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| Introduction Tangi 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! |