The coming of the plague

First we arrived, built up and colonized

New to the area, we grew and settled

Peacefully we spread, learned the land

Then Columbus arrived, traded us for furs

The Great Spirit got mad, many fell sick

I tried to right the wrong, the sickness grew

The sickness grew worse, whole tribes died

Trying everything, to no use

Many more died, suffering from the abuse

Helpless against it, my great people fallen

Almost all dead, because of the great Columbus

Yet with no respite, ‘fore more come

Settling in my home, desecrating the sites

I tried to fight, but was too weak

I watched my people, quick to disappear

Leaving a land behind, for the new to take