

# 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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