering back the moan that  
Full four thousand fell;  
But still the Great Spirit his people  
As they travel the trail of tears.

From the homes their fathers made

From the graves the tall trees shade  
For the sake of greed and gold,  
The Cherokees were forced to go  
To a land they did not know;  
And Father Time or wisdom old  
Cannot erase, through endless years  
The memory of the trail of tears.