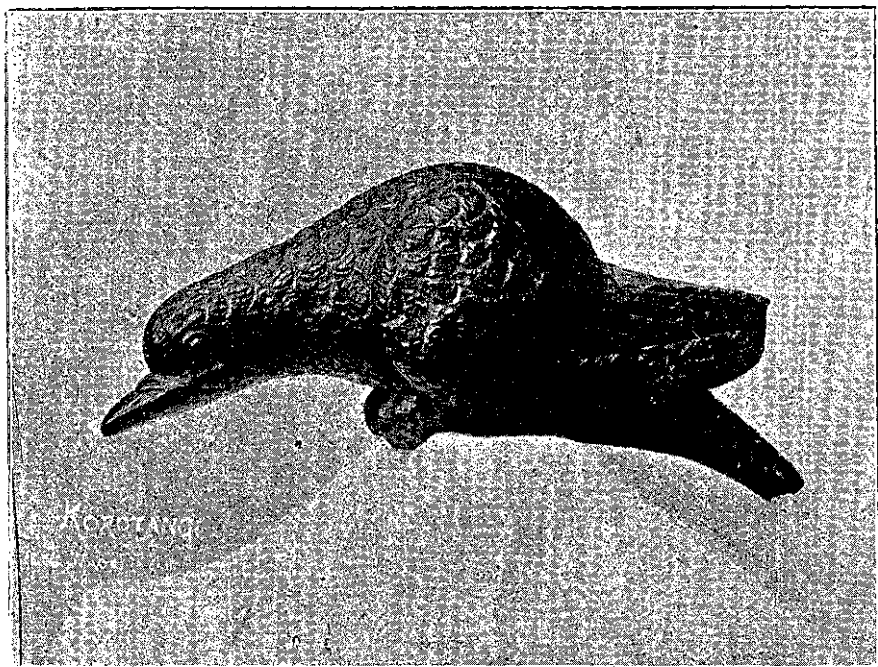


for their treasure bird, and croning dirges and laments were composed bearing on its disappearance. In course of time these poetical waiata-tangi were adopted as funeral songs; a lost loved one was compared to "Korotangi," beautiful and rare, vanished for ever. But in modern times (about 1880) it was recovered, found under the roots of a tree which had been blown down, and came into the possession of the late Major Wilson, of Cambridge, Waikato. From far and near the

cadence to this day by the Waikato and allied tribes at funeral gatherings as a waiata-tangi; a poetic "keen" for the illustrious dead. The Maori version begins: "Kaore te aroha, Mo taku nei manu."

"Deep is my grief,  
My little bird, for thee!  
Nightly my sorrow bubbles up,  
As low I lie within my house,  
And ever long for thee,  
My darling vanished one!  
See ye, O maidens mine,  
The water-birds at play—



The Korotangi, supposed to have been brought to New Zealand in the Tainui canoe.

Maoris came to weep over it and tangi as if for a friend back from the dead. Old King Tawhiao, the celebrated warrior-chief Rewi, the Kingite leader Te Ngakau, visited it, and tangi'd loudly over their dear bird, sacred to them as the Ark of the Covenant which the Israelites bore in their weary journeyings.

This is one of the songs which the Maoris chanted over "Korotangi"—a lament composed by a Kawhia woman long generations ago, when the bird was lost, and sung in sad

(But Koro' is not like those),  
'Tis not a Maori bird.  
Oh, give it to me that I may  
Gaze upon its curling feathers carved  
In distant lands,  
Brought hither from Tawhiti.  
Daily I pine for thee, my bird,  
I tarry day by day and ask,  
'Oh, where has Korotangi gone?  
Haply he has flown afar  
To feast on green pohata leaves.'  
Nightly I sleepless lie,  
And call for thee;  
Thou wert the guardian of our treasures,  
The warrior's oracle  
Set up on battle-hill.