

E ao ma-uru
E ata haera ana
Na runga ana mai
Te hiwi kei Te Tawake;

Katahi te aroha
Ka mauru i ahanu
Ki te tau ra e
I rangia i te itinga.

Pirangi noa au
Ki te kimi moutere,
Kia utaina au
Te ihu o Te Rewarewa,

Te waka o Patutahi,
Hei whiu ki tawhiti,
Kia koparetia te rerenga i
Raukawa

Kia huna iho, kei kite ai
Nga-whatu;
Kia hipa ki muri ra,

Ka titiro kau atu,

Kia kite noa aka
Te koko ki Karaurupe
Nga mahi a Kupe
I topetopea iho.
Kei whea te tane

I rangia i te itinga?
Ka rukea kia au
Waiho i muri nei;
Ka nui te negkau—I-i-i!

(Translation.)

O gentle western breezes,
So softly blowing o'er the sea
Across Tawake's distant peak,
You bring to me fond thoughts of
love

For one who's far away,
For him to whom I was betrothed
While yet but a little one.
Oh, would that I could go with
him

Across the swelling sea
To seek some island of our own!
I'd seat me in the bows
Of "Te Rewarewa," the canoe of
Patutahi,

And sail so far away;
I'd bind mine eyes so carefully

That while we crossed Raukawa's
Sea,

Lest I should see Nga-whatu's
crag;

And when we'd passed the isles of
dread

And freely gazed around again
We'd see the shores of Cloudy Bay
The wondrous works of Kupe,
Our ancestor who sailed these seas
And severed islands from the
main.

But where is now my loved one,
My love from childhood's days?
I'm left behind to mourn alone,
My heart swells high with sorrow!