

Oochigeas

Roch Voisine

Here's a story I've been told
About a child of 12 years old
Breathing life to young trees falling
Before the barbed wire on the plain
Before the white man ever came She must have saved 10,000 souls
She was the keeper of the young
The ones whose lives have just begun
The ones to die their songs unsung

Oochigeas
Oochigeas

The story tells of how she cried
The day the wind blew high the fire
Left her burnt but still undaunted
Across the lake lived the magic team
Who set a task for Malecite
To find the special girl he wanted
When all the village girls had tried
To win his heart to be his bride
Oochi would not be denied

Oochigeas
Oochigeas

Here's a story I've been told
About a child of 12 years old
Breathing life to young trees falling
Not as simple as it seems
She had to see the one unseen
She had to cast away the lies
With courage Oochigeas tried
Forgot the pain forgot the cries
And this she kept the dream alive

Oochigeas
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