

## TANGI CHANTED BY TIMOTI WHIUA (SOUTH ISLAND).

Keen blows the north-west wind,  
 Wind from the Mountain-land,  
 Bringing sad thoughts of thee.  
 Where, O Hetana ! art thou gone ?  
 Perhaps in Council-hall thou 'rt laid,  
 To await thy people's coming.  
 Yes, there lies thy mortal shell,  
 Resting at last  
 From its many, from its innumerable travels,  
 From its ceaseless goings to and fro.  
 Yes, thou return'st to thy people  
 Round yonder mountain-cape,  
 Back to thy dwelling-place—  
 Rest from thy travels !

O well-beloved one,  
 Sharp pangs dart through my soul.  
 O lordly totara-tree,  
 The pride of Tane's woods,  
 Thou 'rt lowly laid.  
 As was the canoe of Rata,  
 The son of Tane launched  
 For vengeance on the slayer Matuku,  
 Who soon himself was slain.

'Twas thou alone that Death didst pluck  
 From the midst of living men,  
 And now thou stand'st alone  
 Like the bright star of morning ;  
 For us naught but sad memories.  
 Sleep soundly, Friend !

Pu ma uru  
 E riringi mai nei-i-e !  
 Pu-tuwhenua e kokoto mai nei-i-e !  
 Keiwhea Hetana ?  
 Ka waia nei te Karonga-a-i-e !  
 Ki te Paremata pea,  
 E tatari ana mai-i-e !  
 Kei ona haerenga tini,  
 Kei ona haerenga mano  
 Kei nga whaputanga rae-e !  
 Tenei koe ka hoki mai-i-e !

Naku hoki koe koi whaka-kai-nui-e !  
 Te Pua-o-Tane,  
 Ka tukuna ki raro ra-e !  
 Te waka-o-Rata,  
 Ka mate ko Matuku-e !

Ko koe anake i unuhia noatia-e !  
 Te kapa ka tika ki waho  
 Te kotau-ue !  
 Te whetu o te ata,  
 Ka mahara ai au-ue !  
 E moe pai koe  
 Waiho ma kino-e !  
 Nga makau-e !

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