

PRAYER FOR METIS VETERANS

AS METIS WE ARE STANDING
WE'LL BOW OUR HEADS IN PRAYER
GOD BLESS THOSE METIS VETERANS WHO
SAW WAR AND WHO FOUGHT THERE

THERE ARE MANY OF THEM BURIED
IN FAR OFF FOREIGN LANDS
SO PROUD TO SERVE, BECAUSE OF THEM
NOW CANADA'S FREEDOM STANDS

IN PRAYER WE WILL REMEMBER
THE AWFUL PRICE THEY'D PAY
THEY GAVE UP THEIR TOMORROWS
FOR US TO LIVE THIS DAY

AMEN

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Metis Sacred Ground

My Grandpa came to get me
When I was just a boy
As we rode in a buggy
On his face I saw no joy

And this was so unusual
He always wore a smile
He told a sad, sad story
As we went mile by mile

"The Battle at Batoche" he said
"Is something you must hear!"
He talked on till we came upon
The battle site so near
I did not know its meaning
I learned to my surprise
As we walked to the trenches
There were tears in Grandpa's eyes

He showed me where the men dug in
While on the Metis side
A small boy stood right o the ground
Where brave young Metis died

I had respect for Grandpa
As he stood hat in hand
Right then I knew that this man felt
He stood on sacred land

The silence then was broken
As he began a prayer
He spoke their names so proudly
As if each man was there
A little boy stood so impressed
A promise he would keep
That once each year he's come to pray
Where Metis heroes sleep

So many years have passed now
But something draws me there
I walk to see old trenches
And pray that Metis Care

This I know that younger folk
Must pass tradition on
I know they'll build a better world
Where Peace and Love will dawn

I pray, like me, they understand
The reason I have found
To wear no hat when I walk on
Batoche's Sacred Ground.

Written by: Claude Adams