Saga of the East
As Chanted by the Warrior Fox

Look to the East, My Friend
Witness the Rising Sun!
Home of the Wolf and Fox
See! Day has begun!
Feel the warmth on your face
Let the smoke rise high,
Enter, no, the sacred place
Where visions never die.
Take the courage of the wolf,
The Fox will lead the way.
Follow closely on the path
And guard the words you say.
Birds will sing Creator’s praise
Fox will tell of talents new
Magic rides on every breeze
Bringing gifts to you.
Turn your face to the East
And let your day begin!
Circle now the cedar post,
As you watch the Darkness end!
Saga of the North
As Chanted by the Warrior Fox

Turn Attention to the North
From whence the Winter comes.
Hold against the icy blast
That causes feet to numb.
To the North we know the Bear
Courage great and strong.
Travel North and find there
Strength to sustain you long.
The Bear watches from the North
The heart of strength and truth
Search the North for the path
You must walk in your youth.
Some may fear the mighty gruff
The Bear may shout today
But he has more than strength enough
To guard you on your way.
So seek the power of the Bear!
Face the North and say,
“I ask you now, Brother Bear,
Hear my words today!
Give me courage, Brother Bear
Let me never stray!”
Now face the land of dying sun
Where mystic gardens grow.
See the land of shadows long,
Where moving waters slow.
In the shadows stand the Deer.
Brother Elk hides there too.
Hear them sing their shadow songs.
Tranquil peace comes to you.
Set your face to the West
Where ancients hum their chants.
Hear the drums of many years,
As Spirits teach the dance.
The Forest hides the dying sun
But Elk and Deer know the way.
Be not afraid of Shadow Walks.
For therein the secrets lay.
Let your heart and spirit soar
The Ancients wish to speak.
From the evening come the voices
That give the strength to weak.
Turn your face to the West
Do not show your fear.
Listen now, the Ancients come!
Hear them now, as they draw near.
Saga of the South
As Chanted by the Warrior Fox

Turn your face to the South
Where warmer waters flow.
Turn your face to the South,
Let all our People know,
The Turtle lives in the land...
The alligator, too.
Rivers, streams and the marsh
All remember you.
Make your baskets
And bake your bread
Hunt the deer today.

People of the South Wind
Keep your Fathers' way.
Mother Earth and Father Sky
Guide us to our land,
A place for the South Wind
Uniting all our clans.

Rise above the evil ones
And seek the Turtle's path.
We follow Hairy River,
Cross the Great Thee ee pee
The Sacred land of Ancients
The land of New Shawnee.
Saga of the Center
As Chanted by the Warrior Fox

Stand and face the center...
The Cedar of Shawnee.
You know that in the center
Beats the Heart of you and me.
As long as there is Cedar
We will walk this land
Turtle is a witness
The Otter understands.
The Cedar of the forest
Has a center red
The blood and hearts of many,
That some say are dead,
Continue speaking witness
Through the message of the wood.
The drums keep the rhythm
Of the song that’s understood
By only those who listen
And only those who care.
This is a new beginning
Of Sacred rites renewed,
The Cedar smoke now rises
Revealing messages to you.