

Tim Finn, Parihaka

My friend, My friend, I hate to see you suffer,
Events conspire to bring us to our knees,
My friend, my friend, you've taken this the wrong way,
Rise up, defend yourself, never give in,
Look to the sky, the spirit of Te Whiti,
The endless tide is murmuring his name.

I know Te Whiti will never be defeated,
And even at the darkest hour,
His presence will remain.
I'll sing to you the song of Parihaka.

Te Whiti he used the language of the spirit,
Then stood accused, the madman and his dream,
He saw the train go roaring through the tunnel,
He heard the voice travel on the magic wire,
But he loved the silence of the river,
He watched the dog piss on the cannon's wheel.

I know Te Whiti will never be defeated,
And even at the darkest hour,
His presence will remain.
I'll sing to you the song of Parihaka.

One day you'll know the truth,
They can't pull out the roots,
Come and take me home,
To weep for my lost brother.
They gather still, the clouds of Taranaki,
His children's children wearing the white plume,
So take me for the sins of these sad islands,
The wave still breaks on the rock of Rouhotu.
And when you taste the salt that's on your pudding,
And when you taste the sugar in your soup,
Think of Te Whiti, he'll never be defeated,
Even at the darkest hour,
His presence will remain,
I'll sing for you the song of Parihaka,
Come to Parihaka,
Weep for my lost brother,
The spirit of nonviolence,
Has come to fill the silence,
Come to Parihaka.