

1876 (150 years) by Gen7Path

The sun still rises...
The river still flows...
One hundred fifty years...
And the promise still grows...

In 1876 beneath the prairie sky,
Where the North Saskatchewan runs wide,

Our leaders gathered in sacred trust,
With pipe and prayer they stood with us.

One hundred fifty years we stand,
Still rooted strong in this prairie land.
Treaty Six — a sacred vow,
And our voices still carry now
As long as the sun still shines above,
We rise in truth, we rise in love.
As long as the rivers run free —
This treaty lives in you and me.

From fields on Batoche they cried,
Where Louis Riel stood in pride,
For Métis, Cree, for future kin,
For dignity to rise within.

From halls where children lost their names,
Still their lives were not erased —
When silence tried to steal their souls,
Their songs return, their language reclaimed.

From tears that fell on sacred ground,
To every drum that makes its sound,
The ancestors lead us today —
In every step along the way.

One hundred fifty years we stand,
Still rooted strong in this prairie land.
Treaty Six a living flame,
Not just history our name.
As long as the grass and rivers flow
Our strength is something time won't slow
As long as the Sun still shines above
We rise in truth we rise in love.

We carry the pipe, we carry the drum,
We carry the promise yet to come.

One hundred fifty years we stand,
Together strong across this land.
Treaty Six alive today,
In every voice that dares to say
As long as the sun still shines above,
We rise in truth, we rise in love.
As long as the rivers run free

This treaty lives in you and me.
This treaty lives in you