Grand Entry Song

Each powwow is begun with a Grand Entry song in which an Indian elder or veteran carries the eagle staff to the centre of the dancing ground. The resplendent dancers follow to the music of the Grand Entry which continues until all the dancers are assembled, hence the song may last up to forty-five minutes.

The singer stated that this Grand Entry song was spontaneously created at a drum practice. They wanted a song to honour the eagle staff carrier and for all people who hold the eagle feather as sacred. Now this song is immediately recognized all over the United States and Canada as a Grand Entry. It is a song which brings hope, and awakens your emotions.

Words by Mike Hotain

1 Ek cha we cha sta wawa paha u ha ya oo
   Staff carrier, staff, you are carrying a staff
2 Ohunkisni wachine ya pi
   All people who need to be looked after
   They need your help
3 Oska ta kin da o ni do ta pi
   They (all people gathered) need your help

Mike Hotain grew up with powwow music and learned the songs and drumming by listening to his grandfather. Mike organized the Dakota Hotain singers who now perform at powwows across Canada and United States; he has also had good success with a children’s drum group. Mike acts as a master of ceremonies for powwows and particularly enjoys going to Fort Totten, North Dakota, and Fort Qu’Appelle, Saskatchewan where he visits relatives and renews friendships yearly. He has an entirely different repertoire for the Sun Dances in which he participates each year.
**Forty-Niner**

Powwows are grand social and spiritual events and provide a showcase for northern plains native song, dance and art. After the serious competitions and rituals end around midnight, young people may carry on the powwow in a relaxed, informal way which provides opportunity for socializing. Unlike the individualistic daytime dancing, they dance in couples to the music of forty-niners. (Side by side, skater’s hold and a shuffle step).

Forty-Niners are usually in compound time and have a verse of words, sometimes in the tribal language, more often in English. The Forty-Niner should be accompanied with a drum playing. Hand drums are preferred for these songs, but bass drums are frequently used too. This Forty-Niner is well-known and sung by many people.

![Forty-Niner Sheet Music]

**Dakota Rabbit Song**

Robert Goodvoice  
Lyrics by E. Hall
That’s the way it goes. That means, “Hey, the rabbits are running. Call them, call them. Hey, hey, the rabbits are running. Call them, call them.” Then all the kids would join. They will all join and they will sing that once in a while. And when there is fifty or sixty boys and girls get together then they will go to a bush and they will surround that bush and they will close in on and then they will drive the rabbits to one place, one side and the boys would stand there with clubs and slings and arrows, whatever they can kill the rabbits with. And they say the rabbits are black over there. They say they used to kill, oh, whatever rabbit there is in that bush, they used to kill them. And each one, they kill enough that each one would take home two or three so there must have been lots. And it is a pretty fair-sized bush. Each one would get something. And on the way back, on their way back, they will stop and they will sing this song and they will dance there, a Round Dance, and then they will go. And before they enter the circle, the camp, the last place they stand there and they sing this and they’ll dance and then break up. That is the way they hunt rabbits. And the Crees, the Crees do the same thing. But they don’t sing. And this song that I just sang is an old one. You take my grandfather, he died when he was 95. He must be at least nine or ten when he used to join these rabbit hunts and that’s when they used to sing that. And they used to sing, that is the way they gathered people to go rabbit hunting. Not only that time but before then. That song must have been two, three hundred years old.

I told this to, what do you call them...Elias...I forgot his last name but he is around here. He is around here. I told him that and he said, “Bob, don’t forget it. Put that in the tape,” he said. “Sing that song if you know it.” So it just come to my mind now and I, that is why I sang it. That is the wording of it. “Hey, hey,” (goes into Dakota). That means call them. “Hey, hey, the rabbits are running. Call them, call them.” When the rabbits are running, they make some kind of a noise and the rabbit would stop and listen and that is when the boys with the arrows and the sling or the spear or they stop. They make some kind of a noise. That is the noise that the rabbits make. And when they make noise, the rabbits, they all stop and listen. And that is when they, the boys would do the killing.

Contributor:
Robert Goodvoice, b. 1901
Robert Goodvoice, a Dakota Indian, now deceased, lived on the Wahpeton Reserve in Saskatchewan and recorded this song and commentary himself in 1977. Saskatchewan Archives Board. Goodvoice R-1339.

**Ki Ki Ske The Ten Na (Do You Know)**

Throughout my life, I’ve been in contact with elders. I’ve always respected what they had to say. Perhaps I would not have been as confused had I listened and used their words. During my carefree days some elders questioned me “Do you know?” Ki Ki Ske The Ten Na?
1. Do you know
Where you are going?
So you know
What you will do?
Sometimes your road
Will be straight
And sometimes
It will be crooked.

2. Do you know
How it will be?
Do you know
What we will do?
If not today
You straighten it out
In the future you will have a hard time.

Contributor:
Bill Ballantyne was born in Sandy Bay, Saskatchewan. He now lives and teaches in Wanipigow (Hole River, Manitoba). Bill, a fluent Cree speaker, has been composing for many years, and hopes that his songs in Cree will promote the use of the Cree language.
**Ninestosin**

1. Ninestosin ninestosin Ko-no Ko-note ki wey-an Ni
   Ninestosin
   Ah ha ya a-a-a ha ya how

2. Niwikiwan kinis' tohtawin Niwikiwan kipetawin
   Ah ha ya ha-a-a ah ha ya how

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1. I am tired
   I want to go home
   I am tired
   (ketwam)

2. I am going home. Do you understand
   I am going home. Do you hear me
   (Ketwam)
I am going home sweetheart
We will be playing together
The sunshine
(Ketwam)

I am tired, I am going home
I will see you again
When the sun comes out
(Ketwam)

3.
Niwikiwan nitsimohsis'
Kawi n'towmetowahanow'
Tamotsikan kisasteki'
Ah ha ya a-a-a ah ha ya how

4.
Ninetosin niwikiwan'
Kika wapamitin ketwam'
Kikisisakipakaki'
Ah ha ya a-a-a ah ha ya how

Contributor:
Winston Wittunee, Cree, was born on the Red Pheasant reserve in Saskatchewan and has performed across Canada as a lecturer, storyteller and musician, in school and friendship centres, as well as at festivals and on national radio and television. He composed “Ninetosin” to create an Indian “Frère Jacques” song.

The Boat Song

La belle fille se promenait de long de son jardin
De long de son jardin sur le bord de l’île
De long de son jardin sur le bord de l’eau sur le bord d’un ruisseau
La belle fille se promenait de long de son jardin
De long de son jardin sur le bord de l’isle
De long de son jardin sur le bord de l’eau
Sur le bord d’un ruisseau

2.
Elle aperçoit la belle il se met à chanter
Avec un matelon sur le bord de l’isle
Avec un matelon sur le bord de l’isle
Sur le bord d’un ruisseau

3.
Quand il aperçoit la belle il se met à chanter
Il se met à chanter sur le bord de l’isle
Il se met à chanter sur le bord de l’eau
Sur le bord d’un ruisseau

4.
La chanson que te chante j’aimerais de la savoir
J’aimerais de la savoir sur le bord de l’isle
J’aimerais de la savoir sur le bord de l’isle
Sur le bord d’un ruisseau

5.
Embarquez dans ma barge je vous la chanterai
Je vous la chanterais sur le bord de l’isle
Je vous la chanterais sur le bord de l’eau
Sur le bord d’un ruisseau

Contributor:
Joe Venne, b. 1906, Pumpkin Plains, Manitoba

After Joe’s mother died, he was raised partly by his uncle, Pat Bellehumeur, a brother-in-law to Louis Riel, and by his grandfather, Baptiste Fleury, who homesteaded in Ste. Madeleine, Manitoba. By age twelve, Joe was supporting his ailing grandfather and the whole family by cutting wood, tending horses and working for farmers.

Despite hard times, the Métis families of Ste. Madeleine frequently gathered in homes for late late nights of singing and dancing. Joe recalls the women sitting in one room and the men in another, the men taking turns singing for each other. Sometimes the furniture would be pushed against the walls and they would dance. Joe could play the fiddle, mouth organ, accordion, spoons, comb, jew’s harp and was a caller for the square-dance.

Besides English, Joe speaks French, and understands Cree and Saulteaux. He has a large repertoire of traditional songs which reflect his Métis heritage. Joe states that he did not compose the songs, rather they were just songs he heard, songs for passing the time. The song included here, Joe believes to be very old and probably from France. He named it in English, “The Boat Song.”
La chanson du Capitaine Huet

1. Par un matin, je me suis levé
   C'était pour aller m'engager
   Mon capitaine,
   Je viens pour m'engager
   Sur le certaine
   Servir la liberté

2. Mes bon parents étaient malcontents
   Quand ils m'ont vu au régiment
   Mon tendre père
   Ne fait que soupirer, ma chère mère
   Elle ne fait que pleurer

3. Quelle est la cause de cet ennui
   C'est une fille de mon pays du mariage
   Dont il n'y a pas question
   Je pris pour gagner, un sabre à mon côté

4. Il y avait un temps que j'étais brigadier
   Mais à présent, je suis officier maître
   Capitaine commandent
   dans le nord-ouest
   maître du regiment
Napoléon dans la prison

1. Pourquoi me fuir, passagère hirondelle?
Oh, viens fixer ton vol auprès de moi
Pourquoi me fuir, lorsque ma voix t’appelle?
Ne suis-je pas voyageur comme toi?

2. Quand le printemps reviendra te sourire,
Tu quitteras, et mon aile et moi
tu voleras au pays du zéphyr!
Ne puis-je pas m’envoler avec toi?

3. Tu reviendras ta première patrie
Le premier-né de tes amours, et moi,
Viens déposer ton nid sur ma fenêtre
Ne suis-je pas étranger comme toi?

4. Dans ce désert le destin nous assemble;
Viens, ne crains pas de rester avec moi
Si tu gémis, nous gémirons ensemble!
Ne suis-je pas plus à plaindre que toi?

5. Peut-être, hélas, des lieux qui t’on vu naître
Le sort cruel te chasse, ainsi que moi!
Le sort cruel confine ici ma vie
Ne suis-je pas exilé comme toi?

Contributor:

Lea Regnier (née Boucher), St. Louis, Saskatchewan.

Lea’s uncles, Joe and Fred Boucher, were recorded in the 1950’s by Richard Johnston. Like her uncles, Lea has a good singing voice and memory for traditional song. She described the song this way: This is Captain Huet’s song. Captain Huet was one of the people who were left in the area of the Riel rebellion after the Métis were defeated at Batoche. Captain Huet was good friends with everybody around; he would travel from Duck Lake, Fish Creek, St. Louis and Batoche. He composed this song while he was out west. Lea believes that “Napoléon dans sa prison” has never before been published in Canada.