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Hunting Song of the Kayak-Paddler

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HUNTING SONG OF THE KAYAK-PADDLER

When I go out alone
In my kayak
Singing the walrus song
Aiy Aiy Aiy O

When I meet the walrus
Alone
Singing his kayak song
Aiy Aiy Aiy O

When we hear each other
Singing
To the paddle's stroke
Aiy Aiy Aiy O

When I lift up my lance
For the kill
And we eye each other
Aiy Aiy Aiy O

O Walrus, Father, Food and Transportation
Lay your flippers down
And your teeth like long knives Wa wa

O Walrus, Father, Food and Transportation
Today I have come
To hunt the seal and caribou Wa wa

O Walrus, Father, Food and Transportation
At home a woman
Rubs herself with fat for me Wa wa

Aiy Aiy Aiy O
Aiy Aiy Aiy O