



Flanders yikwahaskānihk

“In Flanders Fields”

- Plains Cree translation, by Jean Okimāsis and Arok Wolvengrey,
- based on an original Woods Cree translation by Minnie Mckenzie.

Flanders yikwahaskānihk wāh-wēpāstanwa wāpikwaniya

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
tastawāyihk pimitāskwahikana kā-nāh-nīpitēstēki

Between the crosses, row on row,
ta-kiskinawācihtāhk ita kā-pimisiniyāhk; māka kīsikohk

That mark our place; and in the sky
aniki ē-sōhkē-nikamocik piyēsīsak ē-pimihācik

The larks, still bravely singing, fly
akāwāc pēhtākosiwak iyikohk ē-māh-matwēwēhk askīhk.
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

onakataskēwak niyanān. namōya māka kayās

We are the Dead. Short days ago
nikī-pimātinān, nikī-mōsihtānān kā-sākāstēk, nikī-wāpahtēnān kā-pahkisimok.

We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
nikī-sākihiwānān mīna nikī-sākihihawinān, māka ēkwa nipimisininān

Loved and were loved, and now we lie
ōta *Flanders yikwahaskānihk*.
In Flanders fields.

kiyawāw ēkwa naskwāhihkok kinōtinākaniminawak

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
ē-kī-sākōcihikoyāhkik, kitāsōnamātinān

To you from failing hands we throw
iskotēw; ohpinamok ēkwa kiyawāw.

The torch; be yours to hold it high.
kīspin ānwēhtawiyāhki niyanān kā-nakataskēyāhk,

If ye break faith with us who die
namwāc nika-aywēpinān, āta ē-ohpikiki wāpikwaniya

We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
ōta *Flanders yikwahaskānihk*.

In Flanders fields