

## 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