

Iitsaahpi awahkaotsiiyiiksi I'niaksi apamoohtsi
Where soldiers are buried, across the ocean,
Iitohkanaikstohtsiiyaawa.
row on row.

Pisatssaisssiistsi itawaawatohpapokai'i'y
The flowers (poppies) blow
Sitokoohtsi awoysstaakssiiksi.
between the crosses

Iihtsskskoi'pi nitsitsihihpinnaani.
that mark our burial places.

Kii spoohtsi, pi'kssiiksi, saakiaawaaksistooyinihiyi. Aipottaayaawa.
And in the sky, birds (larks) are still bravely singing. They are flying.

Maatohtoohtowawaikaawa isskonakssini saainisoohtsi
We didn't hear them amid the shooting below.

Niistonnaana anniksa'o'ki anniiksissa I'nitaiksa.
We are the ones who were killed.

Maatomaisamowa ninoohkattispaitapiiyihpinnaan.
Not long ago we also lived.

Ninoohkattoohthki'pinnaan otao'o'tamisskapssi naato'siwa.
We also felt the rising of the sun.

Nimattsini'pinnaan otaiisttahkapssi naato'siwa.
We too saw the setting of the sun.

Nitaakomimmintaahpinnaan. Ninoohkattakomimmotspinnaan.
We loved. We were loved

Kiannohka nita'tamitaihtsiihpinnaan
and now we lie

I'niaksi itaihtsaahpi.
where the dead are buried.

Noohkakohkootsiimoka nitaawaawahkaotsiimannaaniksi.
Argue with our foe.

No'tsinnaanistsi aii'sistsikooyi.
Our hands are tired.

Nitsitapaapiksi'pinnaan isstsaana'kima'tsisi.
We throw you the torch.

Ma'tsika. Niitoohkspinnika.
Take it. Hold it high.

Ikkamomatskaohsakkinaaniki, niistonnaanaka nitaii'nittspinnaanaka.
If you give up on us who are killed

Nimaataakso'kaahpinnaana.
we shall not sleep

Kiiwahtao pisatssaisssiistsi itaisaisskiiyi
even though flowers (poppies) grow

Awahkaotsiiyiiksi I'niaksi iitstsaaahpi apamoohtsi.
where soldiers are buried across the ocean.

Translated into Blackfoot by Dr Lena Russell AOE

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie,
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

In Flanders Field by LCol John McCrea



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