



There is a story I'd like to tell
About Harry Daniels and Louis Riel
Two different men a world apart
Both men born with a true Metis heart

Riel fought his battles across the homeland
Harry continued the fight with a pen in his hand
The Government accused Riel of starting a revolution
While Harry got the Metis included in the Constitution

A politician, a scholar and jokes he could recite
But was a dog with a bone when it came to a fight
If he believed in a good cause he would fight a good fight
Always probing in the end that Harry was right

He could dance a mean jig his feet would just fly
Or dance an old waltz that made the non dancers sigh
Harry loved to be Metis he lived the Metis ways
Practicing his culture till the end of his days

Then Riel came to meet you when it was time to depart
And he carried you home in his Red River Cart
We will carry on your legacy and never let it end
It was an honor to know you rest easy my friend

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