

mo Te Uruti

to the place on the southern side where the water disappears down an underground channel known as Te Whāngaromanga. She likens her tears to this, the main outlet from the lake.

Lake Waikaremoana is said to have been formed in the early times by a woman named Haumapuhia. One day her father, a magician named Mahu, ordered her to draw water for him from a spring, but she refused to do so. In his rage he thrust her into the spring, and she became a taniwha. She struggled to

escape, forming as she did so the different arms of the lake. Then at last she dug down through the earth, making the underground channel. When she came out again into the light, she turned to stone. She lies there still, and her moans are still to be heard.

Ruawharo And His Sons

The last stanza in Mihi-ki-te-kapua's song is very similar to a song that was published by George Grey in 1853 in his **Ko Nga Moteatea...** (page cvi). Grey's song is probably the older one. The text

and a translation are as follows.

E ai rawa tāua, e hika,
Ko Kupe, ko Ngake, ko Ruawharo,
I tuwha noa ra i āna pōtiki,
Tū noa i te one ko Matiu, ko Makaro,
Ko Moko-tua-raro, ko tawhiti ē
Ko Ngaruroro ra, ko Rangatira ra ē!

My friend, we are just like
Kupe, Ngake and Ruawharo,
Who distributed his children
So that Matiu and Makaro just stand
on the beach,
And Moko-tua-raro is far away,
Over there at Ngaruroro and
Rangatira!

Here the unknown poet is lamenting the loss of his or her children, likening himself to three early, mythical figures who became separated from their children. In fact he brings together two different versions of a single story.

First, there is the case of Kupe and his companion Ngake. In this, the best-known account, the precursor Kupe comes to Aotearoa to make it ready for mankind, and he and Ngake distribute their children along the coast, leaving them there as landmarks, turned to stone. (See Elsdon Best's account in **The Journal of the Polynesian Society**, volume 26, pages 146-7.) Matiu and Makaro (or Makara) are daughters, or nieces, of Kupe whom he left turned to islands in Te Whanganui-a-Tara, or Wellington Harbour; they are now known to the Pakeha as Somes and Ward Islands.

In another version of the story that comes from Heretaunga, or Hawke's Bay, it was Ruawharo, the tohunga of the Tākitimu canoe, who distributed his three sons along the Heretaunga coast so as to establish mauri that would attract whales to this district. The three sons, Matiu, Makara and Moko-tua-raro, are still to be seen there as rocks; Ngaruroro is the name of a river near Napier, and Rangatira is one further along the coast. (See J.H. Mitchell's book **Takitimu**, pages 60-61.)

So Mihi-ki-te-kapua must have taken over this little song, or one very like it, though she speaks only of Ruawharo. The point is that her children are now far distant and lost to her, just as happened with Ruawharo's sons. In other songs also, Matiu, Makaro and Moko-tua-raro appear as children who are set apart, lonely and unreachable. When their significance has become clear in one song, it can be understood in the others as well.

Mihi's song was published first by Elsdon Best, then by Apirana Ngata in volume I of **Nga Moteatea** (pages 60-63). In the text given here the first three stanzas come from Ngata, and the last one from a better version published in Mitchell's **Takitimu**.

A song of yearning for Te Uruti

Oh Te Waiwhero is too tall!
If it could be thrown down, laid low,
So I could see clearly
The haze from the fires at Whakatane
Coming perhaps as a sign from my darling,
Soothing my heart,
Telling me you are striding swiftly
To your bed where we embraced!

If I had known
The speech that lies in books,
I would have written on paper
And sent it to Ihaka
For Te Uruti to read:
'Greetings to you, girl!
I love you so much!'

Oh alas for the tears
That cannot be kept from my eyelids!
I am like the water pouring down at Te Whangaromanga,
Haumapuhia moaning below there!

My heart goes out to you, girl!
I am Ruawharo, like a demon
Who threw away his children
So that Matiu and Makaro just stand on the beach,
And Moko-tua-raro is far away,
Over at Ngaruroro and Rangatira!