

Translation

I am mashing the berries,
 I am mashing the berries.
 They say travelers are coming on the march,
 They say travelers are coming on the march.
 I stir (the berries) around, I stir them around;
 I take them up with a spoon of buffalo horn,
 I take them up with a spoon of buffalo horn,
 And I carry them, I carry them (to the strangers),
 And I carry them, I carry them (to the strangers).

This song gives a pretty picture of the old Indian home life and hospitality. In her dream the woman who composed it imagines herself cooking fruit, when the word comes that travelers are approaching, the verb implying that they are on the march with their children, dogs, and household property. She stirs the berries around a few times more, lifts them out with a spoon of buffalo horn, and goes to offer them to the strangers. The translation is an exact paraphrase of the rhythmic repetition of the original. The berry called *chyuñ'i*, "principal or best fruit," is not found in the present country of the Kiowa, but is remembered among the pleasant things of their old home in the north. It is described as a species of cherry.

13. GO'MGYÄ-DA'GA

Go'mgyä-da'ga,
 Go'mgyä-da'ga,
 Do' nyä'zä'ngo,
 Do' nyä'zä'ngo,
 Go' da'gya inhä'po,
 Go' da'gya inhä'po.

Translation

That wind, that wind
 Shakes my tipi, shakes my tipi,
 And sings a song for me,
 And sings a song for me.

To the familiar this little song brings up pleasant memories of the prairie camp when the wind is whistling through the tipi poles and blowing the flaps about, while inside the fire burns bright and the song and the game go round.

14. DAK'IN'A DAKA'NTÄHE'DAL

Dak'in'a daka'ntähe'dal,
 Dak'in'a daka'ntähe'dal.
 Tsi'süs-ä daka'ntähe'dal,
 Tsi'süs-ä daka'ntähe'dal.
 Da'gya nyäpa'de,
 Da'gya nyäpa'de.
 Da'gya inätä'gyi,
 Da'gya inätä'gyi.