



# Inuinnait Songs & Stories

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

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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 Inuinait 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 Inuinait 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 Inuinait (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](http://thuleatlas.org)).









# 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  
Kanguait kaaraaruitlu  
The snow geese and the little white geese  
nin'nguqsinaarlugit  
As it goes round about them  
Avayiya avayiya  
Avayiya avayiya  
Hutkutlikiaq una qilamitua  
In what form, I wonder -- this bola  
ilngiirlrariarungaqtuuq  
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 it was, 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 utaqiurivarava  
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 pihulirairivali  
whatever it was, that came wandering  
hikumilu pihulirairivali  
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 niplilirairivali  
whatever it was that blew?  
nigpaqsiavimni niplilirairivati  
at the blow hole, where i waited, there was something that blew!  
nattingmikli niriukaluaqtunga  
a common seal I was hoping for  
ugyualuk niplilirairivali!  
but a beared seal blew out its breath!  
tupiiraatli piyumayuni  
breathing- hole hunters truly, 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 pihulirairivali?  
there on the ground wandering round?  
Nunamilu pihulirairivali  
There on the ground, wandering round?  
akharyuk qinirpakaluariga  
a black bear I was watching for  
qiliqtilik pihulirairivali  
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 Aqijamaulugli  
 Oh! It was Aqijamaluk  
 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 qaryuaryuviniitlu  
 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  
 Saaqtuqsangmingmaat 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  
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 Utdjiliqyarmiunga.  
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 utdjiliqyarmiunga  
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 utdjiliqyarmiunga  
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  
liyinuak ukua ulurianaqpaak  
His two eyes - those there - were frightful  
Kakivaksanuatut  
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 nagyulikuyuitlu  
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.  
Kangerjuarmiut. 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  
lsangnairniq aturiga  
with outstrected 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  
nauaaryungniik ipiqtuqtuaqpiit!  
with my harpoon-head I tethered 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 nivyuqiqarami  
when he raises voice, when he rocks his body  
Tuharniqhartaqpa tuharnihartaqpa  
it is nice to hear, it is nice to hear  
tuharnitlurivuuq  
it sounds well  
Atuliqaaramiguuq aulalirami  
and when he began to sing and they flapped (the  
ermine trimmings on 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  
miglinguuyaaqtuuk  
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  
miglinguuyaaqtuuk  
there is a singing in them

Kanungaa ayaa numirvingmut  
because I (long to be) down there at the dance-house  
iglu'n'uanutli quglugiyamuli  
at his house, qugdlugiaq's (the worm's)  
talvaalu imma iviraqaarluni  
and yet if one has sung one's lampoon  
nuliikaahukli nakliarnaarlurivuuq!  
the one whom the lampoon has made lonely is worthy of sympathy!

Sung by Ipkakuhaak



**PHOTO** A man from the Ukallit 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 ukua 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  
nalungniarsugsama  
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  
nakuyaqivuuq  
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  
qituuq qituuq  
it screams  
qituuq qituuq  
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 pingna 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 akirsuqpara  
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  
quvianararivuuq tunumut hamunga  
glorious it was behind down there  
hiniruarmata kivalit ingma  
when they came along by the shore, the south-dwellers down 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 Taluarjuut  
qingirmiirturiving  
I peered long around me  
nagyklikyuitlu 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  
utdjirnarlurivuuq  
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  
quvianarivuuq hiliaryuaq 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  
hiliaryuaq qangma ukiuliqarangmat  
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  
Alianarlukpa utungunuarli  
Spendid is Utuguniq  
Nagliqtungiiqilrarli natirmi kanani  
He is unquelled on the floor down there  
Numiliryuarli pihigturyuaq  
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  
Tuhugurnarlurqpa  
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 lviligyuaq  
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  
Alianarluppa!  
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 pingaarara  
How her up there  
Takuharuhugpit  
One desires to see  
Arnaq pingna ARRA  
The woman up there \* arra  
Tingmiurliq  
Keeps hovering  
Angutim ata arra  
The man which is under him --- arra  
Takuharpaniirit  
Have you been over to look at it  
Ikpikyaniirri  
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  
Takuharpaniirit  
Have you been over to look at it?  
Ulupyaanii rerrhi  
Here cheeks rerrhi  
Qanuq pingna takuraniirsumiarpa?  
How - him up there will he look so smart?  
Takurangnirlukpa?  
Does he already look smart?

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  
Qalrurtuqpaktuuq  
The one who raises its voice in song  
Ata hamna  
Listen the one down there

Tunmarnavigu  
Shall I tread on it?  
Akupiyaryuaq hamnali  
The sea's enormous new ice down there  
Niviuqturpaktuuq  
The one who coorns anxiously like a mother to  
her young  
Hikulia'ryuaq qalrurtuqpaktuuq  
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!



## 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 !  
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 !

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 !  
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 !  
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 ihumagalugitli  
the little people in there bearing in their thoughts  
ithuarurpaagluurpaa  
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  
Ithuarurpaagluurpaa  
whispers?  
    ayai yia iya  
    ayai yia iya  
Kivalivitli hakpua  
those who live south of us down there,  
Inuaruit hakpua ihumagalugitli  
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  
Ithuarurpaagluurpaa  
whispers?  
    ayai yia iya  
    ayai yia iya  
Kiluhiktutli hapkua  
those who live right in the fjord in there



Inuاریuit hapkua ihumaagalugitli  
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)

Qinirlugitli 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

Pihuguliiqtunga 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



# Spirit Hymn #27

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 nattiqtuquharnut  
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

Qayaahunmut 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  
Piharyugali 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

(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

qautigliglugiiriisii

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

takuhaqpaniiriisii

explore secrets

ulugyangniiriirsi

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 qarlorhurpaktuq  
and that down there lets the song sound  
aquviyaaryuarli nivyaaturpiktuuq  
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  
quvianatlrarivuuq  
I am filled with joy  
hilaryuarli  
when the great sky  
ubluqhauvalirmat  
dawns  
ayiyaiya yi ya  
ayiyaiya yi ta  
quvianatlrarivuuq  
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  
lqsiurturivunga  
otherwise I feel horror  
qipilruhuitli  
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  
Tivyautarpaktunga  
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  
hiqipalaliraamingmat  
Loud noises came (of the ice, cracking in the intense cold)  
    putuyautaa  
    ayai yai ya  
    ayiyaiya  
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,  
lqsiirhuguvingma  
always I felt fear  
lqsiliirpangsinartunga  
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  
Agfagsaartighailiq  
the lack of sleeping skins  
Uquutiksailiq  
and of the skins for clothing  
lqsiquhuguvingma  
Always I felt fear in me  
lqsiliqpaksinnaqtunga  
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  
lqsiliqpaqsinaqtunga  
But I was merely troubled  
Aturaqsailiq  
Because I had no song to sing  
lqsirsuguvingma  
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 Utdjiliqyarmiunga. 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 utdjiliqyarmiunga  
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 qiluyungnairpangmaat  
For my fish hook will no longer get heavy with a bite  
Agluksaaviini utdjiliqyarmiunga  
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  
Agligunqnik atayunik  
With the lower jaw hanging on  
Tuqaarutilingmik  
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

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

### Angilarhiut

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!
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# 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 iyyigivara  
And being left I gaze at him  
Uvangaanaa takussipaana  
It was I who gave him something to look at  
Inuuliamata takussingmanga  
Because he, whom I made a man gave me  
something to look at  
Uvanga una inugungmigapku  
mingigiarli amugivara  
Uvanga iniquivik  
Siniktarvingni upatimali  
Aaqtuqsingmingmanga  
Uvanganuaq iniquiviik  
Igluaryungni qauyaanaaq  
Naglikturinapku  
Uvanuaq kikkhalirvit  
Tuaayusaviniit tuartaara  
Niuglitlraimat

Putuyautaa

Yayai iya

Yayai iya

Alianaqpaa maqiyuassuuk hamna

Tikhaliguyarnirmi  
uuwiniitliqa imma  
Mingiiriigsuali  
Atuqtuqqa hamna  
Yayai iya  
Yayai iya  
Alianaqpaa maqiyuulungmilu  
Iltarsiyangilanga  
Uwiniitliqa ima  
Hinayugli ilitariigsangiilara  
Yayai iya  
Yayai iya  
Alianaqpaa pugtayuarsuuk hamna  
Tikhaliryuungningmi  
Uwiniitliqa imma  
Kiasuagyuqli imma  
Nunaryung hamna  
Tikhaliguyarnirmi

**PHOTO** Hêq, an Umingmaktuurmiut shaman.

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



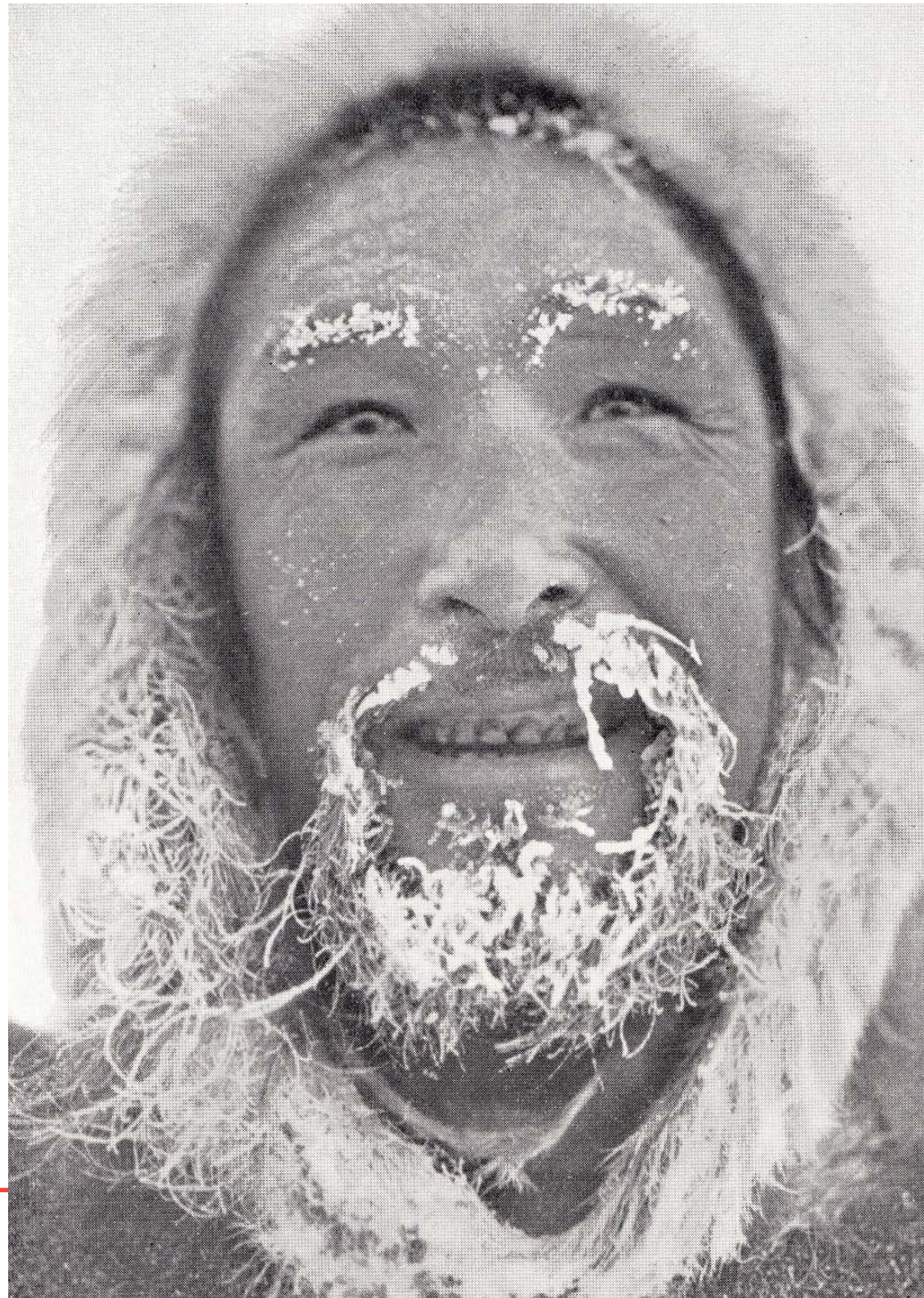


# Inukpak Nattiliqiyuq – The giant who caught seals

(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 kakilihaliquitigivakpait;  
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 remember 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)

Inukpait'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  
Arnajlu 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 Eqalugtutisiaq.

Told by Tatilgak

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

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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