# Inuinnait Songs & Stories

## Extracting Oral Traditions from an Ethnographic Source
## A Pitquhirnikkut Ilihautiniq / Kitikmeot Heritage Society Project

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PITQUHIRNIKKUT ILIHAUTINIQ
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# Introduction

This report is the result of an initiative by the Pitquhirnikkut Ilihautiniq / Kitikmeot Heritage Society (PI/KHS) to extract the Inuinnait knowledge collected by the Danish Fifth Thule Expedition researcher Knud Rasmussen during his visit to our region in the winter of 1923/24. During this visit Rasmussen worked intensively with four Inuinnait Netsit, Hikhik, Tatilgak and Hêq in a building supplied by the Hudson's Bay Company post manager at the Kent Peninsula Post. The results of this intensive recording has been published in the expedition report authored by Rasmussen entitled Intellectual Culture of the Copper Eskimos.

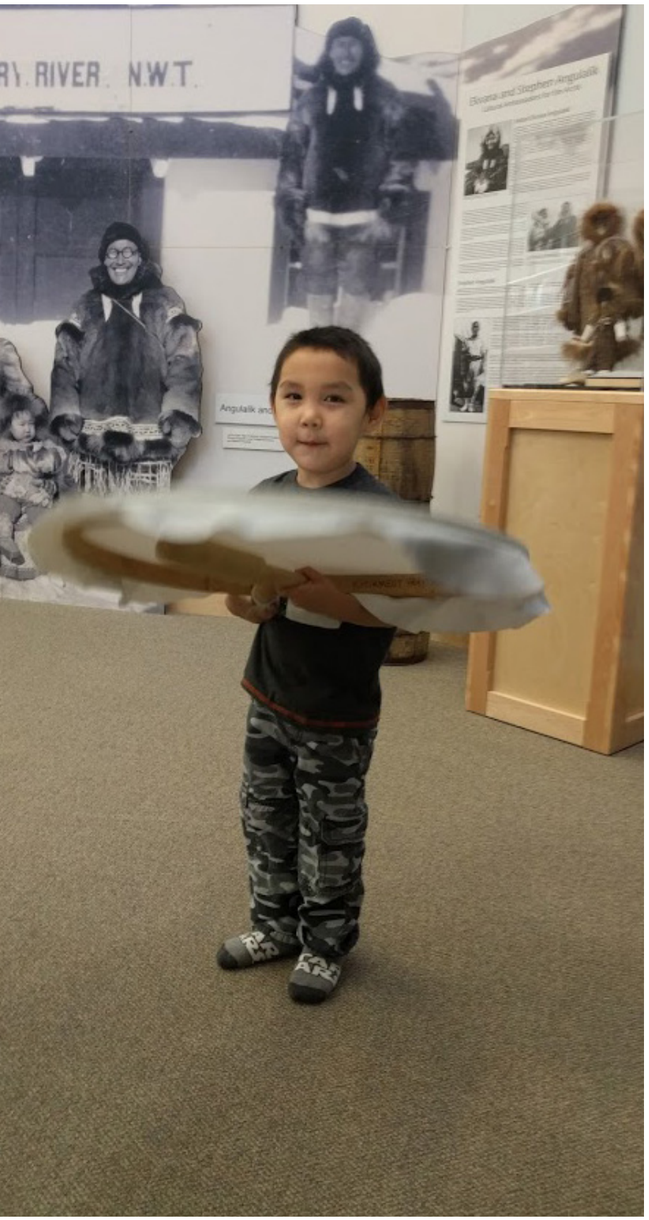
This project's goal was to extract the extensive word lists recorded by Rasmussen, as well as oral traditions such as songs and stories. This report contains the stories and songs that have been transcribed from the orthography used in the original publication to a modern standard Inuinnaqtun orthography. The work was done by Inuinnaqtun Specialist and drum dance leader Emily Kudlak of Ulukhaktok, Northwest Territories.

# Project Background

The Danish Fifth Thule Expedition traversed a large part of what is now the Nunavut Territory documenting the language and culture of different Inuit societies from northern Baffin Island to western Hudson Bay and East across the Northwest Passage. In the ethnographic reports of the expedition one finds original Inuit language texts in dialects belonging to the Iglulik, Caribou, Netsilik and Inuinnait (Copper Inuit) Culture areas. While these original texts are today an invaluable linguistic and cultural resource to contemporary Inuit, they continue to remain inaccessible due to the orthography that the Danish authors used to represent the Inuit language. Thankfully these texts are legible to trained language specialists and can be transcribed into modern Inuit language standard orthographies. The Inuit language linguist Michael Fortescue expressed the value of these texts, and the need to make them accessible, over 15 years ago.

...the original dialect texts represent a permanent cultural heritage, to be read and enjoyed as long as there are Inuit and other students of the Inuit language to enjoy them. All that one might wish as a final, logical step is for them to be transcribed into standard phonemic versions to render them more directly accessible to the descendants of the people who actually provided them.

In the current project the PI/KHS is taking the "logical step", to make these invaluable texts available to contemporary Inuit. The songs and stories contained in the report have also been integrated into the Fifth Thule Expedition Atlas website (thuleatlas.org).


RY. RIVER. N.W.T.

# Qilamitautit Pihiat
# The song of the bola.

(Rasmussen, K. (1932) Intellectual Culture of the Copper Eskimos, Copenhagen: Gyldendal, page 161)

Avayiya iya
Avayiya iya
Hukutkiaq una qilamituatli
In what form, I wonder - this bola
Ingiirlrariarungaqtuuq
Will force its way
Kangualuit kaaraaruitlu
The snow geese and the little white geese
nin'nguqsinaarlugit
As it goes round about them
Avayiya avayiya
Avayiya avayiya
Hutkutlikiaq una qilamitual
In what form, I wonder -- this bola
iIngiirlrariarungaqtuuq
Will force its way?

Sung by Hikhik

**PHOTO** Hikhik the Umingmaktuurmiut knowledge holder who worked with Rasmussen.

From: Rasmussen, K. (1932) Intellectual Culture of the Copper Eskimos, Copenhagen: Gyldendal

# Qingordleq's song about animals he caught

(Rasmussen, K. (1932) Intellectual Culture of the Copper Eskimos, Copenhagen: Gyldendal, pages 152-155)

Huna amna niptalirairivali
whatever was it, that came into sight
aglusaamni niptalirairivali
there at my fishing hole, came into sight?
hunauvva qaliqtinnualunfali
why, it was a spring caribou that has not cast its coat
aglusaamni niptalirairivali
there at my fishing hole, came into sight
niptalipqaangmingmaati
yes, its actually came into sight
auniqsaaryungmi utaqiuriarivara
at a place where the sun had melted the snow away I waited patiently
qaryuaryuviniq manna pivuaqyangnirnagu
with my little arrow, that one, could I wound it to kill?
hunaungma pihuliriarivali
whatever it was, that came wandering
hikumilu pihuliriarivali
that on ice came wandering
tarraitualuk qiniqpaktuakiga
a glittering white one with no shadow I watched for
qinmimali iqhiringinmaguli
my dog was not afraid of it
nanualuk qiniqpakaluarapku
a white bear it was I was watching for.

hunaungma nipliliriarivali
whatever it was that blew?
nigpaqsiavimni nipliliriarivati
at the blow hole, where i waitied, there was something that blew!
nattingmikli niriukaluaqtunga
a common seal I was hoping for
ugyualuk nipliliriarivali!
but a beared seal blew out its breath!
tupiiraatli piyumayuni
breathing- hole hunters truely, this was what they wished!
algaagaaluit inuunailiraraivaat
my poor hands could scarcely live (when the line lightened)
tupiiraatli piumangmata imma
but breathing hole hunters, because it is their habit
tukarsi tigumiqtuarivara
my plaited line I held onto
huna una pihulirivali?
there on the ground wandering round?
Nunamilu pihuliriarivali
There on the ground, wandering round?
akharyuk qinirpakaluariga
a black bear I was watching for
qiliqtilik pihuliriarivali
a high-horned one (caribou bull) it was that came wandering
qaryumali ilirangingingmagu
but because my arrow was not afraid
akhaaryuk qiniqpakaluarqara
the black bear, it was, that I was first watching for one of these.

huna una niptalihlariariviikli
whatever it was, that came into sight
uatiptingniit niptariarivaali
that to the west of us came in sight?
huna uva una Aqiijamaulugli
Oh! It was Aqiijamaluk
Uatiptingniit niptariarivaali:
Who from the West came into sight
Qalurautiat napliqtuaqhianakiit
His songs I could not contest
Inuaryuviniik napliqtuarminavara
But in a mans wrestling match I could not stand up to him
Yayai ya
Yayai ya
Quvianarivurli qilirtiliaaryuk
Lovely it was, when the high topped one (caribou bull)
qaiyaulingmat quvianararivurli
came towards me, lovely it was
uva una hapkua tautuktitka hapkua
and yet it was so, that they down there, the lookers down there
Haiyuarluitli
striding along before them
Qaiyaulingmat quvianararivurli
It came towards me, lovely it was
Uva qaryuaryuvininiitlu
and so it was I who with my dear arrow
Purilaqiiyangnaku quvianararivurli
Was to make it dribble out of the blood lovely it was
Yayai ya
Lovely it was
Uqhuryulikyuaqli tuhuratingningmi
And the blubber beast I heard
Atimnili imma uva una ima
Just below me was it was really

**PHOTO** Netsit the young Umingmaktuurmiut apprentice of the shaman Hêq who was already a great holder of oral traditions for his people.

From: Rasmussen, K. (1932) Intellectual Culture of the Copper Eskimos, Copenhagen: Gyldendal

Naluaryungma tukahainggali
And when my harpoon heads line
Siaaqtuqsangmingmaat quvianarivali
Began to run out - then it was lovely
Yayai - ya Quvianarivurli
Yayai- ya how lovely it was
Qiniqturyuarli takulratarnirmi
But when the big black one I got my eye on
Quvianarivurli
How lovely it was!
Uvanga imma qaryuaryungnilu kilauyakaqu
For it was, that with my dear little arrow I was to wound it
Quvianarivurli yayai - ya
lovely it was! Yayai - ya
Quvianarivurli
Lovely it was!
Ivirturyuarli tuhartarnirmi
When that great lampoon singer, I listen too
Quviainarivurli
It was lovely!
Iglualugali quvihugalugli ivirturyuarli
It was my song fellow, Quvihugaluk, the great lampoon singer,
Tuharatarniemi quvianarivurli
I listen to, lovely it was!
Uvva una ima nuliamiimma
And it happened, that to his wife's
Uquryuivunutli tapiugsuranga
skin clothing, he added me
Tuhartarnirmi quvianarivurli!
I listen to it and it was lovely!

Sung by Netsit

# Song of hunger in a bad hunting season and fear of days to come.

(Rasmussen, K. (1932) Intellectual Culture of the Copper Eskimos, Copenhagen: Gyldendal, pages 151-152)

Amniayaa
Amnaiyaa
Qanuq ittumik ingma
How being, I wonder
Ihumayungali inma
In what state I wonder
Pihuatalirivunga
I start out wandering
Paatlarpaliirsinaaqtunga
I who repeatedly fall forward!
Taahingmi umingmangnaami ima
It was by the lake Umingmanaq
Iqalukli hulukaataaringmanga
That the trout made fun of me and would not bite,
Pihuataliirivunga inuksuup mikhaani
And I began wandering towards Inusugtoq's area
Qungiiasuknginik imma imarsiaqtukhamik
Longing for something that would please me something swimming me to see, in a lake
Qarmartuarmilunga pihuatalirivunga
Continually enticing something I began wandering
Amniayaa
Amniayaa

Putuyautaa

Utdjirnaarmaat ayaa yaiya
Fear was over me , ayaayaiya
Igulungili Utdjiliqyarmiyunga.
Fear brooded over me
In my house
Utdjirnarmat ayaa yaiya
Yes, fear was over me ayaayaiya
Atagnangni utdjiliruyaarmiunga
It was Atagnangnat that fear brooded over me
Ihumaga saiqtikpaliirsinaariga
My thoughts I let run out like a line,
Utdjirnaarmat aya yaiya ayaayaiya
Beacause I fear aya yaiya ayaayaiya
Kuukamut utdjiliquyarmiunga
And out on the river the fear brooded over me
Nunaliniiq qulaariliirsinaaringa
Of getting firm ground under my feet I had great doubts
Amnai iya
Amnai iya
Qaryuqhara qiluqiyungnairpangmaat
For my fish hook will no longer get heavy with a bite
Agluksaaviini utdjiliquyarmiunga
It was at my fishing hole that fear came over me!

Sung by Kimerut

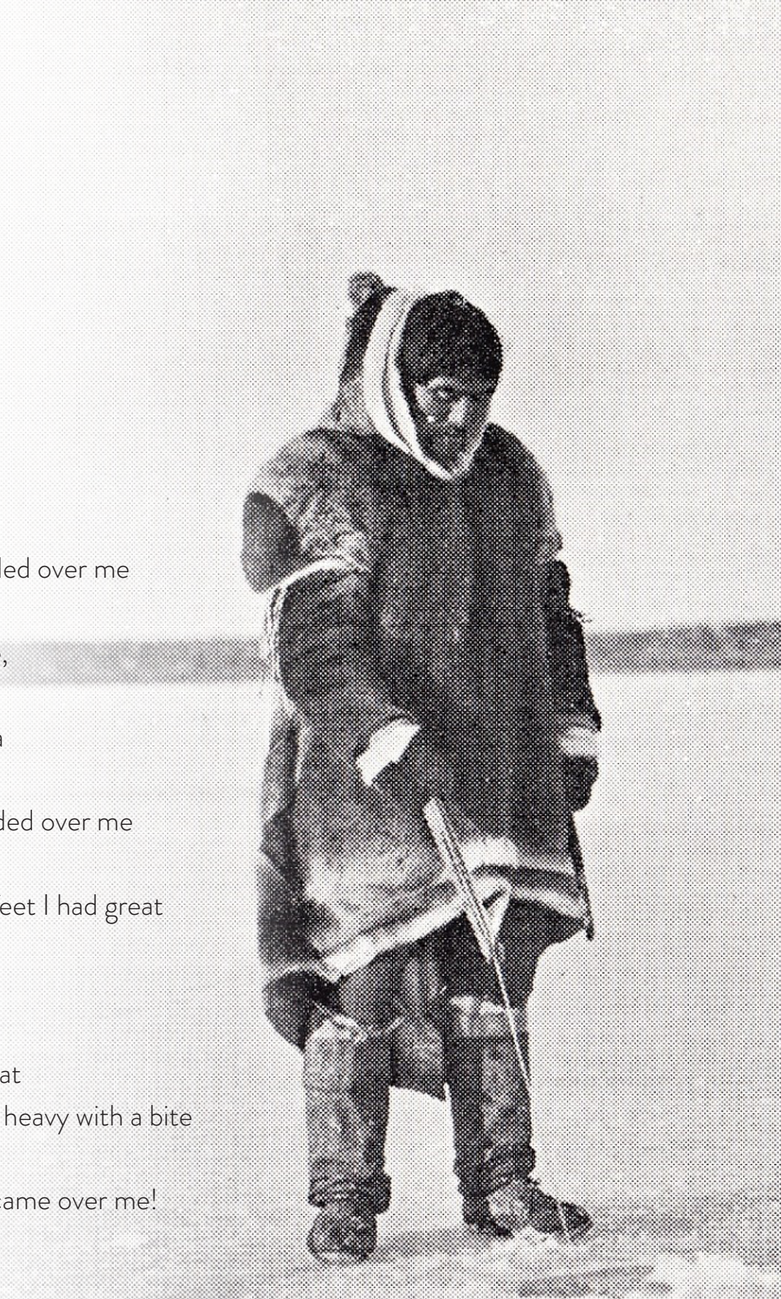


**PHOTO** A man from Kent Peninsula fishing for arctic cod (uugaq)

From: Rasmussen, K. (1932) Intellectual Culture of the Copper Eskimos, Copenhagen: Gyldendal

# A song of men's impotence and the beasts they hunted.

(Rasmussen, K. (1932) Intellectual Culture of the Copper Eskimos, Copenhagen: Gyldendal, page 162)

Imaaqaa aau luuniit
Perhaps, well - it makes no matter
Utdjinguligarami
Full of dread he was,
Qalaviusitli mamiimauraaqpakami
Qalaviuse (the boiling one) when he sat with clenched teeth
Arnat imma akun'ngani
Women, yes, between.
Imaaqaa luuniit
Perhaps, well - it makes no matter
Utdjinguligarami
Full of dread he was,
Niripkaisali mamiimauraaqpakami
Niripkaisa (what was in a caribou stomach) when he sat with clenched teeth
Iiyinuak ukua ulurianaqpaak
His two eyes - those there - were frightful
Kakivaksanuatuut
Bent like a horn to be fashioned into a leister
Imaaqaa aau luuniiit
Perhaps, well - it makes no matter
Utdjinguligarami
Full of dread he was,
ulimaut una mamiimauraaqpakami
Ulimau ("the axe") he there, when he sat with clenched teeth

Inuitlami mani
in loneliness there
uqara ingilugsiinartuq
My tongue sings but one song
Qaninnuaq una ulurianaqpa
A little mouth it is - can it be dangerous?
Tipiksanuatut
Like a bent twig for a kayak rib
Piringuaqpakami
It curves downwards

Putuyautaa

Humngau yiya qaulirtangnaqpaa
Far, far down-yi-ya one becomes cold with dread
Itqiliqarniq inuktutli
At having a mate, who otherwise like a human
Pamiqpaqliuqsumik
Never becomes full-grown
Qiviulaaqtuq itdjuarungnagu
No one wanted to imitate

Pamirviugami inuktutli upitaayutut
Because he became full-grown like an ordinary man, like a busybody - restless
Hamungauyiya qaulurtanarpa
Down here-yi-ya one becomes cold with fear
Angutiksat hapkua ayuyuaqpan
The beasts out there, those that usually flee.
Akhalujuitlu qirniqturjuitlu
The big black bears and the big musk-oxen
Angutiksat hapkua ayuyuaqpan
The beasts down there, those that usually flee
Hamungauyiya humutkiaq
Down there-yi-ya where to, I wonder?
Hapkua anguutiksat hapkua
Those down there, the beasts, those down there
Ayuyuaqpan
Those that flee at nothing
Nuralikyuitlu nagyulikyuitlu
The big caribou cows and the big bulls
Angutikhat hapkua ayuyuaqpan
The beasts down there, those that flee at nothing.

# Spirit Hymn #18

(Rasmussen, K. (1932) Intellectual Culture of the Copper Eskimos, Copenhagen: Gyldendal, page 174)

Qain'nguuq kipsumaa qa qa
hither, you out there, hurry!
tipfararnarpinguuq
your own shaman, people say,
qaitqugaatiit
calls for you!
uviaatquplutiit
that you mat bite to pieces (evil, sickness, etc.)
qain'nguuq kipsumaa
hither, you down there
tipfararnarpinguuq
your own shaman, they say,
qaitqugaatiit
calls for you
uvaatquplutiit
that you may bite to pieces
qain'nquug kipsumaa
Hither, you down there!

# Apkuangmiut

(Rasmussen, K. (1932) Intellectual Culture of the Copper Eskimos, Copenhagen: Gyldendal, pages 159-161)

Religious hymn to be sung wearing a head decoration of the skin of the sacred Great Northern Diver.
Kangerjuarmiunit. From the Kangerssuarmiut (the people at Prince Albert Sound in Victoria Island)
[Notes: Apkuangmiut is a free style dance that is sung and danced after a drum song. This song is from the Kangiryuarmiut "the People of The Large Bay". Emily Kudlak]

Yangaa yaaya, yangaa yaaya
yangaa yaaya, yangaa yaaya
Isangnairniq aturiga
with outstreacted arms I stand here humble
avanga imma niqipsamnik
because from over there food for me
inuataali nalirilirmanga
its (the spirit of the air) lets sink down
Quviahukli aturiga
great joy I am amid
aktuarali akturuklugu
because a long-antlered caribou bull turned
its flank to
quviahukli aturiga
great joy I am amid
haniiruitli isungningnapkuu
the flank itself I did not look at
taaglaakut tapisinaarapkiin
its shoulders I merely shot through
qulviliraaraviit
and then when you (caribou) made water
nunainarmut aqupsaaqsinaaqpiit
down on the bare earth you sank down!
quviahugli aturiga
great joy I am amid
tigalukyuarli hupilruliqtarmaat
because a large dog-seal began blowing through its
breathing hole
Inuaryugali takaayaangnauliirapku!
and I, little man, stood upright there and became
quite long-bodied
naulaaryungniik ipiqtuqtuaqpiit!
with my harpoon-head I thethered it!

Uviuva - Continuation

Tuharniqhartarpaguuq tuharnirlurivuuq
they said it sounds nice to the ear - its sounds well!
numiqturyuarli tuharnirlurivuuq
a great singer its good to listen to
numiliqaarami nivyuliqarami
when he raises voice, when he rocks his body
Tuharniqhartaqpa tuharnirhartaqpa
it is nice to hear, it is nice to hear
tuharnitlurivuuq
it sounds well
Atuliqaaramiguuq aulaalirami
and when he began to sing and they flapped (the
ermine trimmingson his coat) dance, they say
atuqturyualiquuq tuhangniqhaqaqpuq
a great singer and dancer is good to listen to

huitiikaa, huitiikaa
my ears, my ears
miglinguuyaaqtuuk
there is a singing in them
iqaluktuutiap inuingnuut
owing to eqalugtutsiaq's people
hiutiika, hiutiika
my ears, my ears
miglinguuyaartuuk
there is a singing in them
Kaanuunga numirvingmut
because I (long to be) down there at the dance-house
iglunguangnutliguuq haunilingnut
to his little house, Haunilik's (the bony one's)
talvalu imma ivirlagaquluni
and yet, if one ridiculed a man in song
ivirniqturli naglingnarlurivuuq
and ended the lampoon, one becomes sorry for him!
hiutiika, hiutiika
my ears, my ears
miglinguuyaartuuk
there is a singing in them
Kanungaa ayaa numirvingmut
because I (long to be) down there at the dance-house
iglun'nuanutli quglugiyamuli
at his house, qugdlugiaq's (the worm's)
talvaalu imma iviraqaarluni
and yet if one has sung one's lampoon
nuliikaahukli naklirnaarluurivuq!
the one whom the lampoon has made lonely is worthy of sympathy!

Sung by Ikpakuhaak

**PHOTO** A man from the Ukalliit Islands in Dolphin & Union Strait dances an apkuangmiut while wearing the loon hat.

From: Rasmussen, K. (1932) Intellectual Culture of the Copper Eskimos, Copenhagen: Gyldendal

# Spirit Hymn #19

(Rasmussen, K. (1932) Intellectual Culture of the Copper Eskimos, Copenhagen: Gyldendal, page 174)

Makilangali
let me get up,
Makilangali
let me get up,
tuun'ngaat ukua akun'ngagut
spirits they there among them
kailangali
let me get up!
Tuun'ngat ukua tuun'ngat ukua
spirits they there, spirits, they there
akun'ngakutli
among them
Makilangali
let me get up!
angatkut ukua
shamans they there

Makilangali
let me get up!
angatkut uka angatkut ukua
shamans, they there, shamans,they there
akun'ngaagutli
among them
sakisuvkaangali
someone wants to raise me up, yes, there is
someone who wants to raise me up!
tuun'ngaat akun'ngatigut
spirits among us
makisuvkaangali
someone wants to raise me up!
angatkut akun'ngatiigut
shamans among them!



# Spirit Hymn #20

(Rasmussen, K. (1932) Intellectual Culture of the Copper Eskimos, Copenhagen: Gyldendal, page 175)

nalungniiyaq
Infant
nalungniiyaq taamna
infant there
nalungiirsuksaaq
you great infant
makitiit
get up!
angaa makitit
over here (you must come) raising yourself up
nalungniiyaq taamna
infant there
nalungniiyaq taamna
infant there
nalungniirsuksaaq
you great infant
nalungniarsugsaama
you great, glorious infant
angaa makitit
over here (you must come) raising yourself up!

# Spirit Hymn #21

(Rasmussen, K. (1932) Intellectual Culture of the Copper Eskimos, Copenhagen: Gyldendal, page 174) (Rasmussen, K. (1932) Intellectual Culture of the Copper Eskimos, Copenhagen: Gyldendal, pages 176-178)

putyagaatit
on outstretched wings it hovers over you,
nauyaaryuup
it hovers over you,
takpika pingna quliptingnili
there up above us
nakuyaqivuq
it gazes
akirhuqpara
and I scold
kangnii'ryuanga qaquqtauvaa?
its big head- is it white?
higuuhuangi
its big beak,
qanniryuanga ikiqturlukpaa
its big mouth open a little way
takunnaatingni angmaluuyarikpuun
its eyes are quiet round
qitiuq qitiuq
it screams
qitiuq qitiuq
it screams
putuyagaatit
on outstretched wings it hovers over you!
putuyangaatit
hovers over you
ihun'ngayuup
the big gull (arctic gull)

takpika pingna quliptinniili
there up above us
nakuuyarivuuq
it gazes
akirhuqpara
I scold
kangnii'ryuanga qirnariluuqpaa?
its big head is it quiet black?
higuuhuangi qanaryuanga
its big beak, its big mouth
ikirturlukpa
opens slightly
takunnatingni angmaluuyarikpun
its eyes are quite round
iyuurq iyuurq
iyuurq iyuurq
it screams
putuyagaantiit
on outstretched wings it hovers over you.
tulukaaryuup
the big raven
takpika pinga quliptinili
there up over us
nakuyarivuuq
it gazes
akiksuurpara
I scold
qirniryuanga qirariglurpaa
its big head is it quite black?
higugyuangni
its big beak
tuluriaqaqpaa?
has it a fang?
takungatingni quvayaangavaak?
its eyes do they turn the wrong way?

qaraa qaraa
it screams
qaraa qaraa
it screams
putuyaangaatiit
on outstretched wings it hovers over you,
upikyuarli
the great snowy owl
takpika pingna quliptingnili
there up over us,
nakuyangivuuq
it gazes
akirsuqpara
I scold
kangniiryuanga tulungmauvaa?
its big head is it swollen?
higuguangni
its big beak
niksiungaagluriqpuk
is it like a hook?
takungnatingni uktitatarpaak
its eyes have they big, out-turned eyelids?
uuruuq uuruuq
uuruuq uuruuq
putuyagaatit
on outstretched wings its hovers over you
putuyagaatit
hovers over you
kilgaviasuk
the falcon
takpika pingna qulipingnili
there up over us
nakuyagivuuq akiksuqparaa
its gazes, I scold
kangniiryuanga tulungmauvaa?
its big head is it swollen?
higukyuangni niksiungaagluriqpuk
its eyes have they out-turned eyelids?
kia-hiak, kia-hiak
kia-hiak,kia-hiak



# Spirit Hymn #22

(Rasmussen, K. (1932) Intellectual Culture of the Copper Eskimos, Copenhagen: Gyldendal, pages 178-179)

ayungmatikaa ayungmativaagyuakaa
my supports, that hold me up, my big supports
angiyaak itigakpakyuakraa
are they big, my enormous feet?
ayungmatikka ayungmativaagyuakaa
my supports, my big supports
angivaak atiirapagyuakka
big they are, my indoor shoes!
ayungmatikka ayungmativaagyuakaa
my supports, that hold me erect, my enormous supports
angivaak qukturapagyuakka
big they are, my enormous thighs,
angivaak ayumatikka ayumatikpakyuakaa
big they are, my supports, my enormous supports,
uppaktivakyuakka ayumatikkaa
my enormous body; my supports, that hold me erect
angivaak qatigakpakyuakaa
bit it is, my mighty back
ayumatikpakyuakaa
my enormous supports
angivaak niaquqpakyuara
bit it is, my enormous head,
ayumatikka ayumatikka
my supports, my supports ayumatikparyuara angivaa
my enormous support, bit it is,
angiyuuq angiyuuq!
big big

# Ulupsiakluk's song

(Rasmussen, K. (1932) Intellectual Culture of the Copper Eskimos, Copenhagen: Gyldendal, page 166-169)

qangmaa yaa yaa
qangmaa yaa yaa
quvianararivuq tunumut hamunga
glorious it was behind down there
hiniruarmata kivalit ingma
when they came along by the shore, the south-dwellersdown there
tikisaunginapkiit
and  I did not catch up with them
akunninnaarmutli kivaliit ingma
nor out on the open ice the south-dwellers down there
tikisaunginapkiit
did I catch up with them.
uvamnitli ingma naatkilirami
but for myself, yes, I felt pity
qangmaa ya ya
qangmaa ya ya
quvianarivuuq taluaryungmili
glorious it was that time Taluarjuit
qingirmiirturiving
I peered long around me
nagyuklikyuitlu tukturaaqyuit
and the big-horned dear little caribou
qinimiirtuqhugit tukturaaryuit
i long had looked at, yes, which I long had looked at,
pitikhalugaqa qaryuaryukalu
my bow, yes, and my small arrows
aturyaangniqhugiit, qinnimiqturiviik
would I have use for them? and meantime I gazed (at the animals)
qangmaayaaya
qangmaayaaya
utaqimmirtuuriving nigpagyangnaima
I waited long for them, lurking at breathing holes
utarqimiirturiving nikpaagyaangnaima
I waited long (for them)
uqhulikyuitlu natiiraaryuit
the blubber beast the little fjord seals
utaqimirtuqhugiit utaqimiirtuurving
long I waited for, long I waited for them.
unaaryunga naulaaryuga
and my larpoon, yes, and my harpoon head.
atungyangniirhugin, utaqimiirtuurving
woud I have use for them?- oh, I waited long
qangmaayaayaa
qangmaayaayaa
quvianaarivuuq qalgigaaryukli
glorious it was when the dear little dance house
upaktuarmaatdjuk
they rushed to
pihiaryuk una atulikarmikuu
and when the little song they broke into,
aaglaakaarmatdjuk
they sang it in various ways (i.e they sang in discord)
tukuhalairpin aturnira
I stood looking on, the way of singing of it

naluriramiku
as if they did not know it,
aaglaakarmatdjuk takuhalaipin
when they sang all differently, I stood looking on
qangmaayaayaa
qangmaayaayaa

Putuyuataa

Olipsiakluk's wife's song
The song of the sun, the moon, and fear of loneliness.
iyaiyai yaya
iyaiyai yaya
utdjirnarlurivuq
there is fear in
inuutlamutli ihumaaluknirmi
for loneliness to long
inuaryuitli katinaqiyuni
while the dear folks are gathered
inuitlamutli ihumalirnirmi
then towards loneliness to turn the mind
iyaiyai yaya
iyaiyai yaya
quvianarivuq hilaryuaq qangma
there is happiness in the great world out there



auyaliqsaararmaat
whem summer come to it
hiqiniplu tumiryuarnilu
and when the great sun its footprints
atuqtuaqhugiiti
follows
iyaiyai yaya
iyaiyai yaya
udjirnarlurivuuq
there is fear in
hilaryuaq qangma ukiuliqsarangmat
the great world out there when winter come to in
tatqiryuup ingma tumiryuargitlu
and the great moon out there its footprints (follows)
akumiavlugiit ukiuliqsaarangmaat
now full moon, now new moon, when winter comes
iyaiyai yaya
iyaiyai yaya
humutkiaq uvvaa
but where I wonder (everything goes)?
tunumut hamunga ihumalirnirmi
to that behind,to the east, my thoughts turn
pangnaaryugali tikiyamingnugu
and yet my uncle I shall never come to
ihumalirnirmi
though my mind id turned towards him!
iyaiyai yaya
iyaiya yaya

# Unknown man sings of those whom he has challenged to a song-contest.

(Rasmussen, K. (1932) Intellectual Culture of the Copper Eskimos, Copenhagen: Gyldendal, page 169-172)

Unaiyai ya
Unaiyai ya
Alianarluukpa utungunuarli
Spendid is Utuguniq
Nagliqtungiigilrarli natirmi kanani
He is unquelled on the floor down there
Numiliryuarli pihiqturyuaq
And Numiliigyuaq , he of the brilliant songs
unanmivakhugu
He usually enters the contest
Nagliqtungilraarli alianarlukpa
He is unquelled he is spendid
Unaiyai ya
Unaiyai ya
Alianarlukpa Nartaagtiaq inma
He is spendid Nartaagtiaq, yes, he it was
Nagliktungilraali qalgimi hamani
He is unquelled in the dance house down there
Pihugianganili aqpakhuraangat
His walk, his way of running
Unanmivakhugu
He used to enter the contest
Nagliqtungilraarli alianarlukpa
He is unquelled, he is spendid
Unaiyai ya
Unaiyai ya



Alianarlukpa Pirianuup haaffaalraangmanga
Splendid is Pirianguaq
Maniqami imma
On the ground
Iqilirhunga
He curls me up
Qigluyaksak nifalaryaksak
Retaliation, this, that one is thrown on ones back
Ihumagalu haavingnialirniq
He is in his thoughts, he will hurry forward to compete
Tuhugurnarlrurqpa
One becomes really eager
Unaiyai ya
Unaiyai ya
Alianarlukpa Pakunum
Splendid is Pakunuaq - there
Haafaalrangmanga tupaaryungmini
His desire to proffer himself, in his little tent
Tigungyalirlunga ilviliryuaq
Catching hold of me and Iviligyuaq
Iviirturyuaq huqulahuiqsuq
He who is ravenous for men, he who never sings in a contest
Nipliqtiinayuktuq
But simply howls
Unaiyai ya
Unaiyai ya
Alianarlukpa Uyungavli ingma
Splendid is Uyungaq - there

Iviqulingmanga taitquliqhuni
He who urges me to sing lampoons- wishing to be spoken of,
Iviliryuarli ivirirturyuaq
And Iviligyuaq, who is ravenous of men
Qunguyuyusuq, anuuqtiinayuktuq
He who never smiles , he who always looks fierce
Unaiyai ya
Unaiyai ya
Alianarlukpa naanutli ingma
Splendid is the nanuq there
Haffararmanga maniqami ingma
His desire to proffer himself on the bare ground - there
Tiguhalirlunga
Seizing a hold of me
Pisugiangali; aqpaqhurianga
His walk, his way of running
Unanamivakhugu
He contests with
Nagliktungiglararli
He is unquelled
Alianarluqpa!
He is splendid

Putuyautaa

Avaiya iyaiyaiya
Avaiya iyaiyaiya
Anigaaryuaka itqarahaglagit
My relations, let me think a little of them



Qayuinalu Amiluhilu arnaquarsuk
Qayuina and Amiluhi , the old woman
Itqarahaglagu
Let me recall them
Avaiya iyaiyaiya
Avaiya iyaiyaiya
Iqsinaqtut ipkua
Frightful are they
Igliraharlagit
Let me keep away from them
Aksalukyuitlu nanulukyuitlu
and the big black bear and the big black bear
Isrinagrarmata
They who are usually frightful (I will also recall)
Tahiryuaq hamna
The big lake down there
Aviksarikput
We parted at it
Avaiya iyaiyaiya
Avaiya iyaiyaiya
Iqsinaqtut ipkua igliranhaglagit
The frightful ones -there, let me keep away from them
Aalraar'yuit takulraarlugit
The strangers the first time one sees them
Isrinagrarmatta
They are usually frightful
Kuunahiq Hamna
And the river down there
Hituliriaput
They usually sail down

# Spirit Hymn #17

(Rasmussen, K. (1932) Intellectual Culture of the Copper Eskimos, Copenhagen: Gyldendal, page 172)

Tungarhiutit, Tungisut qalgimi atuqtagait
Shaman songs, which shamans in the dance house usually sing
(Emily Kudlak's notes: these are not shamans song but free style dance songs for the Copper Inuit)

Aiyai yii riirsi
Aiyai yii riirsi
Qanuq pingaarara
How her up there
Qanuq pingaararaa
How her up there
Takuharuhugpit
One desires to see
Arnaq pingna ARRA
The woman up there * arra
Tingmiurliiq
Keeps hovering
Angutim ata arra
The man which is under him --- arra
Takuharpaniirit
Have you been over to look at it
Ikpikyanii Irri
His swaddle cloth erre
Qahutilugit erre
He will loosen erre
Qanuq pingna takuraniirsaaqniaqpa?
How him up there, will he look smart
Takuraniirlurpa
Does he already look smart
Takuraniirlurpa rarra
Does he already look smart rarra



Qanuq pingna
How him up there rarra
Takuharayukpiit rarra
One wishes to see
Angun pingna rarra
The man up there rarra
Tingmiurli
Who keeps hovering rarra
Arnam ata rarra
The woman that is under her rarra
Takuharpaniriit
Have you been over to look at it?
Ulupyaanii rerrhi
Here cheeks rerrhi
Qanuq pingna takuraniirsurniarpa?
How - him up there will he look so smart?
Takurangnirlukpa?
Does he already look smart?
Tunmarnavigu
Shall I tread on it?
Akuviaryuaq hamnali
The sea's enormous new ice down there
Niviuqturpaktuuq
The one who coorns anxiously like a mother to her young
Hikulia'ryuaq qalrurtuqpaktuq
The enormous new ice, that raises its voice in song
ata hamna
Listen, the one down there
Qimirlurlugu tauyaagli ahu
He gazes at it, the man, yes he does
Maligumagamigit
It follows behind you
Ihumagatit
It has you in its thoughts!

Putuyautaa

Qanurli hamna
How that down there
Tunmarnavigu
Shall I tread on it?
Akupiyaryuaq
The enormous new ice on the sea
Niviuqturpaktuuq
The one who coorns anxiously like a mother to her young
Qalrurtuqpaktuq
The one who raises its voice in song
Ata hamna
Listen the one down there

# Spirit Hymn #24

(Rasmussen, K. (1932) Intellectual Culture of the Copper Eskimos, Copenhagen: Gyldendal, page 179)

taryuit ukua
Big men - there are here
Tumiginahugipiit ukua
It is an animal track- this one
Qauvaakhuubli kiinaanitli
The big wolf with its face
Kinaqaqtungali
I who have such a face
Qauvaagsubli ilraviinitli
The great wolf's intestines
Ilraviqaqtungali
I who have such intestines

Taryuit ukua
Big men they are here
Tumiginahugipiit ukua
It is an animal track- this one
Qinmiaryuupli kiinaniitli
A pups face
Kiinaqaqtungali
I have such a face
Qinmiaryuup ilraviinitlu
A pup's intestines have I!
Ilraqaqtunga
Such intestines I have!



Taryuit ukua
Big men they are here
Tumiginahugipiit ukua
It is an animal track- this one
Aaglaaryupli kiinaniitli
The great wolverine's face
Kiinaqaqtungali
I have such a face
Aaglaryupli ilraviinitlu
The great wolverine's intestines
Ilraviqaqtungali
Such intestines have I!

Taryuit ukua
Big men they are here
Tumiginahugipiit ukua
It is an animal track- this one
Akhapli kiinaniitli
A black bears face
Kiinaqaqtungali
I have such a face
Akhapli ilraviinitlu
A black bears intestines have I!
Ilraviqaqtunga
Such intestines I have

Taryuit ukua
Big men they are here
Tumiginahugipiit ukua
It is an animal track- this one
Nanutli kiinaniitli
A white bear's face
Kiinaqaqtungali
I have such a face

Nanutli ilraviinitlu
A white bears intestines have I!
Ilraqaqtunga
Such intestines I have!

Taryuit ukua
Big men they are here
Tumiginahugipiit ukua
It is an animal track- this one
Tumiginahugipiit ukua
It is an animal track- this one

# While the wind whispers

(Rasmussen, K. (1932) Intellectual Culture of the Copper Eskimos, Copenhagen: Gyldendal, page 164-166)

Qingurlliup pihia
Qingordleq's song
ayaiya iya
ayaiya iya
Huvakiaq ihumagaaluguli
what, I wonder, bearing in his thoughts
nigigaaryuk qangma
that dear south wind out there
ithuarurpaagluurpaa?
whispers?
Ualivuutli hapkua inuaryuit
those who live north of us out there the little people
Ihumagaaluit
Bearing in their thoughts
Ithuarurpaagluurpaa
it whispers
ayai yia iya!
ayai yia iya!
Huvakiaq ihumagaaluguli
what I wonder bearing in its thoughts
Pikanngaaryuk qangma
the dear east wind there
Ithuarurpaagluurpaa?
whispers?
ayai yai iya
ayai  yai iya
Tunnun'ngupliqa hapkua



those who live inland behind us perhaps - in there,
Inuaryuit hapkua ihumagalugiitli
the little people in there bearing in their thoughts
ithuarurpaaglurpaa
it whispers-
ayai yia iya
ayai yia iya
Huvakiaq ihumagaluguli
what I wonder, bearing in its thoughts
Ungalaaryuk qangma
the little north wind out there
Ithuararpaaglurpaa
whispers?
ayai yia iya
ayai yia iya
Kivalivitli hakpua
those who live south of us down there,
Inuaruit hakpua ihumagalugiitli
the little people down there bearing in their thoughts
Ithuarurpaagalurpaa
it whispers-
ayai  yia iya
ayai yia iya
Huvaakiaq ihumagaluguli
what, i wonder, bearing in their thoughts
Kananguaaryuk qangma
the dear west wind out there
Ithuarurpaaglurpaa
whispers?
ayai yia iya
ayai yia iya
Kiluhiktutli hapkua
those who live right in the fjord in there

Inuaryuit hapkua ihumaagalugiitli
the little people in there bearing their thoughts

Ithuarurpaglurpaa
it whispers-
ayai yai iya
ayai yai iya
Huviaq ihumagiluguli
what, i wonder, bearing in my thoughts
Hingialukli hamnaa
the point over there
Pihukpakaluaqpiguu
that i use to stroll over
ayai yai iya
ayai yai iya
Qilirtiligyuitli ihumagilugitli
the big ones with a crest (bull bearing in my thoughts caribou with antlers)
Pihukpakaluaqpiguu
when i wander about there
ayai yai iya
ayai yai iya
Huvakiaq ihumagalugili
what, I wonder, bearing in my thoughts
Maniilrurjuatli
the big ones, that stood out like an unevenness in the landscape
Qinirpaagkaluarpiguu
I used to watch for?
Qinirtualuitli
the multitude of black ones (muskoxen)
Qinirlugiitli imma
I watched for, yes
Qinirpaagkaluarpigigu
those it was, that I use to watch for!

# A Quiet Man's song

(Rasmussen, K. (1932) Intellectual Culture of the Copper Eskimos, Copenhagen: Gyldendal, pages 157-159)

Yayaiya yiya
Yayaiya yiya
Mayuratariviik
Up I go (May also mean: I go up against a stream)
Pihuguliiqtunga Kivaliinut
I desire to go to those South of us
Tikiqsiansinnarama tikihaiarivunga
It was hard to get there, but at last I made it
Kiluhiktuungmiunnut
To the people of Kiluhiktuq
Yayaiya yiya
Yayaiya yiya
Mayuratartviik
Up I go
Pihuguliqtunga Maqiyuarhungmut
I desire to walk, up to the little spring
Qun'ngiaqhinarivunga qingniqtuuryuangniik
Istead, I caught sight of the big black ones
Yayaiya yiya
Yayaiya yiya
Mayuratariviik
Up I go
Pihugulirama Ualiptingnuut
I desire to walk to those north of us
Tikiqsiansinnarama tikihaiarivunga
It was hard to get there, but at last I made it

Tunnulingnut ualiiptingnut
To the nearest who live north of us
Tikihiagaarivunga Nagyuqtuungmiunut
At last I have made it to the Nagyuqtuuq People

Putuyautaa (Fast part of the song)

Ayumiuraariviik nattiqtuqhuarnut
It is hard for me to join the great ones who are clever at catching seals
Unaaraalukli una nakhakpaklugu
My harpoon, I have with me
Yayaiya yiya
Yayaiya yiya
Ayumiuraariviik pitikhuqtutuqhuanuut
It is hard for me to join
those who kill big game with bow and arrow
Pitiksigali una nangmakpaglugu
I carry my bow on my back
Yayaiya yiya
Yayaiya yiya
Ayumiuraariviik qayatqihuksaunnuut
It is hard for me to join those with highly skilled at kayaking
Qayaahungmut ima ikisaanginnaama
For in my little kayak, I dare not sit
Yayaiya yiya
Yayaiya yiya

Ayumiuraariviik huqulahuquarnut
It is hard for me to join those who are great singers and dancers
Pihiaryugali una naluvangmigapku
For my song, I have forgotten the words
Huqulahursuarnut
Amongst the great singers
Yayaiya yiya
Yayaiya yiya
Ayumiuraariviik uqilahukyuarnut
it is hard for me to join those fast at running
Qirniqtursauqunga angumaqsainapku
For the blackish on there, I cannot run as fast as
Yayai
Yayai

Sung by Qerraq



# Spirit Hymn #27

(Rasmussen, K. (1932) Intellectual Culture of the Copper Eskimos, Copenhagen: Gyldendal, pages 182-184)

* no one knows what woman is referred to, this being an old song handed down from their ances-tors.

ayia yii niirsi
ayai yii niirsi
qanurli hamna
how that down there
takuharuhukpiit
I feel I want to explore
arnaq pingnaqa
the woman up there perhaps
angutip ataa
the taboo-breach under the man
ikpingaqnirisii
the kamik straps
qautigliglugiiriirsii
let her loosen them,
takuharahukpiit
I feel I want to explore
qanuq pinnaaraa
but how shall I seek
angutip ataa
under the man
ulugyangniiriirsi
(look at) the cheeks
ihiviglugiiriirsi
smooth out the wrinkles
arnam ataa raara
under the woman let us seek
takuhaqpaniiriiqsi
explore secrets
ulugyangniinirsi
smooth out wrinkles

# Song 27

(Rasmussen, K. (1932) Intellectual Culture of the Copper Eskimos, Copenhagen: Gyldendal, page 183)

ayai yi ya
ayai yi ya
tunmarnavigu
I wandered on
aguviyaaryuaq tunmarnavigu
the sea, I wandered about,
qanurli hamna
but how, that down there-
hamnalu qarlurhurpaktuuq
and that down there lets the song sound
aquviyaaryuarli nivyauturpiktuuq
and the sea sings its songs,
ata hamna qimilruraarlugu
well, now, that down there let us look at  it
hikuliaryuarli aklumagauli
but the enormous new ice let us stride over it
talva igumagaasi
look here, it was to be in your dance-house (and bring health, i.e the helping spirit)
ayai yi yaa
ayai yi yaa

# Spirit Hymn #28

(Rasmussen, K. (1932) Intellectual Culture of the Copper Eskimos, Copenhagen: Gyldendal, pages 184-187)

aiyungguuq tuqubluniguuq pihia paulingnaup
aijuk, they say, after his death, they say, by paulinaq Hinakturiya
ayiyaiya yiya
ayiyaiya yiya
quvianatlriarivuuq
I am filled with joy
hilaryuarli
when the great sky
ubluqhauvalirmat
dawns
ayiyaiya yi ya
ayiyaiya yi ta
quvianatlrairivuuq
I am filled with joy
hiqiniryuaq pingnaa
when the big sun up there
qulvahaurpalingmingmaat
rises up over the vault of the sky
ayiyaiya yi ya
ayiyaiya yi ya
Iqsiurturivunga
otherwise I feel horror
qupilruhuitli
when the little maggots

anmanakalu imma
in the hallows at my collar-bone
iyikaluqa
and in my eyes
mihimaliqhaarmatigik
crunch
iqhiuqturivunga
the I feel horror
ayiyai-a yiya
ayiyaiya yiya
Isiurturivunga
Fearful I became
Angmaliqtuurmii imma
At Angmalortoq
Iqsiurturivunga
Fearful I became
Umiksaagli imma
When with the kayak-ferry
Haaviutingmanga
I drifted out to sea
Angmalurtungmi imma
At Angmalortuq it was
Tivyautaarpaktunga
That I drifted right out to the other side
ayiyai-a yiya
ayiyaiya yiya
Iqsiurturivunga
fearful I became
Umiaqsamili imma
On the ferry I will have
Iqsiuqturivunga
I am fearful

Uvkuuqsamili imma
Of the snow block (that closed me in my snowhouse)
Nagtiirlraamiigamali
It was as if I hung fast
Aniyuaqsaarali
And on my way out
Iqsiurturivara
I was afraid of it (the snowblock)

*The dead are often interred by being left in the snow house in which they have died, it being closed up with a block of snow.

ayiyai-a yiya
ayiyaiya yiya
isiurturivunga
fearful I became
nilalingmiiliimaa
There is fresh water ice (where the snowhouse stood),
Iqsiurturivunga
Fearful I became
Hilaryuarli qangma
When from the great sky out there
hiqiqpalaliraamingmat
Loud noises came (of the ice, cracking in the intense cold)

putuyautaa

ayai yai ya
ayaiyaiya
alianarlurpa ukiuq maani!
glorious it is in winter here!
iqhilirpaksinaqtunga
but I only felt terror
alaqsartikhailii
at the lack of sole-skins

kamiksaktiksaitli
and at the lack of kamik-skins,
Iqsiirhuguvingma
always I felt fear
Iqsiliirpangsinartunga
Always was I fearful
ayai yai ya
ayai yai ya
alianarlurpa auyaq mani
it is not glorious summer here!
In'ngumavasinartunga
and yet I only feared for
Agfagsaartighailiiq
the lack of sleeping skins
Uqugutiksailiq
and of the skins for clothing
Iqsiuqhuguvingma
Always I felt fear in me
Iqsiliqpaksinnaqtunga
Always I felt fear in me
ayai yai ya
ayai yai ya
alianarlurpa
Was it not lovely
Aglusarvingmaa
To stand at the fishing hole on the ice
Nikatlurpaksinnartunga
But instead I am merely depressed
Qaryuqharyugaa
Because my little fishing hook



Qiluqirsunnaimmaat
Got no bite to tighten the line
Nikatlurpaksinnartunga
Always I was depressed
ayai yai ya
ayai yai ya
Alianarlurpa qalgimi hamani
Joyful it was here in the dance house
Iqsiliqpaqsinaqtunga
But I was merely troubled
Aturaqsailiq
Because I had no song to sing
Iqsirsuguvingma
Always I felt fearful in me
Qalgimi hamani
Here in the dance house
Piirturyavagsinaqtunga
Because I tired and no longer could manage the drum

Sung by Nesit

# Song of hunger in a bad hunting season and fear of days to come.

(Rasmussen, K. (1932) Intellectual Culture of the Copper Eskimos, Copenhagen: Gyldendal, pages 151-152)

Amniayaa
Amnaiyaa
Qanuq ittumik ingma
How being, I wonder
Ihumayungali inma
In what state I wonder
Pihuatalirivunga
I start out wandering
Paatlarpaliirsinaaqtunga
I who repeatedly fall forward!
Taahingmi umingmangnaami ima
It was by the lake Umingmanaq
Iqalukli hulukaataaringmanga
That the trout made fun of me and would not bite,
Pihuataliirivunga inuksuup mikhaani
And I began wandering towards Inusugtoq's area
Qungiiasukngnik imma imarsiaqtukhamik
Longing for something that would please me something swimming me to see, in a lake
Qarmartuarmilunga pihuatalirivunga
Continually enticing something I began wandering
amniayaa
amniayaa



Putuyautaa

Utdjirnaarmaat ayaa yaiya
Fear was over me, ayaayaiya
Igulungili Utdjiliqyarmiyunga. Fear brooded over me
In my house
Utdjirnarmat ayaa yaiya
Yes, fear was over me ayaayaiya
Atagnangni utdjiliruyaarmiunga
It was Atagnangnat that fear brooded over me
Ihumaga saiqtikpaliirsinaariga
My thoughts I let run out like a line,
Utdjirnaarmat aya yaiya ayaayaiya
Beacause I fear aya yaiya ayaayaiya
Kuukamut utdjiliquyarmiunga
And out on the river the fear brooded over me
Nunaliniiq qulaariliirsinaaringa
Of getting firm ground under my feet I had great doubts
Amnai iya
Amnai iya
Qaryuqhara qiluqiyungnairpangmaat
For my fish hook will no longer get heavy with a bite
Agluksaaviini utdjiliquyarmiunga
It was at my fishing hole that fear came over me!

Sung by Kimerut

# Irinaliuutit/Magic Words III

(Rasmussen, K. (1932) Intellectual Culture of the Copper Eskimos, Copenhagen: Gyldendal, pages 115)

## Nattiqsiut
## Magic Words to bring common seals

Shaiksaalagaha aatlipta
Shaigshalasha she who is below us
Nattiqarnigmuittap anguta
The seal dweller's her father
Hamunga tikilunni
Down here (on the floor) coming
Hilatangnirautigut avatangnirautigut
It is outside our house encircling us
Shaiksaalagaha aatlipta anguta
Shaigshalasha she who is below us, her father
imarmiutap mayurluni
Dweller of the sea let him rise up
Uvunga anirniga tuharumanginga
Hear his breath I wish to hear.

# Irinaliuutit/Magic Words IV

(Rasmussen, K. (1932) Intellectual Culture of the Copper Eskimos, Copenhagen: Gyldendal, pages 115-116)

## Tuktunut anguhursaut
## to Caribou, one who brings game

Nau - Nau - Nau
Nau - Nau - Nau
Qaavagaaluyunga utaqitdjagiksinga
A wolf I am, Just wait for me
Pangnialupqa niaquanik
A caribou bull's - perhaps - head
Tuquyaksat agliquq atayungnik
With throat and lower jaw hanging on
Nau - Nau - Nau
Nau - Nau - Nau
Piukaarauliuyunga utarqiyutigigiga
A little fox am I, and as a fox I expect
Anguhaglualuup niaquanik
A young bulls caribou head
Agliqungnik atayunik
With the lower jaw hanging on
Tuquaarutilingmik
With the throat hanging on.

# Irinaliuutit/Magic Words V

(Rasmussen, K. (1932) Intellectual Culture of the Copper Eskimos, Copenhagen: Gyldendal, pages 116-117)

## Makitirut
## Magic prayer said when rising from one's bed

Ublulirаangat Angunahuangniaqtuni
when day dawns for those who are hunting
Hukutkiaq Ublaat
By which way the mornings
Ublatsiaq makitit
Your dear morning, get up
Makitpungali
See, I'm up!
Hukutiaq Aagyuup mayuramik
By which way I wonder, the constellation Agsut rises up in the sky? dear morning , get up!
Maungaqa Ublaangagut
By this way perhaps - by the morning
Mayuraria
It rises up!
Ublaat ublaatsiaq makitit!
Morning, you dear morning, get up!
Makitpungali
See, I'm up
Hukutiaq Aagyuup mayuramik
By which way I wonder, the constellation Agsut rises up in the sky? dear morning, get up!
Maungaqa Ublaangagut
By this way perhaps - by the morning
Mayuraria
It rises up!



# Irinaliuutit/Magic Words VII

(Rasmussen, K. (1932) Intellectual Culture of the Copper Eskimos, Copenhagen: Gyldendal, pages 117-118)

## Angilrarhiut
## Magic words to ensure a safe return

Inuit kihimiuqtut piplugit
People who are alone have this habit (of saying this magic song)
Tuktuhiuqtut hila tarsigaangat
When they are hunting caribou and the sky turns dark so to
Nuatqanmingnut piyumaplutik
Their fellow villagers to come back safely
Makitirnapta
We rise from our bed
Qilaksup hukaqsup
The great sky's, its enormous pillars
Tutaaryimayut ayaqpaklugit
That keep it up, as we over turn them

Makitirnapta
We rise from our bed
Nugvikyuaq ayaqpaktirit
Big dwelling! Rest in your arms,
Nayungmatigit
Hold fast
Igliq ayaqpaktigit
Platform! Rest in your arms!
Nayumatirit
Hold fast!
Nayuriga, nayurigaunga qiqiqtaq
I hold onto it, I faithfully hold onto it, to the island
Nauyaryuktut ivalinguyuaryugtut.
Like a gull, anxiously screaming for its young!

# Spirit Hymn #30

(Rasmussen, K. (1932) Intellectual Culture of the Copper Eskimos, Copenhagen: Gyldendal, pages 189-191)

Qipsarina's song about Aitaaq, his father's second wife, dreamt by Hêq.

Uvanga uuna qimakarivariga
It is I who has come to leave her
Nukautama qimangmingmanga
Because my dear younger brother went and left me
Kingun'ngamnitli iiyigivara
And being left I gaze at him
Uvangaaunaa takussipaana
It was I who gave him something to look at
Inuuliama takussingmanga
Because he, whom I made a man gave me
something to look at
Uvanga una inugungmigapku
mingigiarli amugivara
Uvanga iniqtuivik
Siniktarvingni upatimali
Aaqtuqsingmingmanga
Uvanganuaq iniqtuiviik
Igluaryungni qauyaanuaq
Naglikturinapku
Uvanuaq kikhalirvit
Tuaayuusaviniit tuartaara
Niuglitlraimat

Putuyautaa

Yayai iya
Yayai iya
Alianaqpaa maqiyuassuuk hamna
Tikhaliguyarnirmi
uuwiiniitliqa imma
Mingiiriigsuali
Atuqtuqqa hamna
Yayai iya
Yayai iya
Alianaqpaa maqiyyulukngmilu
Ilitarsiyangilanga
Uwiiniitliqa ima
Hinayugli ilitariigsangiilara
Yayai iya
Yayai iya
Alianaqpaa pugtayuarsuuk hamna
Tikihaliryuungningmi
Uwiiniitliqa imma
Kiasuagyuqli imma
Nunaryung hamna
Tikihaliguyarnirmi

**PHOTO** Hêq, an Umingmaktuurmiut shaman.

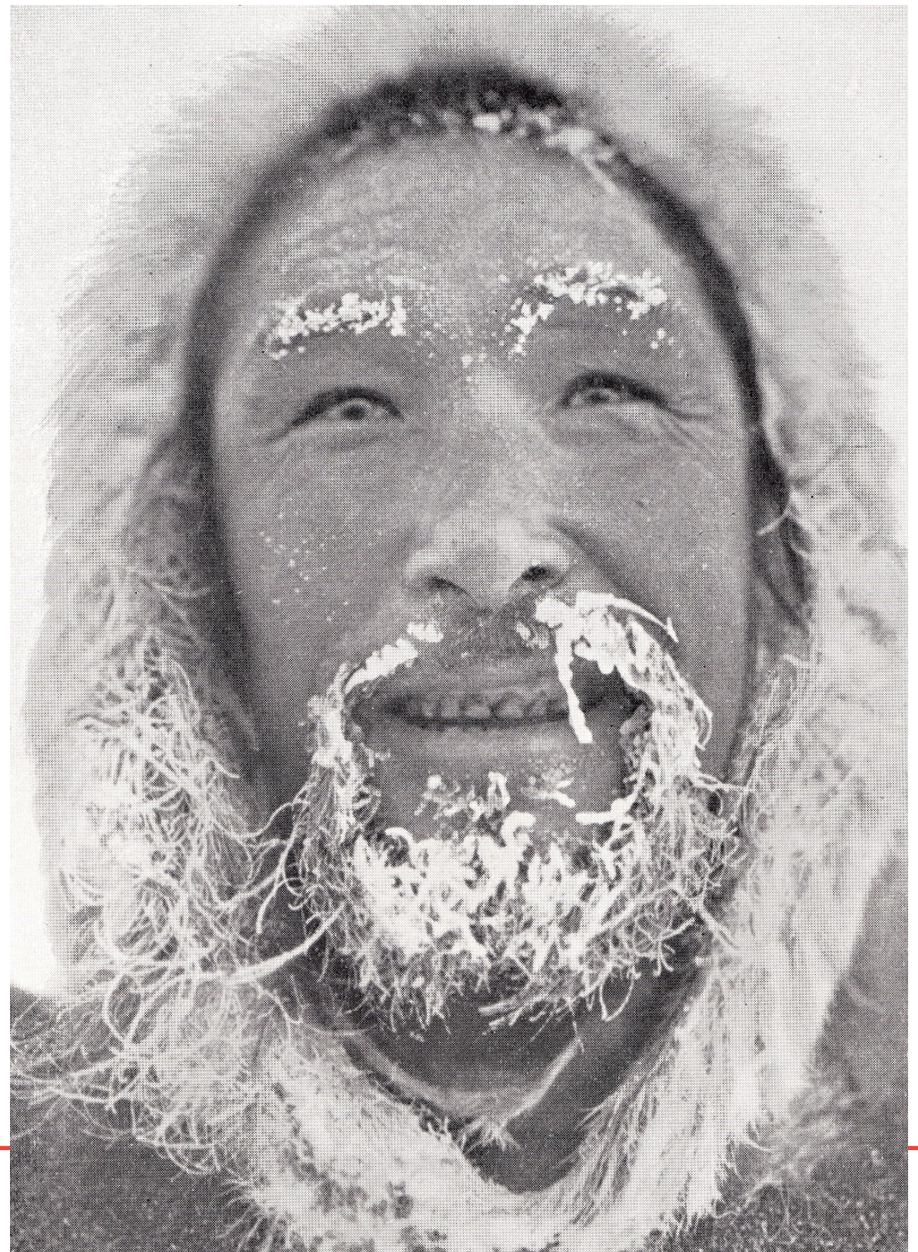
From: Rasmussen, K. (1932)
Intellectual Culture of the Copper
Eskimos, Copenhagen: Gyldendal

# Inukpak Nattiliqiyuq –
# The giant who caught seals

(Rasmussen, K. (1932) Intellectual Culture of the Copper Eskimos, Copenhagen: Gyldendal, page 258)

Inukpak Nattiliqiyuq
Giant Seal hunting
Inukpak taryumi nalukhuni
The giant waded in salt water
Nattingnik qalurarangamigit
When he scoops up seals
itumangminnut kakilihaliqutigivakpait;
In his hand, he would say they were specklebacks
Ugyuitauruuq qalungmigaangamigit
and also when he scooped up bearded seals
Angiyuraaryuarutigivaktait
He would say that he caught the bigger ones!
Naunaqpalaangmat tamna
I cannot rember the rest, that's it

Told by Tatilgak



# Inukpait Nunanguqtut -
# The Giants who turned into land

(Rasmussen, K. (1932) Intellectual Culture of the Copper Eskimos, Copenhagen: Gyldendal, pages 256-257)

Inukpain'nguuq nutaarariik taararyualiaraluaqhutik aqairuaqtut;
Gaints they say, parents with children, on their way out towards the sea, perished of hunger;
Angut sivuliupluni
The father who was the first
nuttaqqat malruk akuliuplutik amaartuq arnaq kinguliupluni
Then the two children came second, and the mother was last.
Imaaguuq uqalaktut aqairualiramik
Thus it is said, they spoke, when they were dying of hunger
"qangmarluakuuyugut taryurlu uvayulu alakaarlugit!
"Qangmaq we must follow both the sea and Uvaju having a view over."
Aqairuaqhimagaminguuq nunanguqtut hiavauvlutik
Perishing of hunger it is said, they turned into lands in a whole row
takannunga kinguliriik :Tulimaangik naunaiqhutik
Downwards one after another: their ribs are easy to distinguish
Arnaplu amaanga kinguliup naunaitut.
and the woman's child in the amaut, she who was last, is easy to distinguish.
Iqaluktuup kivataani Iqaluktuutiami
(this happened) at Kitlineq, Eqalugtoq south of Eqalugtutsiaq.

Told by Tatilgak

**PHOTO** Tatilgak the Umingmaktuurmiut son of Hêq and husband of Hikhik.

From: Rasmussen, K. (1932) Intellectual Culture of the Copper Eskimos, Copenhagen: Gyldendal

# Hila uqaatlangmat –
# When the weather spirit spoke

(Rasmussen, K. (1932) Intellectual Culture of the Copper Eskimos, Copenhagen: Gyldendal, page 190)

Innuuguuq malruk niqinik niqaittuqtut
People, they say, two  who meat fetched
niriliraminguuq hiniktaffaaryukmiyuk
when they ate, people say, for they had not much sleeping room
akilliiriiklutik takkiuvaktuk niqitaffaariarpaglutik
and lay opposite on another and there towards on another “meat here it is” – they used to say.
Hilaguuq uqalakpakpuq niqinayuk!
Then it happened that the weather spirit spoke: “poor meat”!

Told by Netsit

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