

## SONG.

E pa to hau he muri raro,  
 He homai aroha kia tangi atu au i konei  
 He aroha ki to iwi ka momotu,  
 Ki tauhiti ki Paerau.  
 Kowai e kite atu,  
 Kei pea aku hoa i mua ra  
 I te tonuitanga  
 Ka haere mai tenei  
 Ka tau wehe, ka raunga iti au.  
 E ua e te ua,  
 Ka heke koe i runga ra  
 Ko au ki raro nei riringa ai  
 Te hua o aku kamo;  
 Moe mai e Wanoi, i  
 Tirau te pae ki te whenua  
 Ki te wa tutata ki te kainga  
 Kua hurihia.  
 Tenei matou kai runga  
 Kai te toka, ki Taupo  
 Ka paea ki te one ki Waihi  
 Ki taku matua nui ki te konei  
 Ki Tongariro o mua iho nei  
 Hoki mai e roto ki te puia nei  
 Ki Tokaano, ki te wai  
 Tuku kiri o te iwi  
 E aroha nei au i.

Come, breeze from the north,  
 Bringing sorrow.  
 Here let me weep in sorrow  
 For parted friends gone to Paerau (Hades).  
 Who may see them there?  
 Where are my old companions  
 Who were with me in my greatness,  
 But now that I am feeble  
 They are absent—distant too.  
 Rain on, O rain!  
 Descending from thy heights,  
 While I beneath thee sit  
 Raining out my tears the while.  
 Sleep on, O Wanoi! yonder,  
 While between us rises up  
 The land of Tirau,  
 Which, though near, separates us  
 From our home.  
 Here are we upon a lonely rock  
 At Taupo, or driven or cast  
 Upon the sandy shores at Waihi,  
 Or sought shelter 'neath  
 Our parent mountain Tongariro.  
 Come back, my inmost soul,  
 To the sulphurous springs—to Tokaano,  
 Where the people bathed,  
 The scenes that still I love.

Welcome the chiefs of Ngatikahungunu, you who bear the same name—that of Ihaka. Welcome our parent, Mr. McLean. It is now that we have an opportunity of seeing you. We are now clothed with one garment—namely, the law; let us all wear it. I will now address Ngatiporou, whom I bid welcome to Opotiki. Welcome Tuwhakainira, now treading the land with which your ancestors were familiar. This is the land of your birth. Welcome Hine-te-hou, who composed this Hari-hari. Welcome Ropata, who came hither to direct us, and by whose advice we profited. The Whakatoheas are now present before you. I possess no land.

*Te Keepa (Urewera)*: Welcome, Mr. McLean! Those are the Whakatohea, and these here are the Urewera *Kaitangata*, the tribes whom you have rescued from death. Welcome, my parent! You sent Ropata to Ruatahuna to save them from death (*whakaora*), and he succeeded. The Urewera have many subjects to bring before you if you would visit their districts. It is only through my meeting you accidentally to-day that I have had an opportunity of seeing you the parent of the people. Welcome, Ropata! You who caused the sun to shine at Ruatahuna. It was through the able manner in which you administered affairs among us that we benefited.

*Rawiri Te Makaue*: Welcome Mr. McLean, my parent, welcome. "*Te ra te po pango*," &c. Welcome Mr. McLean, who caused the sun to shine once more on us; welcome the chiefs who accompany you; you see the remnant of the people now before you.

*Ihaka Whanga*: It is right that you welcome Mr. McLean and Ngatikahungunu with words of greeting. I have nothing to do with making arrangements about your lands; it rests with Mr. McLean and Meiha Ropata. You have spoken about you not having any lands; what was confiscated is for the Government to deal with as they deem best; what the Government have given you is for you to deal with. What was taken by the Government was taken as a punishment for your evil deeds. When you murdered Mr. Volkner, you were punished by the Government; and it is for them to better your present position (*whakaora*) if they please to do so; do not be too presumptuous (*whakahi*); they have the power of life and death. My words are now ended.

*Ihaka Ngarangioue*: You greet Ngatikahungunu, who now visit you; we come here at the request of the Pakeha. You are right in saying we bear one name; our paths, too, are one. You are right to welcome us here; I greet you. The land that is dead is dead; what is alive, and which was given you by the Government, is still alive. I think it is right that you should lose a portion of your land, for it was here that the troubles arose which afflicted us all. You received no more than your deserts. We have but one parent to whom we should look for guidance and advice,—namely, Mr. McLean, who is the director of all, and he alone it is who has the disposal of all questions in which we are interested. Your allusions to your ancestors are of no moment. If you are a son of Te Aporutanga, I know his sentiments. If you are a grandson of Te Makaue, I know his sentiments. Let us hear no more about the land, because it was through the evil committed by you that all the different parts of the island were drawn into trouble.

*Meiha Ropata*: It is right for you to welcome Mr. McLean, our parent, who has come here to visit you, the tribes of this coast. You are fortunate in having an opportunity of giving expression to your thoughts, inasmuch as you see him with your eyes, and listen to what he has to say with your ears; and he has caused your hearts to be filled with joy. While the tribes that we left behind did not have an opportunity of seeing Mr. McLean, their guns were loaded and were not fired off. (They were ready to meet him, but had no opportunity of giving expression to their sentiments.) It is right to welcome the Ngatikahungunu chiefs, who came to bring the Native Land Court here, according to your wish, to adjudicate your lands; if there is no trouble, your wishes will be carried out. You have heard of the trouble at Turanga, owing to the main tribe