

I am hungry for Satan's brains,  
I am hungry for that cruelly devouring spirit  
For it was he who came and took from me the stars and the moon.  
Set out, girl, and wade across the ford at Okahu.  
Climb up, girl, and when you reach the summit of Tarapounamu  
Take as your companion Hine-okaia, who is sleeping there.  
Go quickly, or you may be followed on your journey as you turn  
sadly away  
From your elder sisters who keep lamenting here, their sorrow  
never ceasing.  
Go straight on, and when you stop to catch your breath on  
Te Whakaumu  
Let your eyes gaze at Nga Whatu a Maru.  
All your tribe are there, and they will offer you rest in their house,  
My girl.

All I can do is mourn. Where are you, girl  
Who is lost to me?  
She is carried away on a noble journey.  
My young totara from within Tawhaitari,  
My greenstone ear pendant fallen from the sky  
Is covered with waves of mist.  
When you rest at Ngauwaka,  
Fix your gaze upon the region beyond.  
Dive down, girl, dive like a shag  
And come up in the realm of your ancestors.  
Then turn back towards me. That's far enough, you must come back  
to me, girl!

Te Pehi-o-te-rangi came straight  
To gaze upon the beloved who was turning so sadly away  
From us: he came, and she was gone.  
Girl, turn back to us, wait before you go,  
You must be followed on your lonely journey, going down below  
Te Reinga!  
It was your fault, Paki, for having nothing to give  
That would have pointed the way to health.  
But what could we do, my love, when the spirit devoured within?  
Come to me all of you, let me mourn her in the world of light.  
The pain I feel for you can never be hidden. Oh Marewa,  
Girl, you showed no concern for your elder sisters left behind  
at the school.  
See, my people, education is stinking within!  
Now, my people, I am in distress,  
I keep turning about in my pain.