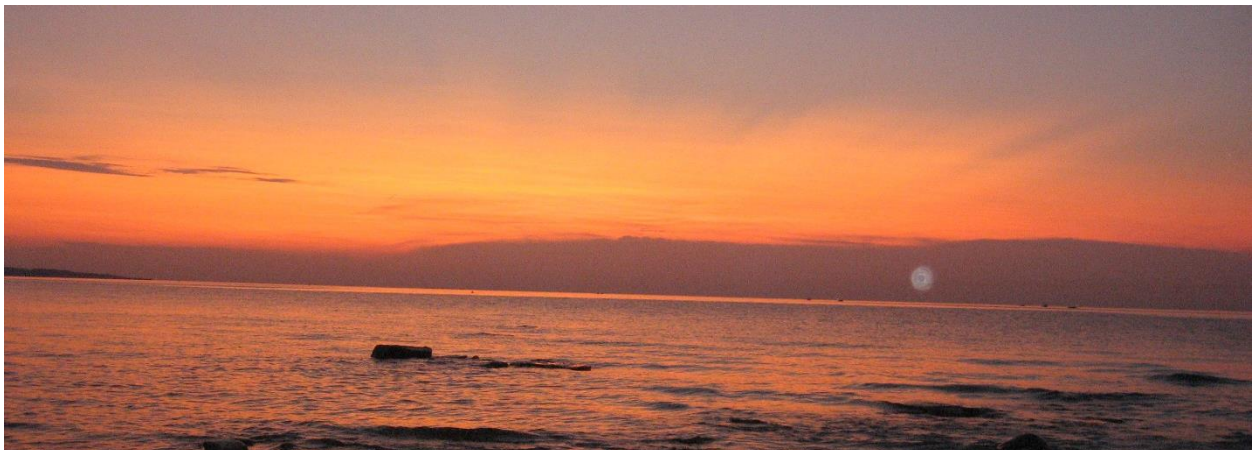


Anishinaabe Gchimookimaani-Anamewin
Translated into Anishinaabemowin by Rose Trudeau, Audio Recorded 2015.
Original Prayer by Chief Yellowhawk, Lakota, 1887.

Gechtawendaagwazid Gizhemanidoo, ginoondiwan pii nooding
Kina aki gidonesendaan
Noodawishin gibizhaamin
Bezhik gidabinoojiiyim ndaaw
Ndoogaachiiw miinwaa ndooniinimis
Gimishkowziiwin miinwaa ginibwaakaawin nandwendaan
Bigidizhishin megwe-gwanaajiwān ji-bimaseyaanh
Zhitoon nshkiizhigoon ji mino-waabidamaa ezhi mskwaazot miinwaa ezhi
zhoominaazot pii nimgishmat giizis
Zhitoon ninjiin ji minaadendimoomigak kina gegoo gaazhitooyin
Weweni ji noondwinaa pii giigidayin
Zhichigen ji g'kendimaa kina gaazhikinoomodwaa Anishinaabek
Nandwendaan wiimshkoziyaanh, gaawiin wiikwejibkinwaak nwiikaanenyag
Eta go eta gwa wiimiigaanak meji-doodang, niin
Nga'aabijizhiitaa ji zhaamininaa
Ji biininjiiyaanh miinwaa gwek ji ginawaabiminaa
Pii nibimaadiziwin nishkwaasemigak dibishkoo giizis nimigishing
Gaawiin gadendimowin datesinoo pii nji-chaam bizhaamig.
Miiwi, Miigwech



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Original Prayer by Chief Yellowhawk, Lakota, 1887.

Oh Great Spirit, whose voice I hear in the wind

Whose breath gives life to all the world

Hear me, I come before you

One of your children

I am small and weak

I need your strength and wisdom

Let me walk in beauty

And make my eyes ever behold the red and purple sunset

Make my hands respect the things that you have made

My ears sharp to hear your voice

Make me wise so that I may know the things you have taught my people

I seek strength, not to be superior to my brothers

But to be able to fight my greatest enemy, myself

Make me ever ready to come to you

With clean hands and straight eyes

So when life fades as the fading sunset

My spirit may come to you without shame.