



## Act 7

- Lewis:** I can see the Shoshone camp. The sun is setting on the buffalo-hide tepees, and I can see a bonfire and the Shoshone surrounding it.
- Cameahwait:** Please, Captain Lewis, sound your firearms just once. My scout has notified my people that you will announce your arrival by the sound of fire. This will be the first time that noise means good will and good fortune for my tribe.
- Scout:** Captain Lewis, you have arrived! My people will be happy to see you and will greet you and your crew warmly. I also have a written message from Captain Clark for you.
- Lewis:** My co-captain says the waterways are indeed impassable and that we need more horses. Chief, may we barter with you once again for more of your fine horses?
- Cameahwait:** Of course! Captain Lewis, I would also like you to have this fur tippet made from the pelts of otters and one hundred white weasels. Please accept it as a reminder of the Shoshones and the promises that have been made between us.



- Lewis:** This is the most elegant piece of Indian dress I have ever seen. I am honored to accept it. The Shoshone people will be remembered fondly.
- Sacagawea:** We will dance and celebrate this happy occasion. We have much to be grateful for!
- Lewis:** Our journey will be a success!

## Song: America the Beautiful



## The Road Not Taken

by Robert Frost, 1916

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,  
And sorry I could not travel both  
And be one traveler, long I stood  
And looked down one as far as I could  
To where it bent in the undergrowth;  
Then took the other as just as fair,  
And having perhaps the better claim,  
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;  
Though as for that the passing there  
Had worn them really about the same,  
And both that morning equally lay  
In leaves no step had trodden black.  
Oh, I kept the first for another day!  
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,  
I doubted if I should ever come back.  
I shall be telling this with a sigh  
Somewhere ages and ages hence:  
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—  
I took the one less traveled by,  
And that has made all the difference.



## America the Beautiful

by Katherine Lee Bates

O beautiful for spacious skies,  
For amber waves of grain,  
For purple mountain majesties  
Above the fruited plain!

America! America!  
God shed His grace on thee,  
And crown thy good with  
brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet  
Whose stern impassion'd stress  
A thoroughfare for freedom beat  
Across the wilderness.

America! America!  
God mend thine ev'ry flaw,  
Confirm thy soul in self-control,  
Thy liberty in law.

O beautiful for heroes prov'd  
In liberating strife,  
Who more than self their country  
loved,  
And mercy more than life.

America! America!  
May God thy gold refine  
Till all success be nobleness,  
And ev'ry gain divine.

O beautiful for patriot dream  
That sees beyond the years  
Thine alabaster cities gleam  
Undimmed by human tears.

America! America!  
God shed His grace on thee,  
And crown thy good with  
brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea.