

TANGI CHANTED BY WI PERE, ESQ., EX-M.H.

Farewell, O Friend !
 Depart to thine ancestral company.
 Thou 'rt plucked from us
 As the flax-shoot is plucked from the bush
 And held aloft among the mourners.
 Thou that wert our boast, our pride,
 Whose name has soared on high,
 Thy people now are alone and desolate.

Indeed thou 'rt gone, O Friend !
 Thou 'rt vanished like our ocean-fleet of old—
 The famed canoes, Atamira, Hotutaihirangi,
 Taiopuapua, Te Raro-tua-maheni,
 Te Araiteuru, and Nuku-tai-memeha,
 The canoe that drew up from the sea
 This solid land.

Haere ra, e Koro ! koutou ko matua.
 Unuhiā i te rito o te harakeke
 Ka tu i te aroakapa.
 Aku nui, aku wehi,
 Aku whakatamarahi ki te rangi.
 Waiho te iwi mana e mae noa.

Kia mate ia nei koe, e Koro !
 Ko Atamira te waka, ko Hotutaihirangi,
 Ko Taiopuapua, ko Te Raro-tua-maheni,
 Ko Araiteuru, ko Nuku-tai-memeha,
 Ko te waka i hiia ai
 Te whenua nui nei—e !

TANGI CHANTED BY EAST COAST NATIVES.

Affliction's deepest gloom
 Enwraps this house,
 For in it Seddon lies
 Whose death eats out our hearts.
 'Twas he to whom we closest clung
 In days gone by.

O whispering north-west breeze,
 Blow fair for me,
 Wait me to Poneke,
 And take me to the friend I loved
 In days gone by.

O peoples all and tribes !
 Raise the loud cry of grief,
 For the Ship of Fate has passed
 Port Jackson's distant cape,
 And on the all-destroying sea
 Our great one died.

Marumaru rawa mai te whare ki Poneke,
 Kei roto mai Hetana,
 Kai ora i ahau,
 I te wa, e Koro, koi piri tahi ana na—a !

Te pa noa mai he whakarua te hau,
 Hei kawē i ahau tu ana i Poneke—e !
 I te wa ki taku hoa e aroha nei-au-ne !

Whakaarahia e nga iwi katoa te tangi taukiri—e !
 Ka hangai ki te rae kei Poihakena,
 Ki te au huri waka
 E mate nei te tangata na !