ca cicu -- he niye mayaqu lehaul niye etkeya gluha waciu ciya. Onsimala ye! Onsimala ye! Oyate ob wani ktelo. Ate pte kin ku wica yiye kinhan wicani kte.

Father, pity me. You alone can always help the Tribe and now at this time I pray to you with tears. Pity me. The Tribes wish to live. The buffalo and deer you gave me food are gone. Children with their mothers cry for food. Father, this is (dried deer meat) you had given me. it is the last piece. I offer it to you. Pity me! Pity me! The Tribe and myself wish to live. Father, send the buffaloes back to us so we can live and not die.

While Sitting Bull was rangling round in the woods, he got tired and laid down under a tree and soon fell asleep. He dreamed that a very beautiful bird was watching him from the hollow of the trunk of the tree. While the bird was thus peeping at him he heard something prowling round the forest. It was a bear coming toward him. The bird knocked upon the tree and advised him to lay very still like a dead person. Being inexperience of such things he became afraid but he heeded to the birds warning and was lying very still. The bear came and passed by. As soon as he was out of sight he awoke and felt safe. He looked up sure enough a golden-winged wood pecker was busily engaged in looking at him and knocking away. Sitting Bull with hands extended upwards to the bird sang the following song:

Zintkaen waste wanmayalaka na onsimayala
Pretty bird you have seen me and took pity on me

Oyate ehau wani kta cin mayakiya
Amongst the Tribes to live, you wish for me

Zintkula kin tokata kiya ohinni taku ciyapi kto
Ye Bird Tribes from henceforth, always my relation shall be

The following song was made by Sitting Bull for use at the ceremonial sweat baths where hot bolders were used and much vapor caused by pouring cold water on the poulders. One Bull sang this Song.