

Tunkasala wankatanhau ahitonwin ye  
Grand father from above look down upon us

Maka mahpiya oko oga y a on  
Earth, heaven tween you are

Mni na peta hena wiyokihi yelo  
Water and fire these are powerful

Tunkasila onsi on la pi ye  
Grand Father Pity us all.

One Bull relates the following incident in life of his uncle, Sitting Bull. While encamped on the banks of Grand River, he took his bow and the quiver full of arrows, he started out at dawn in quest of game. This happened when Sitting Bull was fifteen years of age. There was much timber on the river bottoms and so thick it was dangerous in those days to venture thru the forest. Being eager to bring home fresh meat he went right in the thickest growth of cotton trees. As he was pretty well in the middle of the forest he heard a voice distinctly signify some one suffering from a great pain -- crying for help. Thinking, perhaps, some one had met a serious accident rush to the spot from when came the sound. Much to his surprise, he found a wolf wounded with two arrows and was helpless. The wolf said, "Boy, if you will relieve me your name shall be great." Sitting Bull pulled out the arrows, washed the wounds and dressing it commanded the wolf to go his way. The wolf was able to proceed his way Sitting Bull made the following song dedicated to the wolf Tribe.

Misnalu makoskane omawani yelo  
Alone in the wilderness I roam

I yatiye kiya makoskane omawani ye  
With much hardships in the wilderness I roam

Sunk manitu won hema Kiyelo  
A wolf said this to me.

The man dependance upon his animals is well shown by the song which he was accustomed to sing to his horse before charging upon an enemy or a herd of buffalo. "My horse, take dauntless courage. My horse, the tribes depend on you. So, my horse -- Run."