

The mouth a band in black was painted, the thumb on one side and the fingers pointing the others. The other part of the face was painted red, as a sign of bravery and courage and respect. At his side were his arrows, bow, arrows and the stone war club; above the heart was the talisman of the Indian, the medicine bag, and on the belt his scalps were fixed. He took part in the funeral rites. It was the uttering of heart rending sounds. Sounds without words but full of woe. Ite-o-magayo just started. Finally he rose and sang a song in praise of the dead.

"You were faster than the deer; your eye was sharper than that of the kingfisher, and since the day when you alone killed the big bear of the Black Hills, there was no man, no animal that you were afraid to meet. Your voice in battle sounded like the thunders of the Great Spirit, your arm was strong like lightning, your tomahawk was red from the blood of our enemies.

You went in the glory of your days. Our enemies shall rejoice while our hearts cry and our drums hang down like those of dead."