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| IntroductionTangi a te ruru, kei te hokihoki mai e E whaka-whero-whero i te putahitanga Nāku nei ra koe i tuku haere Tēra puritia iho nui rawa te aroha e Verse, sung twice Te Hokinga Mai, tēna koutou Tangi ana te ngākau i te aroha Tū tonu ra te mana te ihi o nga tupuna kua wehea atu rā Mauria mai te mauri tangata hei oranga mo te mōrehu tangi mōkai nei E rapu ana i te ara tika mo tātou katoa. *Te Hokinga Mai,* tēna koutou.... *Te Hokinga Mai, Te Hokinga Mai* Tū tangata tonu!  |          | The cry of the morepork keeps coming back to me. It is hooting out there where the paths meet. I was the one who allowed you to go. It was curbed, my deep love for you But now the formal return home; greetings to you,How my heart weeps with joy. Still standing tall is the prestige and the enchantment of the ancestors who have passed on. Bring back the true spirit of the people to help heal the survivor crying like a slave (i.e. *with loneliness*) and searching for the true path for us all.Te Hokinga Mai! Te Hokinga Mai! Stand tall!  |