

Some Dark and Spectral Bird of War: Taranaki Poems 1845-1861
23 Mar 2018

These poems are compiled as part of the Emily Harris Project, led by Prof Michele Leggott, Auckland University. If you find additional poems, please let her know: m.leggott@auckland.ac.nz

Contents

Some Dark and Spectral Bird of War: Taranaki Poems 1845-1861	1
John Hursthouse, A Taranaki Song (1845)	2
Josaiah Flight, Poems for Annie and Sarah Flight (1849)	4
Charles Manby, An Apostrophe (1859)	6
Anonymous, The Battle of the Waireka (1860)	8
Dr JT Rouse, Ode to New Zealand: A Growl in a Sou'-wester (1860)	11
Matthew Fitzpatrick, A glimpse of Taranaki, during a false alarm – (August 4, 1860) (1860)	14
Emily Harris, Come cast all gloomy cares away (1860)	16
Clara Fairly, A Song for Our Redoubtable Soldiers (1860)	17
Matthew Fitzpatrick, Assault on Kingi -- 11th Sept., 1860 (1860)	20
Matthew Fitzpatrick, The Taranaki Refugee (1860)	22
Matthew Fitzpatrick, Though lovely the valleys and hills of the Maori (1860)	25
Matthew Fitzpatrick, To - - - - (1860)	27
Emily Harris, Lines Written on Visiting Glenavon during the War 1860 (1860)	28
Anonymous, Nursery Rhyme (1860)	30
Alexander King, The Death of Taiporutu (1860)	32
Anonymous, Taranaki 1859 and 1860 (ND)	34
Anonymous, The Taranaki Mother's Lament (1861)	38

John Hursthouse, A Taranaki Song (1845)

(1)

The passing moments to beguile,
To cheer our spirits, raise a smile,
Tho' rude the verse, and rough the lays
We'll sing in Taranaki's praise.
And soon we'll prove in doggrel rhymes,
Despite the badness of the times,
That of all places on the coast
We surely have best cause to boast.
So banish care, and don't despair
Of Fortune, in this place so rare,
But in a bumper pledge the toast,
New Plymouth fair, New Zealand's boast.

(2)

We've famous land for him who tills,
To grind our corn we have good mills,
We've Churches for the orthodox,
And for the sinners gaols and stocks,
We've lowing herds on every side,
And Habouka in every tide,
And as for fruit, the place is full
Of that delicious Bullabull.
So banish care etc. –

(3)

There's coal (ask Black) in yonder hill,
And manganese close by the mill,
There's sulphur near old Egmont's base,
And iron sand all o'er the place,
There's nickel too if we are right,
And signs of silver rich and bright,
And who the Deuce is there to tell
But that a gold mine's here as well?
So banish care etc.

(4)

But other things we have besides,
We've got Gledhill to tan our hides,
To strike the whale with harpoon true
We've Barrett and his hardy crew;
Our varied labours soon we'll cheer
With Davy's stout, or Seccombe's beer,
Nor fetch tobacco from afar,
When Nairn can twist the mild cigar,
So banish cares etc.

(5)

We've gallant hearts, and ladies fair,
A climate that's beyond compare,
We've crystal waters, noble wood,
In fact we've everything that's good.
Sure nothing more we need to add
To prove the sin of being sad,
But gaily here through life we'll rub,
And merrily meet at the Farmer's club.
So banish cares etc. –

John Hursthouse. A Taranaki Song. [1845]. MS poem, untitled and unsigned, transcribed by
Josaiah Flight. Puke Ariki. ARC2002-135. Folder 8.

Josaiah Flight, Poems for Annie and Sarah Flight (1849)

My dear little Anne has oft' wish'd to see
Her Father's very low dwelling at Mangorei;
Where the boughs of the Rimu the wind whirls around,
And the red blossom'd Rata is frequently found.

The Kareao too entangles the trees,
And the New Zealand Briar one frequently sees;
The toitoi, Tawa and Fucia abound,
With many low shrubs standing thick on the ground.

Kokarikos and Parrots are often in sight;
Owls calling out "pork" fly about all the night;
Pigeons famous for stews are oftentimes there,
And Tuis and Fantails are not very rare.

The fish in the waters we can't speak much about,
Tho' tis said in the river there's very good Trout;
With Eels that in flavour are all you can wish,
And in the small streams there's the little Cray fish.

But Anne and her Mother and Sisters must come
To see for themselves what may be their next home;
And may they bring with them content with their lot,
Then will happiness reign in their poor Father's cot.

Mangorei June 24th, 1849

My dear little Sarah, if you wish to know
The names of our cows, you will find them below;
And if you attentively read them aright,
When you come to the bush you will tell them at sight.

First Daisy and Blackberry, both you well know,
Then Cherry so red with fine long horns too,
And Poppy much like her, in colour at least,
With Black Bess, once shining, how alter'd poor beast;
Her daughter's called Strawberry, she's so like that nice fruit,
Red Rose is all red; she's a troublesome brute:
Tulip's a good cow, but in flesh very low;
Blue Bell will soon calve, so will Violet too:
Pansy so brown looks pretty well now –
I hope when she calves she will prove a good cow:
Picotee is spotted with black and with white,
And Sweet Pea's a yellowish red if I'm right:
Geranium is red; I believe she's but young;
Johnquill has a calf that's not very strong:
Snowdrop, rightly named, her colour is white,
Carnation is red, Pink a strawberry quite.

And now I feel sure as my name is Flight
My little girl Sarah will tell their names right.

Mangorei 22nd Octr, 1849

Josaiah Flight. MS poems for Annie and Sarah Flight. Written at mangorei, New Plymouth, 24 June and 22 Oct 1849. Puke Ariki. ARC2002-135. Folders 6 and 5.

Charles Manby, An Apostrophe (1859)

Friends-Countrymen and Lovers! what's to be done!
Has Mister Watson squabbled with the sun?
Why is New Plymouth but a timeless spot?
Is it not worth powder — let alone the shot
The Pa's great gun why doth it weekly trounce
Saturday out of its mid-day bounce?
Is that great gun waiting till its debts are frightful
To make its "going off" the more delightful?
Must all New Plymouth be a laughing stock,
Not a man within in knowing " what's o'clock?
Must Jones who dineth as he hopes at "one,"
Come home too late and find his dinner gone
Must lovers perish from this timeless bother,
Meeting disappointment — and not each other?
Must legs of mutton boiling in the pot
Protest they're done, when "Missus" knows they're not'
Must Moses who stands hard for twelve o'clock
Suffer a pecuniary shock,
Finding that to morrow's not begun
And foreclosed mortgages— expensive fun
Must all this happen— dreadful though it be
And no man find a present remedy
Our red-coat friends, indeed, have partly cured the ill
By hoisting up a most extensive pill,
But then, alas! the military sinners,
Up flies their signal just when they want their dinners.
Rouse Watson Rouse! A sight! A sight!
Up with your sextant! Set New Plymouth right!
Take the old sun — and shake him if you will,
Do anything but let our clocks stand still.
Cram the old gun! Boldly blaze away,
Scale every watch into the right time of day.
And ye, too, Thompson, Brown, and Jones & Smith,
Draw your purses, like Englishmen of pith
Subscribe for powder— make a decent pay,
And have Noon blazed out every day.
All men then will truly come to time
And I won't scribble any further rhyme,

—Communicated. M. W. C.

Anonymous, The Battle of the Waireka (1860)
Air— The Great Sea Snake.

'Tis of the Taranaki War
I am about to sing,
Caused by the savage Maori Chief
Whom they call William King; "
Who when the chosen band was sent,
That bought land to survey,
Sent all his olden women down
To keep the lot at bay;
Who when the chosen &c. &c.

In vain they tried to lay the chains,
The old hags fully bent,
Threw round their necks — their hideous arms,
The business to prevent;
To be thus hugged, and pulled about
'Twas anything but fun,
So quickly gathering up their traps,
They back to town did run.
To be thus &c. &c.

When Governor Brown, the news did hear,
He proclaimed Martial Law,
And plainly vowed, he would make King,
Pay dear for his faux pas;
So leaving Auckland with great force;
To fulfil his intent:
He quick to Taranaki came
To punish — fully bent.
So leaving &c. &c.

The 65th, and jackets blue
They dashed along pell mell,
The Rifles, and Militia too,
With Rockets, Shot, and Shell;
Until they came to Kingi's pah —
Which they began to pound.
The Rockets, Shot, and Whistling Dicks,
The Maories did astound.
Until they c. &c.

The storm did last some hours long,
'Till they began to tire,
The ammunition falling short
Caused them to slacken fire.
The Sailors then with one accord,
Their leader round did group;
Who lifting up his voice aloud

As if from off the poop
The Sailors &c. &c.

Cried now my lads, no grog is here,
But lots on board our ship,"
Ten Pounds for him who is the first"
Into that pah to slip,"
Loud cheers now rose from man to man
And their cutlasses they drew,
Then o'er the heavy palisades
Like Lions bold they flew.
Loud cheers, &c. &c.

When they rushed in to work they went
As Blue Jackets always do;
The Maories were with panic seized
Whom right and left they slew.
They one 58th deserter found,
Who for quarter loud did roar,
And Jack his prayers did quickly grant,
By cutting him in four.
They one 58th, &c. &c.

With yells the Maories madly fled,
Those who had legs did run;
The Blue Jackets did short work make
To them 'twas only fun.
The pah they quickly did destroy,
The flags then bore away,
And the Savages will not soon forget
The lesson of that day.
The Pah &c. &c.

THE BATTLE OF THE WAREKA. WELLINGTON INDEPENDENT, VOLUME XV,
ISSUE 1425, 4 MAY 1860
<https://paperspast.natlib.govt.nz/newspapers/WI18600504.2.12>

Dr JT Rouse, Ode to New Zealand: A Growl in a Sou'-wester (1860)

Eden of the Southern Sea,
I devote my lay to thee!
Thee, of whom at home they tell
Things to make the bosom swell
Thee, of whom in Crosby square
Loud laudations shake the air:
(Disbelieve what mortal can
The seductive tongue of Gann?)
So that men have christened thee,
Eden of the Southern Sea.

Thee whom, praised by magic lyre
Of Hursthouse, men unseen admire!
Land of plains and grassy swells
Where the gentle Maori dwells,
Equal, save in copper face,
With the European race.
Strong in love, in council grave,
Christian, chivalrous and brave.
These are things they tell of thee,
Eden of the Southern Sea.

Where the bee, on drooping wing,
Laden with the spoils of spring,
Lays up so profuse a store
Suffices all, and something more:
Where the breezes soft and free
Rival those of Italy:
Where the lovely ka-ka screeches
And the pigs are fed on peaches?
What on earth compares with thee, Eden of the Southern sea?

Where the wide extended plain
Waves with fields of golden grain:
Where the shepherd 'midst his sheep
Beneath the stars, fears not to sleep:
Where the Zephyrs from the hills
Are med'cine for all human ills:
Where contentment reigns around
And no murmurer's to be found:
This and more, they say of thee,
Eden of the Southern Sea.
But 'tis sad, though very clear
That we're fated now to hear,
Landed on thy far famed shore,
Things we heard not named before!
Settlers arming for their lives,
And their little ones and wives

Forced to fly, or stay and be
"Chawed up catawampously!";
We were not told this of thee,
Eden of the Southern Sea!

Land where men with brains of fog
Built a city in a bog!
Land of rain, and storm, and flood
Land of water, wind and mud!
Where six days a week, the gale,
Laden thick with rain or hail,
First from Sou-West blows a piercer,
Then veers Nor'rWest and blows fiercer!
This is what I think of thee,
Eden of the Southern Sea.

Land where all is dear and bad,
Comfort scarcely to be had:
Wooden house, with shingle roof
Neither wind nor waterproof;
And the mutton and the beef
Fit to cause a Briton grief:
And of all things the most dear
(As to price) a glass of beer!
Oh! I'm sadly sold in thee,
Eden of the Southern Sea!

But I have 'located' here;
No alternative, I fear,
But to make the best of thee,
Only longing to be free:
Patiently to bear thy clime
And anticipate the time
When, my transportation o'er,
I shall seek some genial shore; -
Never to return to thee,
Eden of the Southern Sea!

Poetry. LYTTTELTON TIMES, VOLUME XIV, ISSUE 800, 11 JULY
1860<https://paperspast.natlib.govt.nz/newspapers/LT18600711.2.3>.

Matthew Fitzpatrick, A glimpse of Taranaki, during a false alarm – (August 4, 1860) (1860)

A glimpse of Taranaki, during a false alarm – (August 4, 1860)

Loud warning notes of war throughout our streets were sounding,
Our signal-guns were fired – each soldier's heart was bounding;
Each Briton mann'd his post – we heard the foe had neared us
We had vengeance to repay, and the hope of doing it cheered us.

Aged men forgot their years, in the foremost ranks they mingled,
For high in patriot-breasts the warrior's fire was kindled;
Like lightning through the town our mounted couriers flew,
And eager for the fight our ardent soldiers grew!

Fond woman's fair soft breast alone felt panting fear
Not for themselves – ah no, but for those they held more dear,
And oft to Heaven they sent fond prayers that God would save
A father, brother, son – from war's untimely grave.

I saw a timid child clasped by its trembling mother,
In agonising fear they clung to one another;
Their anguish pierced my heart – quick from the scene I turned,
And warmer than before my thirst for vengeance burned.

But the foe did not appear – he heard our war-gun firing,
And ere he came too near showed wisdom by retiring;
His lawless tribes may know they'll never catch us sleeping,
Whilst a soldier shuts his left, strict watch his right eye's keeping.

We'd spread flowers o'er the plains, but the rebel sought the sword,
And for his foolish pains, he'll have his just award –
The shamrock and the rose will make bullets through him whistle
And if bullets will not do, we'll prick him with the thistle.

25 Aug 1860. 'Original Verses. A Glimpse of Taranaki on the 4th of August, 1860.' Taranaki Herald, p.3. Rpt 11 Sept 1860. Wellington Independent, p.5. Rpt 6 Oct 1879. 'A Glimpse of Taranaki, During a False Alarm – (August 4, 1860).' St James's Chronicle 30, np. Additional stanza in this version.

Emily Harris, Come cast all gloomy cares away (1860)

Come cast all gloomy cares away
Wear nought but smiles this festive day
Let garlands gay adorn the street
And loud acclaim the soldiers greet
 Quick beat the drums,
Behold the conquering hero comes
Another such a victory won
Another such achievement done
And we may to our homes return
And empty pas for pastime burn.

[New Plymouth, 12 Sept 1860]

Emily Harris, 'Letters and Diary Excerpts 1860-63.' Ed. Michele Leggott and Fredrika Van Elburg. *Ka Mate Ka Ora: A New Zealand Journal of Poetry and Poetics* 15 (July 2017): 97-115. http://www.nzepc.auckland.ac.nz/kmko/15/ka_mate15_elburg_leggott.pdf

Clara Fairly, A Song for Our Redoubtable Soldiers (1860)

In September, on the tenth day,
In this famous year of story,
The sun shone bright o'er Waitara pahs:
To enkindle all with glory.

Our matchless general felt the flame,
And his heroes fifteen hundred;
So we marched against the savages,
Who hid themselves, and wondered.

We camped and dreamed of high exploits,
All resolving on the morrow,
Since we were surely ten to one,
To tattu dark rogues with sorrow.

Desperate at morn, we stormed the holds
Of the blanket warriors boasting:
We must have blown whole hosts away;
For our hunger smelt fresh roasting!

The fern redoubts, they roared and blazed,
To betoken our dread labors,—
Without a foe (the Lord be praised!)
To deride our shots or sabres. .

The bush we deemed an ambushade;
So we thundered at its kauris
Ten-thousand armed, until our feats.
Quite provoked the scoffing Maories.

And then at us the cowards fired,
From their sneaking pits and bushes:
Their horrid vollies were too bad;
They alarmed our backs with blushes.

We fled our mighty cannons three,
And some hapless comrades bleeding;
Our tottering legs shook down our arms,
With adventurous speed receding,—

To rally soon, and thrice as stout—
If the braves of India aid us;
Then vacant pas again we'll rout,
Should the rebels not invade us.

Yet should their dance of war rage near,
With its ridicule satanic,
Some fifty boys may volunteer

To enshield our nervous panic.

But ended now is this 'campaign,
And its toils and perils over;
Triumphantly we'll feast amain,
And our gallantry recover.

We'll quaff glad healths to all our chiefs, —
All in gala and smart dresses,
Who send away the- girls lest they
Should despise our brave excesses. -

Long live New Zealand's golden isles, - '
And the soldiers who defend them!
And save, ye fates, their glorious fires, :
Lest the Maori smoke should end them.

Oddfellows' Hall, Nelson, September 21, 1860.

THE COLONIST, VOLUME III, ISSUE 307, 28 SEPTEMBER 1860
<https://paperspast.natlib.govt.nz/newspapers/TC18600928.2.12>

Matthew Fitzpatrick, Assault on Kingi -- 11th Sept., 1860 (1860)
(Air) "The young Crusader."

O'er Waitara's broad and lovely plains, all clad with verdant green,
The British tramp' of war is heard, and British troops are seen,
With firm step advancing quick, upon the rebel foe,
While the sun shoots down his brightest beams, to gladden all below.

Like wolves into their covert lair, to the bush the rebels fly, --
Too well they know that on the plains, to meet us is to die.
To the forest verge we follow them, led by our General brave.
Oh! let them show us fight, to-day--'tis all, 'tis all we crave.

Now from the British forces bold, loud sounds of cannon rise,
And quick as Heaven's lightning-flash, the fiery rocket flies!
The shells burst forth like thunder-peals, and spread destruction wide,
While fierce consuming flames arise, from paha on every side.

Now from the wood-clad hills on high, now from the ravine deep,
The flash of Maori musquetry, through smoke is seen to peep;
But the rebel hands that fire them shake, with paralyzing fear, --
'Tis hard to take a steady aim at Britons though they're near.

Again the roar of cannon loud, is shaking earth and skies,
And with unceasing random shot, the Maori still replies,
Protected by his giant trees, he thinks (in vain), to vie,
With all the force of Britain's pow'r--and has boldness to defy.

The storm of war now rages wild, our hearts are bounding high,
For vengeance on the rebel tribes, and victory seems nigh,
But though the sword is lifted up, we're made to hold the blow,
And from the glorious battle-field, reluctantly we go.

Then proudly wave the British flag, throughout New Zealand's coast, --
United let us round it stand, and vie who loves it most,
We have soldiers and militia bold, brave tars and Volunteers,
Who would bear that flag to Kingi's paha, and hoist it with three cheers!

4 Oct 1860. 'Assault on Kingi -- 11th Sept., 1860.' Taranaki News, p.4. Poem dated 18 Sept 1860. Reprinted 14 July 1879. 'Attack on the Rebels -- 11th Sept. 1860 (New Zealand).' *St James's Chronicle* 18, npag.

Matthew Fitzpatrick, The Taranaki Refugee (1860)

The Sun had gained the Zenith, and from his lustrous Crown
Upon the lucid waters, his dazzling beams fell down;
The deep, blue, boundless sea, in grandeur seem'd to vie,
With the broad expansive arch of the cloudless azure sky!
The zephyr blew so light, it's gentle breath resembled
Some whisp'ring lover's tale, -- half earnest, half dissembled.
Glad ocean-birds were sporting in circles o'er the Main,
And universal peace, through nature seemed to reign!

While on the beach I stood enjoying the sunny hour,
There came a lovely maid, more beauteous than a flow'r
When fresh with Heaven's dew each bright leaf is unfolded,
And wears the stamp supreme of the God by whom 'twas moulded!
Her golden yellow hair, hung o'er her lily brow
Like the gilded cloud of't seen on Egmont's crest of snow.
And from her large blue eye, there fell a pearly tear
A diamond of affection, from her heart's deep font sincere!

The waves of't kissed her feet, while in grief profound she stood,
Now gazing tow'rd the town, now viewing the ocean flood.
Deep is her source of woe; she sees her native land
Deserted, wasted, ruined, 'neath war's consuming hand.
Her child-hood's happy home, where Eden's bliss she found,
Is now no longer seen, 'tis burned to the ground.
Her noble brother fell, contending with the foe,
And her aged father's heart soon broke beneath the blow.

Like a troubled ocean wave, her breast now heaved now fell,
As a youth of noble mien approached and said "farewell!"
The maid with sighs replied, "tis cruel thus to part,"
"From home, from you, from all, --'twill break my heart."
"More welcome were the grave, but my hapless widowed mother,"
"Has now but me to sooth her anguish for my brother."
"Mong strangers we must seek a home beyond the wave,"
And a burning tear drop fell, as she added "perhaps a grave."

"Oh speak not words like these," her soothing lover cried.
"Look up and hope in God, His Providence is wide!
"His angel spirits guard each heart where virtue dwells,
"And they will vie in throwing 'round thee their blissful spells!
"Though vengeance just and heavy awaits the savage foe,
"With Eve's fair daughters near, how can we strike the blow?
"It probes my soul to part from all my heart holds dear.
"But soon you will return, -- the dawn of peace is near!"

She tried to make reply, but her anguish was so keen
No words, no sighs, no tears, had power t' express her pain.
The surf boat now arrived, and touched the glistening strand,

And the maid is called to leave her dear adopted land.
With falt'ring step she goes, yet a smile she tries to borrow,
To hide from rude observers her soul's desponding sorrow.
As in the boat she step'd her lover sealed a kiss
Upon her trembling hand, saying "Love remember this!"

Now o'er the swelling wave the boat is lightly skimming
Unconscious of the tears the fair one's eyes are flinging,
In showers upon the sea, as she views each harried sweep,
Of the quick propelling oars that guide her to the deep.
"Farewell, farewell," she cried, "my own beloved land
"I never may return on thy lovely shores to stand."
"Farewell thou noble youth, I know thy heart is true, --
"To thee I give this tear, all hot with love. Adieu!"

24 Oct 1860. 'Original Poetry. The Taranaki Refugee. Nelson Examiner and New Zealand Chronicle, p.4. Rpt 2 Nov 1860 and 6 Nov 1860 Wellington Independent, pp.3 and 5.

Matthew Fitzpatrick, Though lovely the valleys and hills of the Maori (1860)
(Air - Norah McShane)

Though lovely the valleys and hills of the Maori,
 Though his plains are all fertile, his climate all balm,
Though grand are his forests of giant-like Kauri,
 And his broad-spreading fern-tree rivals the palm;
Though sweet is the chime of his bell-bird each morn
 When the Sun's golden glow gilds the wood-covered hills,
Though the air breathes fragrance of flow'rs newly born
 And each mountain gives birth to a thousand bright rills!

With all this wild grandeur, these beauties and charms
 There's an Isle in the West by far dearer to me, –
Like a stray child that sighs for its Mother's loved arms
 This heart fondly yearns dear Erin for thee!
Bright lakes, noble rivers, rich plains and bold mountains
 With valleys enchanting, are the least of thy spells, –
Thy daughters' fair bosoms are love's purest fountains
 And of all earth holds lovely, their beauty excels!

Thy sons' boyant spirits are light as the sun-beam
 That sports on the ocean, but breaks not the wave,
Love and mirth from their hearts teem, wit and fun from their eyes gleam,
 And foremost they stand in the ranks of the brave!
Thy soul-thrilling music enkindles each passion
 That warms the heart of the bold and the free, –
Can inspire Love or joy, – Call forth hate or compassion,
 Or with fury enrage, as a tempest at Sea!

I miss the sweet lark, and his loud song entrancing
 When he pours out the joy of his soul to the Sun,
While cheered by his wild-notes, glad peasants go dancing
 O'er flow'r spangled meadows, where purling brook run.
Oh ! give me once more the lov'd scenes of my child-hood, –
 The river, the lake, the old abbey and tower,
The green fields and vales, and the haunts through the wild wood,
 Where love-tales are whispered in beautie's sweet bower.

20 Nov 1860 'Original. Though lovely the valleys and hills of the Maori.' Wellington Independent, p.3. Rpt 22 Sept 1879. St James's Chronicle 28, np.

Matthew Fitzpatrick, To - - - - (1860)

Receive dear - - -, this little token
Of friendship true, never to be broken
And while you read its love fraught lines
Oh! pause and think of me betimes.

Reflect how happy I will be
If when I'm gone you'll think of me;
For since I saw thy love-lit eye,
I can but dream of thee and sigh.

Yet perhaps while I take all this bother
Your heart is throbbing for another!
Well, if it be, I trust that fate,
Will find poor - - - some fonder [mate?]

'To - - - -.' MS poem in WA Smith diary. Diary signed 'W.A. Smith, Taranaki, 1860.' Per Glenn Bryson, great great grandson of Smith.

Emily Harris, Lines Written on Visiting Glenavon during the War 1860 (1860)

Oh! I could sit and gaze for hours,
 Musing alone
Upon thy lovely blooming flowers
Dreaming that fairies in their bowers
 First tinted them.

Or on that tiny winding stream
 O'er grown with weeds
That erst would gaily flash and gleam
Like silver neath the golden beam
 Of summer's sun.

Or upward turn my wondering eye
 Above the trees,
To watch the gauzy clouds float by
A snowy veil athwart a sky
 Of deepest blue.

But now my stay so short so brief
 I may not pause,
To linger o'er one bud or leaf
Or twine one fair or fragrant wreath
 With thy sweet flowers.

One rapid glance around me cast
 Noting the trace
Of River's step I onward passed
With painful thought that t'were the last
 For years perchance.

Sweet Peace we little knew how dear
 Thou wert to us.
Until we mark'd the widow's tear
And saw extended on his bier
 One gone for ever.

Oh! we may learn to wear a smile
 And heedless laugh
Twill but the careless eye beguile
For still we feel beneath the wile
 A mournful heart

One hour can loosen War's red hands
 And set him free
But grey exiles in many lands,
Can tell how hard to clasp the bands
 Strife once has severed.

(3) Emily Harris, 'Letters and Diary Excerpts 1860-63.' Ed. Michele Leggott and Fredrika Van Elburg. *Ka Mate Ka Ora: A New Zealand Journal of Poetry and Poetics* 15 (July 2017): 97-115. http://www.nzepc.auckland.ac.nz/kmko/15/ka_mate15_elburg_leggott.pdf

Anonymous, Nursery Rhyme (1860)

Little Robin Redbreast he sat upon a rail, -
Niggle waggle went his head up went his tail;
Said little Robin Redbreast to little Jenny Wren,
“Jenny you must hop the twig, and not come back again.”

Little Jenny winked her eye, and preened her little wing,
And said she wouldn't hop the twig – she'd do just t'other thing;
Then little Robin Redbreast snapped his beak, & flew into a pet,
And threatened little Jenny with the point of bag-o-net.

Then Jenny said to Robin “Why you noisy little bird,
To me your beak & bag-o-net look equally absurd.”
Oh, the rage of Robin Redbreast! He bolted then & there;
To have his beak alluded to, - was more than he could bear.

Now all the owls and parrots, the mocking birds and crows
That congregate about the place that poor Cock Robin goes
They hoot and shriek, and laugh & jeer, and every now and then
Cry “Who was it that was flouted by the little Jenny Wren.

But Jenny (bless her little heart) her own way having gained,
Says she “Cock Robin meant it well, I will not have him pained.”
She stopt the row, they all agreed, when fighting is the word
That little Robin Redbreast's a jolly little bird.

Nursery Rhyme, *Taranaki Punch*, 5 Dec 1860. Transcribed in Josiah Flight papers. Puke
Ariki. ARC2001-60. 23. Handwritten journal of poetry.
Lines supposed to be intended for Colonel Carey etc etc etc for the why & the wherefore of
their being written let the verses speak for themselves.

Note: The nursery rhyme is about Colonel Carey, the much hated NP commander who tried
to force women and children to leave for Nelson in August-Sept, it mocks him as a Robin
Redbreast defeated by a Jenny Wren. And sure enough in the papers, someone explains that
Carey is a bumptious little man who wears a scarlet waistcoat and that the refugees were
called Mother Carey's Chickens. (Michele Leggott, 27 Jan 2018)

Alexander King, The Death of Taiporutu (1860)

Pakeha! Pakeha! Pakeha! listen, listen to Taiporutu, chief of Ngatihaua, tribe of Waikato. When the big canoe of the white men crossed the great salt lake and came to New Zealand, Taiporutu was then a little boy. Many, many moons have passed over the snows of Tongariro, and the shadow of the sun has for many days looked upon the graves of my forefathers since that time. But the tomahawk of the Waikato was thirsty, and his spear lay idle, when Korohena kissed the son of the warrior chief of Waikato and bade him lift the spear of his father and hurl the tomahawk at the scalp of the pale skinned chiefs. The summer winds had breathed upon the brow of Taiporutu; he then became a man. But the dark spirit that bade him harm the Pakeha lay hid. The Missionary told him of another better and far-off land, where the flowers grow not old or ever die; where the good Pakeha and the good Maori live together in peace. Then came the blanket, the tobacco, and all the good things. The Maori and the Pakeha then sat in the pa together in peace, while the birds sang the sun into the West. The tomahawk and the gun lay buried. But Taipo, the dark spirit, awoke, spread his wings over Taranaki, and the korero was bathed in blood.

The pas of Ngatiawa and Puketapu paid utu for the homes the Maori had burned of the white man, but no utu for the blood of the white man had been taken; the blood of the Ngatiawa and Puketapu was not rich enough, for the blood of its tribe was vile — slavery left them no chiefs, for the Waikato had bound them with an iron belt. Wiremu Kingi cried to the warriors of Waikato to redeem the whenua the Maori had sold to the Pakeha; so the Waikatos left the pas of their forefathers to fight the battles of the Maori. Mahoetahi has broken the standard of the Maori King, and the boy of Potatau weeps the loud wail of the tangi over lost places in the pas of the Waikato warriors. Pakeha! hear me; listen to the last words of Taiporutu. The best blood of Waikato Howls as utu for your murdered men, not mine alone, for Hemi, my noble boy, now lies bleeding at my feet. The young pine of Waikato is struck down and blackened by the rifle-smoke of the pale-faced warriors ere the warfeathers had kissed the brow of the young chief of Ngatihaua; there is darkness in the tribe, and Waikato is in a mist for the loss of her chief's. I see the Rangatira, the great Rangatira warrior; his brow is troubled, and his heart is full. Look upon my bleeding boy, and let not your common warriors close his eyes, for he is the son of a great chief. Ah, Wi King! the Waikato has been stung—the Ngatiawa is false! He has sung the loud song of the battle; he has danced the war dance with the Puketapu; but he slept in the pas of Huirangi while the warriors of the pakeha struck down the pride of Waikato at Mahoetahi! Ha! I now see the slave has sold his master! Hear, Ngatiawa, hear! As warrior on no battle-field shall thy coward carcass lie.

Wear for ever the blanket of thy wahine, slave as thou art! Oh, the winds kiss the wounds of Taiporutu, but in the pa of the chief of Ngatihaua will soon be heard the tangi — the piercing wail of Katrina for her poor boy, her heartbroken cry for Taiporutu! Soft, soft, Pakeha! The dark spirit has fled. The Maori sees coming from the mountain snows of Egmont another spirit clothed in white.

Hear the korero of the good spirit!

The tomahawk of Taiporutu is broken, his canoe is stranded, and his pa is empty. The Pakeha, the Rangatira is good, is very good; the Maori King a dream. Let the Pakeha who has given the Maori everything; let the Pakeha, who has sung to the Maori an angel's song, — let, say, the white man and the dark skin dwell together in peace. Good, good, these are the last words of Taiporutu — my boy — my poor boy — no King — Pakeha — Pakeha — forgive — forgive — for dies.

ORIGINAL. THE DEATH OF TAIPORUTU. TARANAKI HERALD, VOLUME IX,
ISSUE 437, 15 DECEMBER 1860
<https://paperspast.natlib.govt.nz/newspapers/TH18601215.2.12>

Note: “Taiporutu is one of the six Waikato buried in the north-western corner of St Mary’s churchyard by Govett, to howls of rage from his parishioners. King’s piece is an attempt to vilify Te Atiawa by ventriloquizing their Ngati Haua ally in the style of Banquo’s ghost. Many layers here.” (Michele Leggot, 23/3/2018)

Anonymous, Taranaki 1859 and 1860 (ND)

I stood it was a summer's day,
 Upon a ruined grass grown pa,
The scented fields stretched far away,
 To the forest belt afar.

Above Mount Egmont reared her head,
 Like giant guardian of the land,
With snowy mantle round her spread,
 Magnificently grand.

The winding rivers murmuring flow,
 To meet the silver crested ocean,
Pure as the flakes of falling snow,
 With swift and ceaseless motion.

Numerous flocks and herds grazed on
 The brown hill side and grassy plain,
While the glorious sun unclouded shone,
 O'er treasures of golden grain.

The busy labourer wiles the hour,
 With fragments of some rustic song,
He felt no Tyrant's grinding power,
 And no oppressive wrong.

England, how oft thy children roam,
 Weary wanderer's o'er the earth,
Seeking ever some cherished home,
 Denied where they had birth.

For this within the forest dark,
 We hear some huge trees falling crash,
And high above the pines we mark,
 Red streaks of wild fire flash.

Where once those ancient hoary trees,
 Held undisputed way,
A laugh comes floating on the breeze,
 From children at their play.

Long – long I gazed upon a scene,
 Where heaven's benison seemed to rest,
Where stony war had never been,
 A land supremely blest.

But suddenly a furious blast
 Came rushing from the mountain range,
And hoarsely whispered as it passed,

That time the scene would change.

Could this be true, I looked to heaven,
A cloud the sun obscured,
And back upon my heart was driven,
The truth I had ignored.

And with the blast prophetic came,
A vision of pale windows lone,
Of peaceful homes all wrapt in flame
And orphan's wailing tone.

A snow white bird with bleeding breast,
And mournful cry of pain.
Fled from her torn and ravished nest
Far o'er the slumbering main.

Oh! dove of peace, I cried in vain.
Stay, stay to bless this fertile land,
Fly not away with fear and pain,
Unto a distant strand.

Hast thou already seen on high,
Some dark and spectral bird of war,
With bloody pinions sweeping by,
Like an ill-omened star.

I turned away with bitter sigh,
Too deep for tears to start,
I who had gazed with hope so high,
Dreamt not of strife's fierce dart.

Time hath passed on in his ceaseless flight,
Nor paused one moment brief,
Though around us closes war's dark night.
And swords leap from their sheath.

Relentless Death in his grim array,
Has entered many a home,
And hath borne the best beloved away.
Too oft to the silent tomb.

Despair and Want stalk through the land,
A cloud o'er shadows all,
While Ruin with her meagre hand,
Spreads out her sable pall.

Revenge, revenge, pursue the foe,
Behold the smoke of homesteads rise,
Oh! heaven before we strike one blow,

The recreant savage flies.

Pursue him to his forest lair,
Like wild beast to his den,
Be silent anguish and despair,
Our hearts shall have vengeance then.

Oh war thou art a fearful thing,
Deck thee in glory as we may,
I've felt too sharp thy poisonous sting,
To bid thee welcome stay.

Sweet pease bind up they wounded breast,
Too long hast thou departed,
But ah! in vain thy quiet rest,
For the dead and the broken-hearted.

Printed broadsheet pasted into Harris family photograph album. Briant Papers.

Anonymous, The Taranaki Mother's Lament (1861)

Farewell to my cottage, farewell to my home,
Midst strangers and houseless my children must roam,
The trees of the forest are burning and fall,
Our dwelling is blazing and we've lost our all;
The garden is trampled, the orchard is gone,
And once more, sad pilgrims, we're breadless and lone.
O! where shall we wander, and where shall we lie.
For no Friendly Maori now cries 'Haremai!'

Our faithful horse Ranger is driven away,
The poultry quite frantic are flying astray,
Dear Tommy the pony has met a sad lot,
He sav'd his poor master,—himself has been shot,
The sheep are all stolen with Daisy the cow.
And none are so hapless as we are just now ;
Perhaps by to-morrow by hatchets we die
And no Friendly Maori now calls 'Haremai!'

Loud booming of cannon and rifles we hear,
And yells of defiance convulse us with fear.
Our trembling young children, scarce able to stand
Keep asking for why they were brought to this land;
They hear that their father must leave them and fight,
And who shall protect the poor lone ones at night?
O' tell us dear mother, when danger is nigh,
Will no Friendly Maori exclaim 'Haremai!'

Say when shall we welcome sweet tidings of peace,
And when shall these battles, these butcheries cease,
Shall we ever return to yonder lov'd farm,
And know that the Natives will do us no harm;
That they are forgiven', and they too forgive,
And once more good friends and good neighbours we live.
Most joyful the day when the Maoris shall cry
In true Christian love my friends "Haremai!"

ORIGINAL POETRY. NEW ZEALANDER, VOLUME XVII, ISSUE 1553, 6 MARCH
1861. Reprinted Colonist 15 Mar 1861, Wellington Independent 22 Mar 1861, Otago Witness
23 Mar 1861.

[http://paperspast.natlib.govt.nz/cgi-bin/paperspast?a=d&d=NZ18610306.2.14&e=----
---10--1----0--](http://paperspast.natlib.govt.nz/cgi-bin/paperspast?a=d&d=NZ18610306.2.14&e=----
---10--1----0--)