Dedicated to
HONE HEKE, Maori Chief and Gentleman
The distinguished scion of the famous warrior
HONGI HEKE

VOCAL SCORE
of

"HINEMOA"

Words by
ARTHUR ADAMS, B. A.

Music by
ALFRED HILL

Characters:

*HINEMOA	A Maori Maiden	Soprano
†TUTANEKAI	Maori Youths	Baritone
TIKI		Tenor
TOHUNGA	A Maori Wizard	Bass

Maori Maidens, Fairies and Ra-Ha Warriors

* Pronounced, *He-nay-mow-ah*
† Pronounced, *Too-ta-nay-ka-ee*

To bring this work within the scope of schools, etc, the composer has arranged the chorus parts so that the male voices may be omitted.

Orchestral score and parts are obtainable from the publishers.

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THE MAORI LEGEND OF HINEMOA

IN THE centre of Lake Rotorua, is the small island of Mokoia on which lived a Maori chief who had four sons. Tutanekai the youngest, was considered to hold an inferior position in his tribe; although his manly beauty and physical prowess made him famous among the young warriors of his day.

On the shore of the lake dwelt the lovely Hinemoa, daughter of a great chief of a rival tribe, and her beauty encouraged many suitors from far and near, among them Tutanekai and his brothers. He was laughed at by them for deigning to lift his eyes to such a high born maiden; but Hinemoa was impressed with the fine appearance and noble bearing of the young warrior who excelled all in war dances or trials of strength.

Tutanekai, elated with the message he read in her dark lustrous eyes retired to the island and with the help of his friend Tiki, built a high look-out tower where they retired every evening to play a musical duet, hoping that the sounds would reach Hinemoa's ears, and she would guess her lover was thinking of her. One day Tutanekai sent Tiki to tell her of his love, as was the custom, and arranged that on a dark night she would paddle a canoe to the island guided by the music of the two friends. Unfortunately, Hinemoa's father becoming suspicious of her actions had all the canoes pulled high on the beach and securely tied. Her desperate disappointment at finding her plan frustrated made her more determined to reach her beloved, and throwing off her garments she dived into the dark murky depths of the cold water and swam towards the soft melody of wooden flute and trumpet. Halfway across her courage began to fail, for like all her race she dreaded the dark and feared the spirits of evil supposed to lurk in the lake. Clinging to a floating log she rested her tiring strength, and gradually her fears lulled to rest by the thought of her love and the sweet music of Tutanekai's flute that still called, she sped on and reached the island just as her trembling limbs began to fail. Wearily she groped her way ashore and finding herself in the warm water of a hot spring rested awhile in its liquid warmth, wondering how she could reach the whare* of Tutanekai.

At this moment a slave descended with a calabash† to get his master a cool drink from the lake. As he passed the pool where Hinemoa lay, she called in a gruff voice "To whom does that calabash belong? Give me a drink, I am thirsty". No Maori may refuse a drink to anyone and thinking the request came from some great chief he handed the calabash to Hinemoa. "It belongs to my master, Tutanekai" he said. At these words he was surprised to hear the calabash drop and smash on the rocks. Thinking it an accident he returned for another calabash. Again Hinemoa assumed a deep voice and demanding the calabash deliberately dashed it to pieces before the astonished slave. "Go tell your master Tutanekai of what has happened", ordered Hinemoa as gruffly as she could.

When Tutanekai heard the tale he seized his war weapons and ran to wreak vengeance upon the rascal who dared to break his calabashes. Reaching the spot where Hinemoa was shyly hiding he called out "Where is the fellow who broke my calabashes?" No one answered and he leant over the pool and caught hold of a small hand. Wonderingly he cried, "Ha, who is this?" and Hinemoa answered, "It is I, Hinemoa!" Overjoyed, Tutanekai caught her other hand and drew her to the edge of the water where she rose, 'beautiful as the wild white hawk and graceful as the shy white crane'. Removing his cloak, Tutanekai wrapped it round her lovely form and took her to his own house, which according to the ancient law of the Maori made them man and wife, and great was the surprise and rejoicing next day on the island of Mokoia.

* Pronounced 'Warry', the vowel sound as in trolley.

† A drinking vessel made out of the hard shelled hollow fruit of the Calabash tree.

Music Glass Case
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35556 5188 3 98

Version of the legend by ISOLDE HILL

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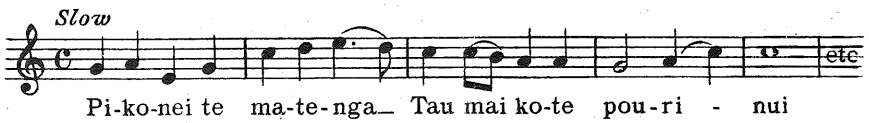
Composers Note:-

The Maori air which runs through this work, was obtained many years ago from a white man, Mr. E. D. Hoban.

Years later a half-caste Maori, Wi Duncan, asserted that it was a Raratongan melody. Others claimed that the Rev. Williams of Hawkes Bay wrote the words and a Maori friend the tune.

Finally, Hari Hongi, a Government Interpreter and author of the well-known Maori Grammar etc, verified Wi Duncan's assertion that the air came from Raratonga. It appears that a Chief who came from Raratonga in 1868 to visit the Maori Chief Tawhio, first brought the air to New Zealand. The Maoris quickly appropriated it and turned it into a Hymn.

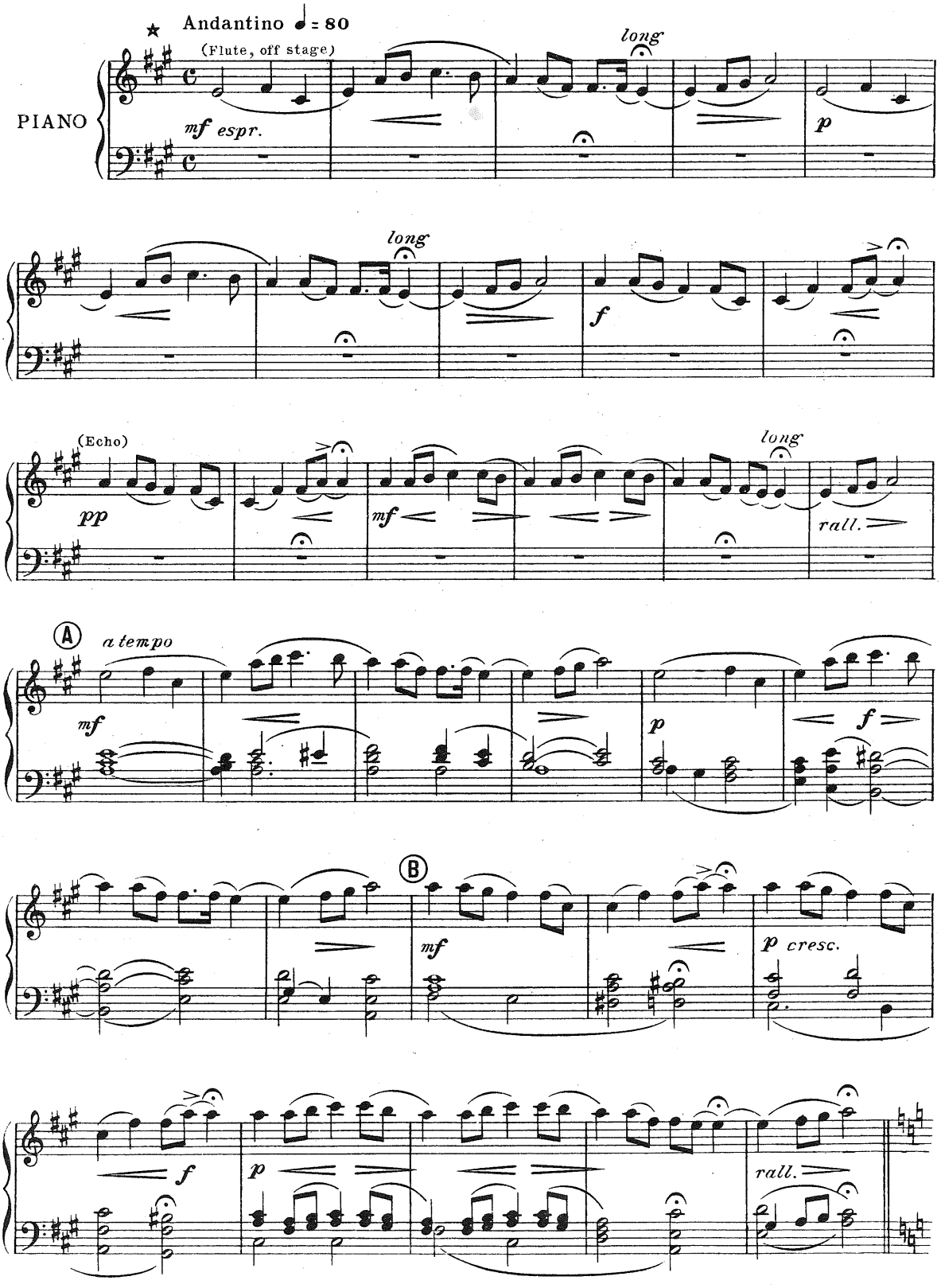
Maori version



It will be observed that this is a variant of the melody used in this work.

ALFRED HILL

Introduction



★ A traditional Maori air.

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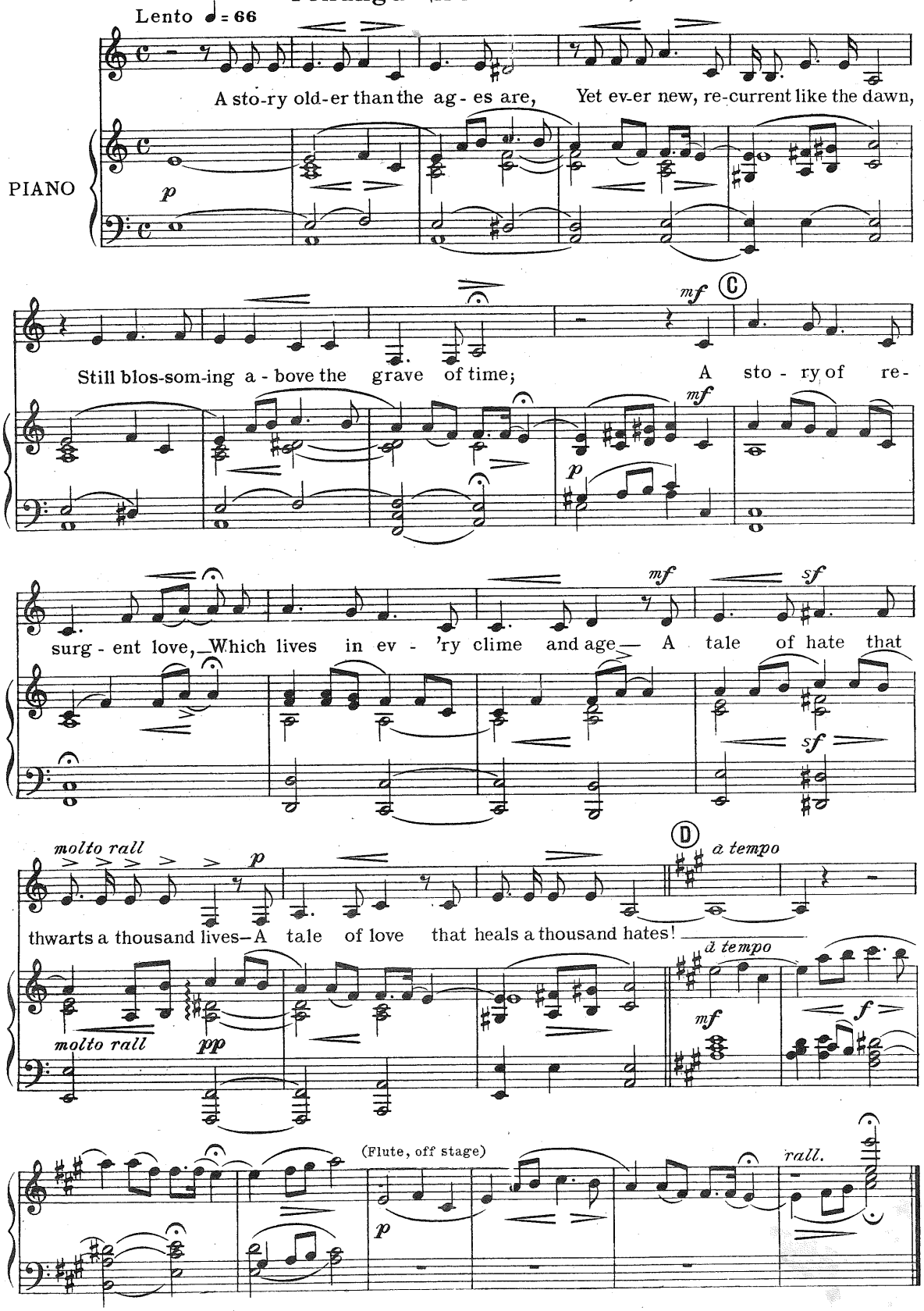
.Prologue

Tohunga *(A Maori Wizard)*



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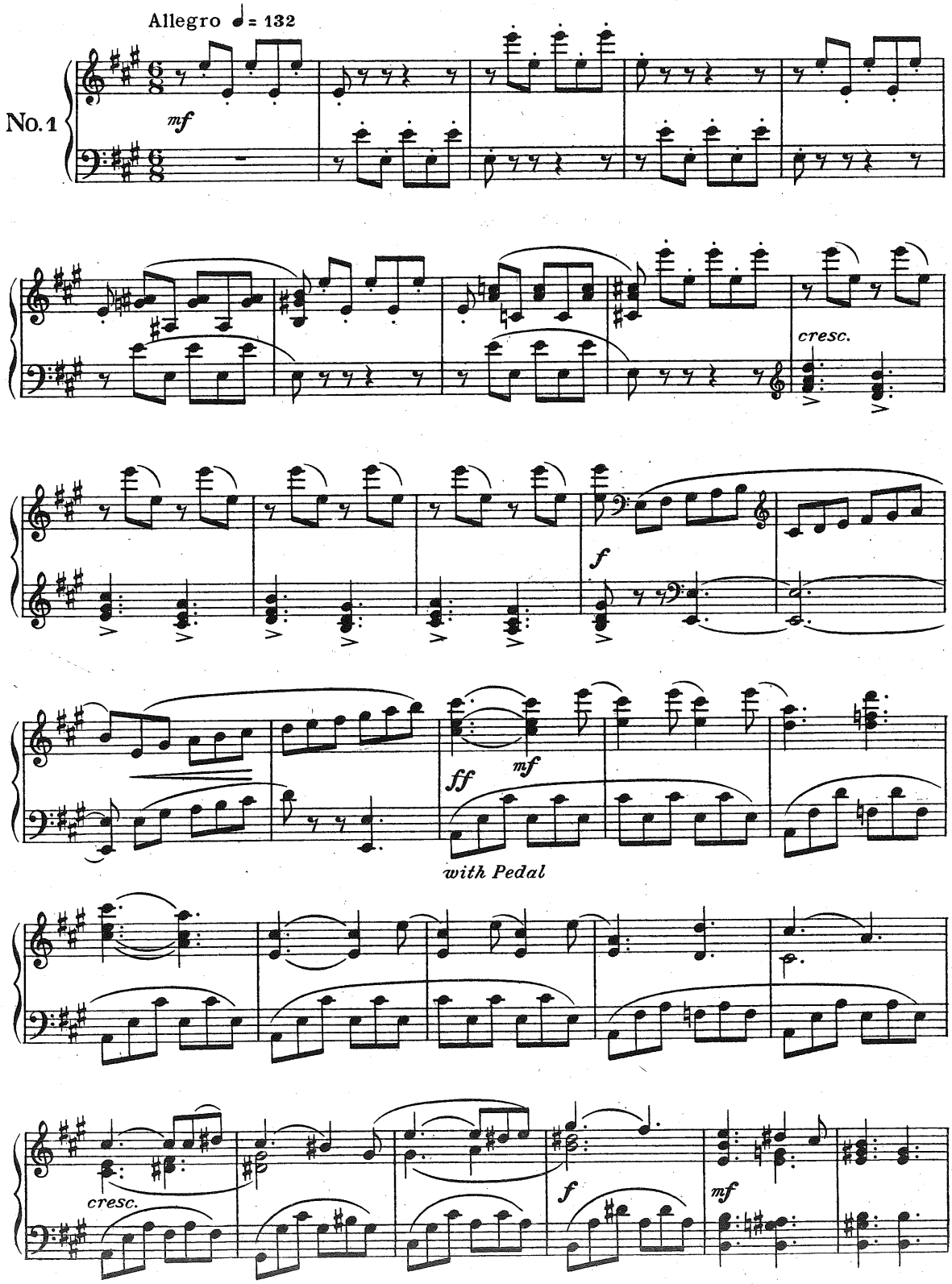
Scene I– A Maori Pa (Village)

CHORUS of Maori Maidens



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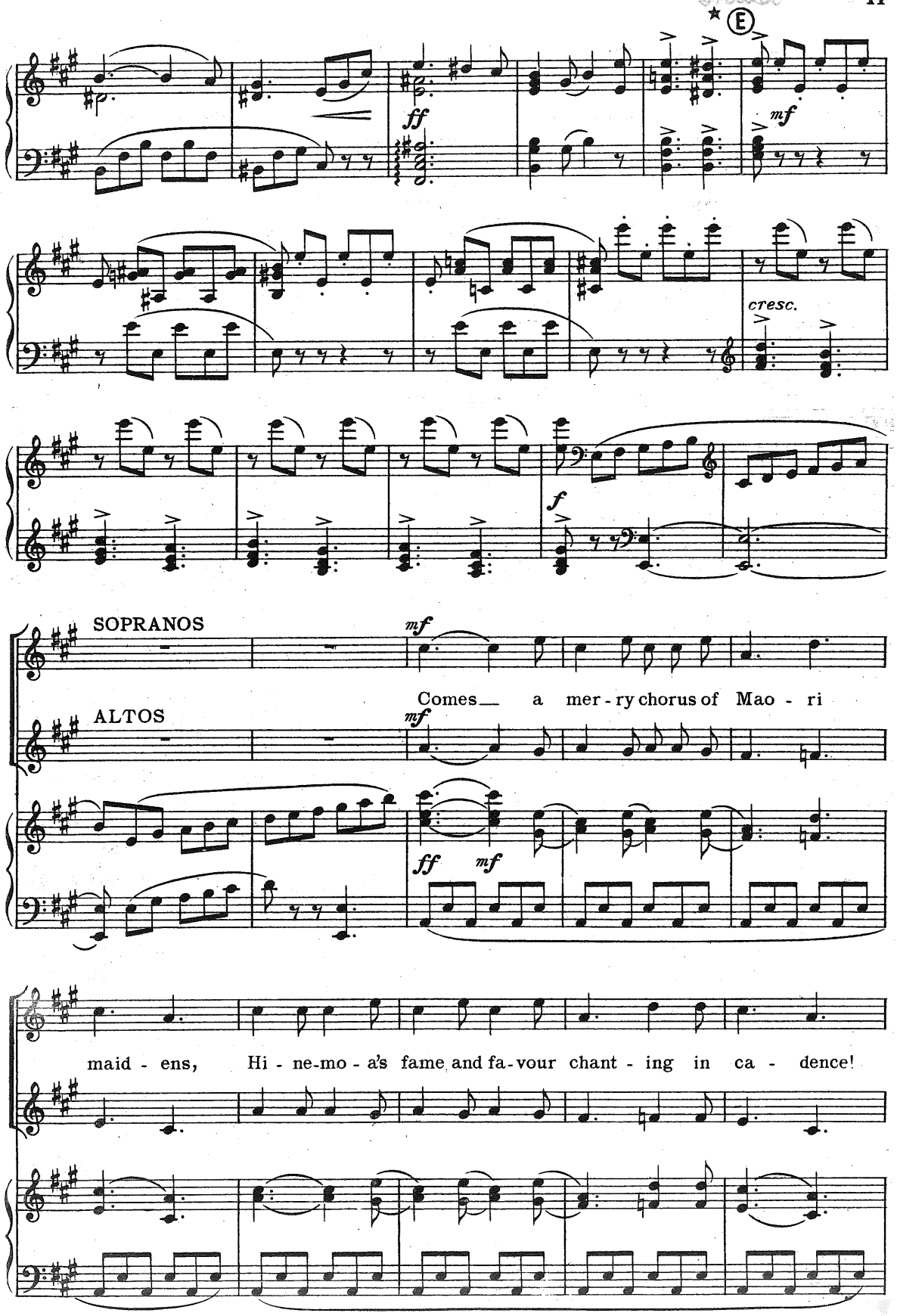
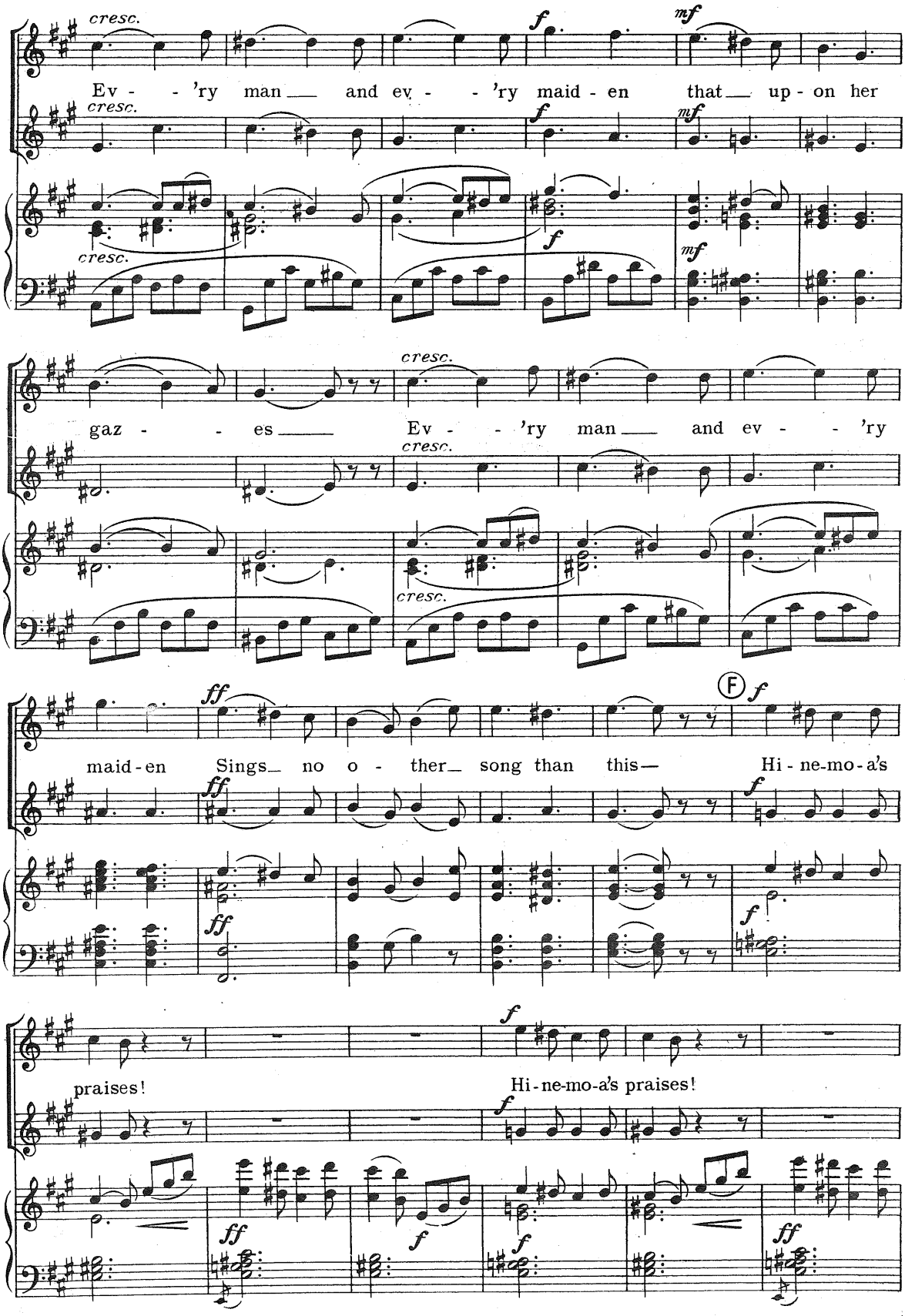
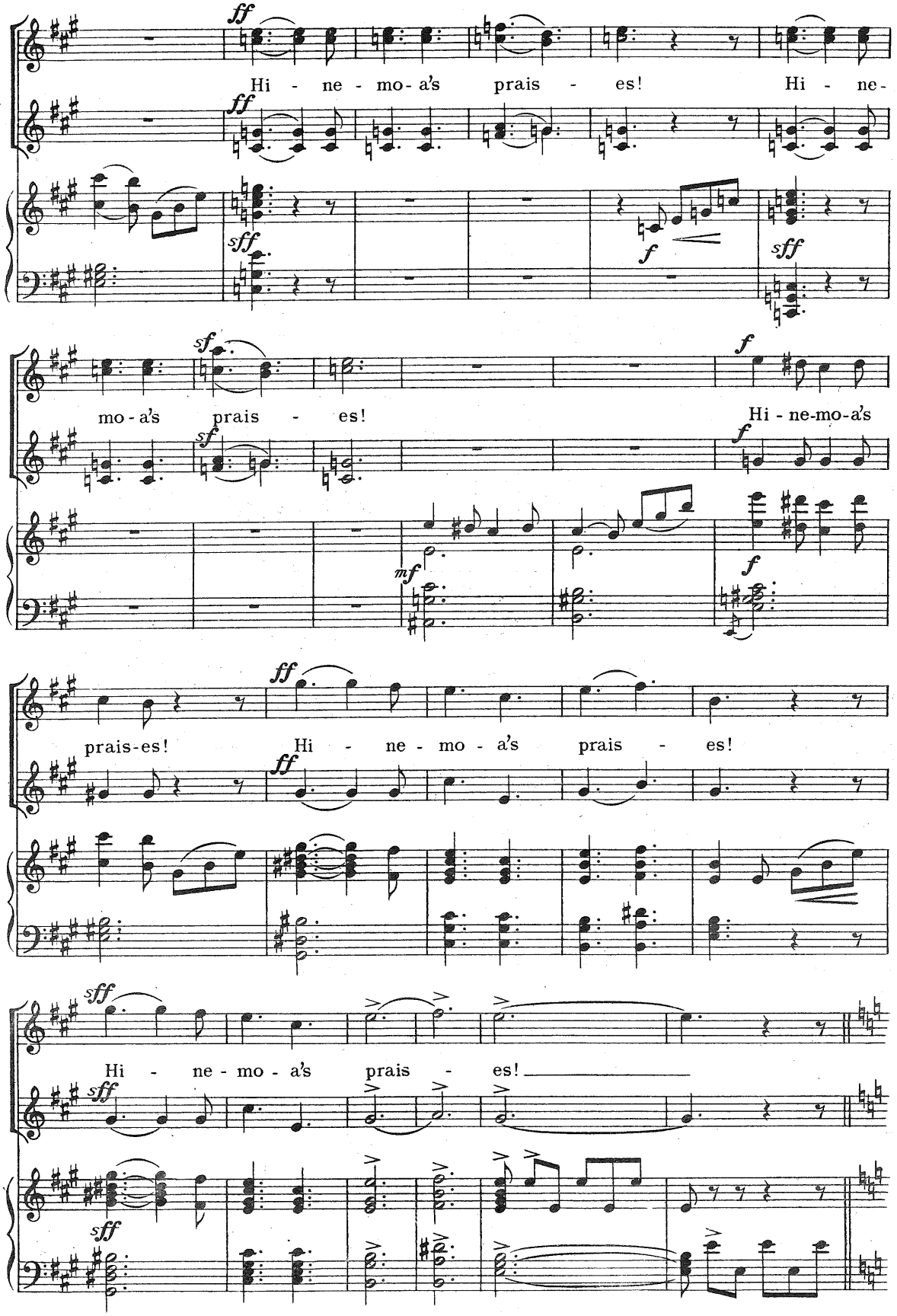
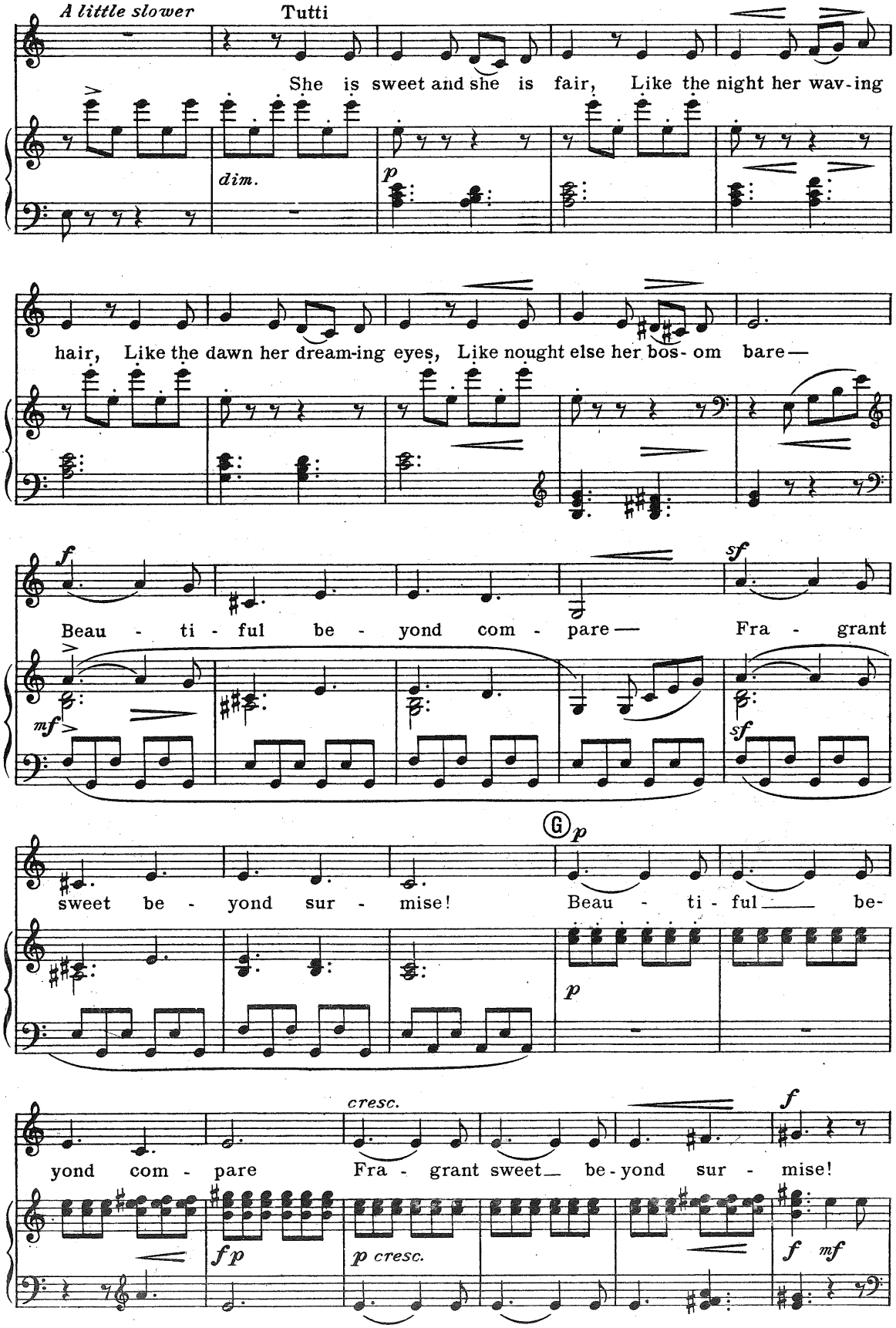
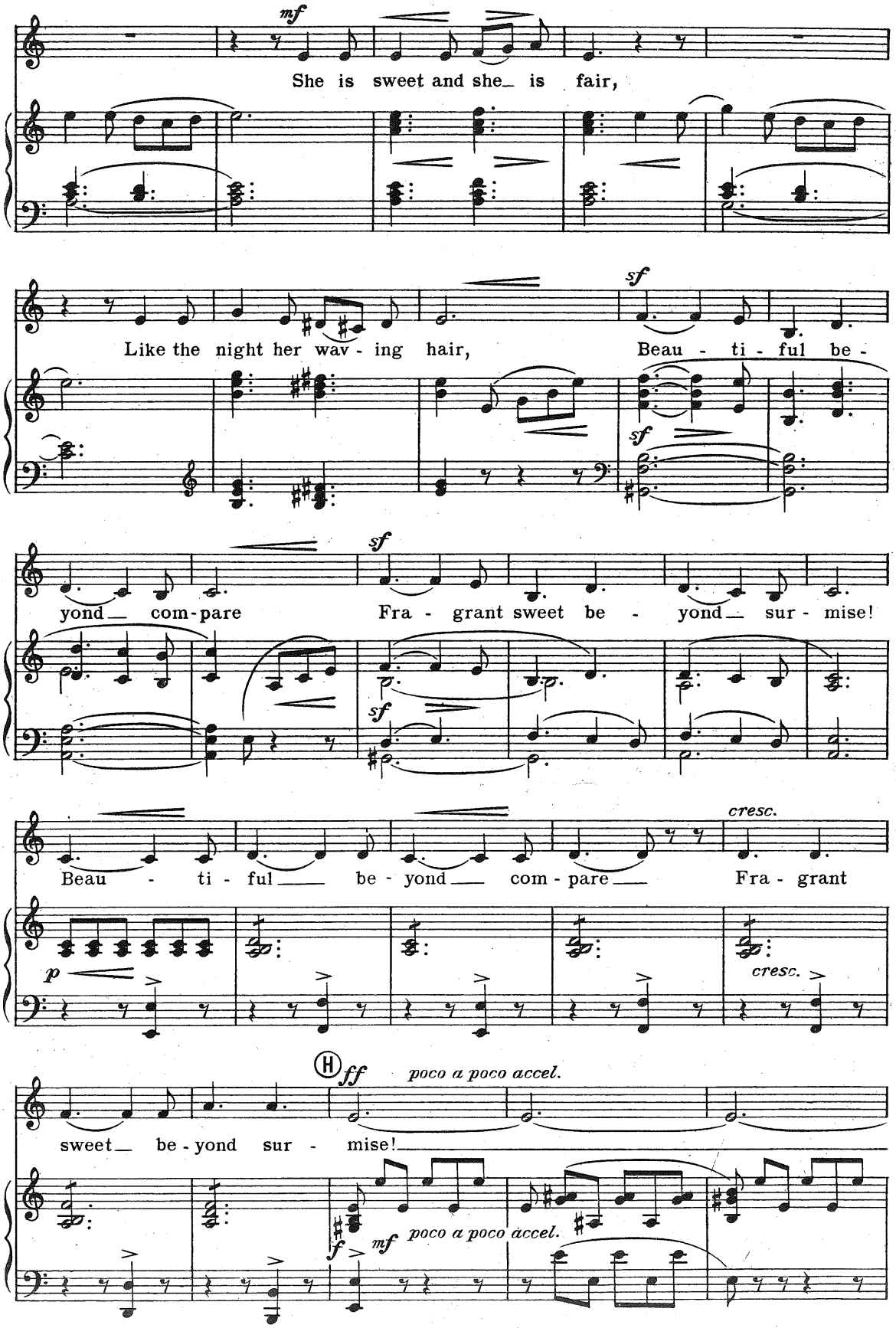


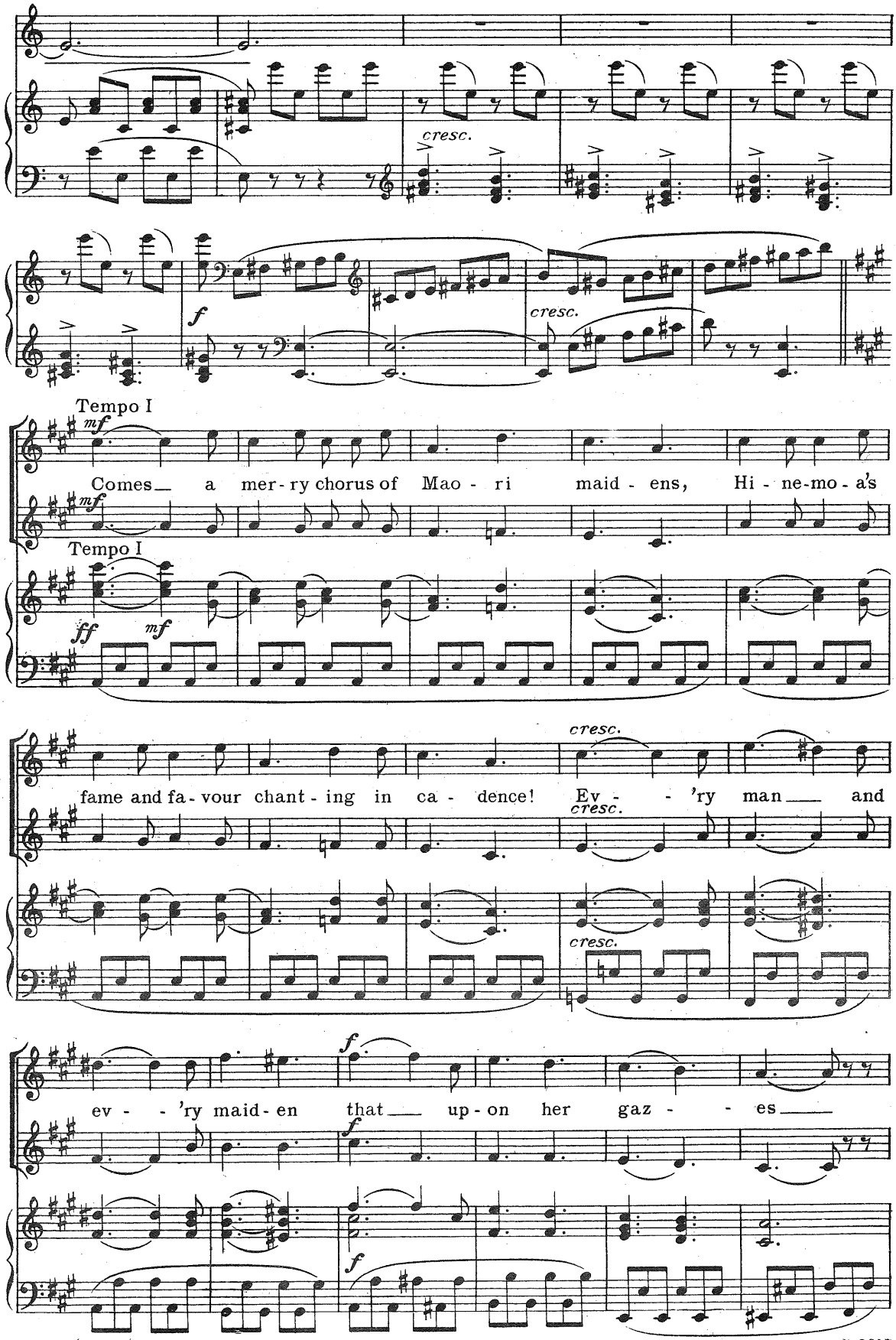
★ This number may begin here.

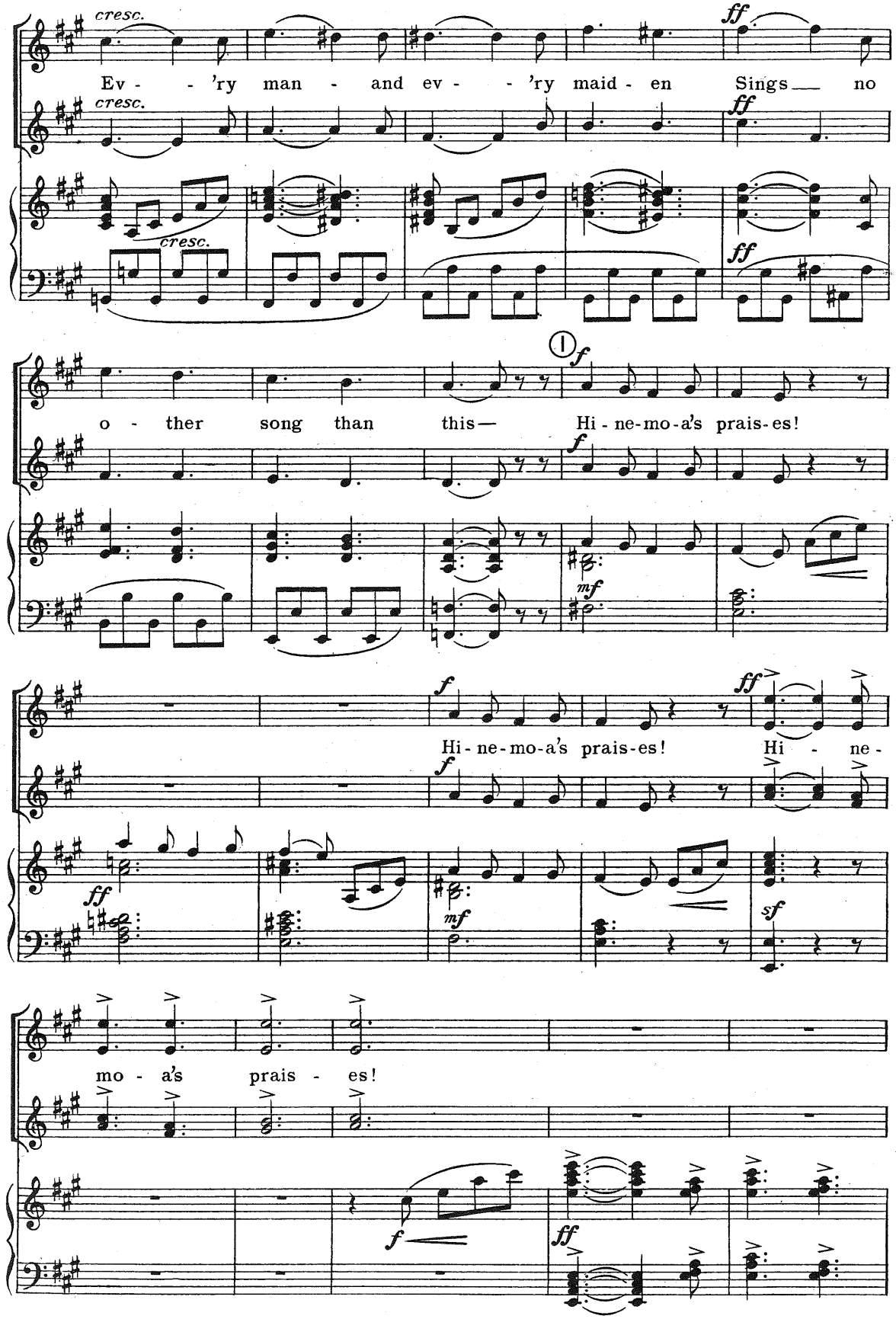

cresc.
f
mf
Ev - - 'ry man and ev - - 'ry maid - en that up - on her
gaz - - es Ev - - 'ry man and ev - - 'ry
ff
F
maid - en Sings no o - ther song than this— Hi - ne-mo-a's
praises!
Hi - ne-mo-a's praises!

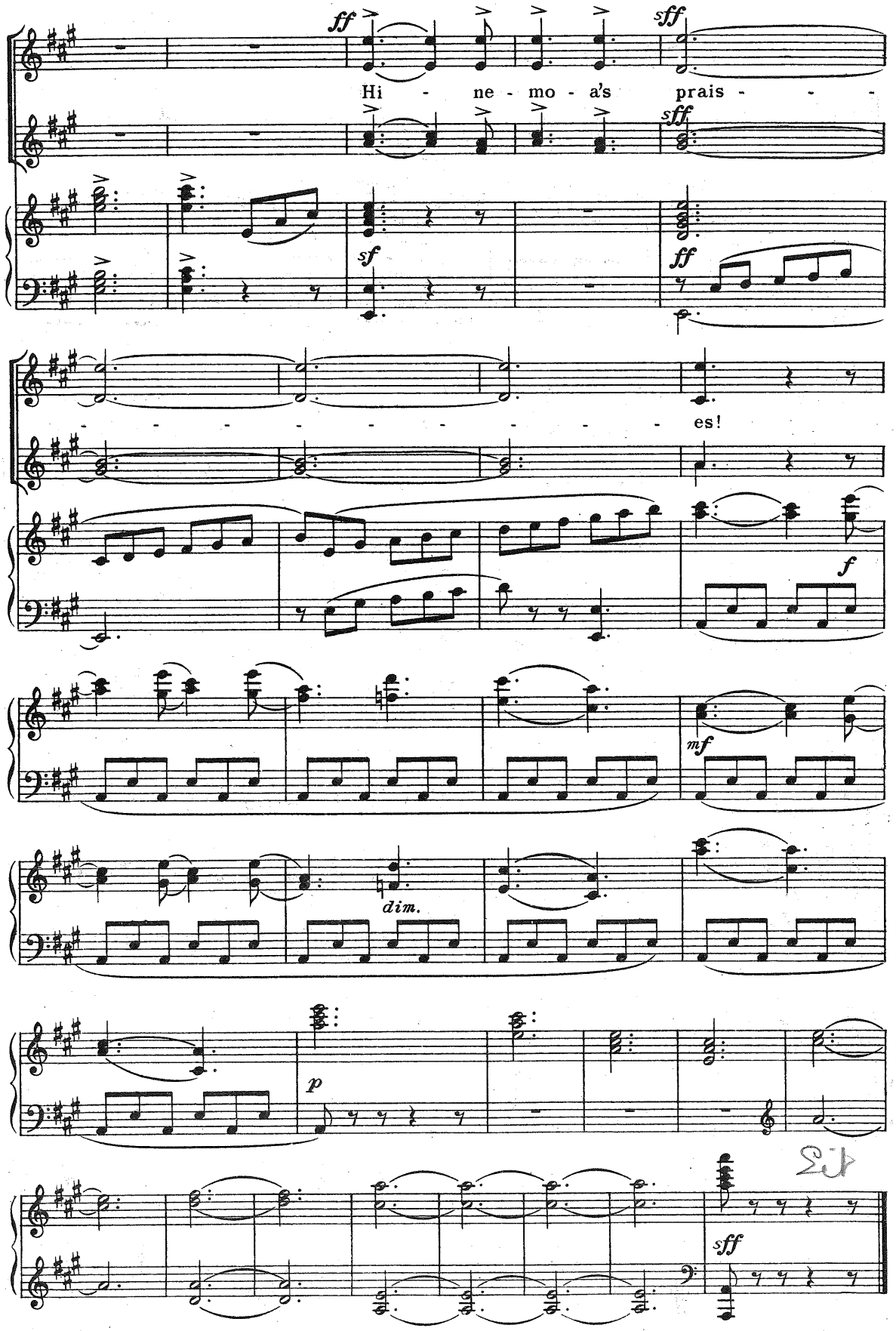

ff
Hi - ne - mo - a's prais - es! Hi - ne -
sff
f
sff
sf
mo - a's prais - es! Hi - ne-mo-a's
mf
prais-es! Hi - ne - mo - a's prais - es!
Hi - ne - mo - a's prais - es!


A little slower
Tutti
She is sweet and she is fair, Like the night her wav-ing
dim.
p
hair, Like the dawn her dream-ing eyes, Like nought else her bos- om bare—
f
sf
Beau - ti - ful be - yond com - pare— Fra - grant
mf
sf
G
p
sweet be - yond sur - mise! Beau - ti - ful— be-
p
cresc.
f
yond com - pare Fra - grant sweet— be-yond sur - mise!
fp
p cresc.
f mf


mf
She is sweet and she_ is fair,
sf
Like the night her wav - ing hair,
Beau - ti - ful be -
sf
sf
yond_ com-pare
Fra - grant sweet be - yond_ sur - mise!
sf
cresc.
Beau - ti - ful_ be - yond_ com - pare_
Fra - grant
p
cresc.
H
ff
poco a poco accel.
sweet_ be - yond sur - mise!
f
mf
poco a poco accel.

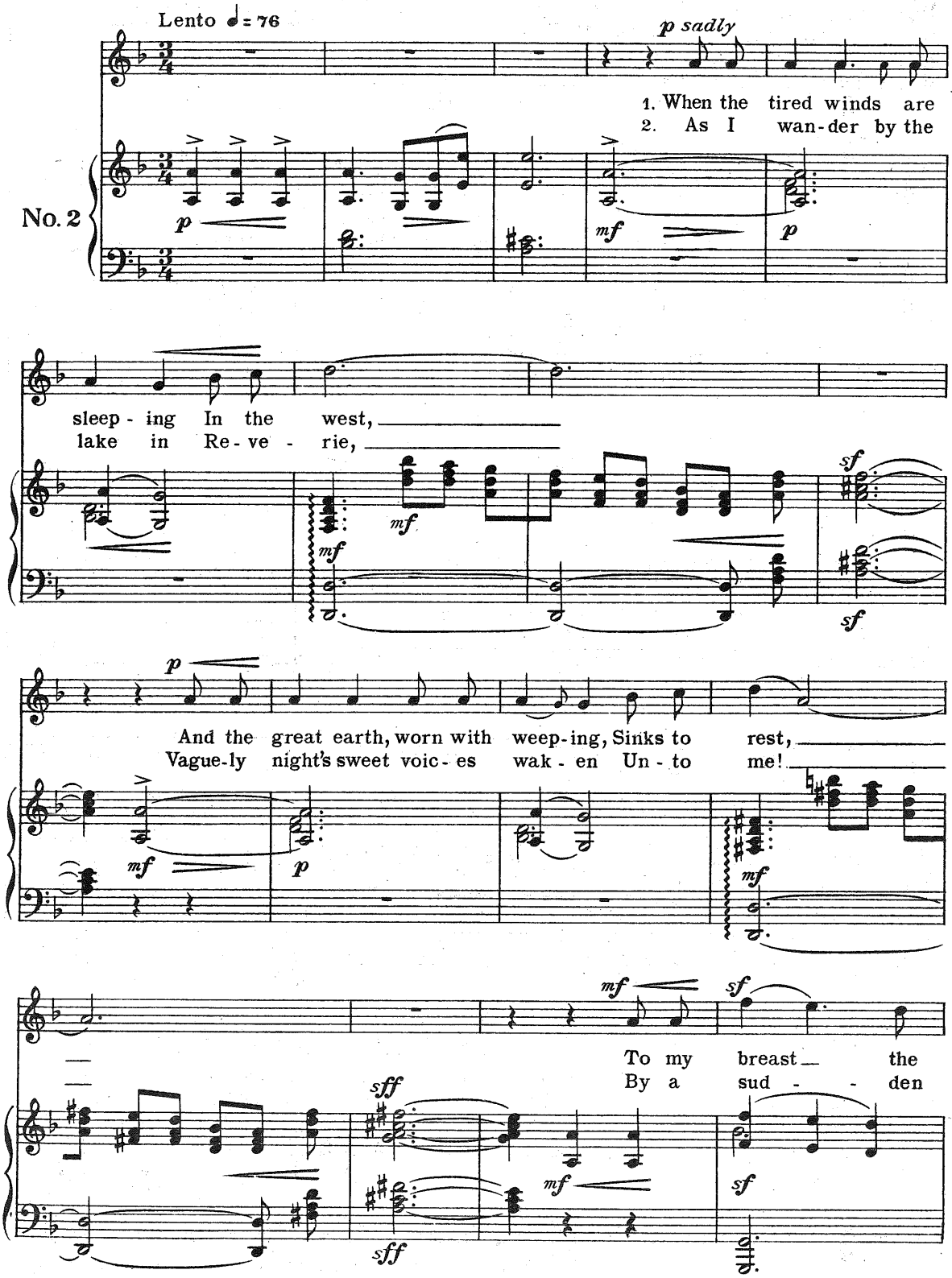

cresc.
f
cresc.
Tempo I
mf
Comes a mer-ry chorus of Mao-ri maid-ens, Hi-ne-mo-a's
mf
Tempo I
ff
mf
cresc.
fame and fa-vour chant-ing in ca-dence! Ev-'ry man and
cresc.
cresc.
f
ev-'ry maid-en that up-on her gaz-es
f
f


cresc.
Ev - - 'ry man - and ev - - 'ry maid - en Sings no
ff
o - ther song than this— Hi - ne-mo-a's prais-es!
Hi - ne-mo-a's prais-es! Hi - ne-
mo - a's prais - es!


ff
sff
Hi - ne - mo - a's prais - - - -
sff
sf
ff
- - - - - - - - - es!
f
mf
dim.
p
sff

Scene II– The Lake-side, Evening

BALLAD–Hinemoa



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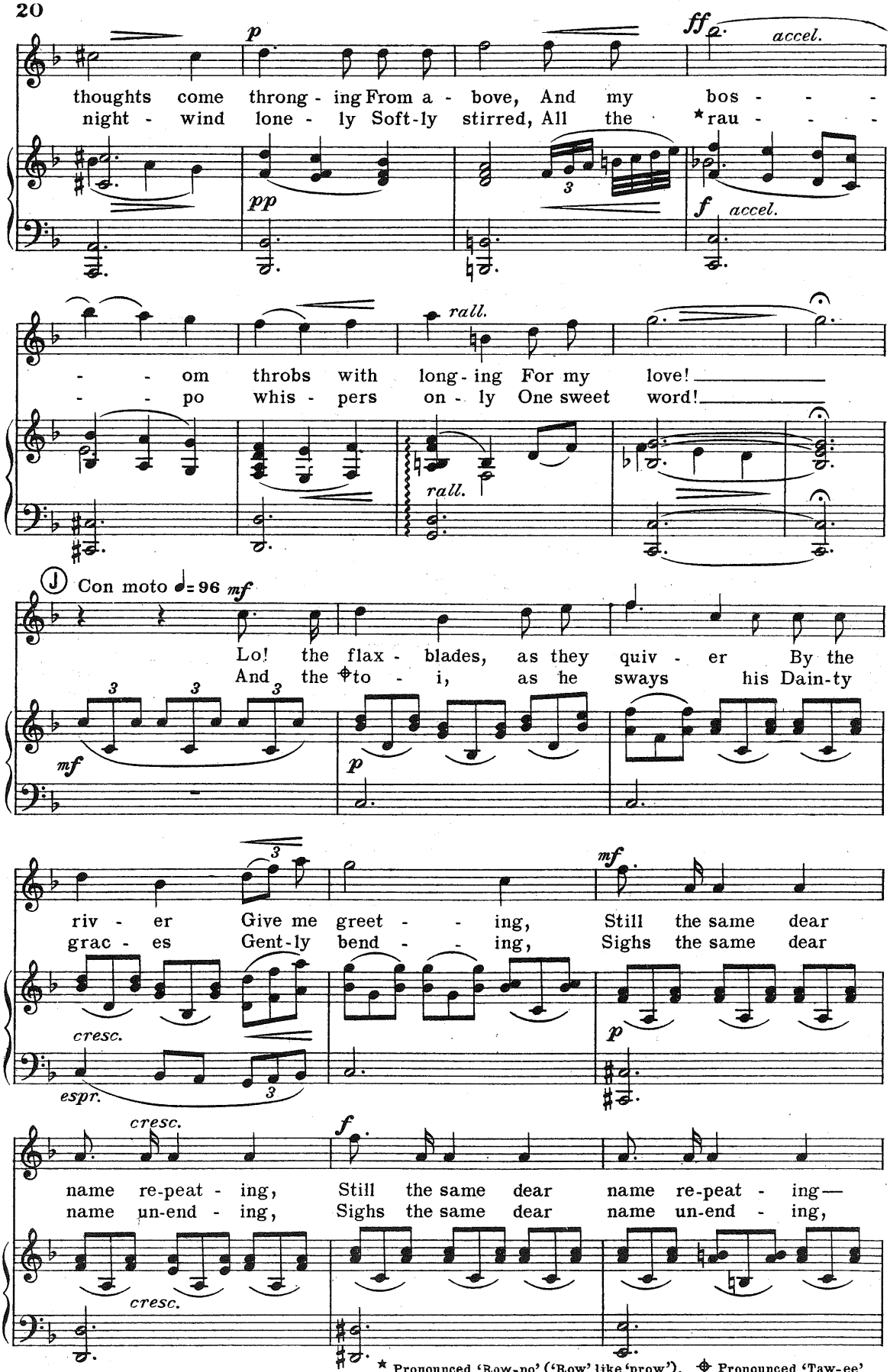

★ Pronounced 'Row-po' ('Row' like 'prow'). ⌖ Pronounced 'Taw-ee'

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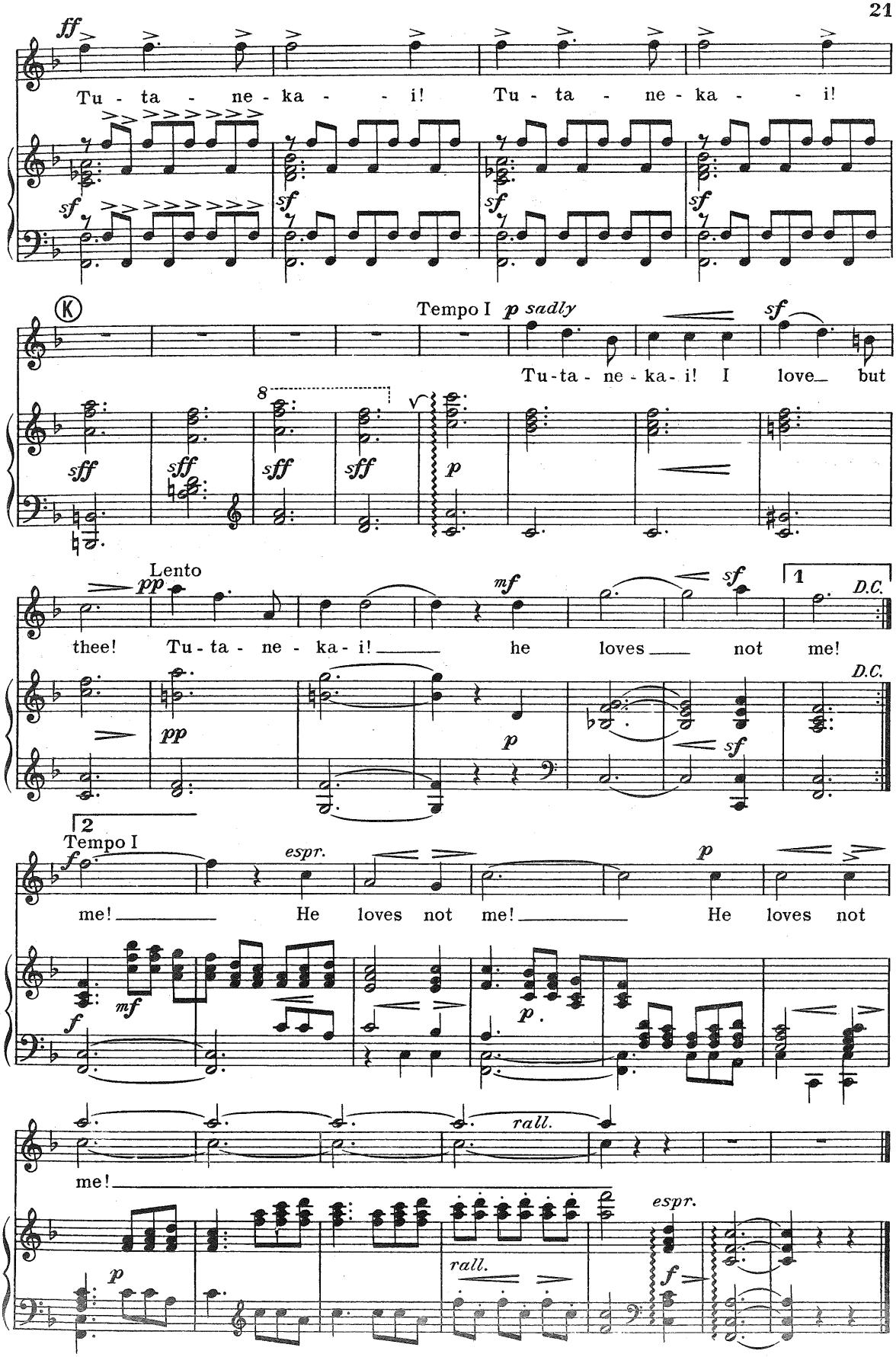
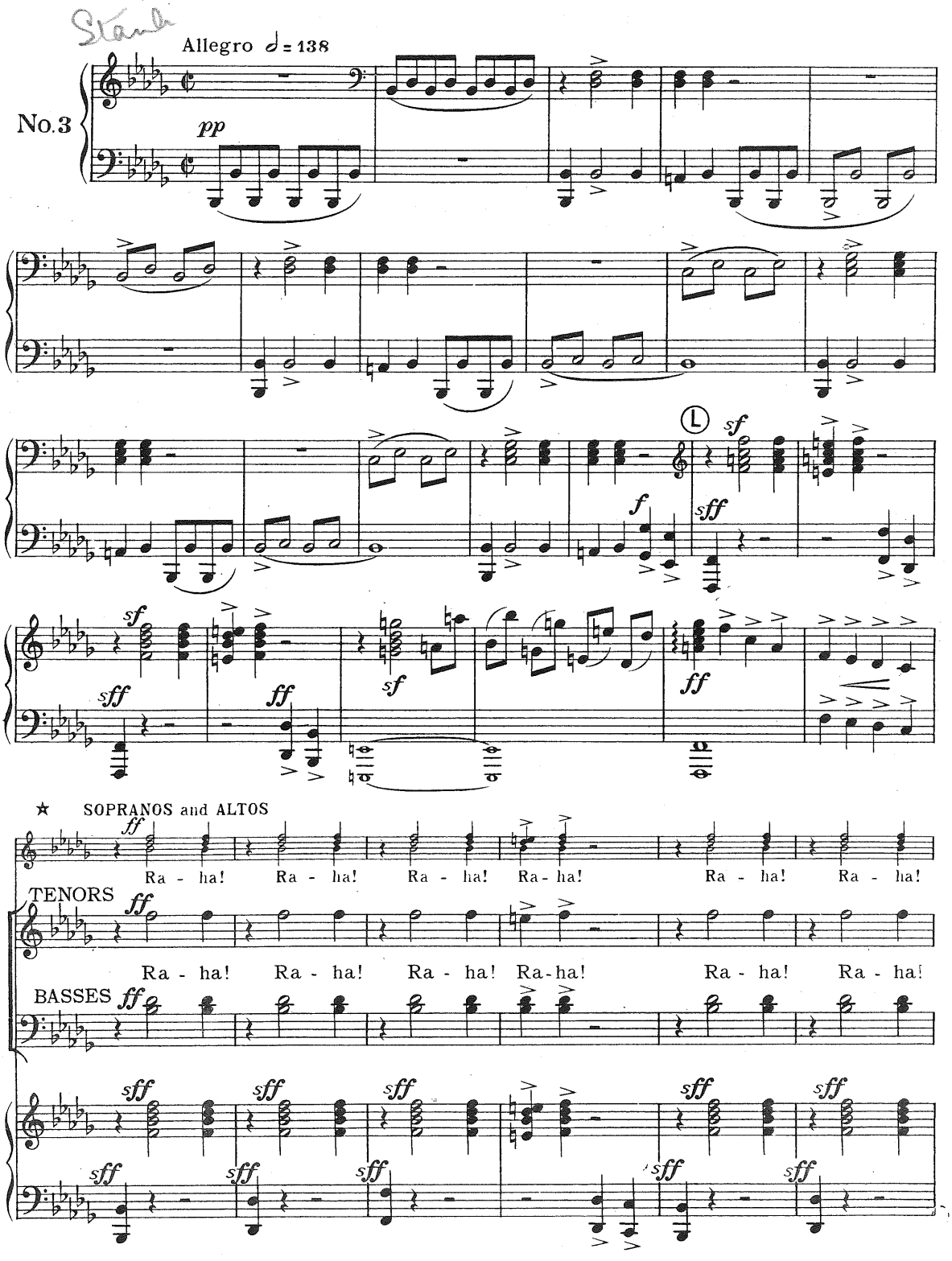

ff
Tu - ta - ne - ka - - i! Tu - ta - ne - ka - - i!
sf
K
Tempo I p sadly
Tu-ta - ne - ka - i! I love but
sff
8
p
Lento
pp
thee! Tu - ta - ne - ka - i! he loves not me!
mf
1
D.C.
2
Tempo I
f
espr.
me! He loves not me! He loves not
rall.
me!

Scene III– The Pa (Village), Night

CHORUS of Warriors



★ This number is for Male Chorus, but it may be sung as a Mixed chorus or for Sopranos and Altos alone.

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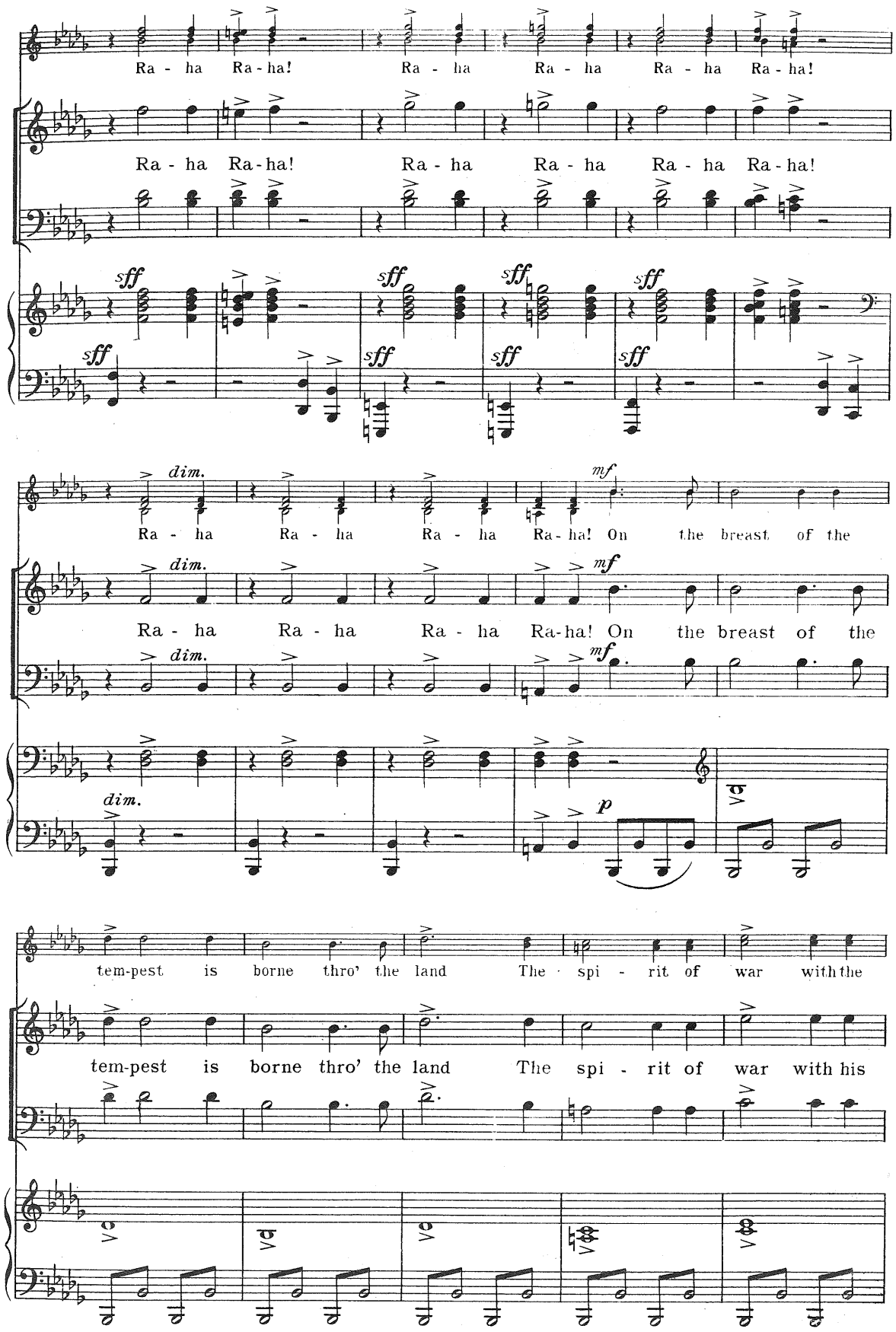

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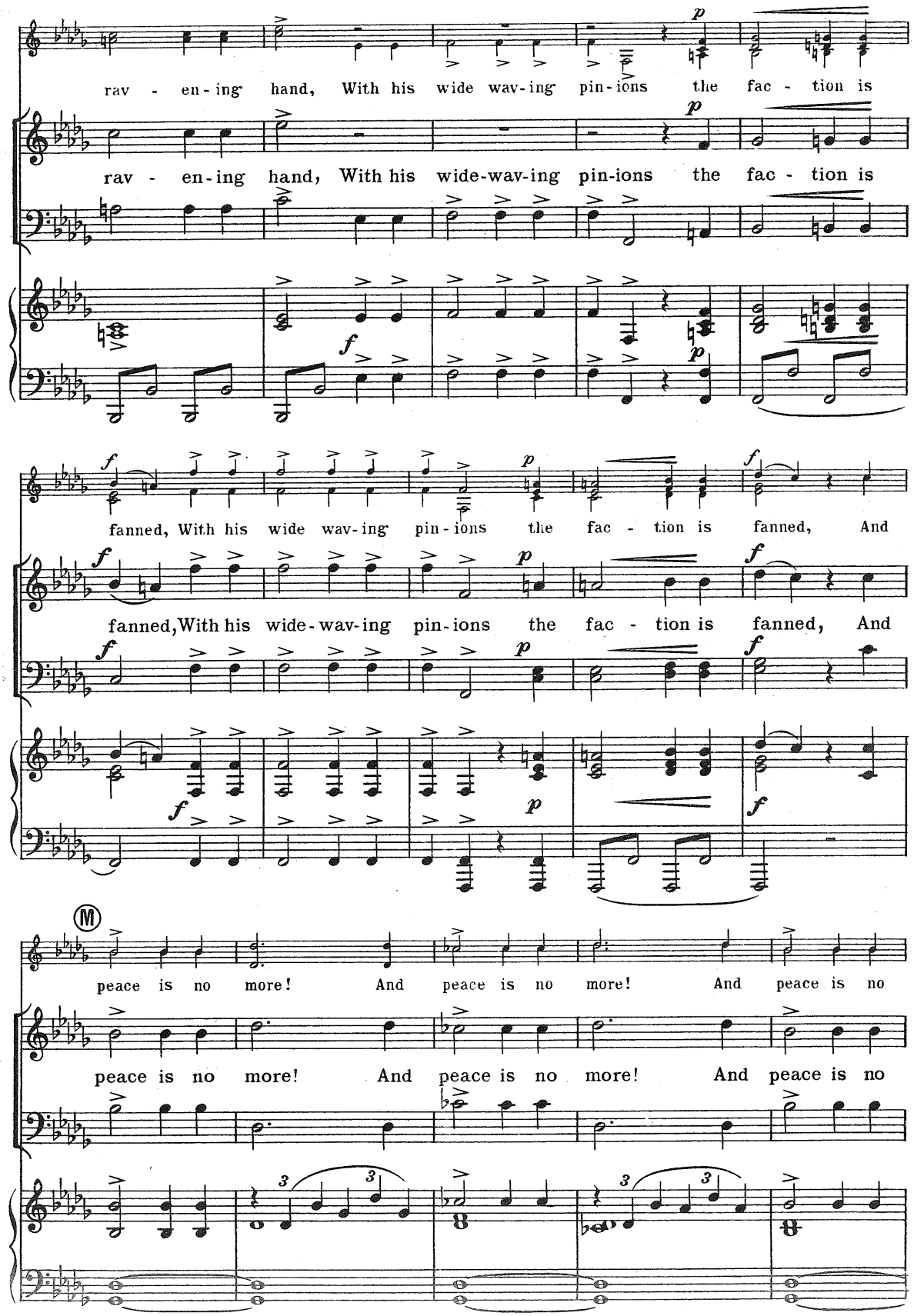
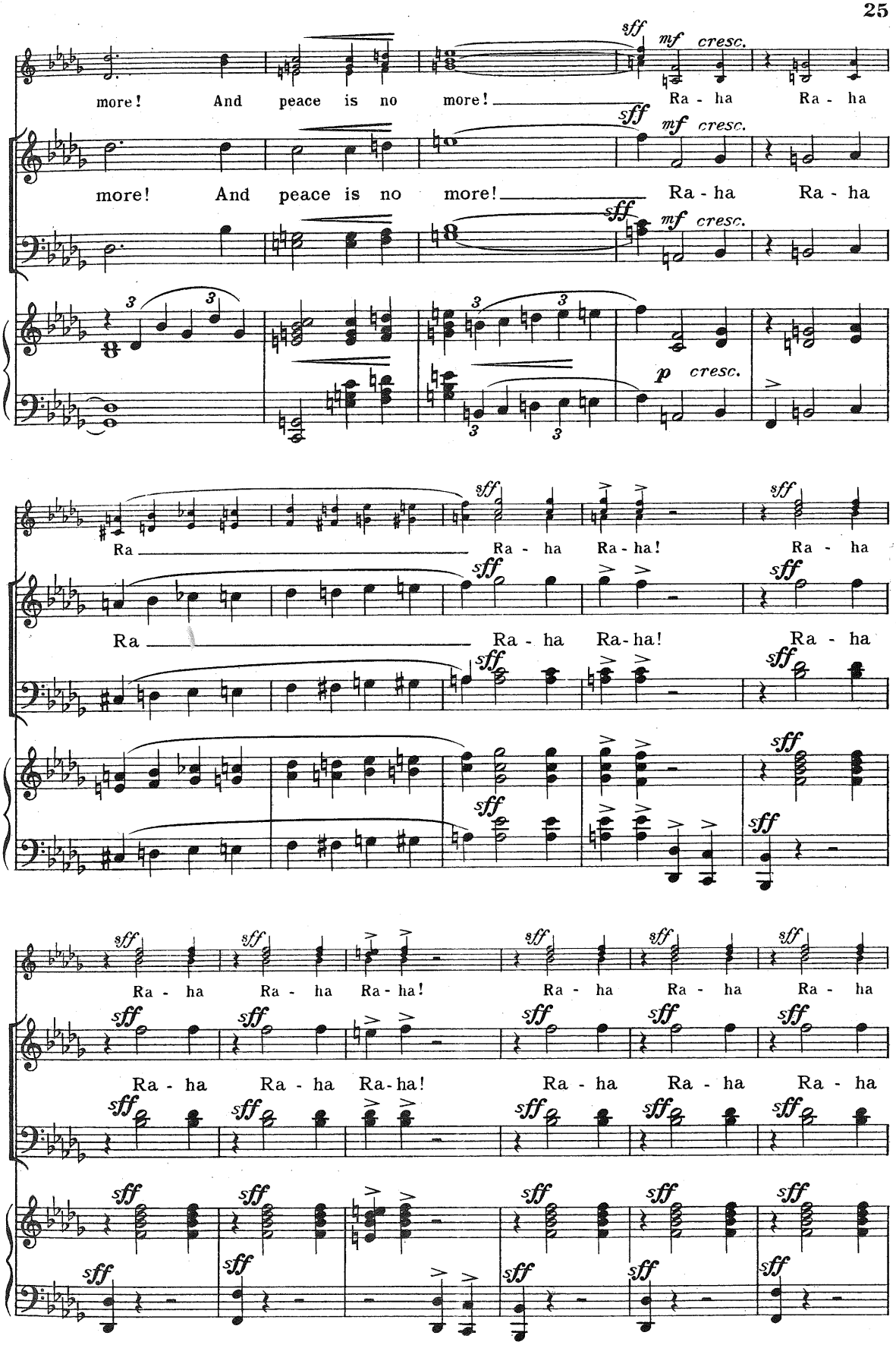
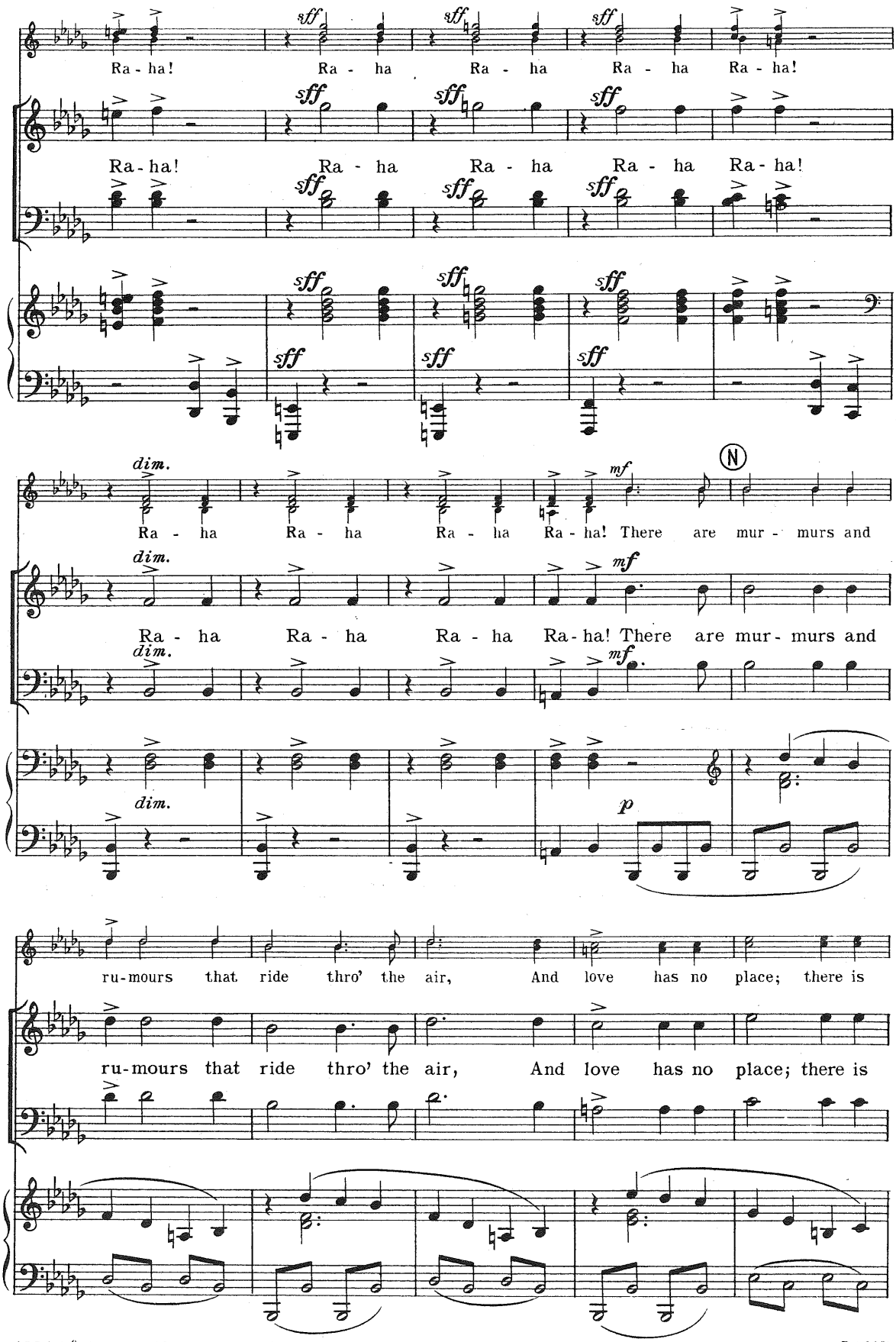
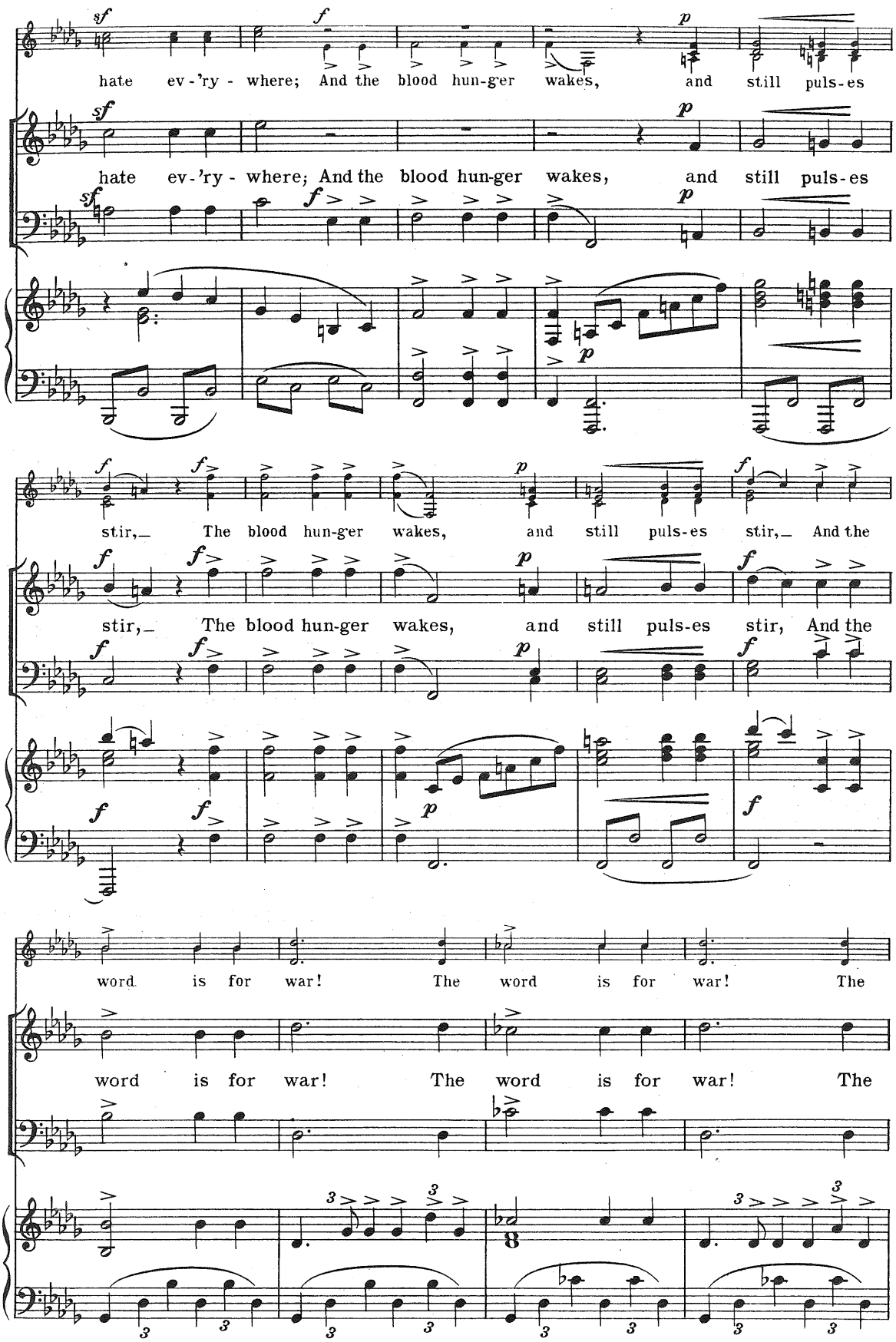
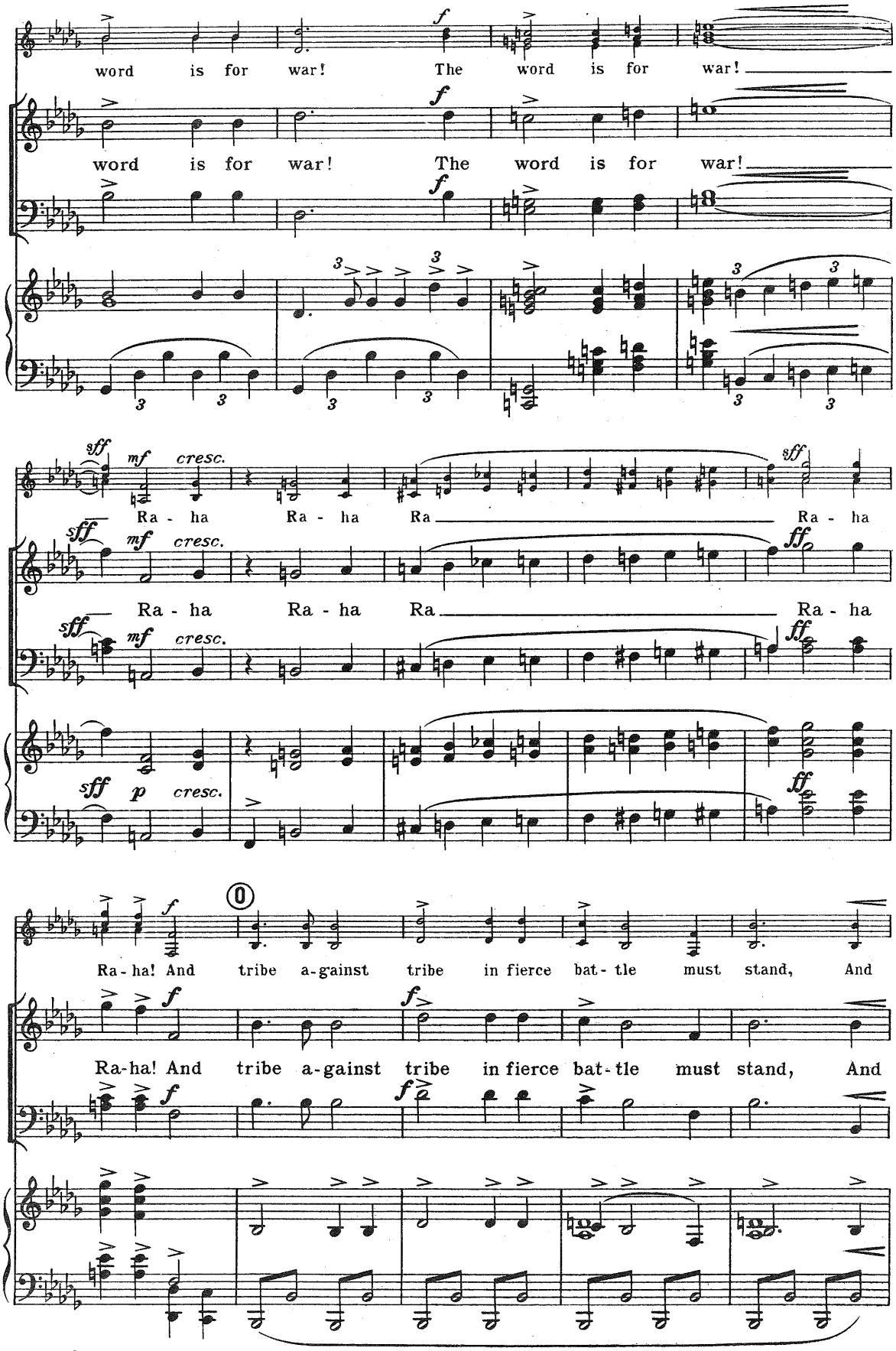
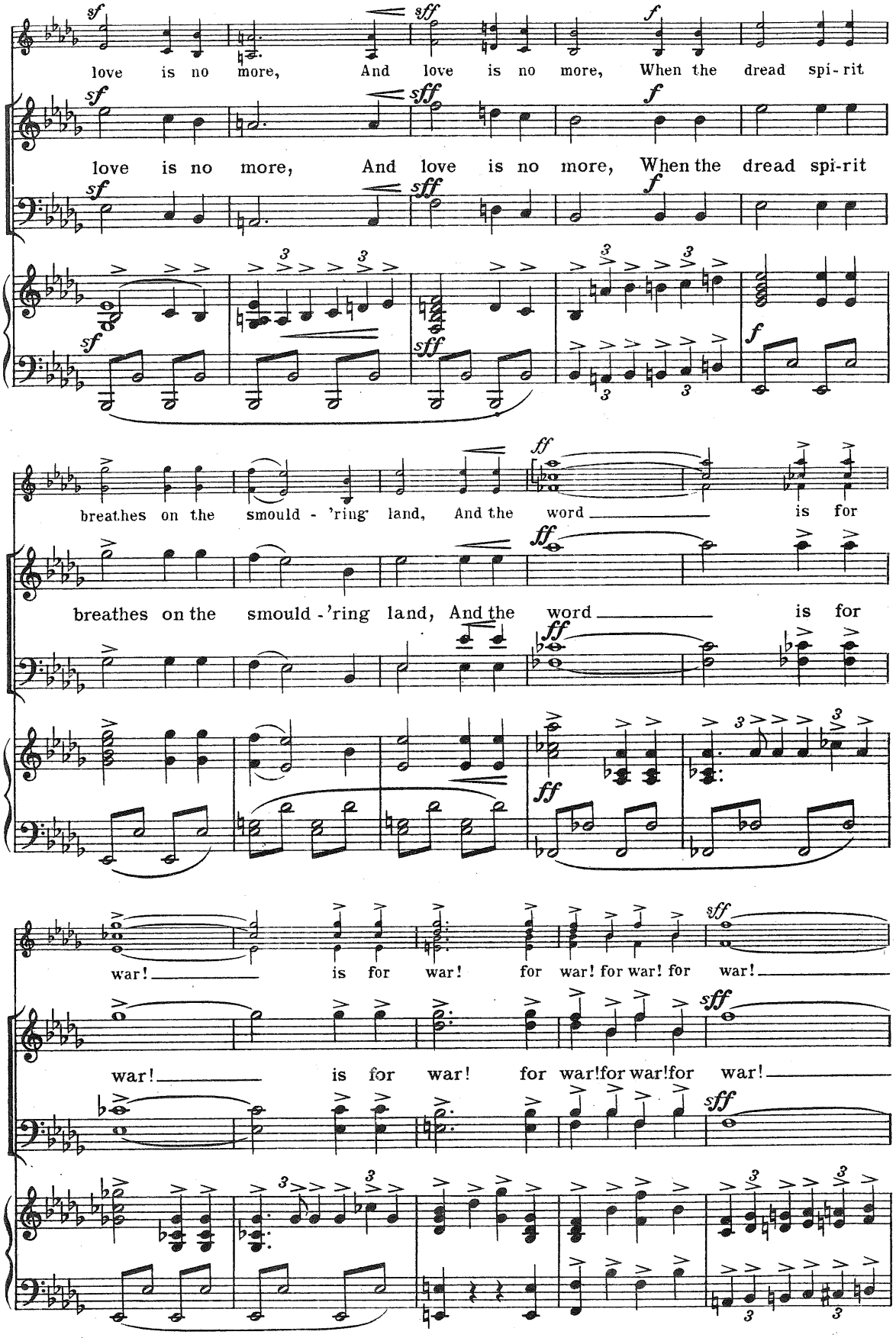

rav - en-ing hand, With his wide wav-ing pin-ions the fac - tion is
rav - en-ing hand, With his wide-wav-ing pin-ions the fac - tion is
fanned, With his wide wav-ing pin-ions the fac - tion is fanned, And
fanned,With his wide-wav-ing pin-ions the fac - tion is fanned, And
peace is no more! And peace is no more! And peace is no
peace is no more! And peace is no more! And peace is no

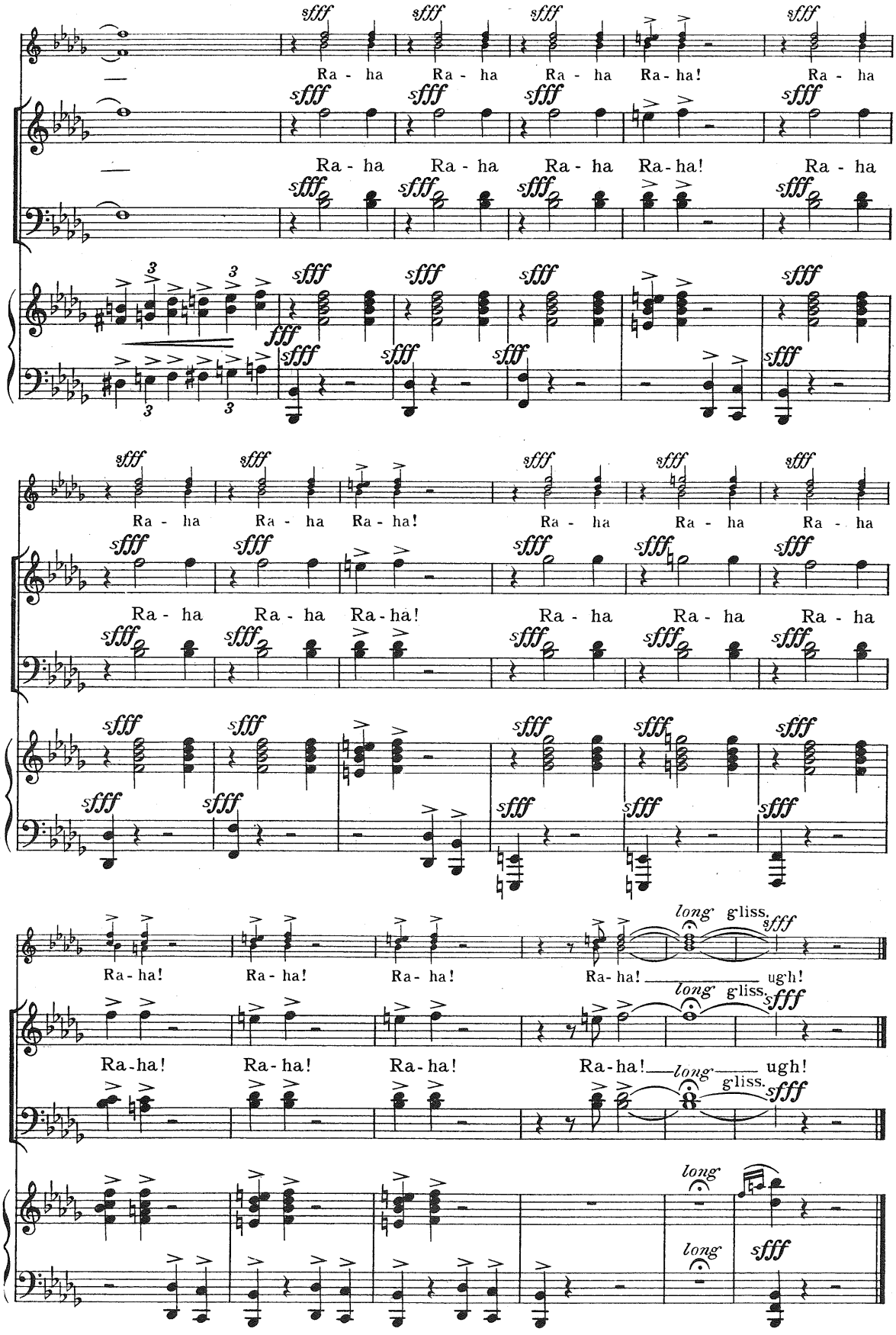

more! And peace is no more!
Ra - ha Ra - ha
sff mf cresc.
p cresc.
Ra Ra - ha Ra - ha! Ra - ha
Ra - ha Ra - ha Ra - ha!


Ra - ha! Ra - ha Ra - ha Ra - ha Ra - ha!
Ra - ha! Ra - ha Ra - ha Ra - ha Ra - ha!
Ra - ha Ra - ha Ra - ha Ra - ha! There are mur - murs and
Ra - ha Ra - ha Ra - ha Ra - ha! There are mur - murs and
ru - mours that ride thro' the air, And love has no place; there is
ru - mours that ride thro' the air, And love has no place; there is


hate ev-'ry - where; And the blood hun-ger wakes, and still puls-es
hate ev-'ry - where; And the blood hun-ger wakes, and still puls-es
stir,_ The blood hun-ger wakes, and still puls-es stir,_ And the
stir,_ The blood hun-ger wakes, and still puls-es stir, And the
word is for war! The word is for war! The
word is for war! The word is for war! The

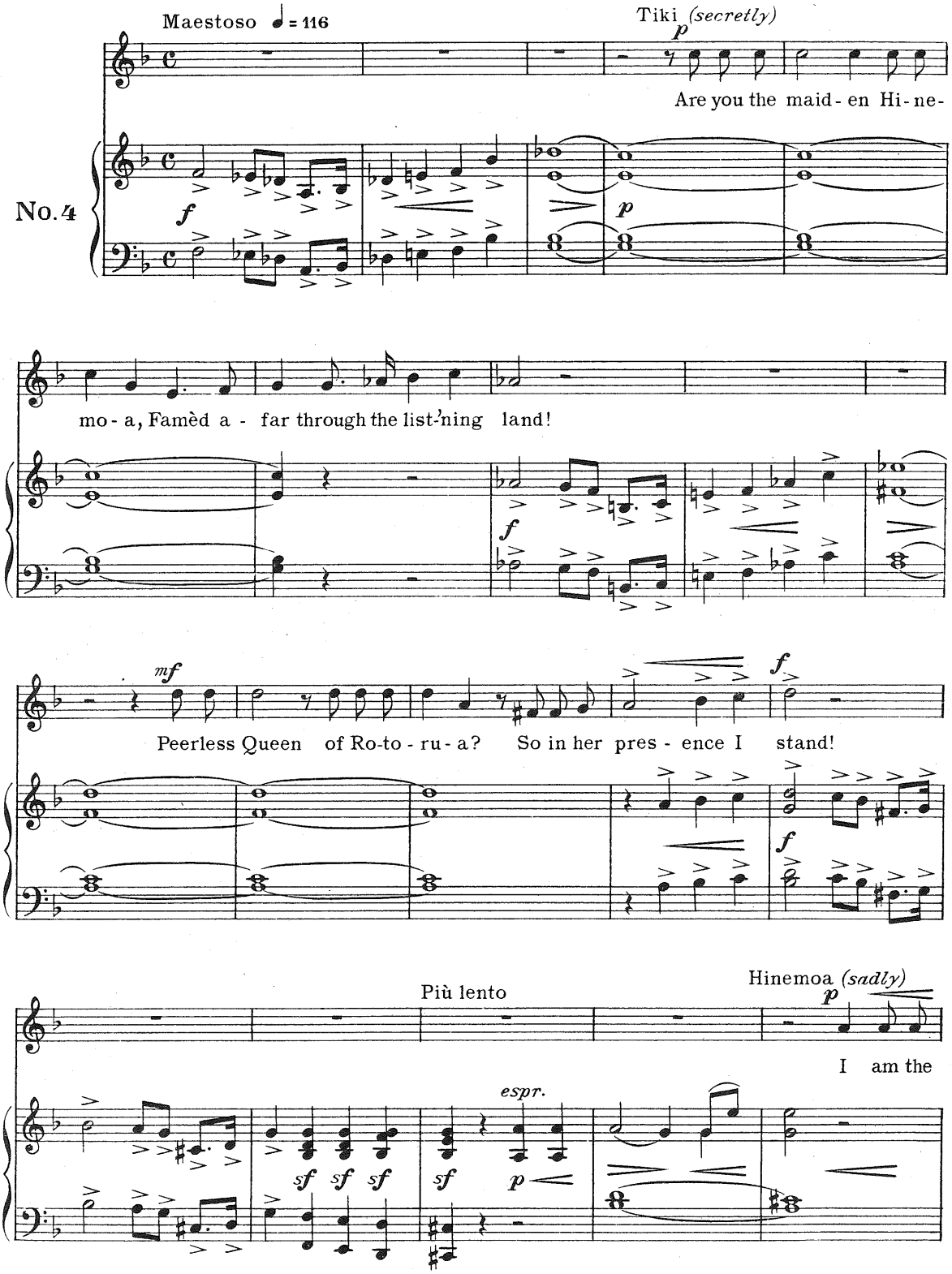

word is for war! The word is for war!
word is for war! The word is for war!
Ra - ha Ra - ha Ra Ra - ha
Ra - ha Ra - ha Ra Ra - ha
Ra-ha! And tribe a-gainst tribe in fierce bat-tle must stand, And
Ra-ha! And tribe a-gainst tribe in fierce bat-tle must stand, And


love is no more, And love is no more, When the dread spi-rit
love is no more, And love is no more, When the dread spi-rit
breathes on the smould - 'ring land, And the word is for
breathes on the smould - 'ring land, And the word is for
war! is for war! for war! for war! for war!
war! is for war! for war! for war! for war!


Ra - ha Ra - ha Ra - ha Ra - ha! Ra - ha
Ra - ha Ra - ha Ra - ha Ra - ha! Ra - ha
Ra - ha Ra - ha Ra - ha! Ra - ha Ra - ha Ra - ha
Ra - ha Ra - ha Ra - ha! Ra - ha Ra - ha Ra - ha
Ra - ha! Ra - ha! Ra - ha! Ra - ha! long g'liss. ugh!
Ra - ha! Ra - ha! Ra - ha! Ra - ha! long g'liss. ugh!
long
long

The Lake-side

DUET – Tiki and Hinemoa



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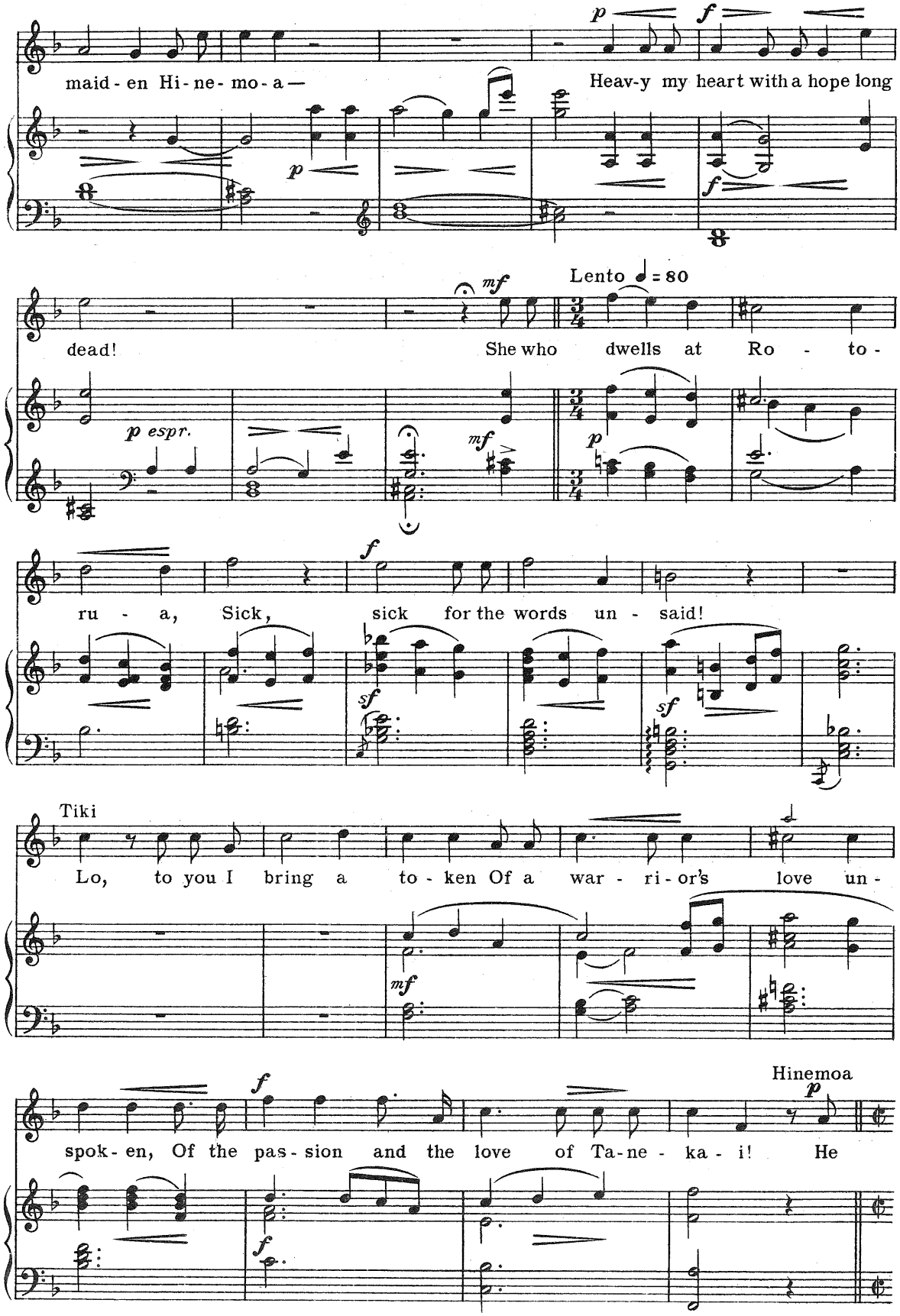
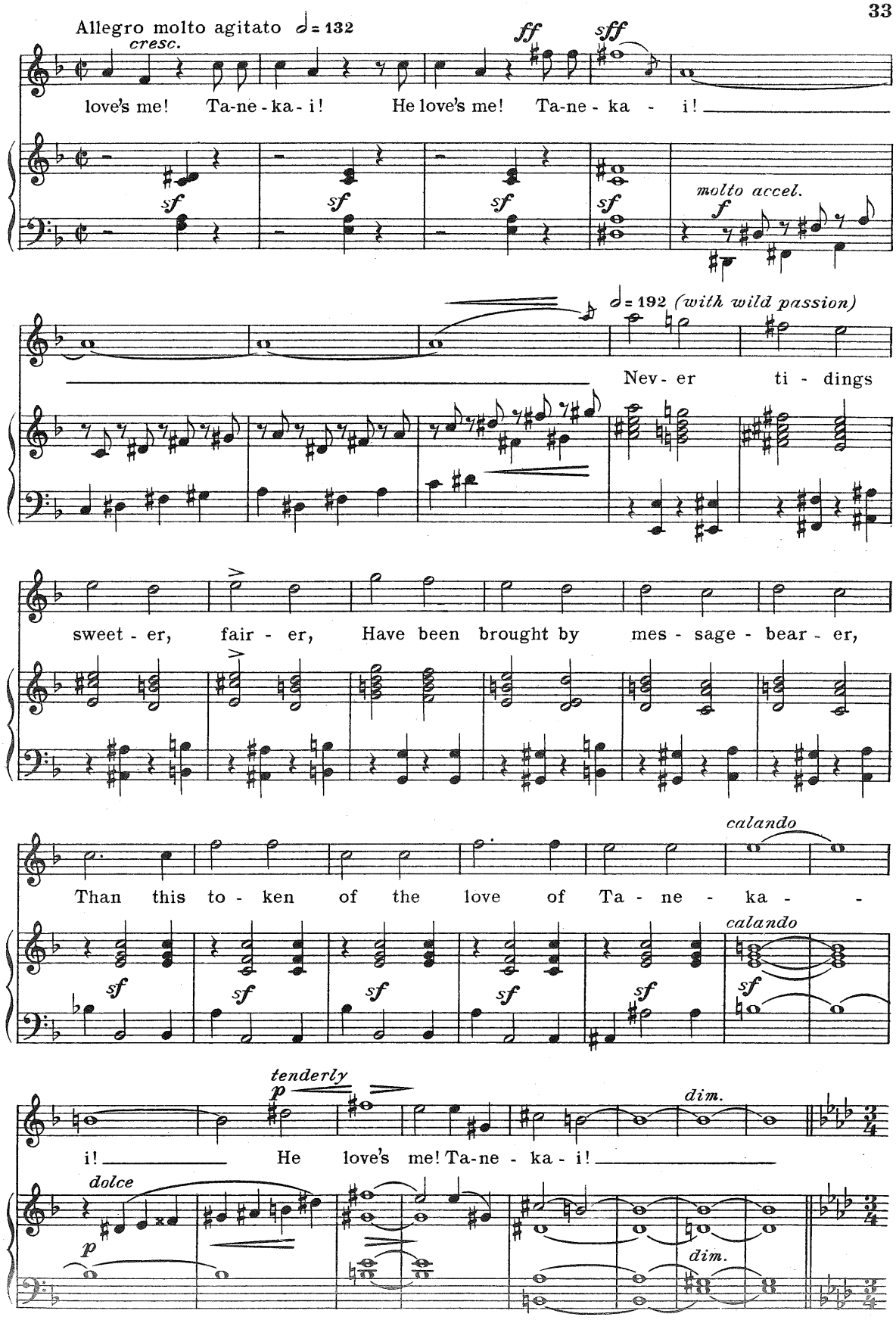
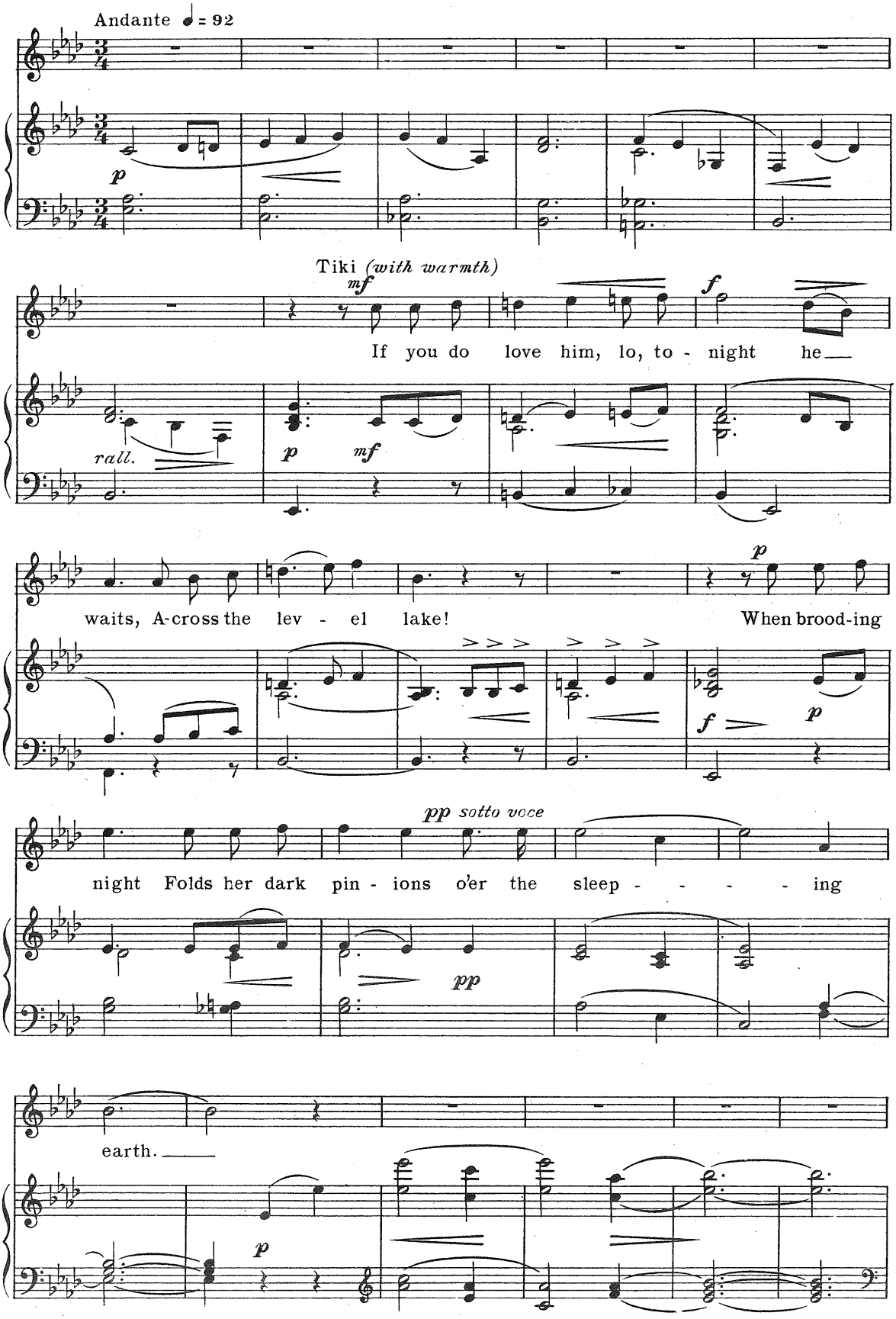
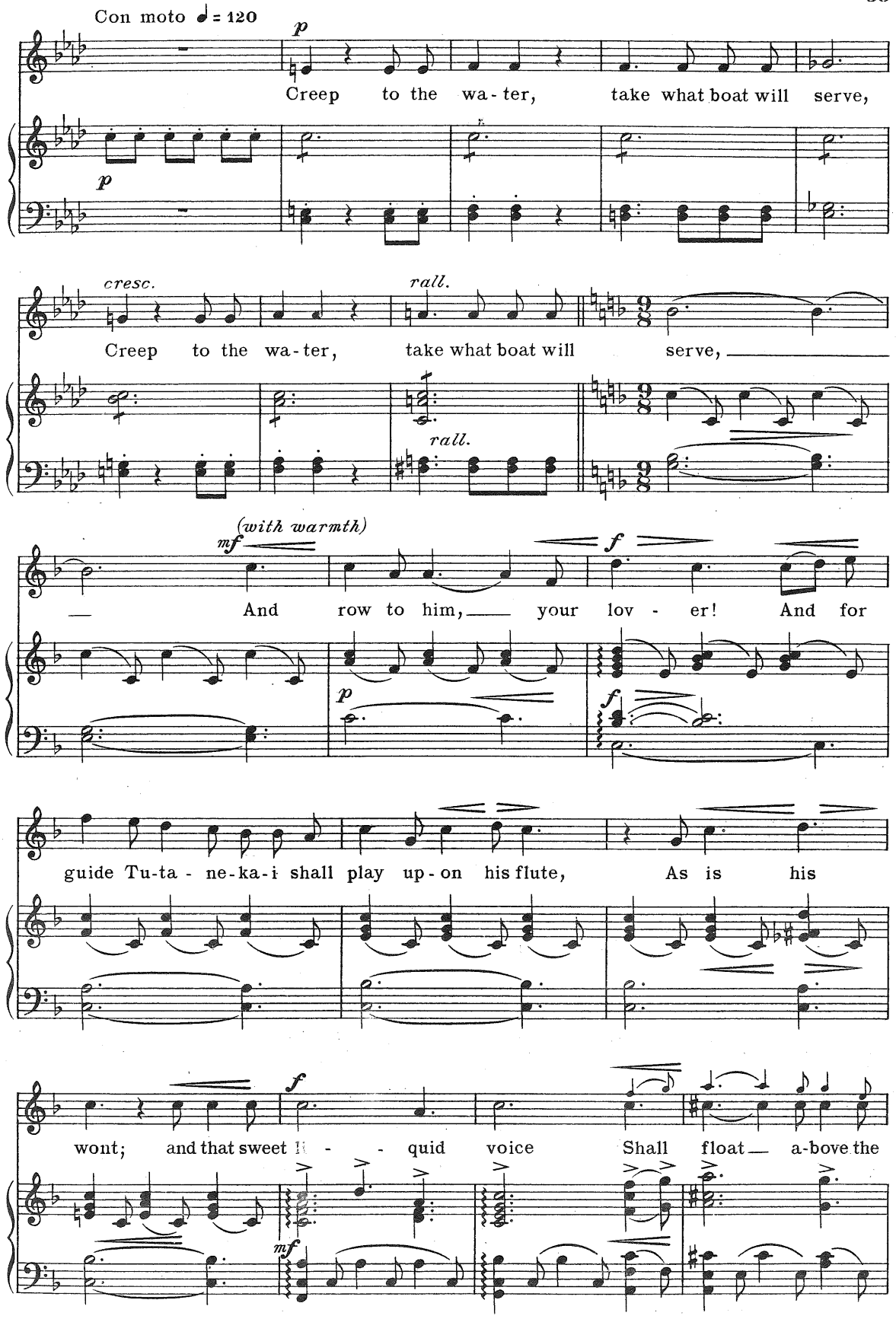
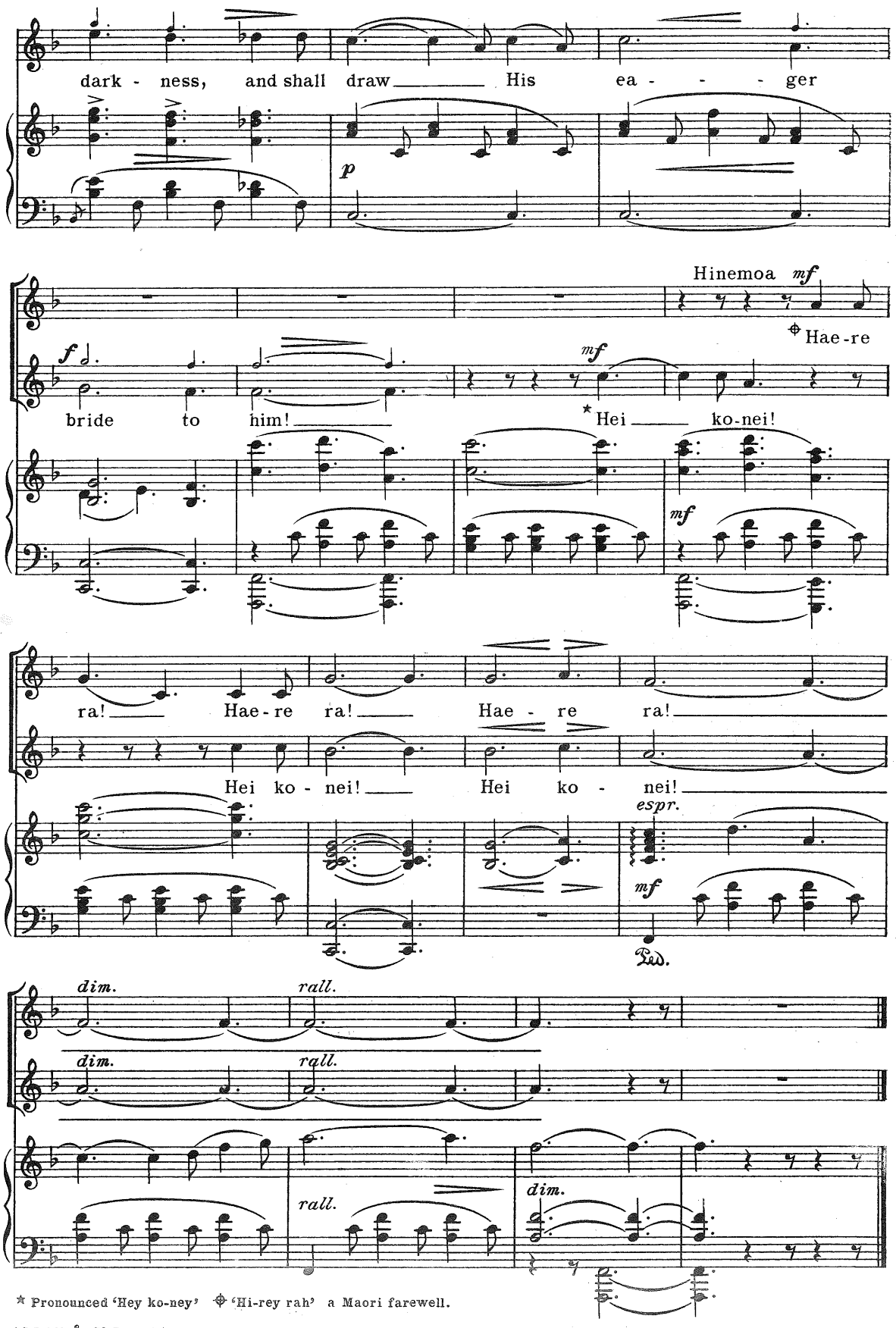

maid - en Hi - ne - mo - a —
Heav-y my heart with a hope long
dead!
She who dwells at Ro - to -
Lento ♩ = 80
ru - a, Sick, sick for the words un - said!
Tiki
Lo, to you I bring a to - ken Of a war - ri - or's love un -
Hinemoa
spok - en, Of the pas - sion and the love of Ta - ne - ka - i! He


Allegro molto agitato ♩= 132
cresc.
ff
sff
love's me! Ta-ne-ka-i! He love's me! Ta-ne-ka - i!
sf
molto accel.
f
♩= 192 (with wild passion)
Nev- er ti - dings
sweet - er, fair - er, Have been brought by mes - sage - bear - er,
calando
Than this to - ken of the love of Ta - ne - ka -
tenderly
p
dim.
i! He love's me! Ta-ne - ka - i!
dolce
p
dim.


Andante ♩= 92
p
Tiki (with warmth)
mf
If you do love him, lo, to - night he
f
rall.
p
mf
waits, A-cross the lev - el lake!
When brood-ing
p
f
p
pp sotto voce
night Folds her dark pin - ions o'er the sleep - - - - ing
pp
earth.
p


Con moto ♩ = 120
p
Creep to the wa - ter, take what boat will serve,
cresc.
rall.
Creep to the wa - ter, take what boat will serve,
rall.
(with warmth)
mf
And row to him, your lov - er! And for
f
guide Tu-ta - ne-ka-i shall play up - on his flute, As is his
wont; and that sweet - quid voice Shall float a-bove the



* Pronounced 'Hey ko-ney' ⌖ 'Hi-rey rah' a Maori farewell.

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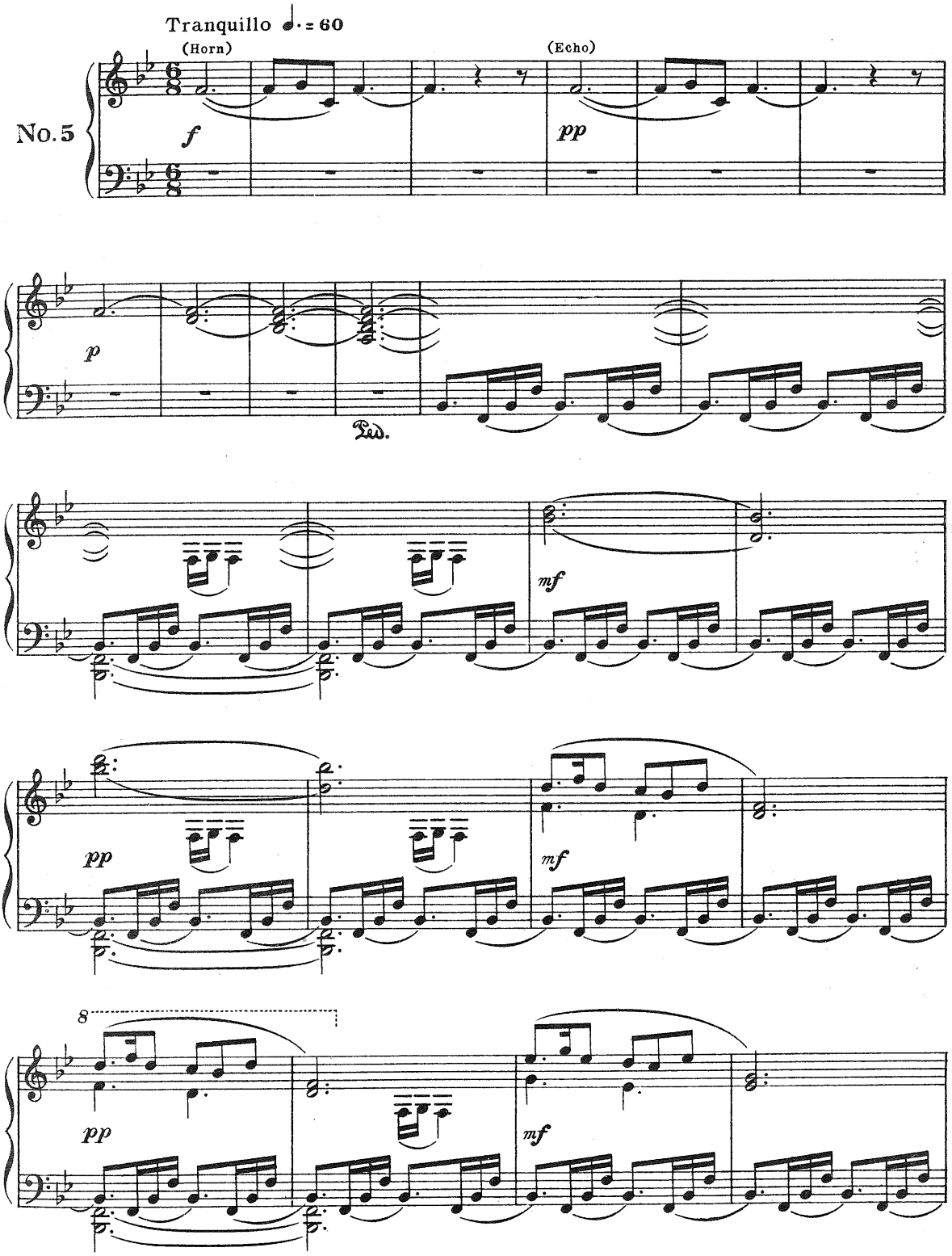
Scene IV– The Lake, Evening

Tiki's Horn and Tutanekai's Flute are heard across the water.



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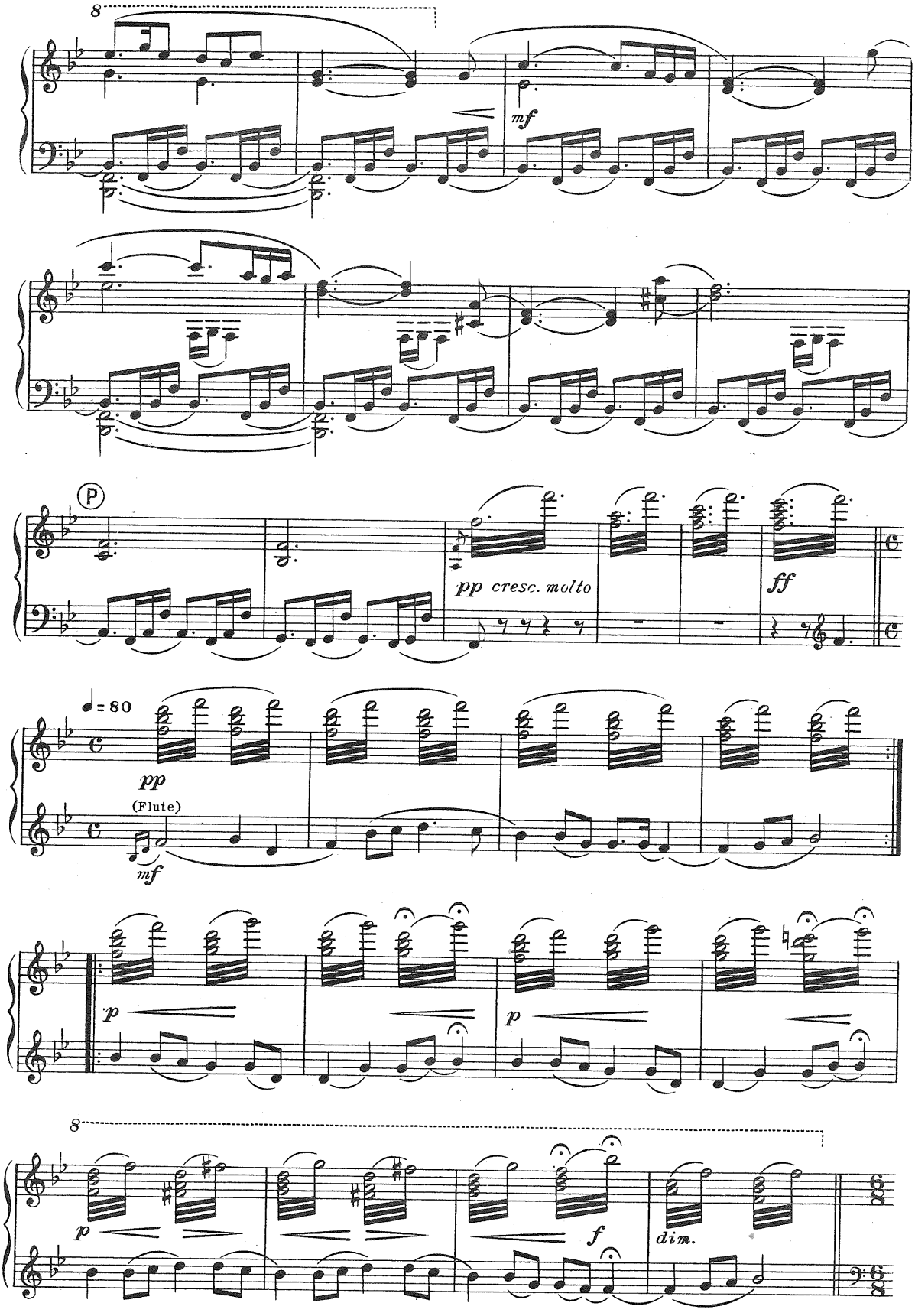
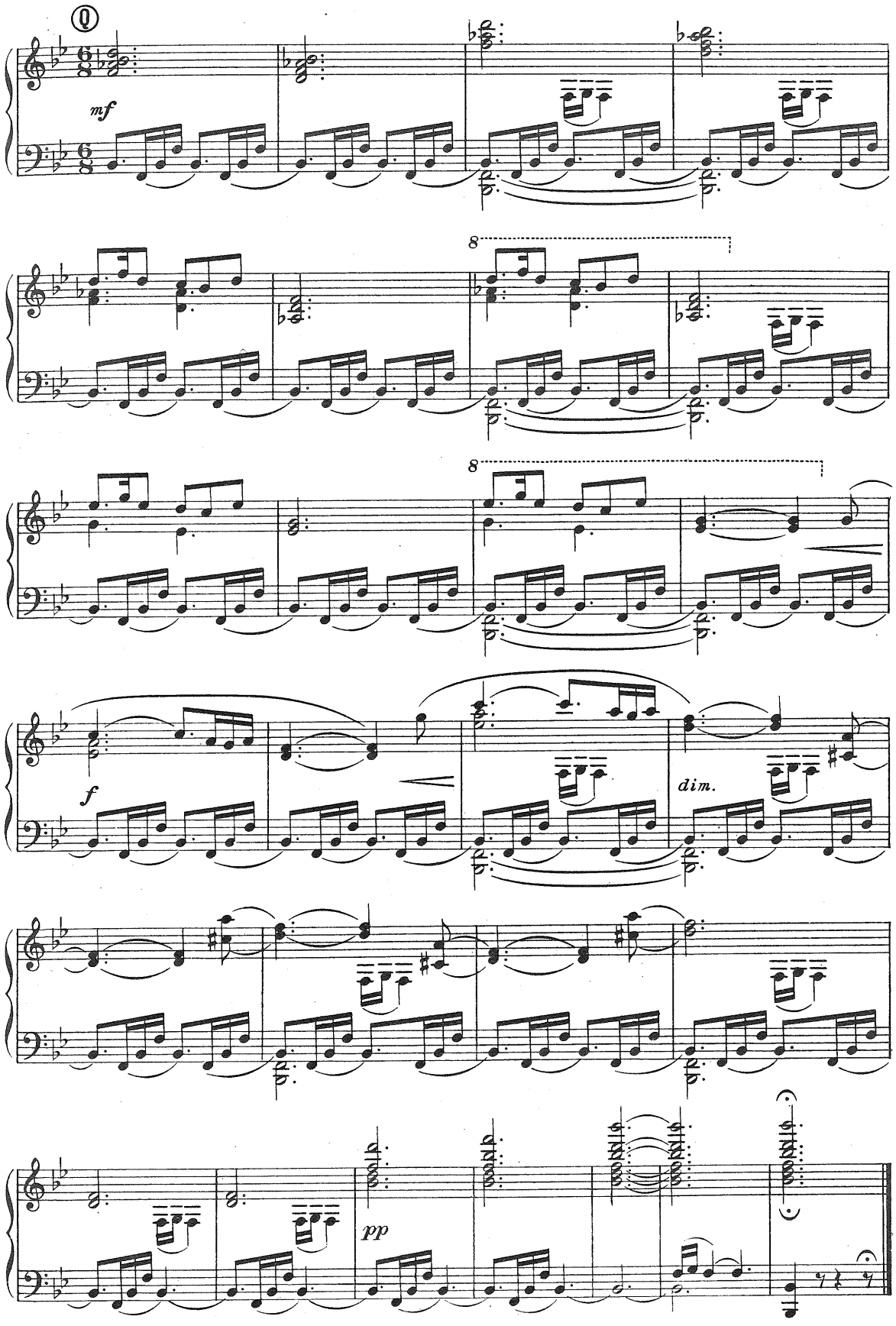
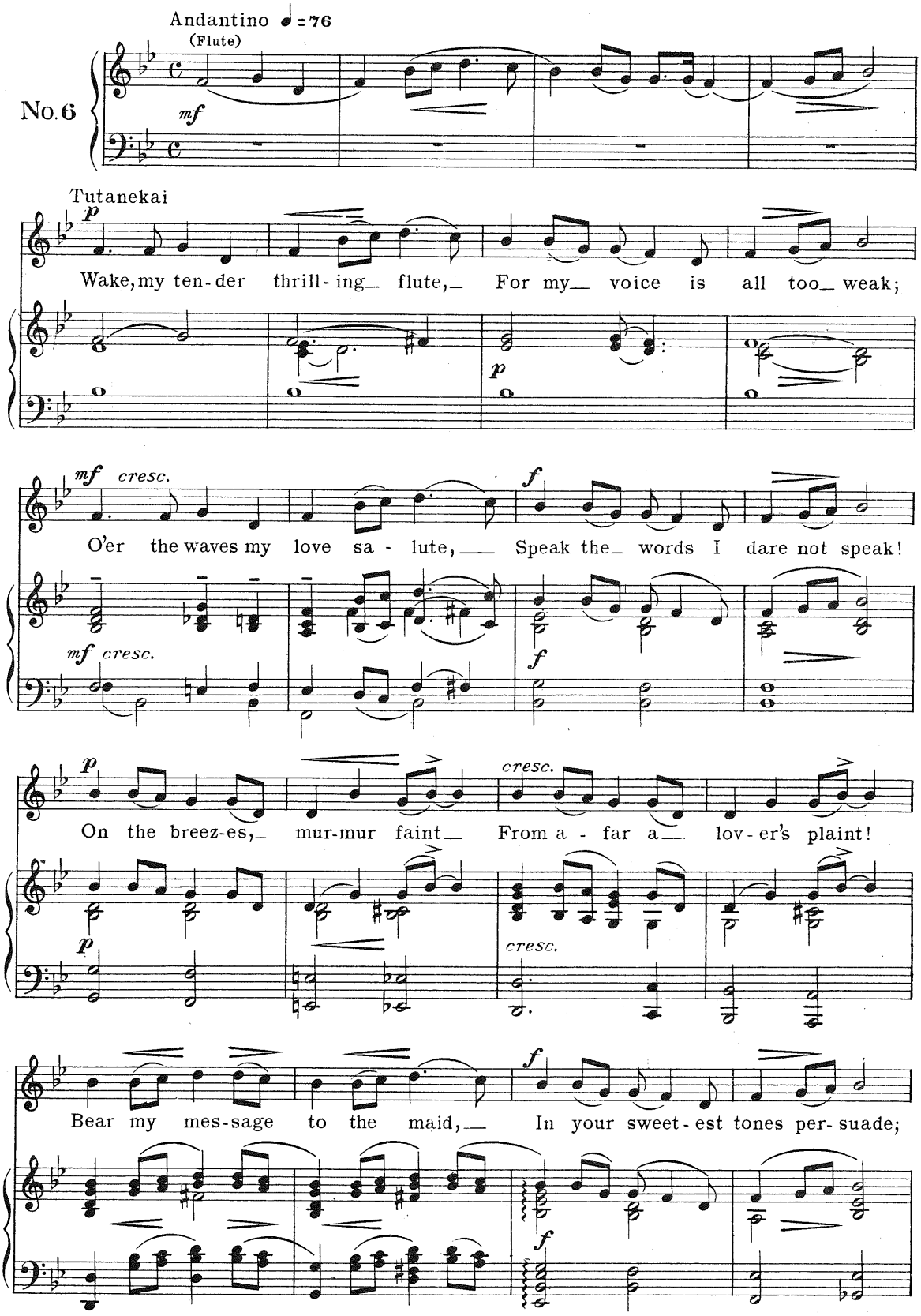

8
mf
P
pp cresc. molto
ff
♩= 80
pp
(Flute)
mf
p
p
8
p
f
dim.


Q
mf
8
8
f
dim.
pp

Scene V– On Mokoia Island, Evening

BALLAD– Tutanekai (Playing on his Flute)



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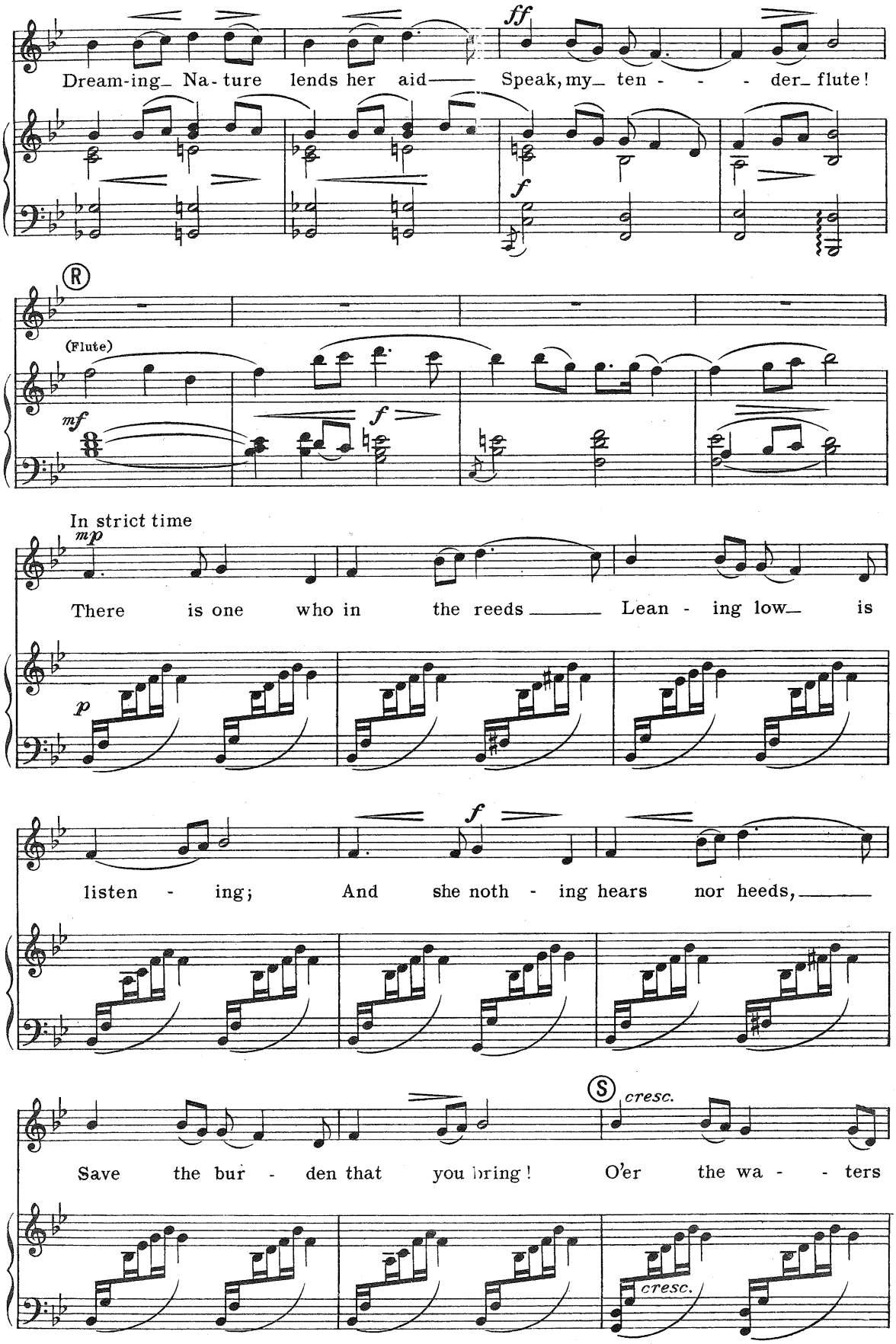
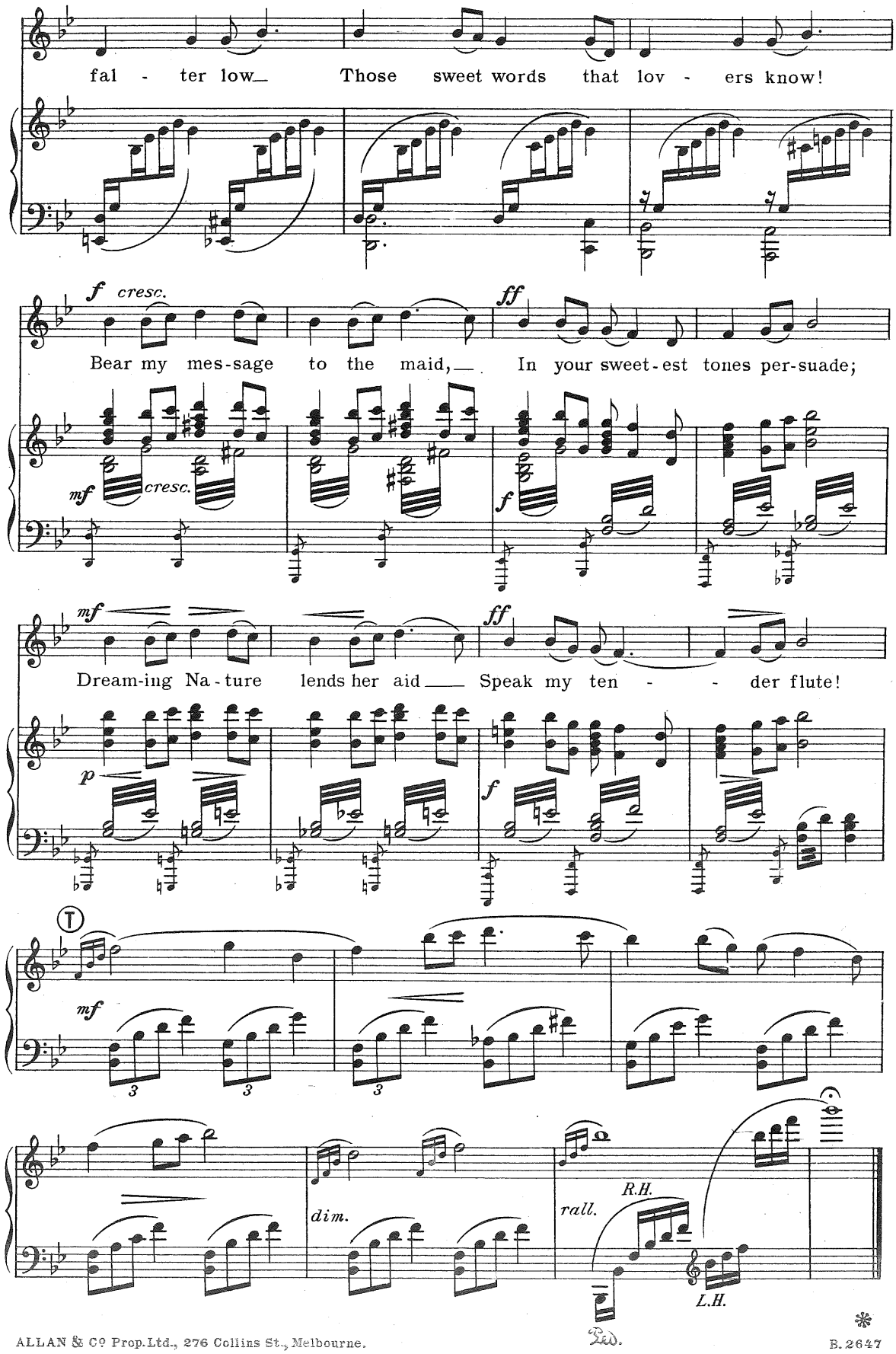
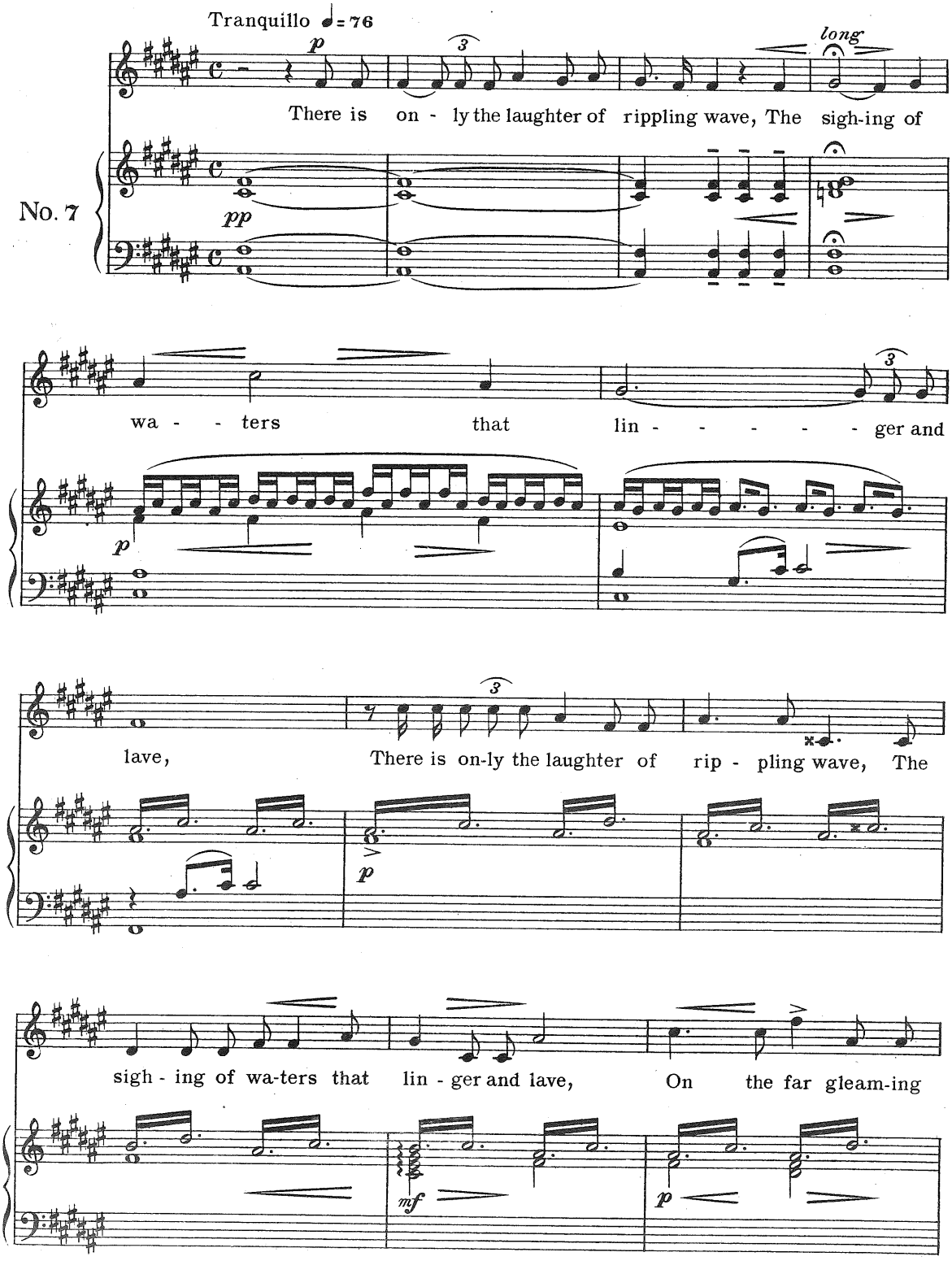

Dream-ing_ Na-ture lends her aid—— Speak, my_ ten - - - der_ flute!
ff
f
(R)
(Flute)
mf
f
In strict time
mp
There is one who in the reeds—— Lean - ing low_ is
p
f
listen - ing; And she noth - ing hears nor heeds,——
(S)
cresc.
Save the bur - den that you bring! O'er the wa - - ters
cresc.


fal - ter low_ Those sweet words that lov - ers know!
f cresc.
ff
Bear my mes-sage to the maid,_ In your sweet-est tones per-suade;
mf cresc.
f
mf
ff
Dream-ing Na-ture lends her aid_ Speak my ten - - der flute!
p
f
T
mf
3
3
3
dim.
rall.
R.H.
L.H.
Ped.

Scene VI– The Lake-side, Evening

BALLAD– Hinemoa



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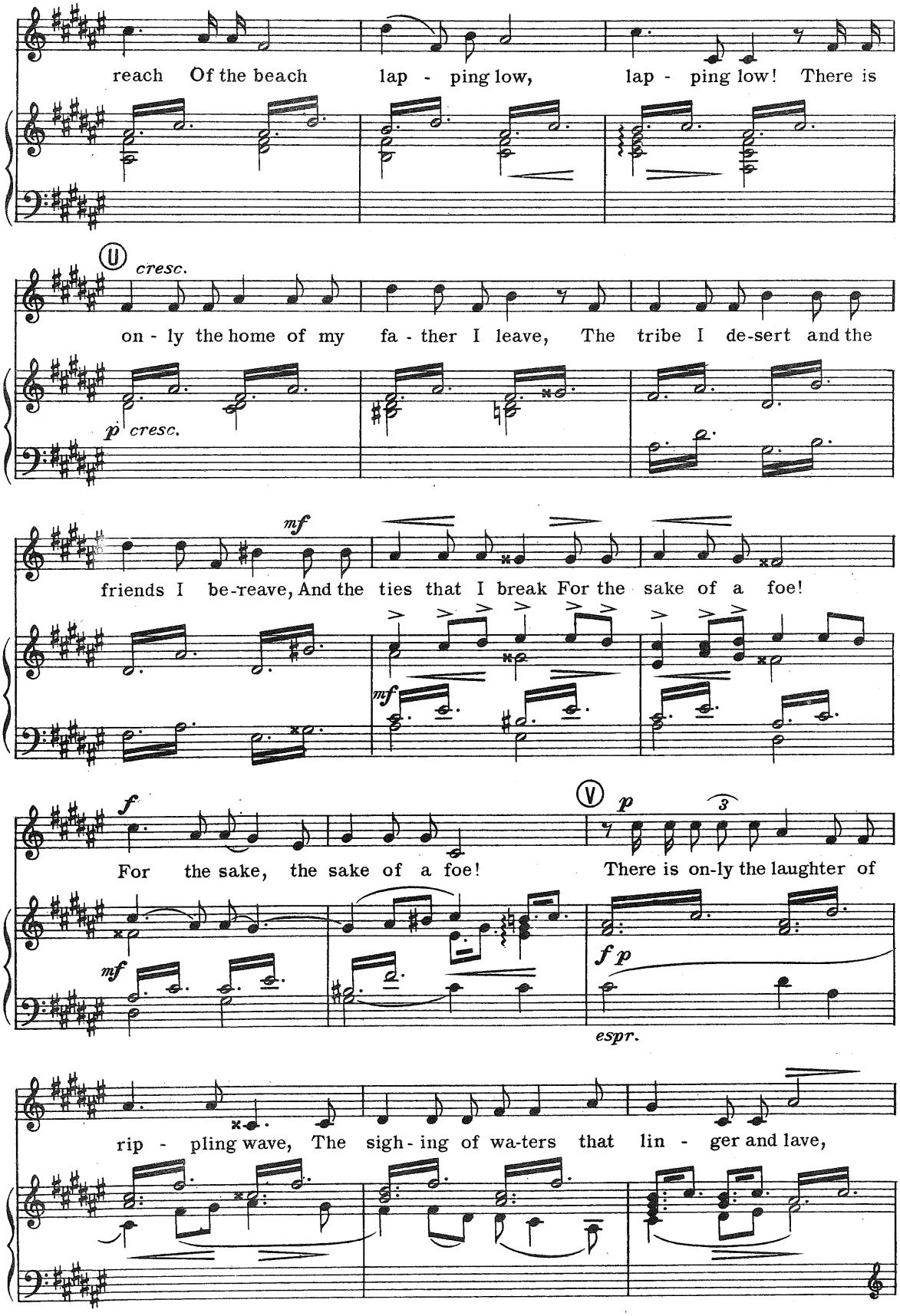
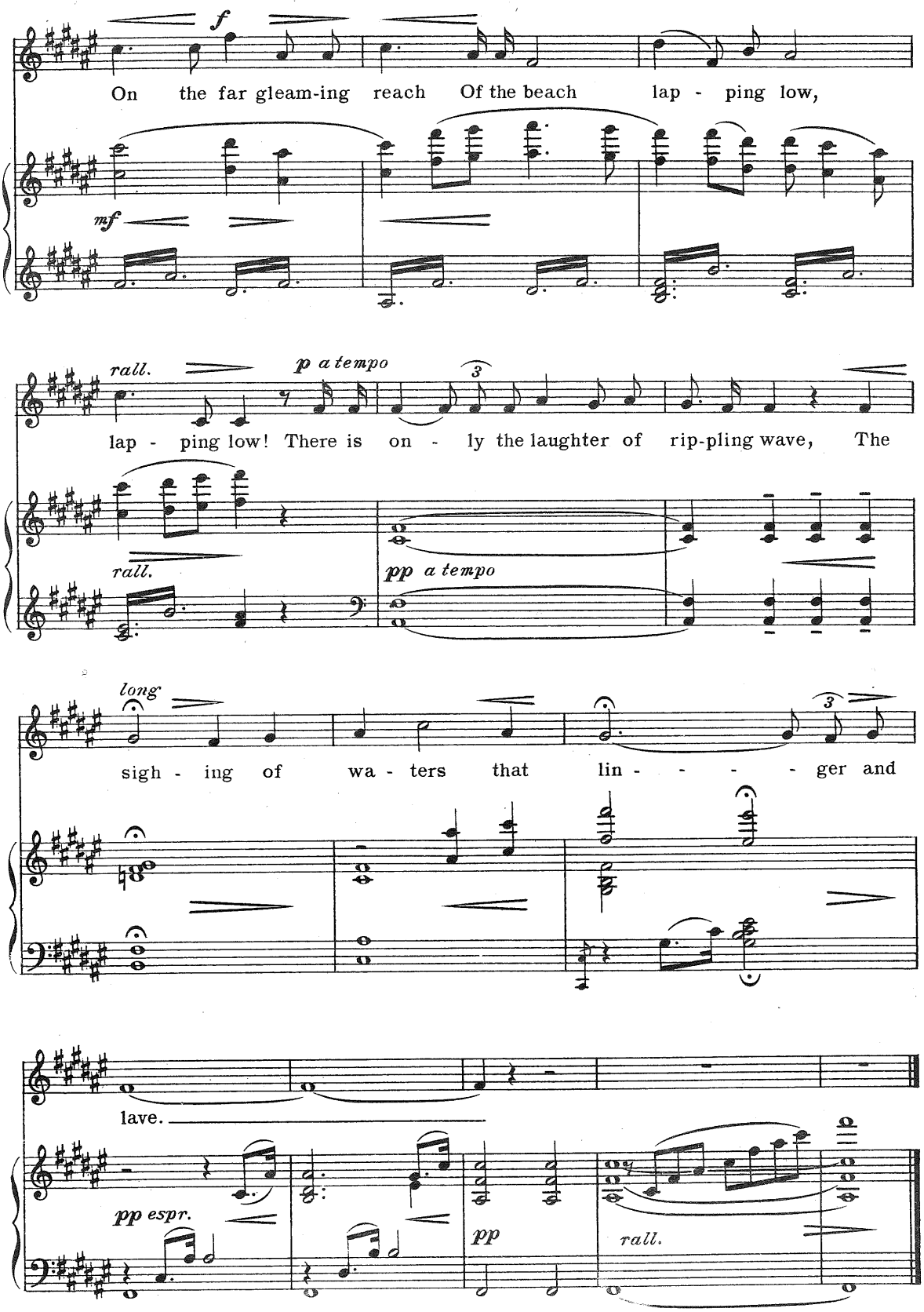
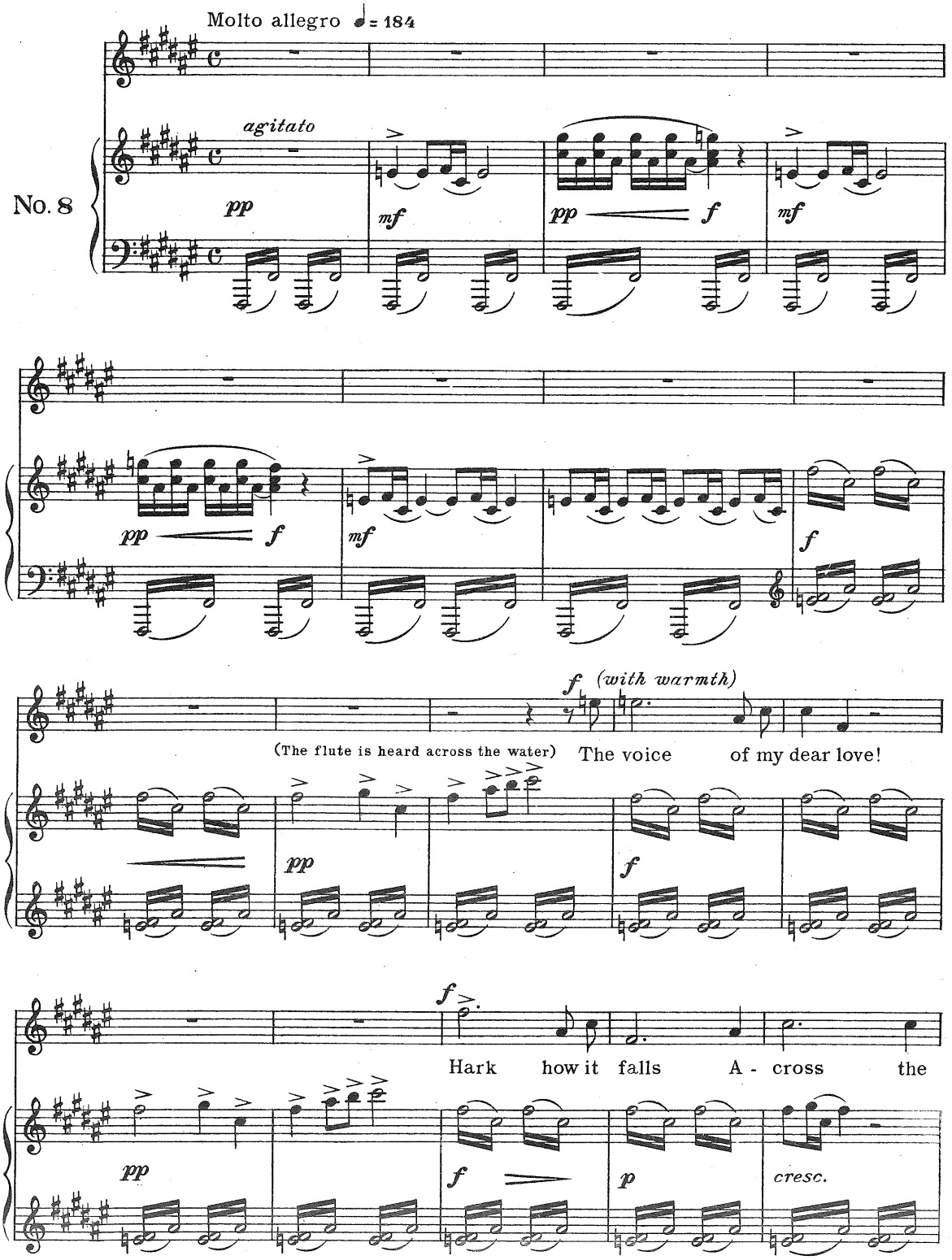

reach Of the beach lap - ping low, lap - ping low! There is
U
cresc.
on - ly the home of my fa - ther I leave, The tribe I de-sert and the
p cresc.
mf
friends I be-reave, And the ties that I break For the sake of a foe!
mf
f
For the sake, the sake of a foe!
V
p
3
There is on-ly the laughter of
mf
f p
espr.
rip - pling wave, The sigh - ing of wa-ters that lin - ger and lave,


f
On the far gleam-ing reach Of the beach lap - ping low,
mf
rall.
p a tempo
3
lap - ping low! There is on - ly the laughter of rip-pling wave, The
rall.
pp a tempo
long
3
sigh - ing of wa - ters that lin - - - - ger and
lave.
pp espr.
pp
rall.

SCENA– Hinemoa



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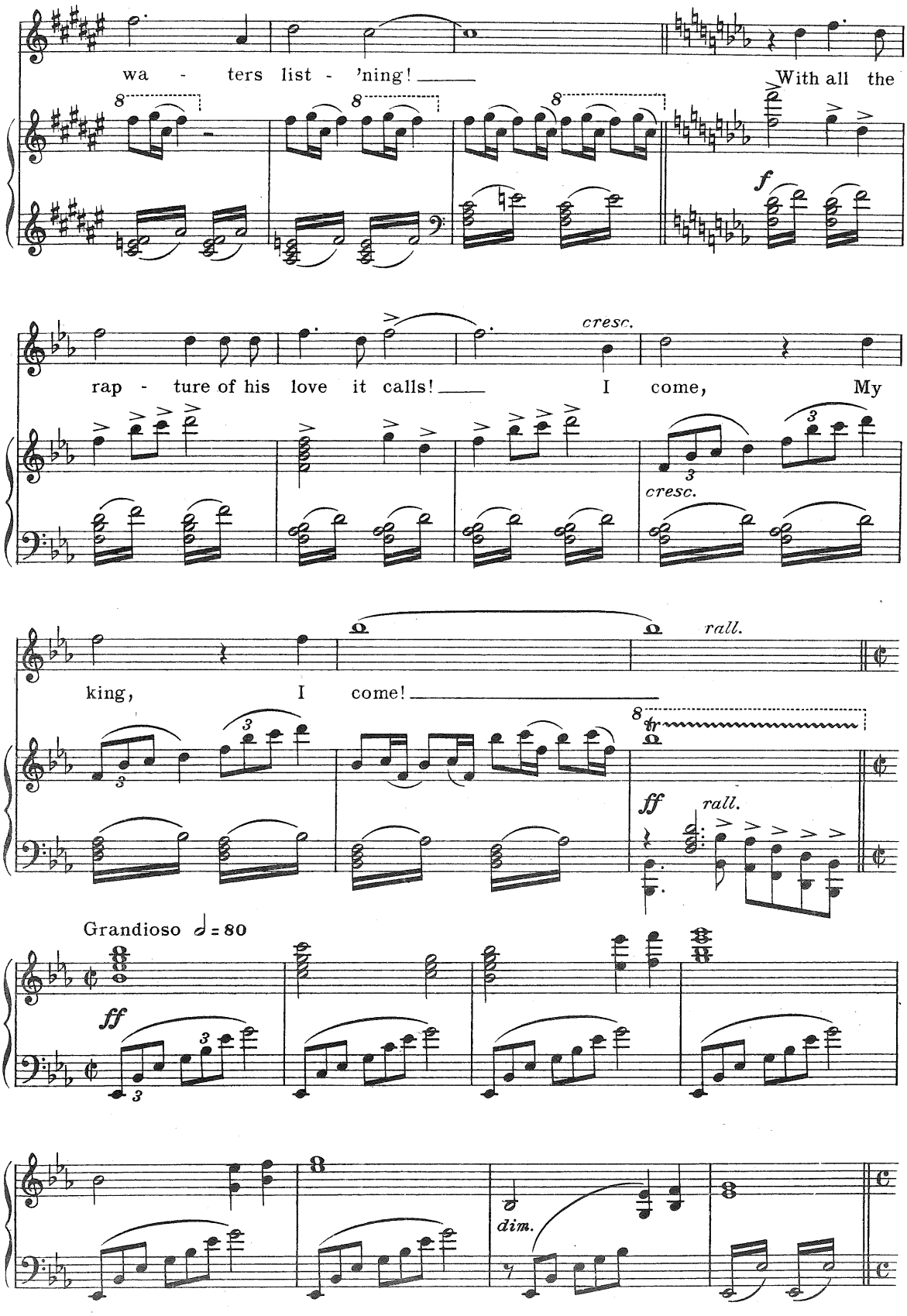
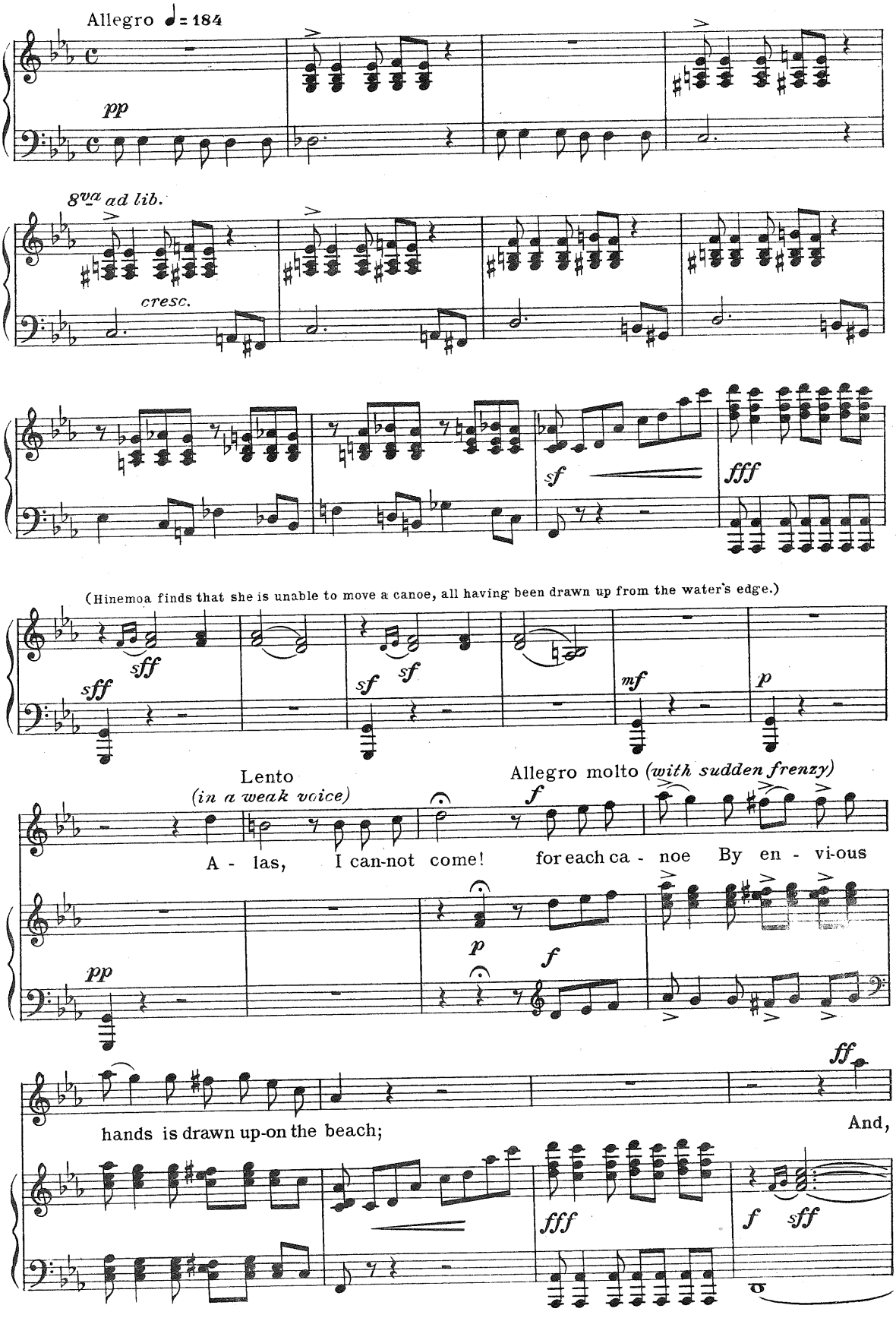
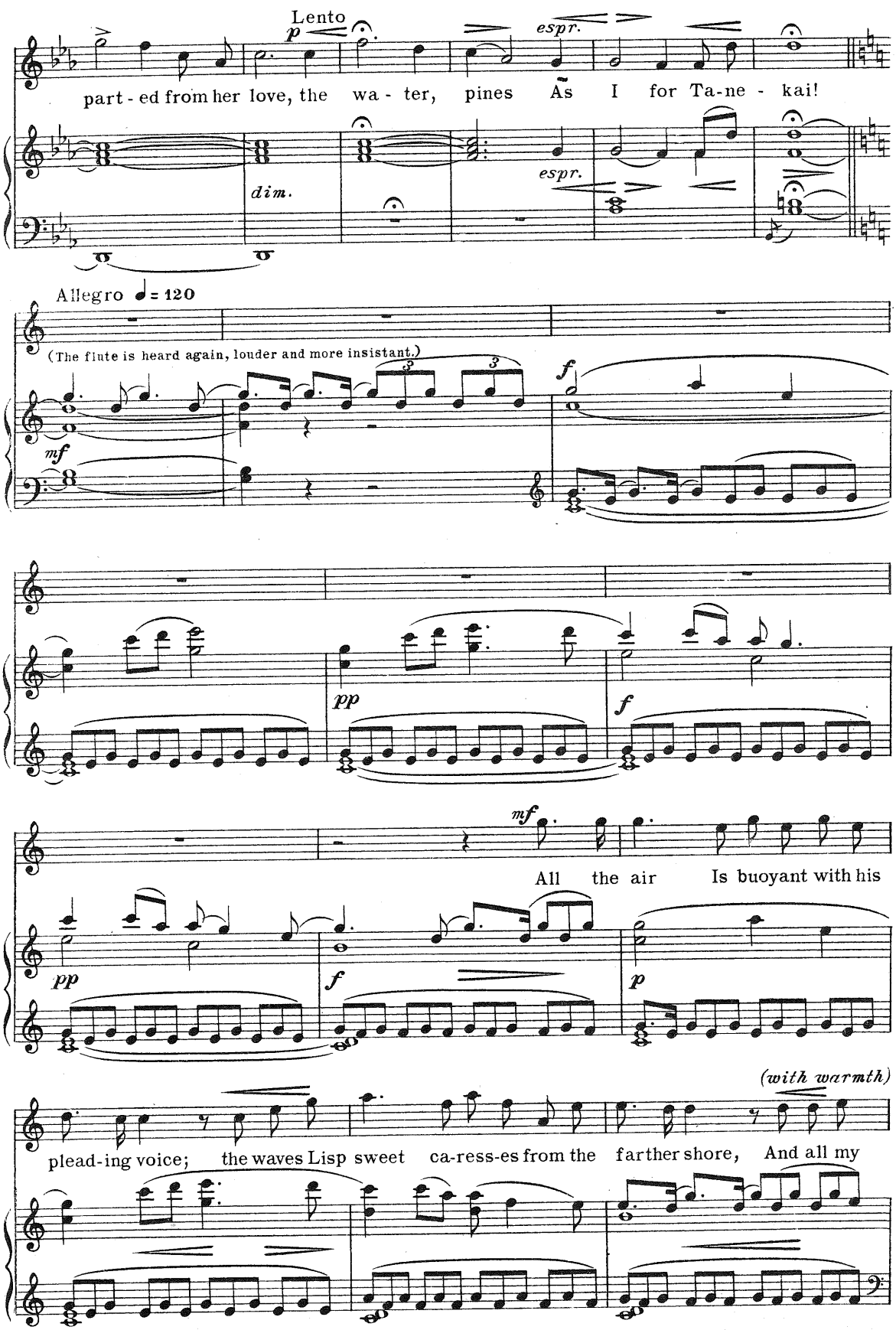
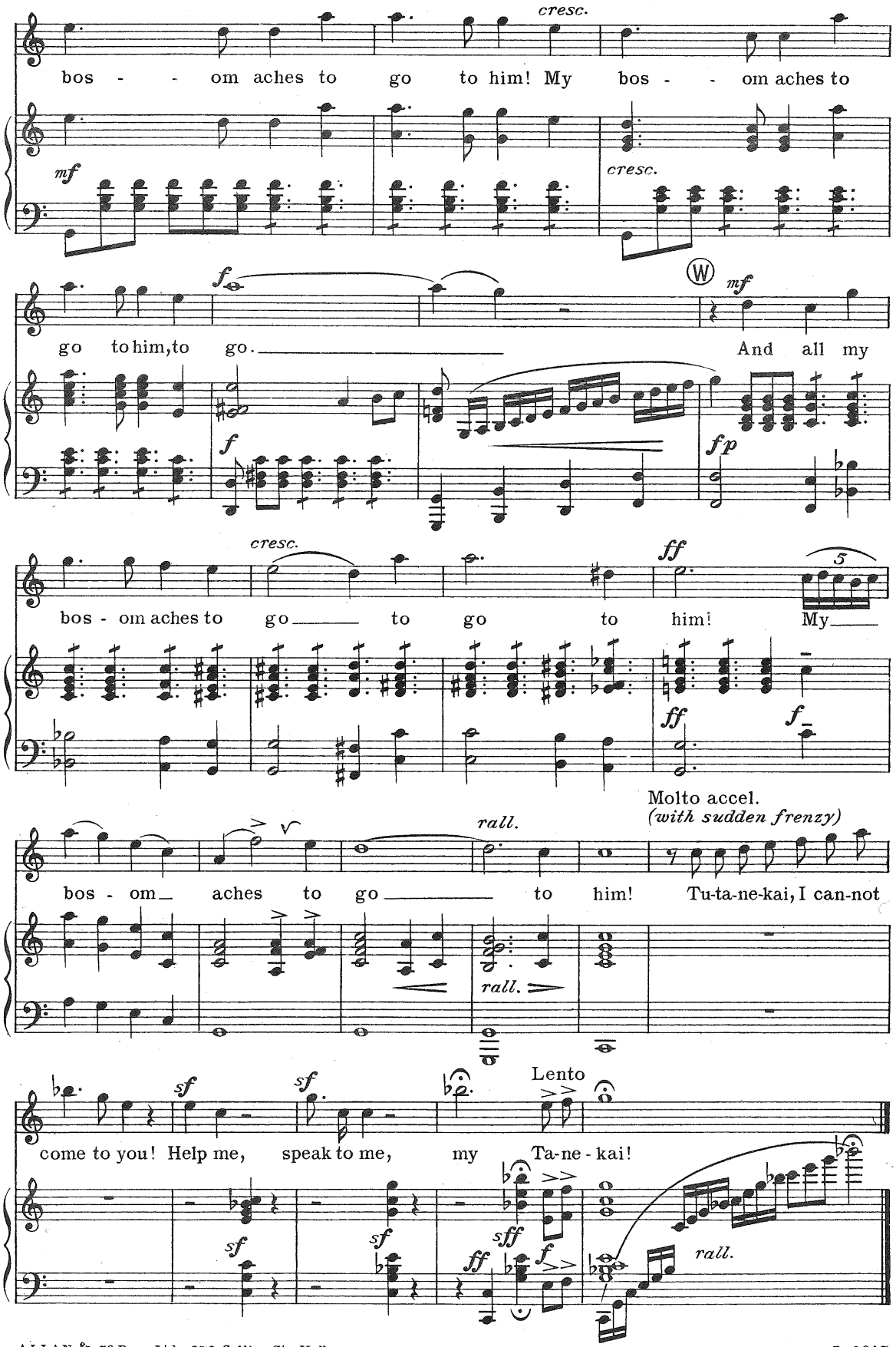
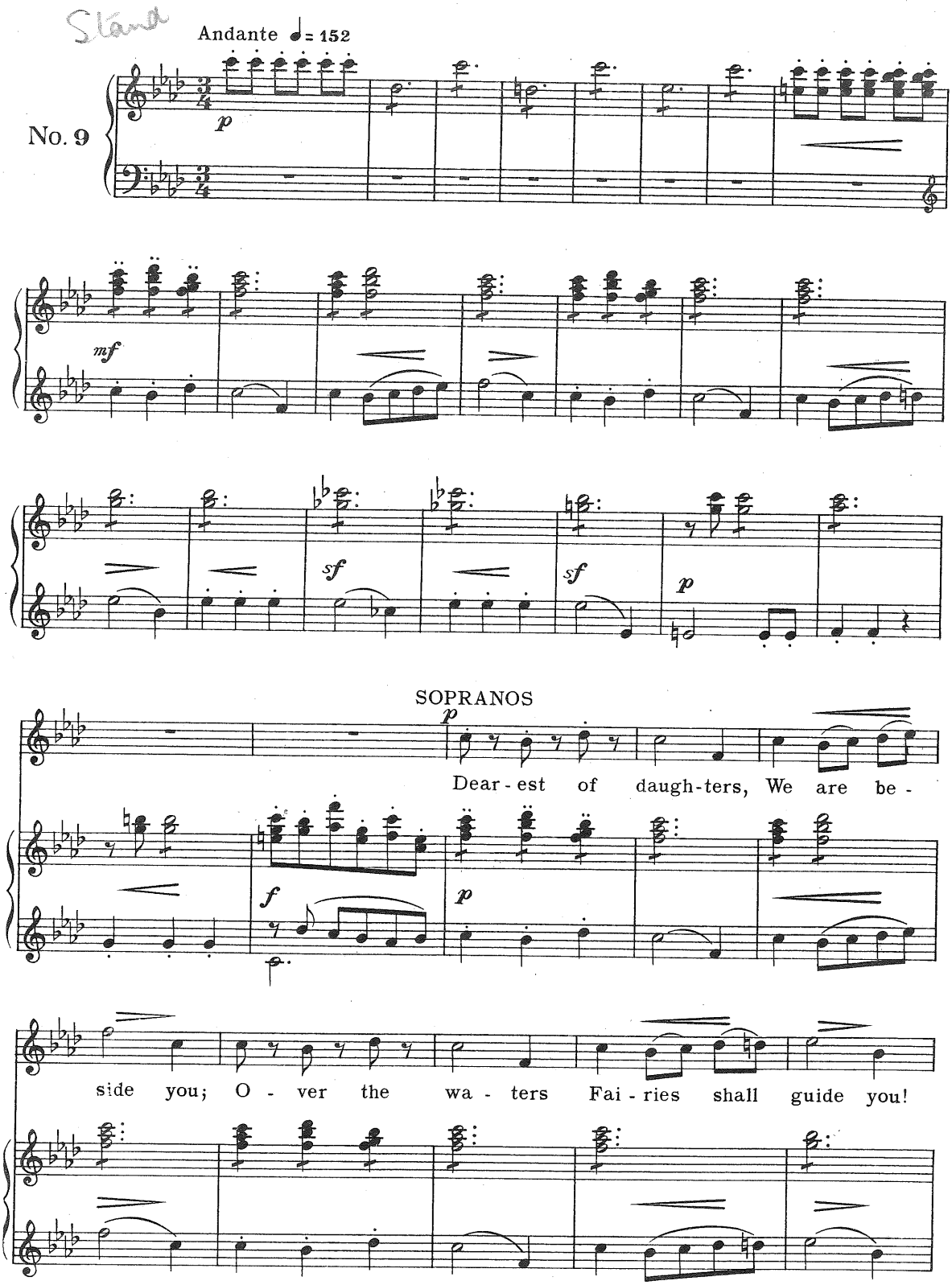

wa - ters list - 'ning!
With all the
f
cresc.
rap - ture of his love it calls!
I come,
My
cresc.
king,
I come!
rall.
ff
rall.
Grandioso ♩ = 80
ff
dim.


Allegro ♩= 184
pp
8va ad lib.
cresc.
sf
fff
(Hinemoa finds that she is unable to move a canoe, all having been drawn up from the water's edge.)
sff
sf
mf
p
Lento
(in a weak voice)
Allegro molto (with sudden frenzy)
A - las, I can-not come! for each ca - noe By en - vi-ous
pp
f
ff
hands is drawn up-on the beach;
And,


Lento
p
espr.
part - ed from her love, the wa - ter, pines As I for Ta-ne - kai!
dim.
espr.
Allegro ♩= 120
(The flute is heard again, louder and more insistant.)
mf
f
pp
f
mf
All the air Is buoyant with his
pp
f
p
(with warmth)
plead-ing voice; the waves Lisp sweet ca-ress-es from the farther shore, And all my


cresc.
bos - - om aches to go to him! My bos - - om aches to
mf
cresc.
f
W
mf
go to him, to go. And all my
f
fp
cresc.
ff
5
bos - om aches to go to go to him! My
ff
f
Molto accel.
(with sudden frenzy)
rall.
bos - om aches to go to him! Tu-ta-ne-kai, I can-not
rall.
Lento
sf
sf
come to you! Help me, speak to me, my Ta-ne - kai!
sf
sf
sff
ff
f
rall.

CHORUS of Fairies and SOLO–Hinemoa



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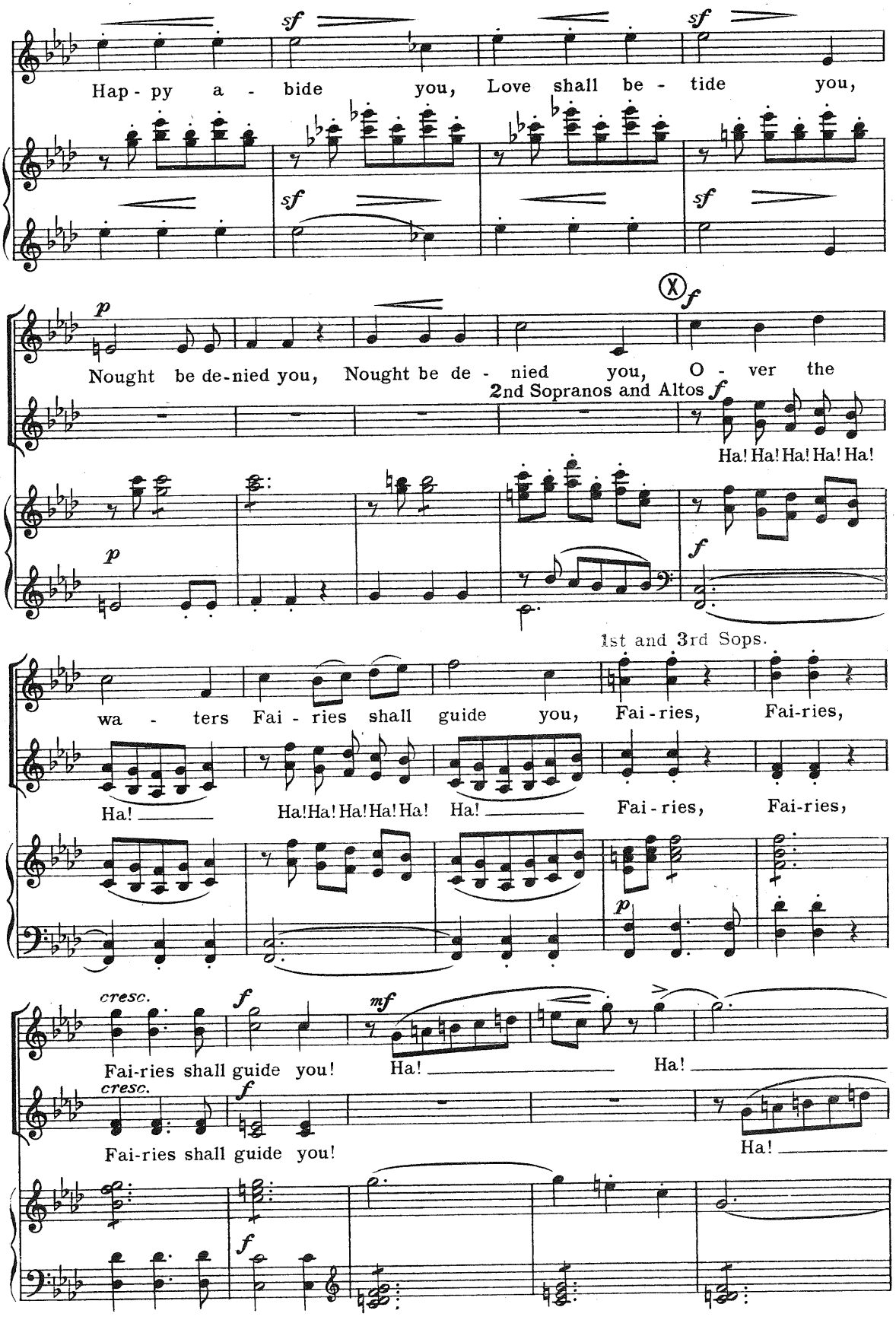
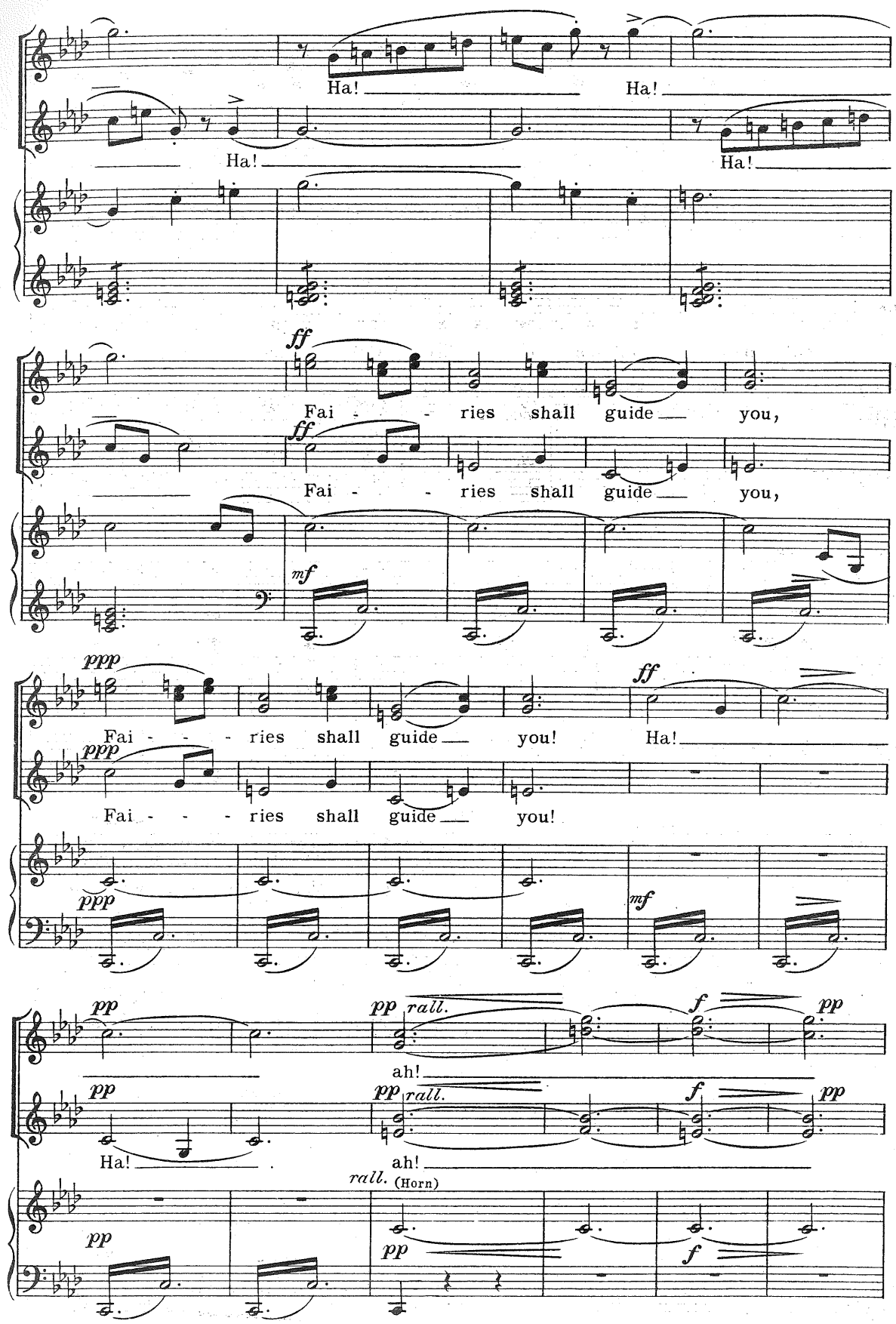
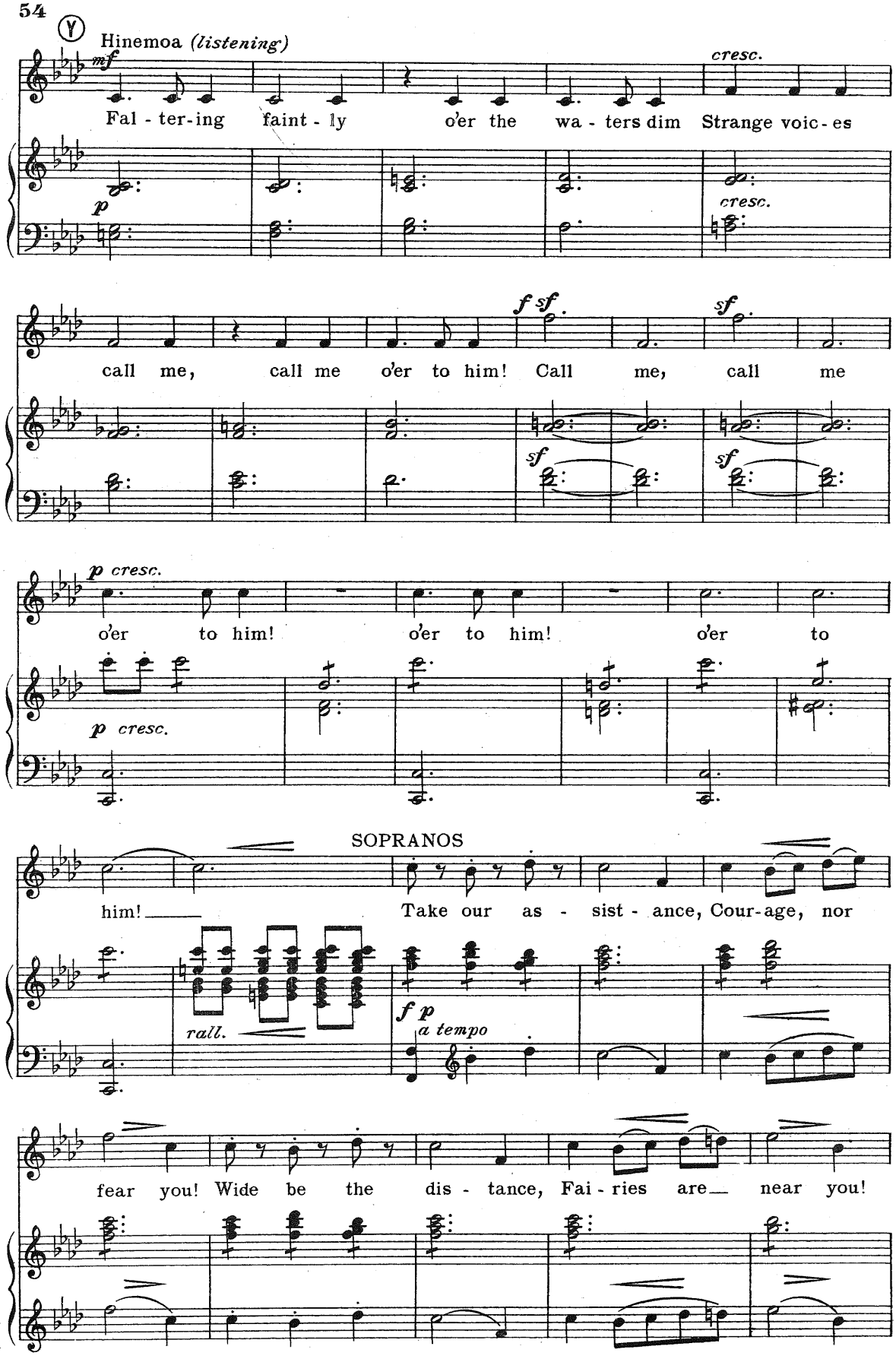
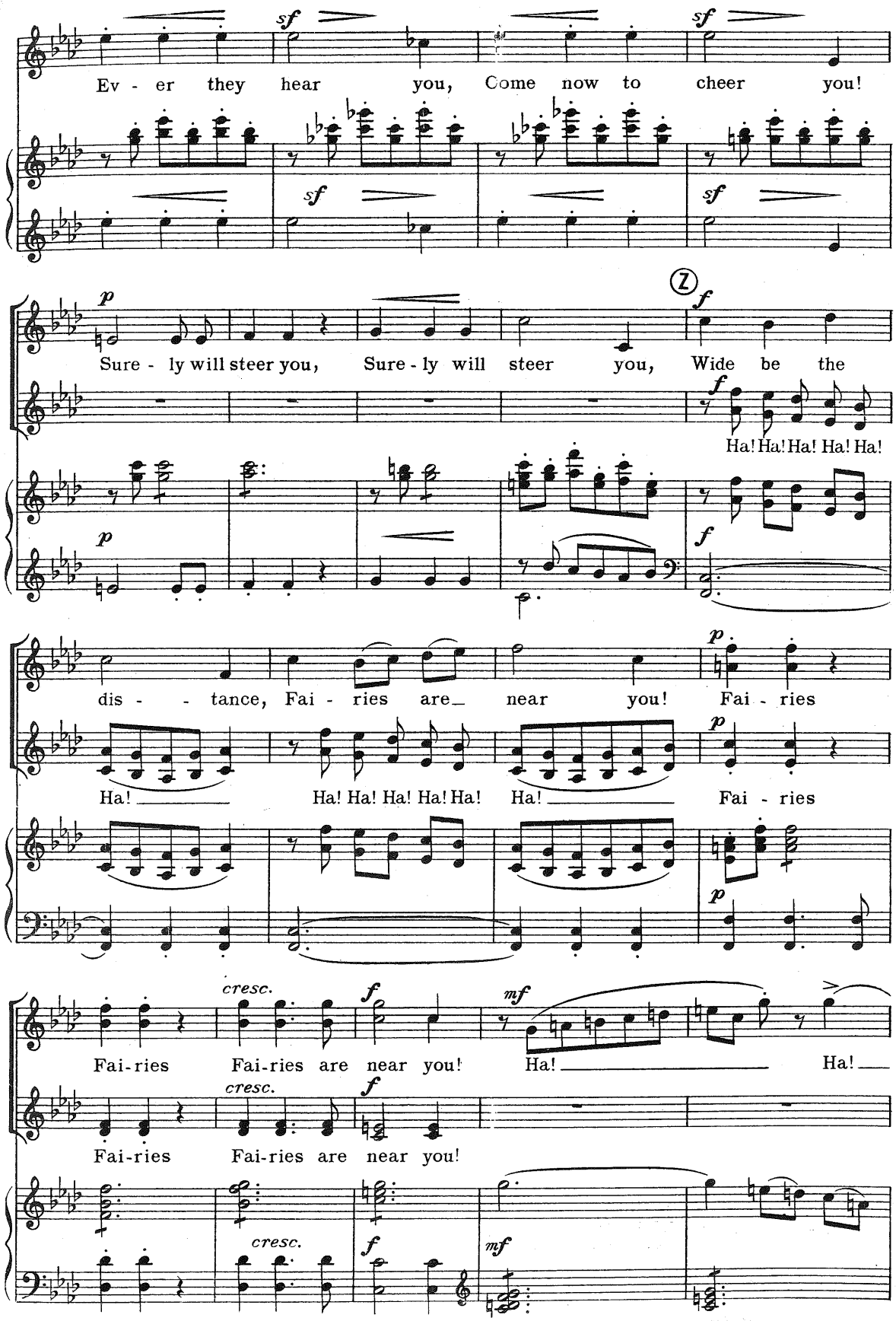
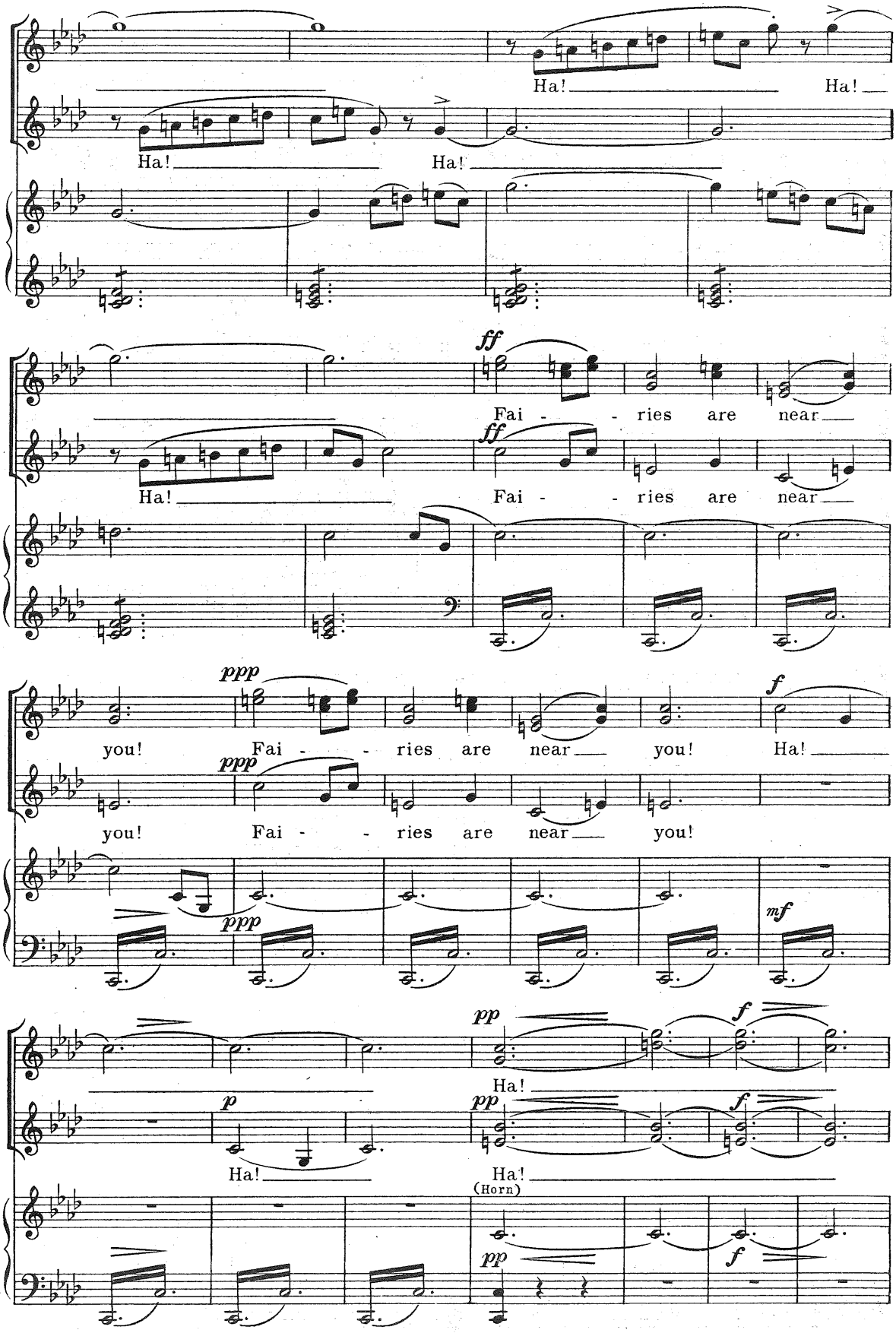

Hap - py a - bide you, Love shall be - tide you,
Nought be de-nied you, Nought be de - nied you, O - ver the
2nd Sopranos and Altos
Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!
wa - ters Fai - ries shall guide you, Fai-ries, Fai-ries,
1st and 3rd Sops.
Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Fai-ries, Fai-ries,
Fai-ries shall guide you! Ha! Ha!
Fai-ries shall guide you! Ha!


Ha!
Ha!
Ha!
Ha!
ff
Fai - - ries shall guide you,
ff
Fai - - ries shall guide you,
mf
ppp
Fai - - - ries shall guide you!
Ha!
ppp
Fai - - - ries shall guide you!
ppp
mf
pp
pp rall.
f
pp
ah!
pp
Ha!
pp rall.
f
pp
ah!
rall. (Horn)
pp
pp
f


Hinemoa (listening)
mf
cresc.
Fal - ter-ing faint - ly o'er the wa - ters dim Strange voic - es
p
cresc.
f sf
sf
call me, call me o'er to him! Call me, call me
sf
sf
p cresc.
o'er to him! o'er to him! o'er to
p cresc.
SOPRANOS
him! Take our as - sist - ance, Cour-age, nor
rall.
f p
a tempo
fear you! Wide be the dis - tance, Fai - ries are near you!


Ev - er they hear you, Come now to cheer you!
Sure - ly will steer you, Sure - ly will steer you, Wide be the
Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!
dis - - tance, Fai - ries are near you! Fai - ries
Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Fai - ries
Fai-ries Fai-ries are near you! Ha! Ha!
Fai-ries Fai-ries are near you!


Ha!
Ha!
Ha!
Ha!
ff
Fai - - ries are near
ff
Ha!
Fai - - ries are near
ppp
you!
Fai - - ries are near
you!
f
Ha!
ppp
you!
Fai - - ries are near
you!
ppp
mf
pp
f
Ha!
p
pp
f
Ha!
Ha!
(Horn)
pp
f

A Sit

Hinemoa *(tranquillo)*

p

The bil - lows calm,

p

cresc.

— the wave - - - - - - - - - lets

cresc.

f

dim. e rall.

lift — and cease; —

f

dim. e rall.

f Allegro ♩= 168

Bet-ter with-in the lake to find re-

slow

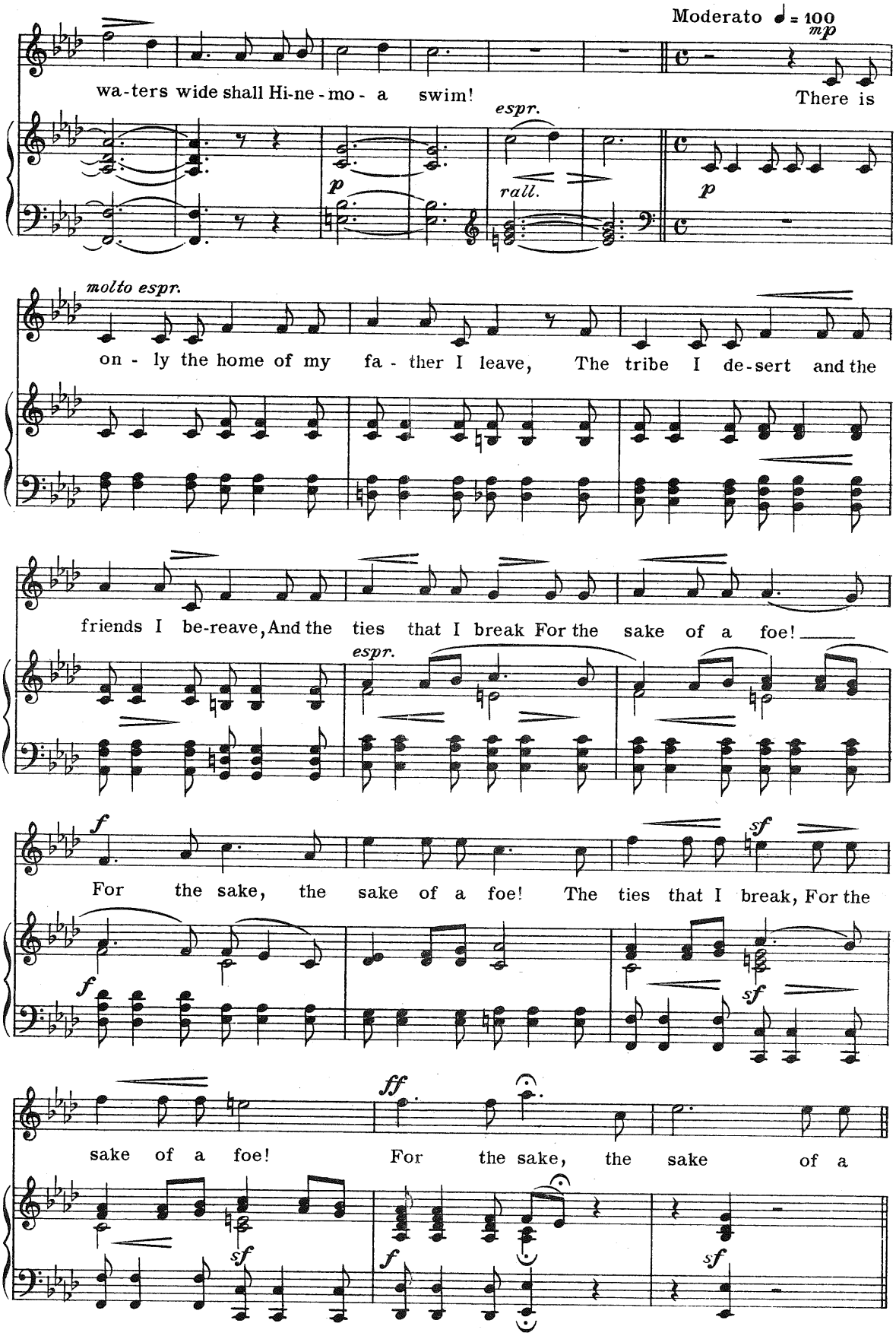
p

sf

ff Più lento

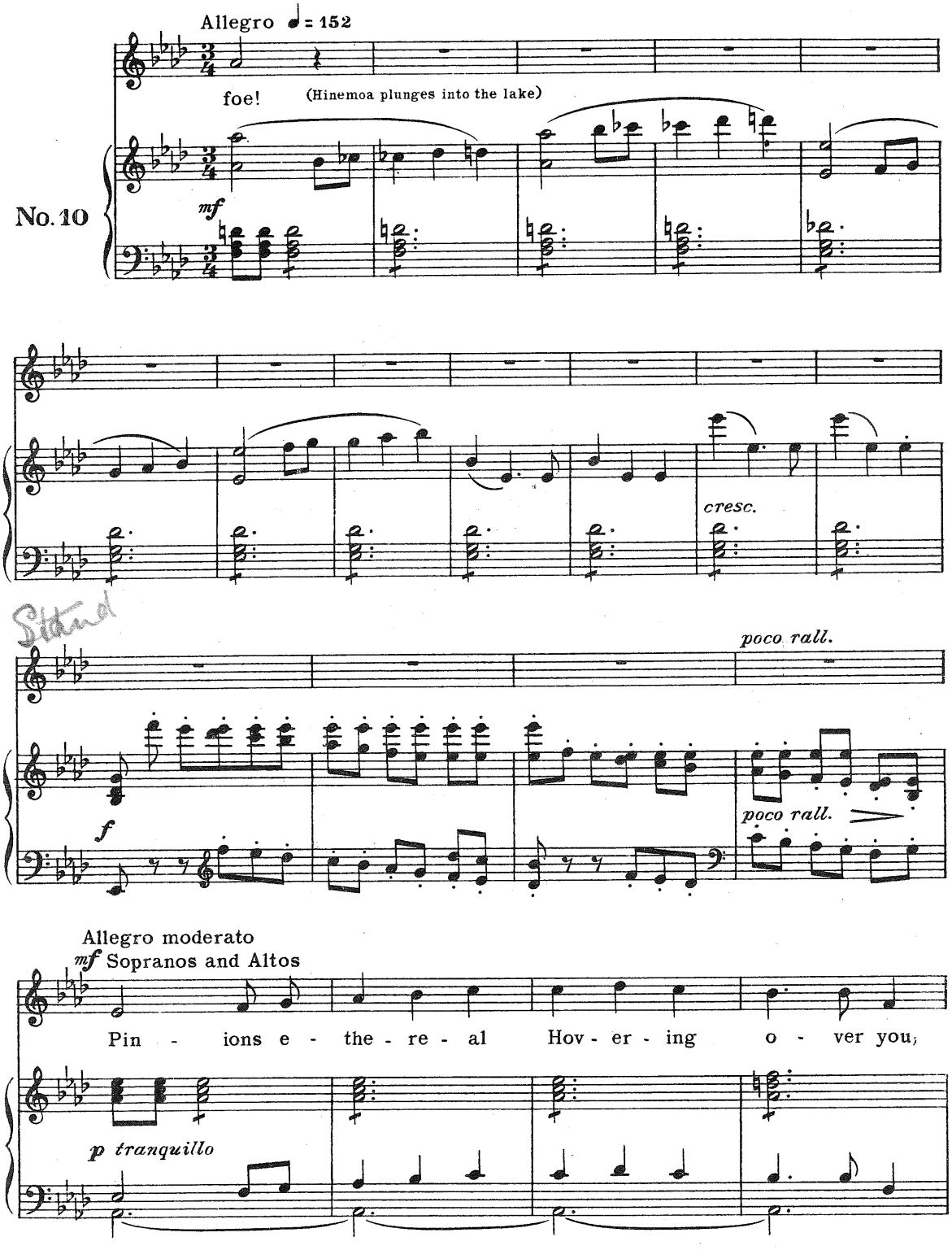
lease — Than live with-out my love! So now to him O'er

sf *sf* *sf* *sf* *sf* *sf* *sf* *sf* *sf* *sfff*


Moderato ♩ = 100
mp
wa-ters wide shall Hi-ne-mo-a swim!
There is
espr.
rall.
p
molto espr.
on-ly the home of my fa-ther I leave, The tribe I de-sert and the
friends I be-reave, And the ties that I break For the sake of a foe!
espr.
f
sf
For the sake, the sake of a foe! The ties that I break, For the
ff
sake of a foe! For the sake, the sake of a

Scene VII– The Lake, Night

CHORUS of Fairies



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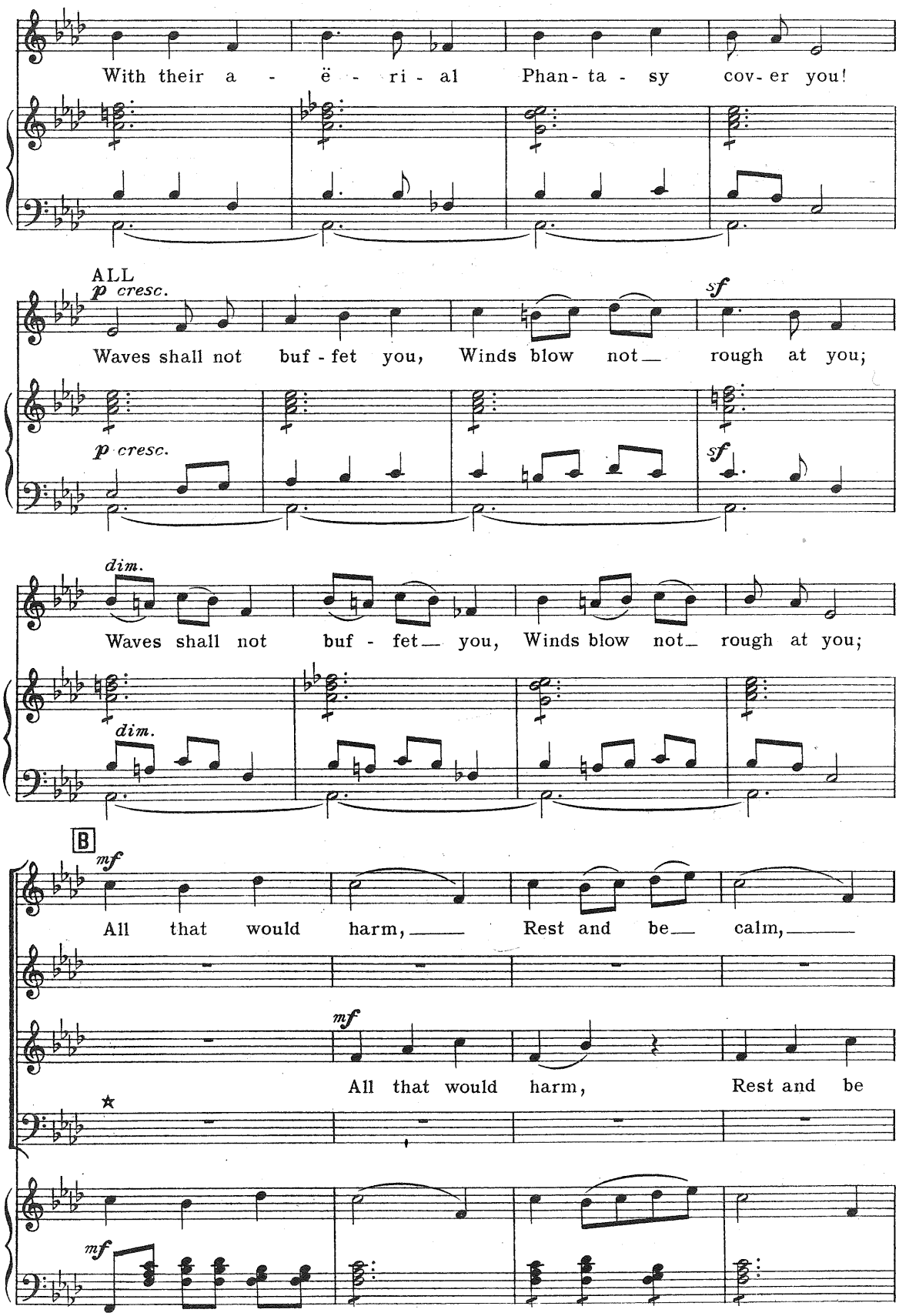
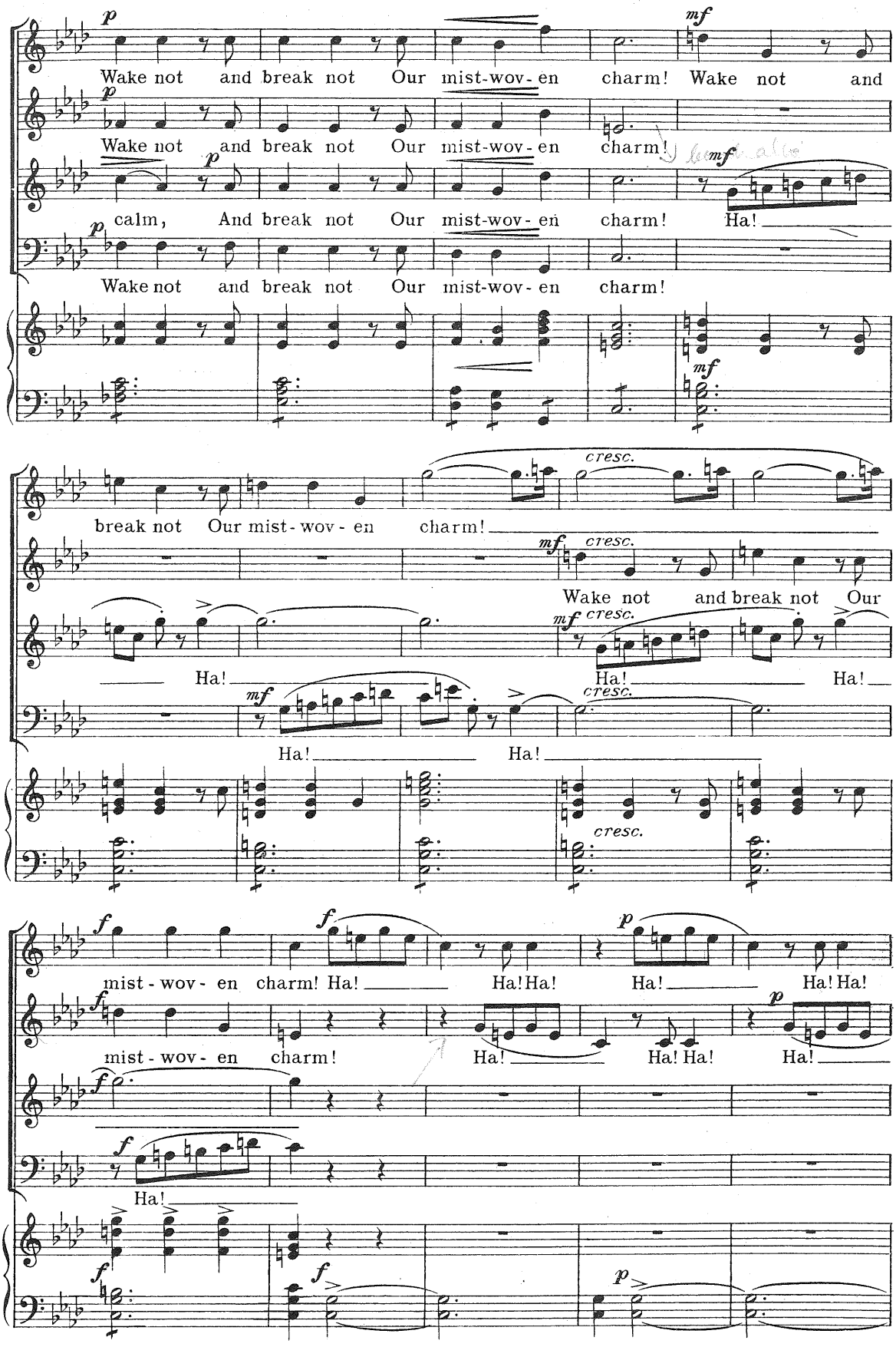
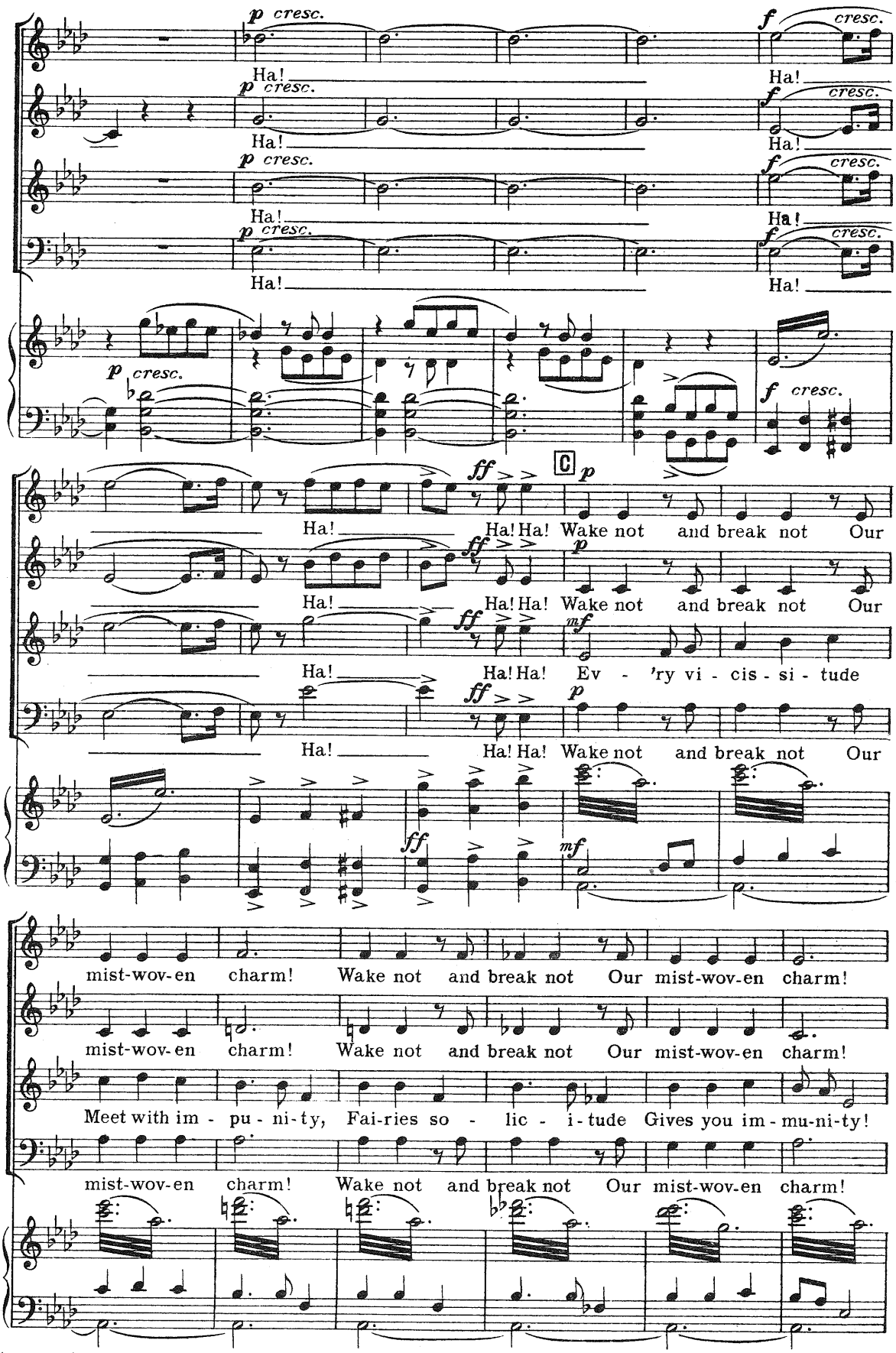
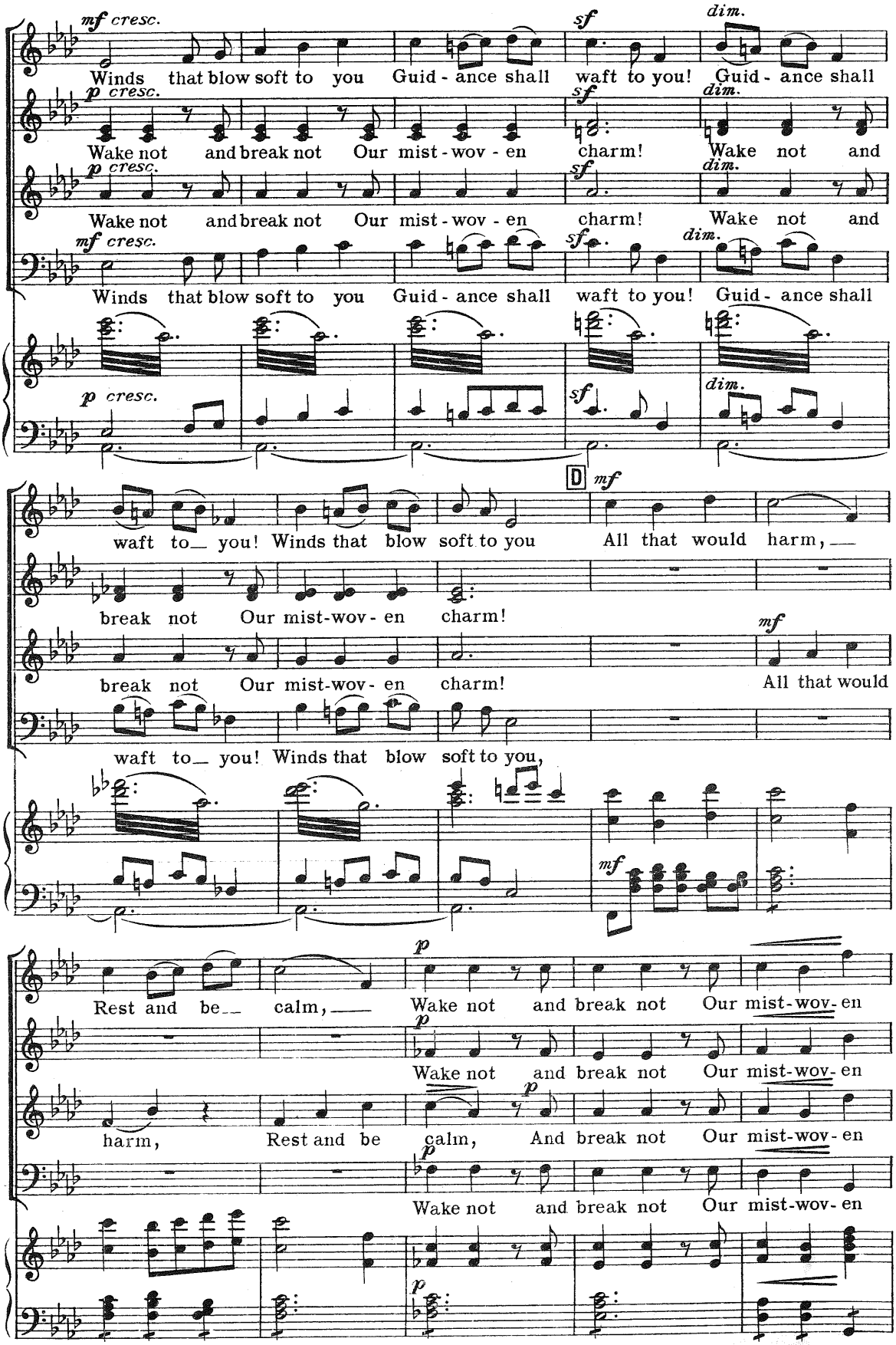
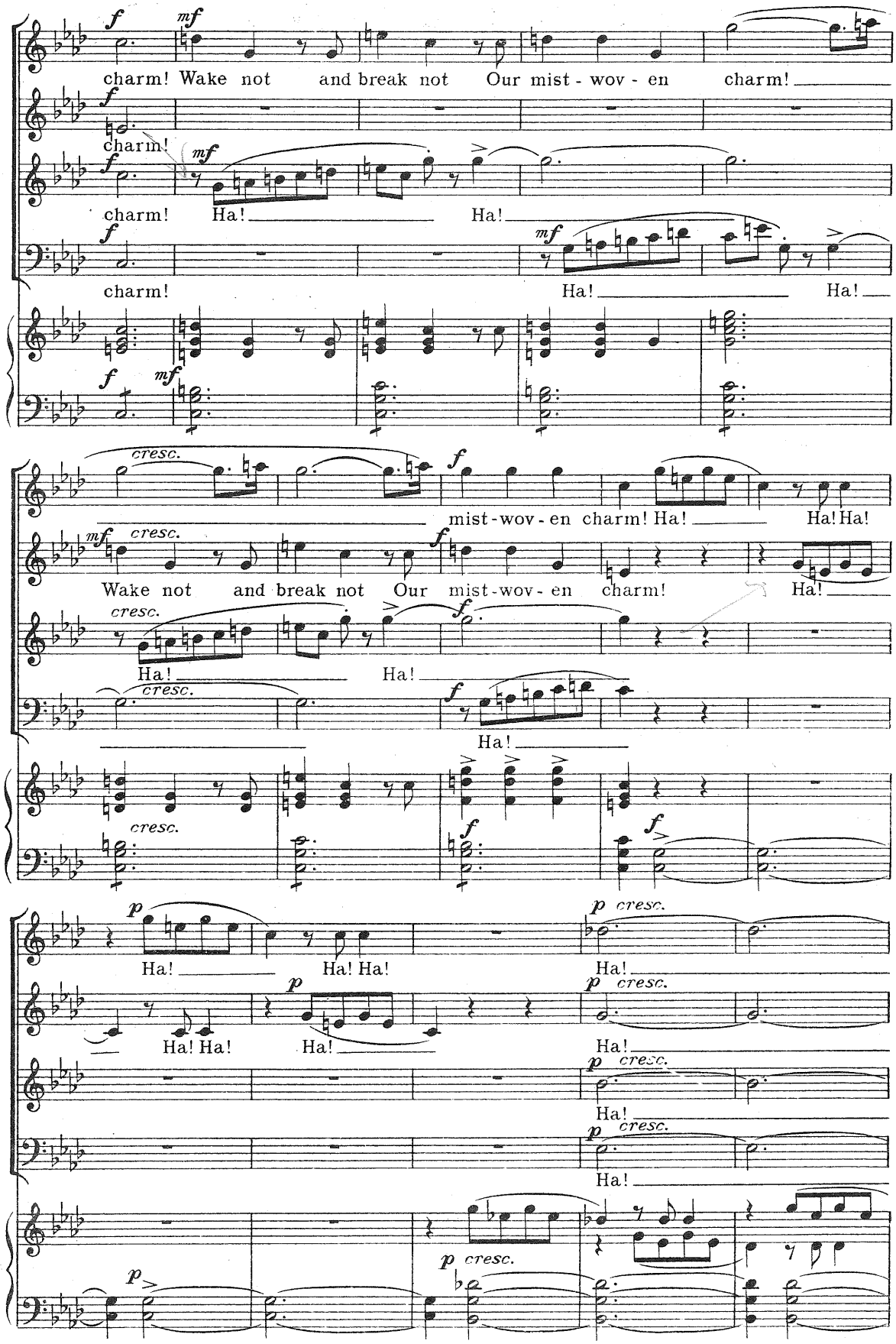


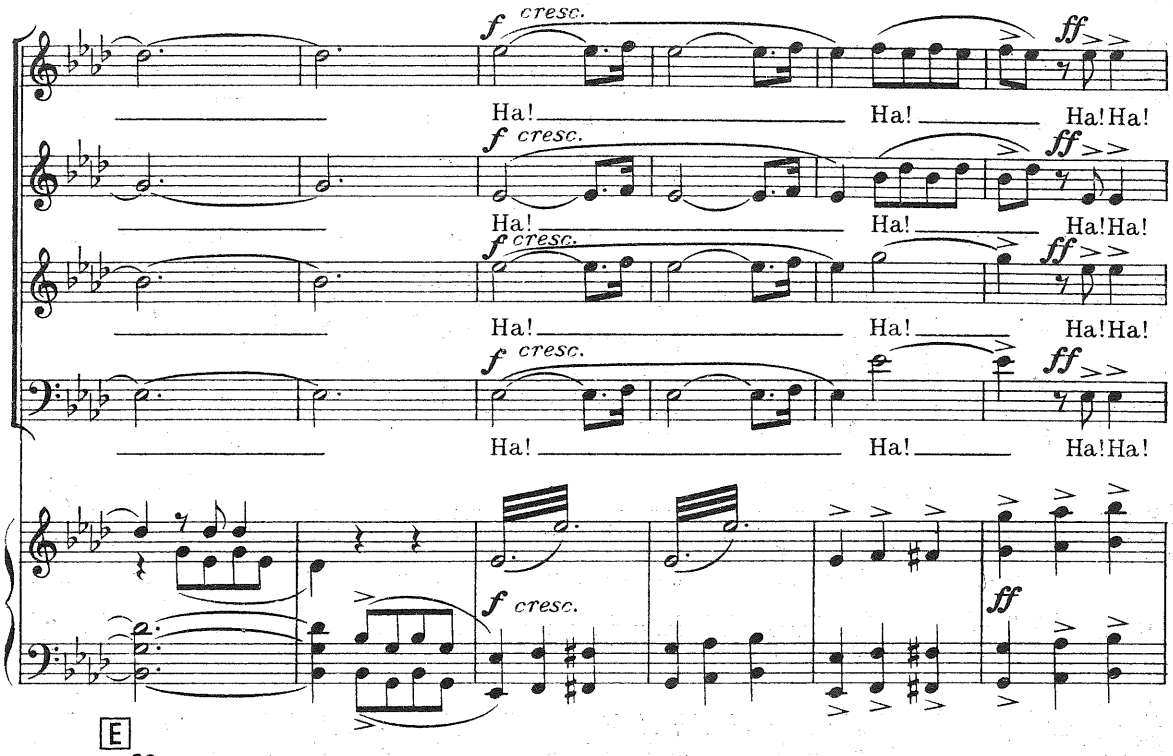
★ Both sexes of the Patu-Paiarehe (fairies) are small, fair-haired and blue-eyed, and take great pleasure in music.


Wake not and break not Our mist-wov-en charm! Wake not and
Wake not and break not Our mist-wov-en charm!
calm, And break not Our mist-wov-en charm! Ha!
Wake not and break not Our mist-wov-en charm!
break not Our mist-wov-en charm!
Wake not and break not Our
Ha! Ha! Ha!
Ha! Ha!
mist-wov-en charm! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!
mist-wov-en charm! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!
Ha!
cresc.

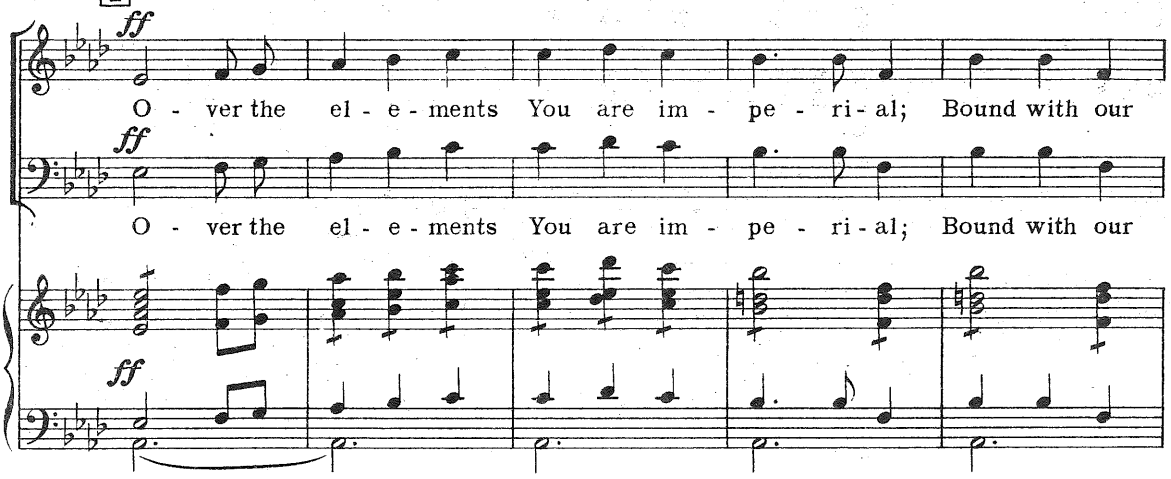

p cresc.
Ha!
f cresc.
C
ff
p
mf
Ha! Ha! Ha! Wake not and break not Our
Ha! Ha! Ha! Ev - 'ry vi - cis - si - tude
mist-wov-en charm! Wake not and break not Our mist-wov-en charm!
Meet with im - pu - ni-ty, Fai-ries so - lic - i-tude Gives you im - mu-ni-ty!

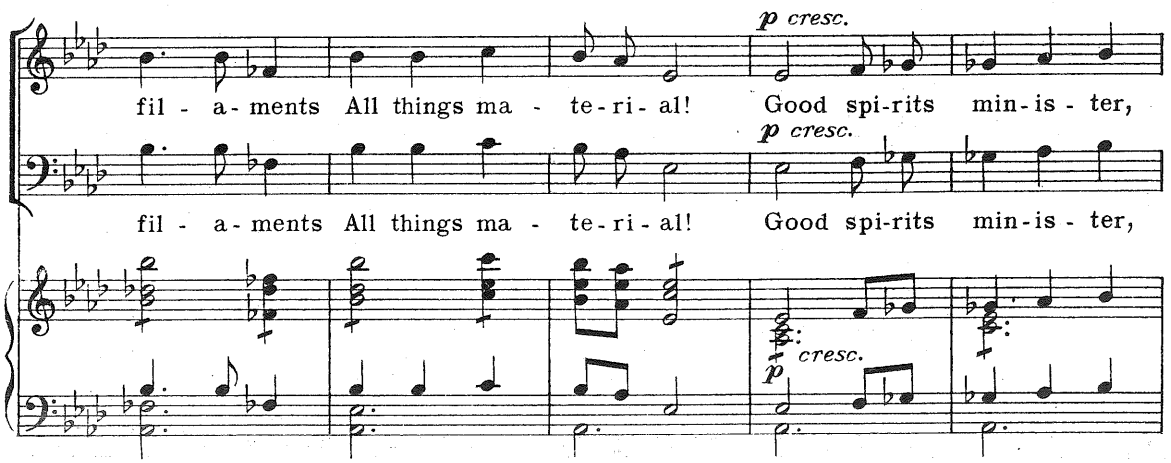

mf cresc.
Winds that blow soft to you
Guid - ance shall waft to you!
Guid - ance shall
sf
dim.
p cresc.
Wake not and break not
Our mist - wov - en charm!
Wake not and
Wake not and break not
Our mist - wov - en charm!
Wake not and
Winds that blow soft to you
Guid - ance shall waft to you!
Guid - ance shall
waft to you! Winds that blow soft to you
D
mf
All that would harm,
break not Our mist-wov - en charm!
All that would
waft to you! Winds that blow soft to you,
Rest and be calm,
Wake not and break not Our mist-wov- en
harm,
Rest and be calm,
And break not Our mist-wov- en

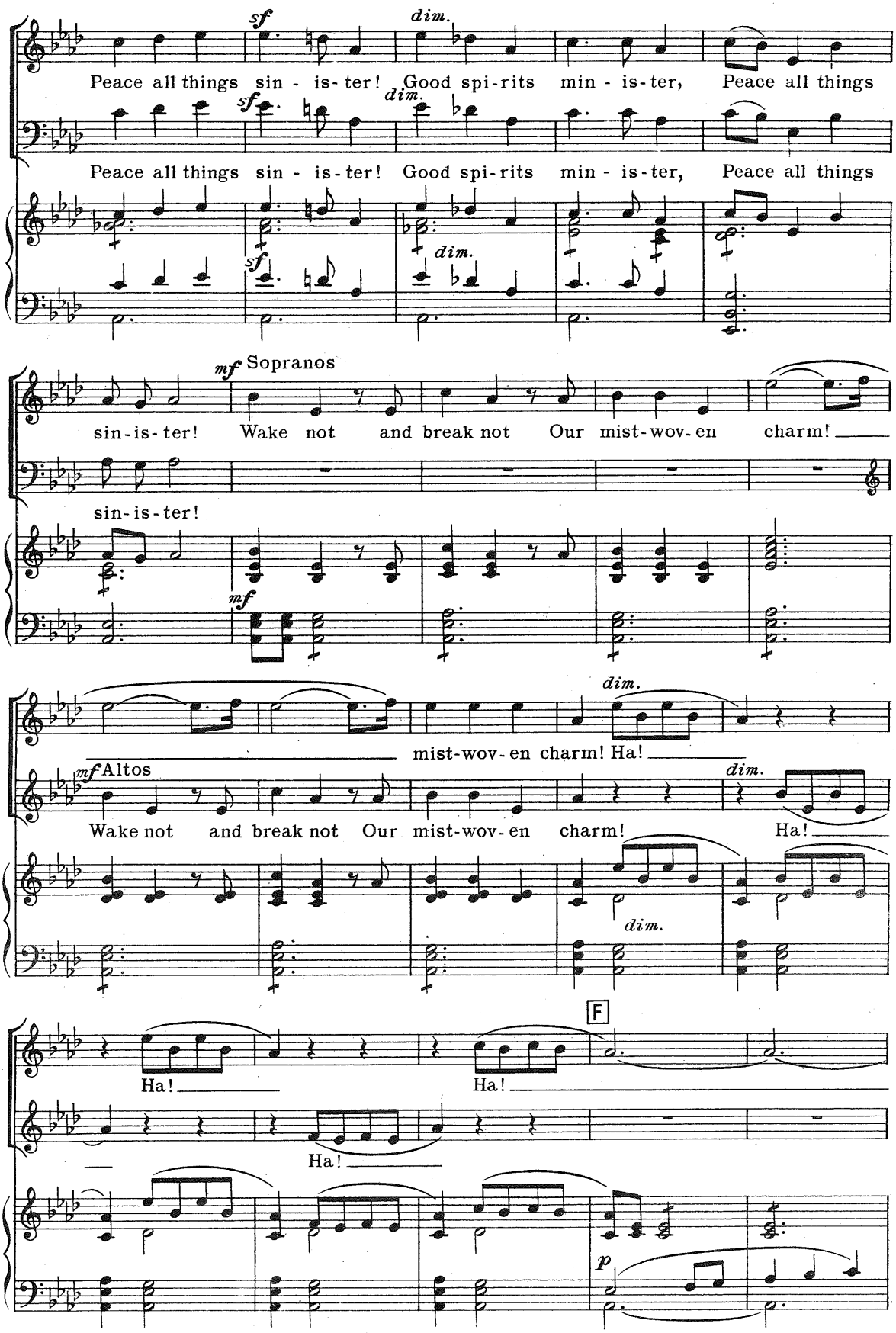

charm! Wake not and break not Our mist - wov - en charm!
charm!
charm! Ha! Ha!
charm! Ha! Ha!
mist-wov-en charm! Ha! Ha! Ha!
Wake not and break not Our mist-wov-en charm! Ha!
Ha! Ha!
Ha!
Ha! Ha! Ha!
Ha! Ha!
Ha!
Ha!
Ha!
Ha!
Ha!
Ha!

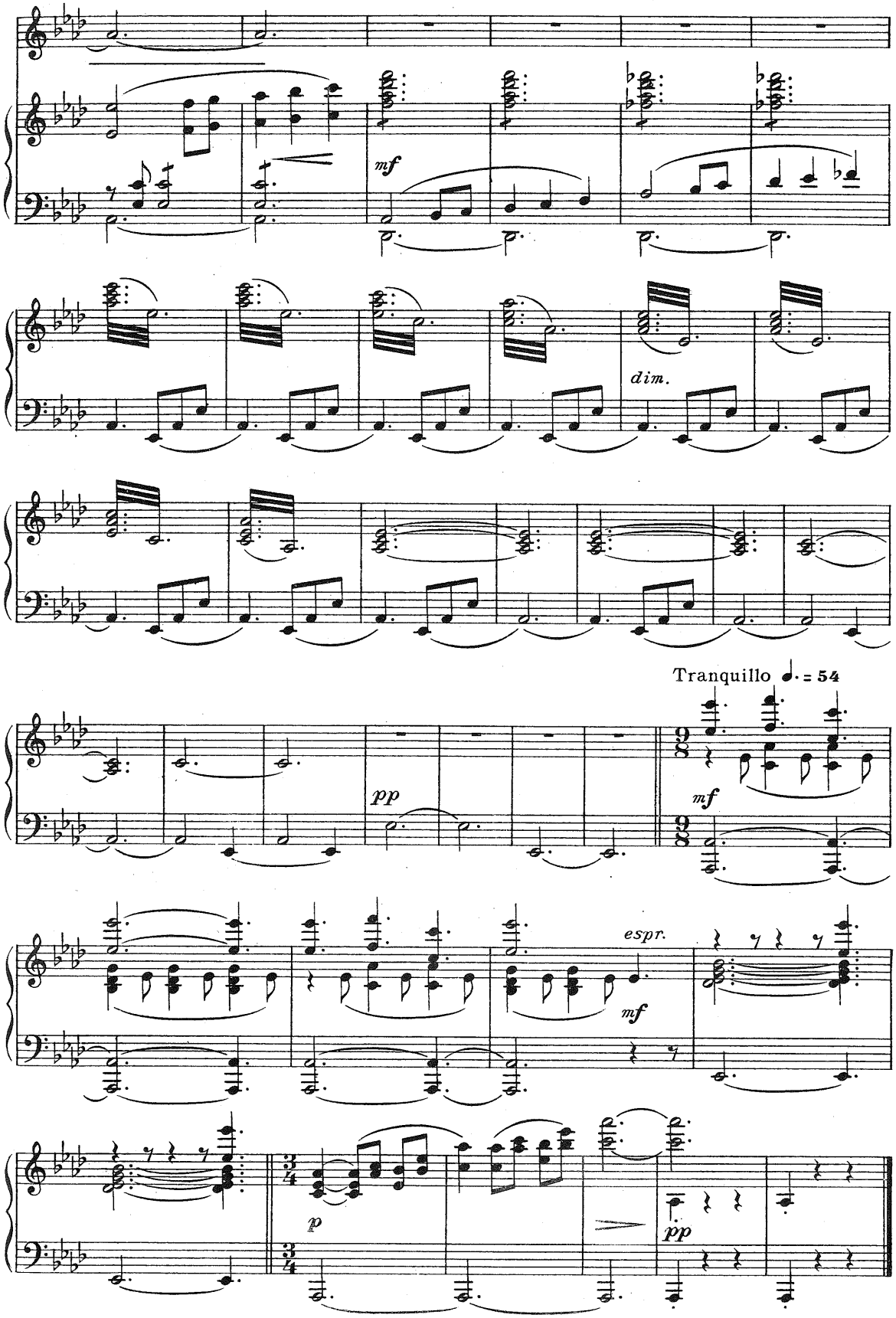

f cresc.
ff
Ha! Ha! Ha!Ha!
f cresc.
ff
Ha! Ha! Ha!Ha!
f cresc.
ff
Ha! Ha! Ha!Ha!
f cresc.
ff
Ha! Ha! Ha!Ha!
f cresc.
ff

E

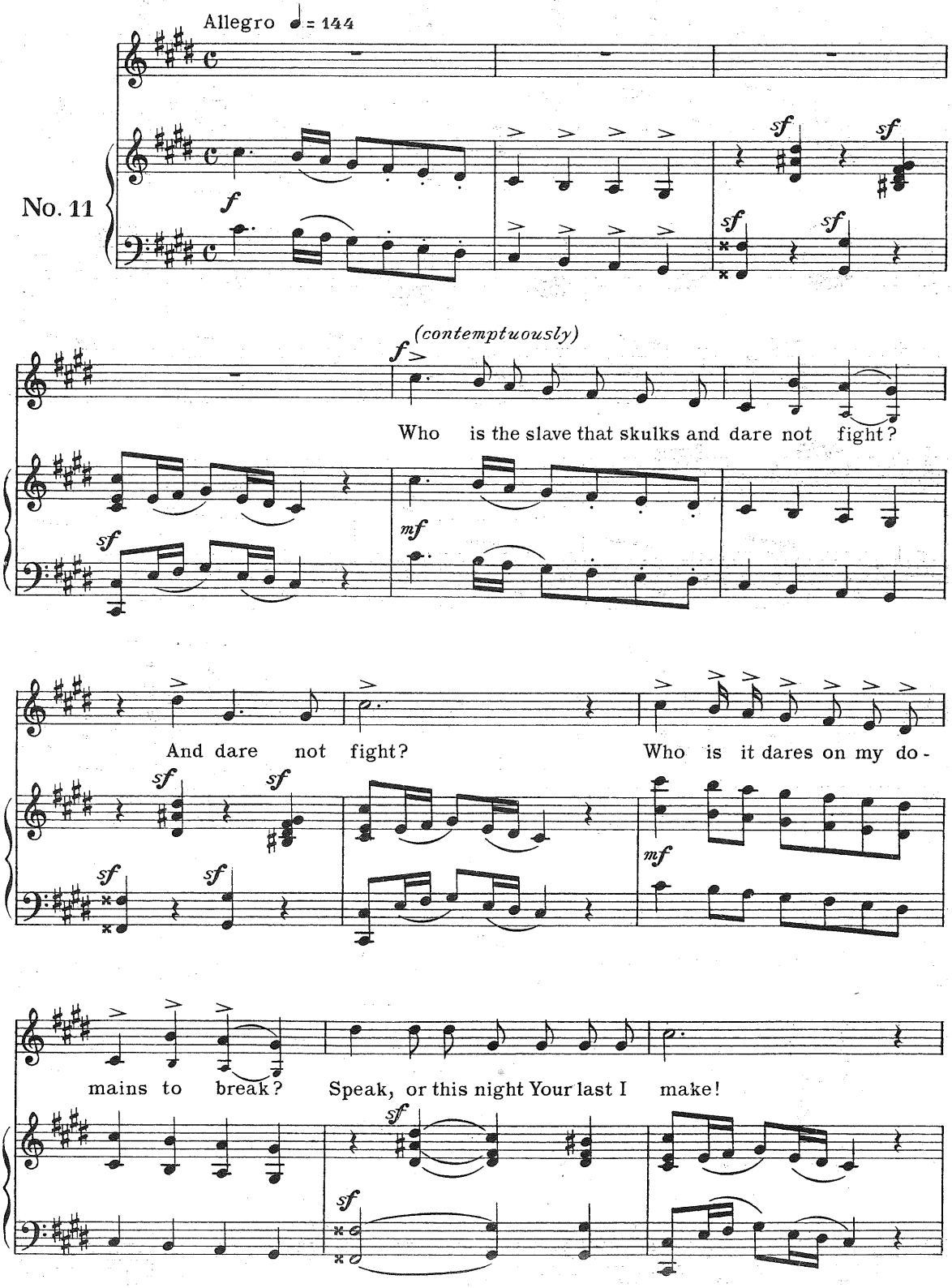

ff
O - ver the el - e - ments You are im - pe - ri - al; Bound with our
ff
O - ver the el - e - ments You are im - pe - ri - al; Bound with our
ff


p cresc.
fil - a - ments All things ma - te - ri - al! Good spi-rits min - is - ter,
p cresc.
fil - a - ments All things ma - te - ri - al! Good spi-rits min - is - ter,
p cresc.


sf
dim.
Peace all things sin - is-ter! Good spi-rits min - is-ter, Peace all things
Peace all things sin - is-ter! Good spi-rits min - is-ter, Peace all things
mf Sopranos
sin-is-ter! Wake not and break not Our mist-wov-en charm!
sin-is-ter!
mist-wov-en charm! Ha!
mf Altos
Wake not and break not Our mist-wov-en charm! Ha!
F
Ha!
Ha!
Ha!
p


mf
dim.
pp
Tranquillo ♩. = 54
mf
espr.
mf
p
pp

SOLO – Tutanekai



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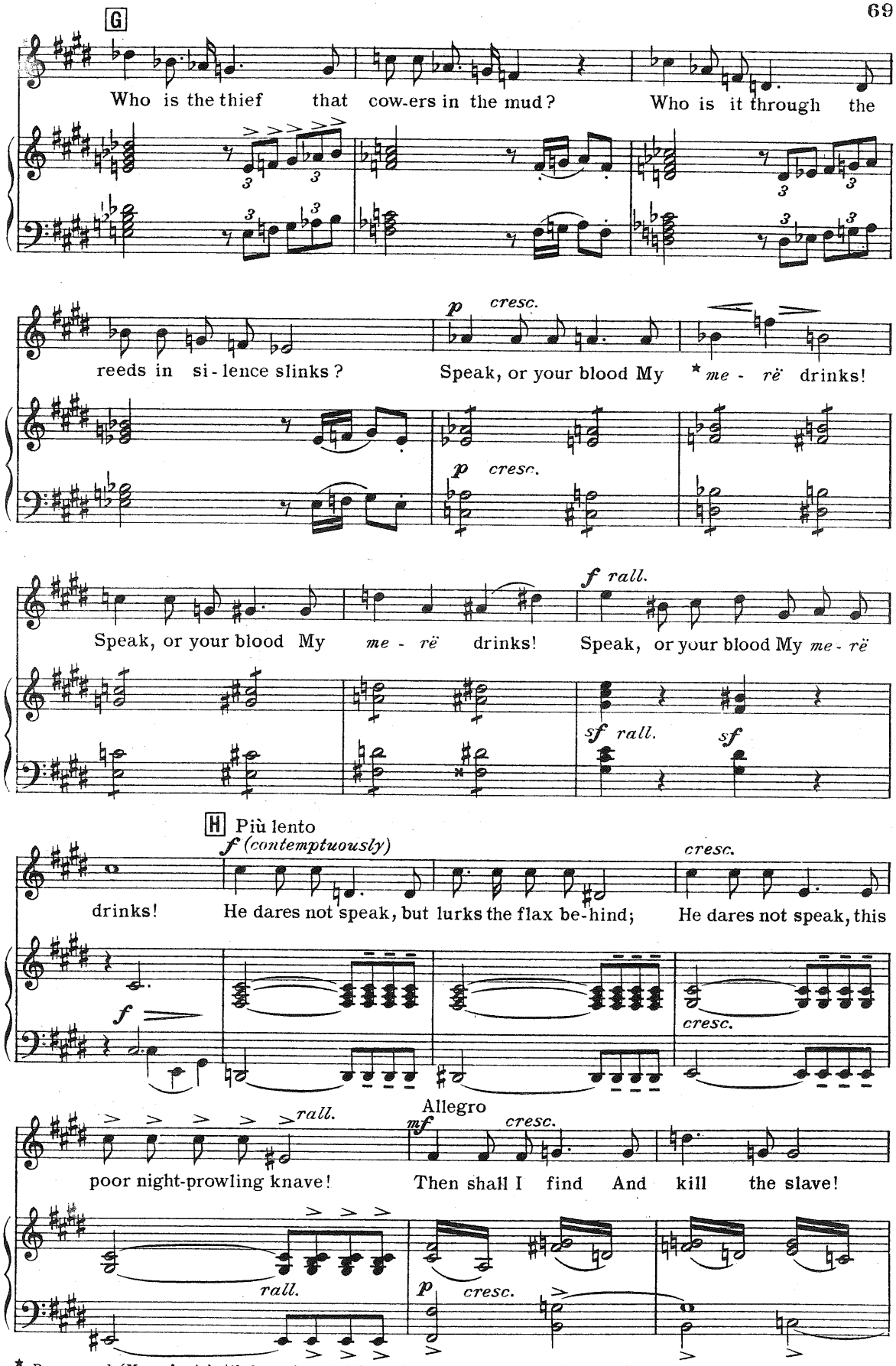
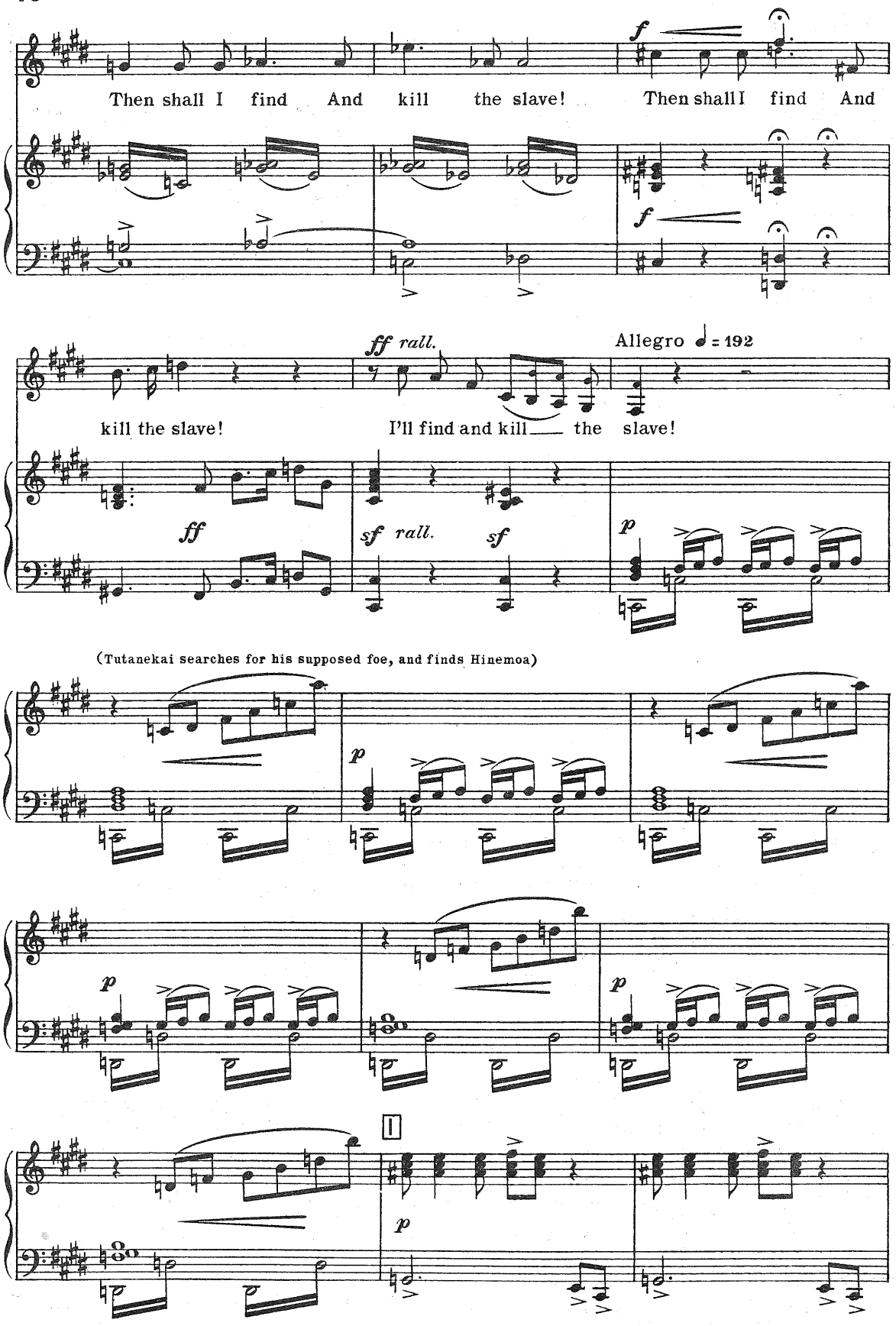
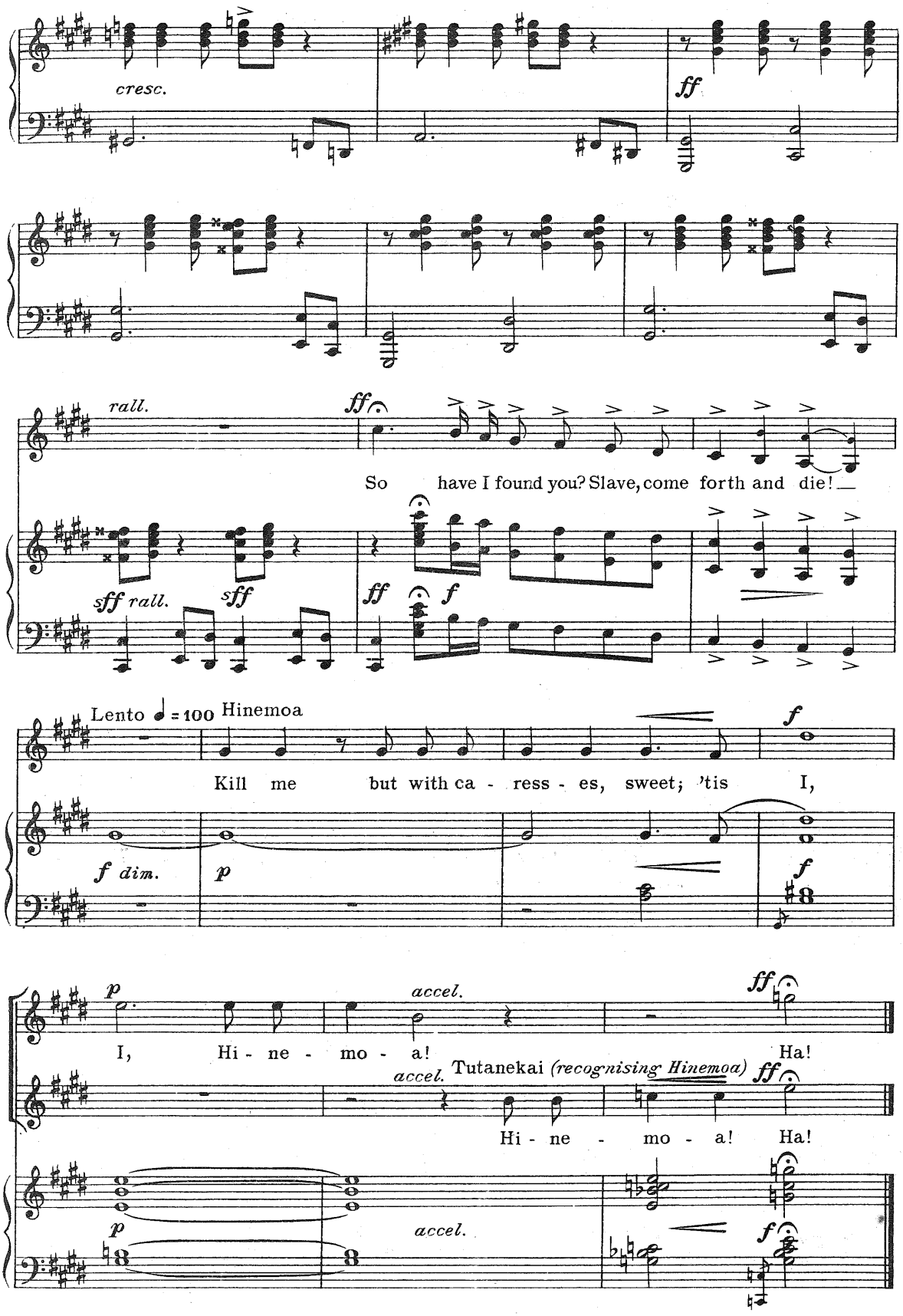
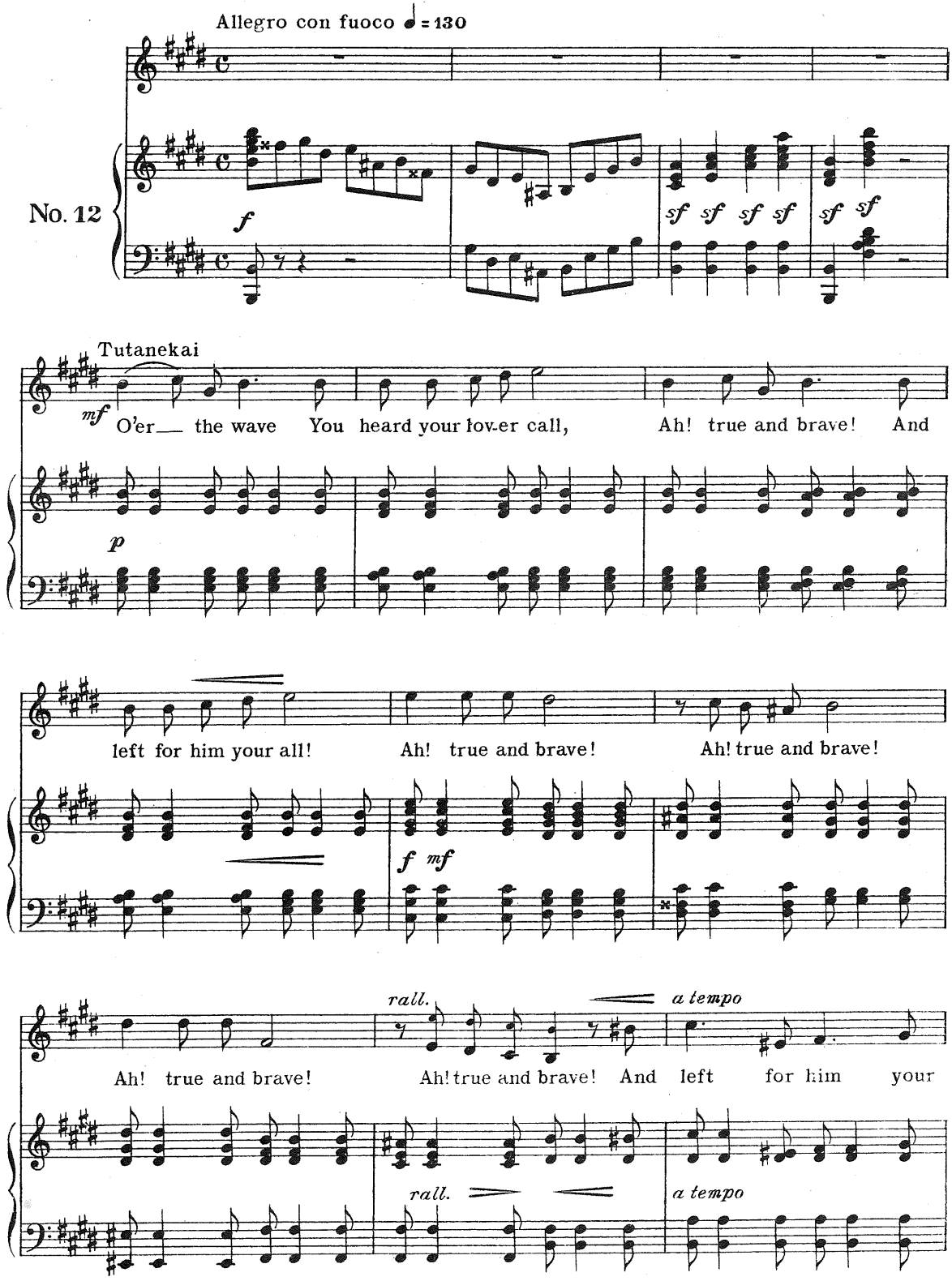


* Pronounced 'Merry'. A battledore shaped club; a stone weapon for hand to hand fighting.


Then shall I find And kill the slave! Then shall I find And
f
f
kill the slave!
ff rall.
I'll find and kill the slave!
Allegro ♩ = 192
ff
sf rall. sf
p
(Tutanekai searches for his supposed foe, and finds Hinemoa)
p
p
p
p


cresc.
ff
rall.
ff
So have I found you? Slave, come forth and die!
sff rall.
sff
ff
f
Lento ♩ = 100 Hinemoa
Kill me but with ca - ress - es, sweet; 'tis I,
f dim.
p
f
p
accel.
ff
I, Hi - ne - mo - a! Ha!
accel. Tutanekai (recognising Hinemoa)
ff
Hi - ne - mo - a! Ha!
p
accel.
f

DUET—Tutanekai and Hinemoa



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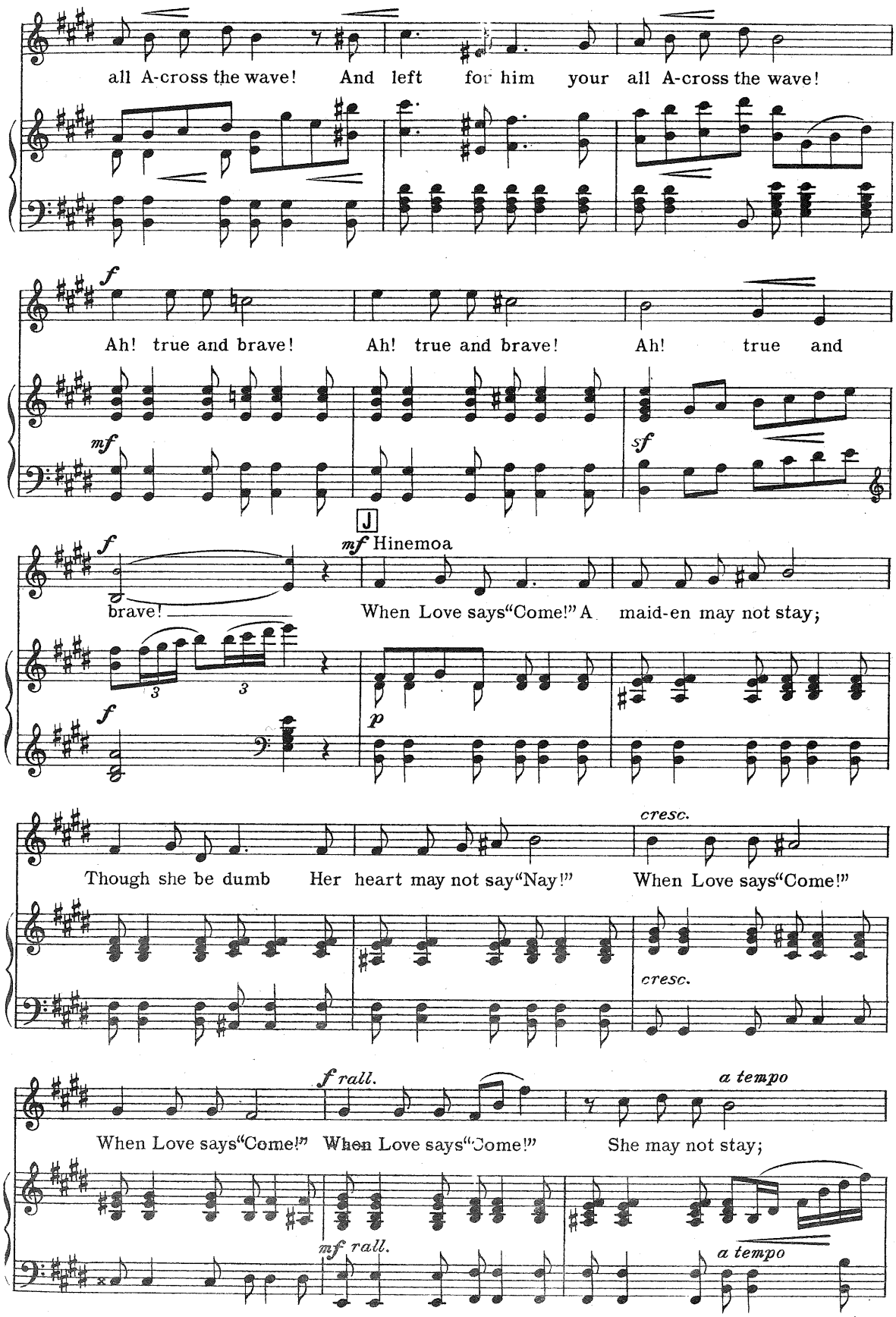

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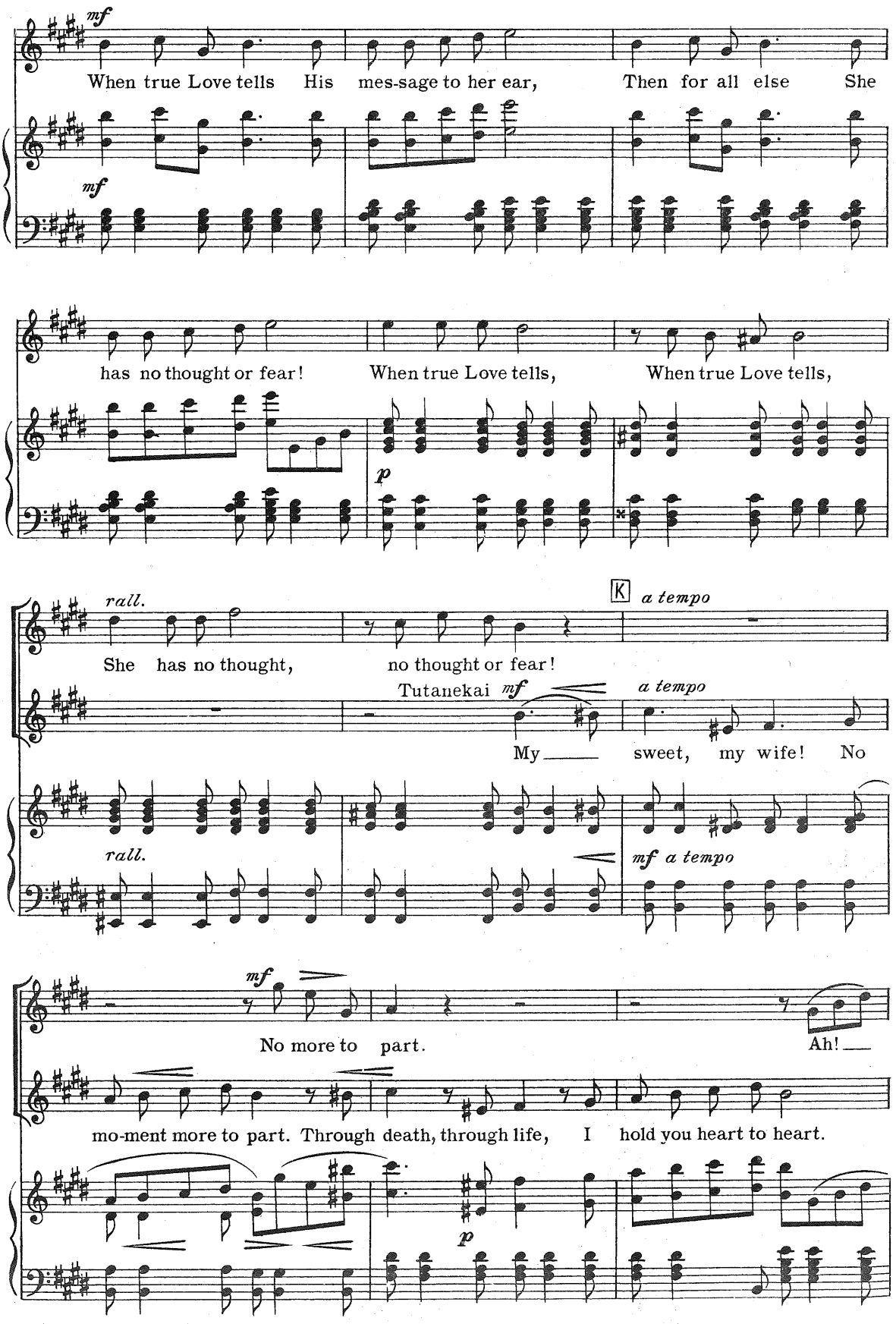
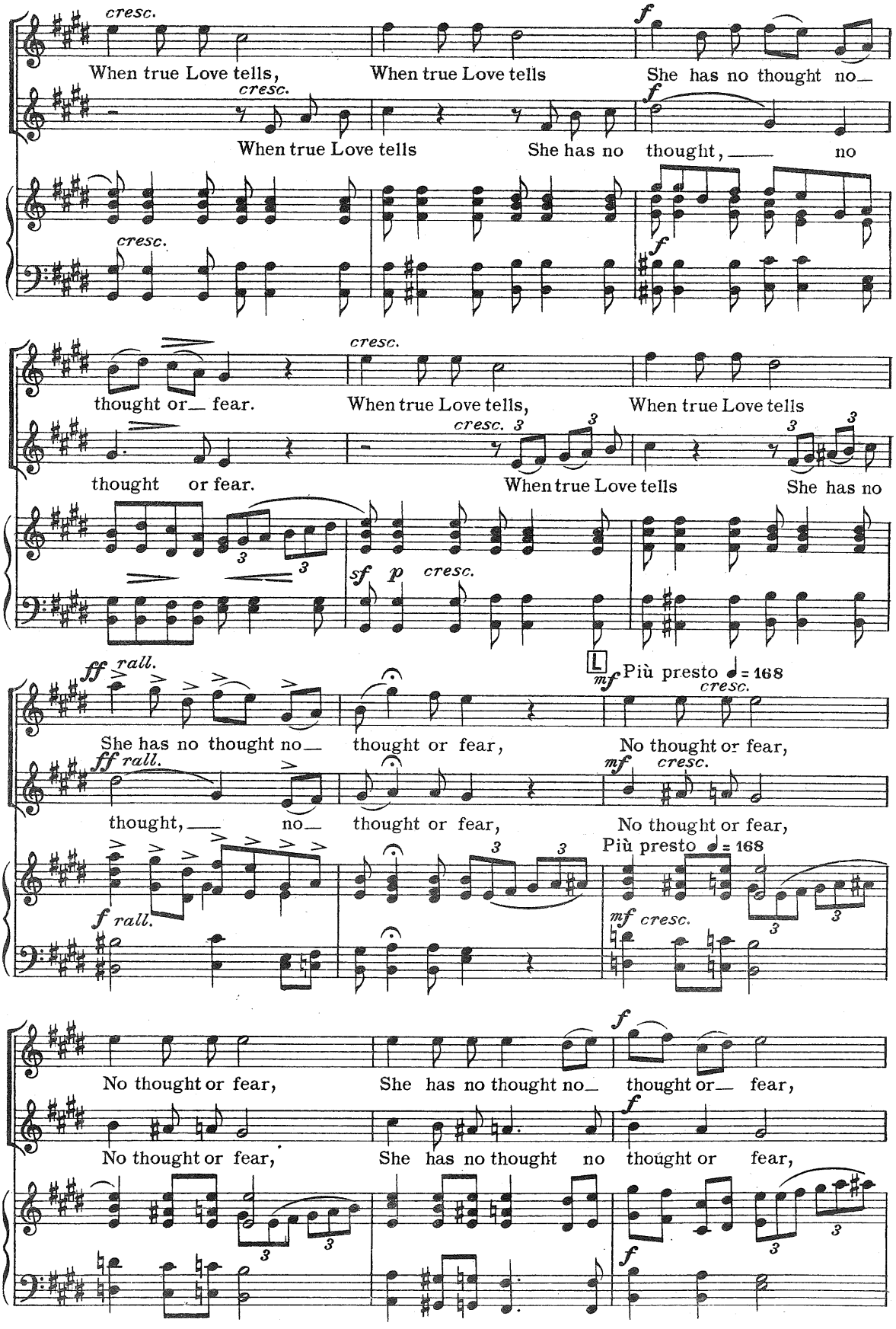
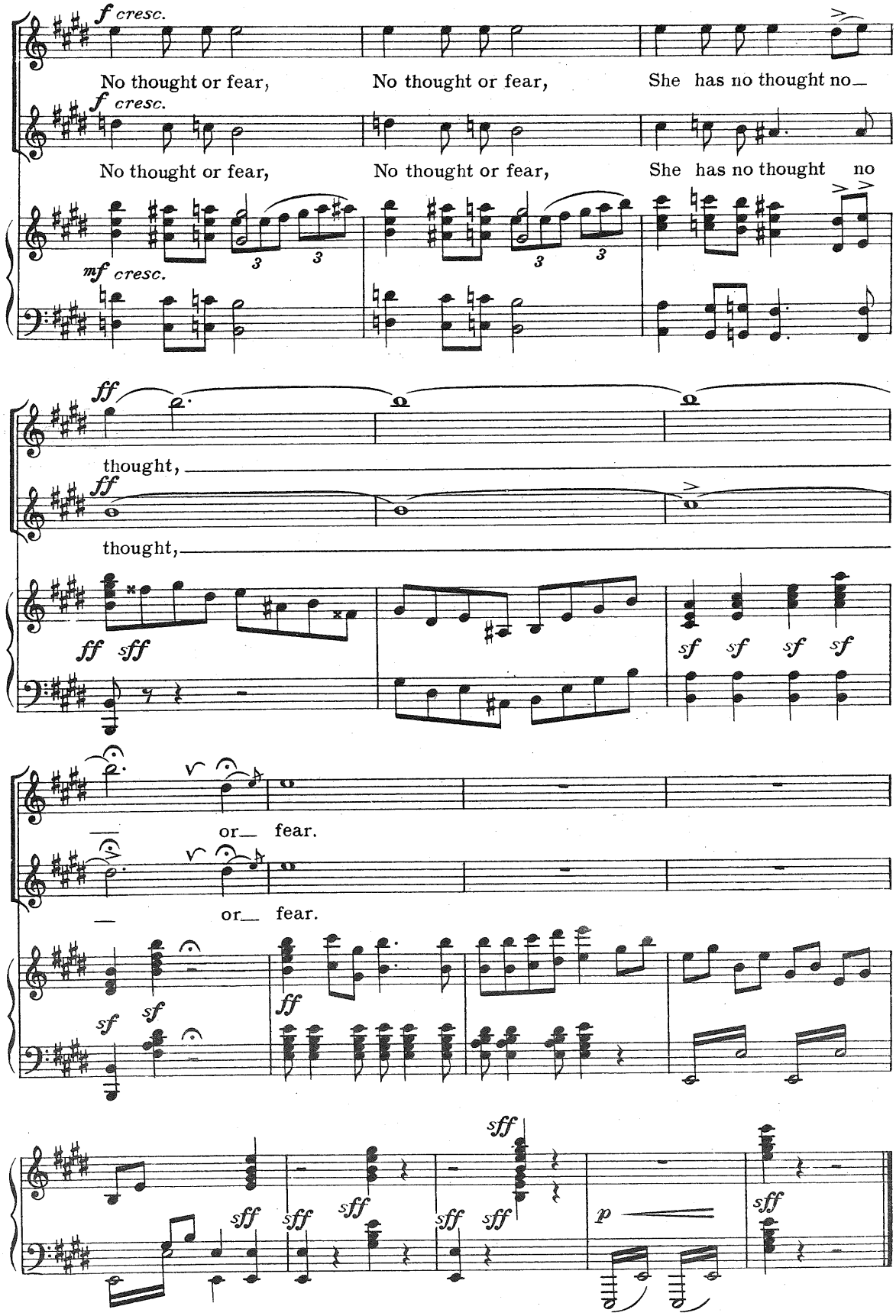
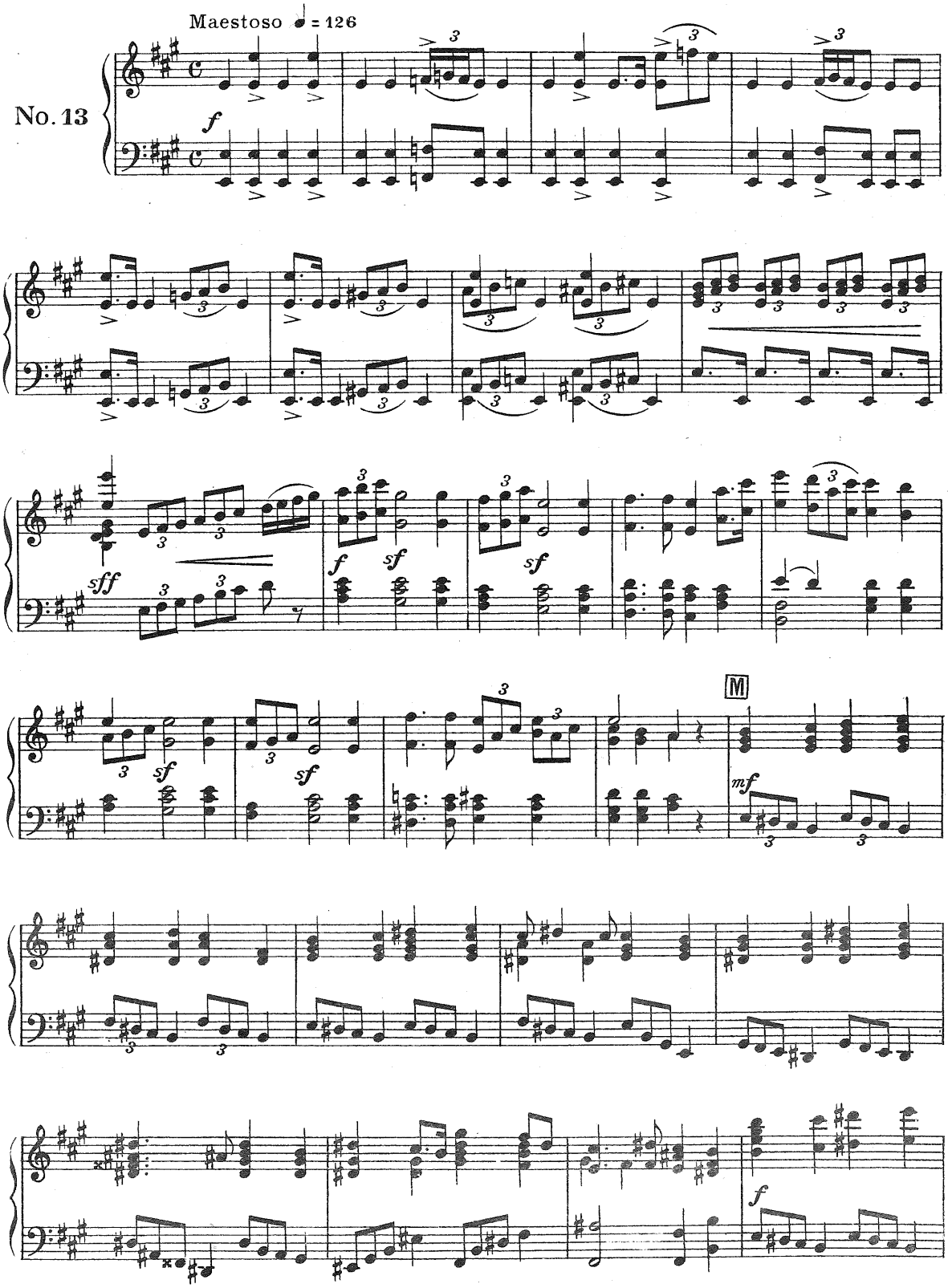

mf
When true Love tells His mes-sage to her ear, Then for all else She
mf
has no thought or fear! When true Love tells, When true Love tells,
p
rall.
K a tempo
She has no thought, no thought or fear!
Tutanekai mf
a tempo
My sweet, my wife! No
rall.
mf a tempo
mf
No more to part. Ah!
mo-ment more to part. Through death, through life, I hold you heart to heart.
p


cresc.
When true Love tells,
When true Love tells
f
She has no thought no—
cresc.
When true Love tells
She has no thought, —— no
f
cresc.
f
cresc.
thought or— fear.
When true Love tells,
When true Love tells
cresc. 3
thought or fear.
When true Love tells
She has no
3
3
3
3
sf p cresc.
ff rall.
L
mf Più presto ♩= 168
cresc.
She has no thought no—
thought or fear,
No thought or fear,
ff rall.
mf cresc.
thought, —— no—
thought or fear,
No thought or fear,
Più presto ♩= 168
f rall.
mf cresc.
No thought or fear,
She has no thought no—
thought or— fear,
f
No thought or fear,
She has no thought no
thought or fear,
f
f


f cresc.
No thought or fear,
No thought or fear,
She has no thought no_
f cresc.
No thought or fear,
No thought or fear,
She has no thought no
mf cresc.
3
3
3
3
ff
thought,
ff
thought,
ff sff
sf sf sf sf
or_ fear.
or_ fear.
sf
sf
sf
ff
sff
sff sff sff sff sff
p
sff

Scene IX– The Native Pa (village), Morning

FINALE CHORUS



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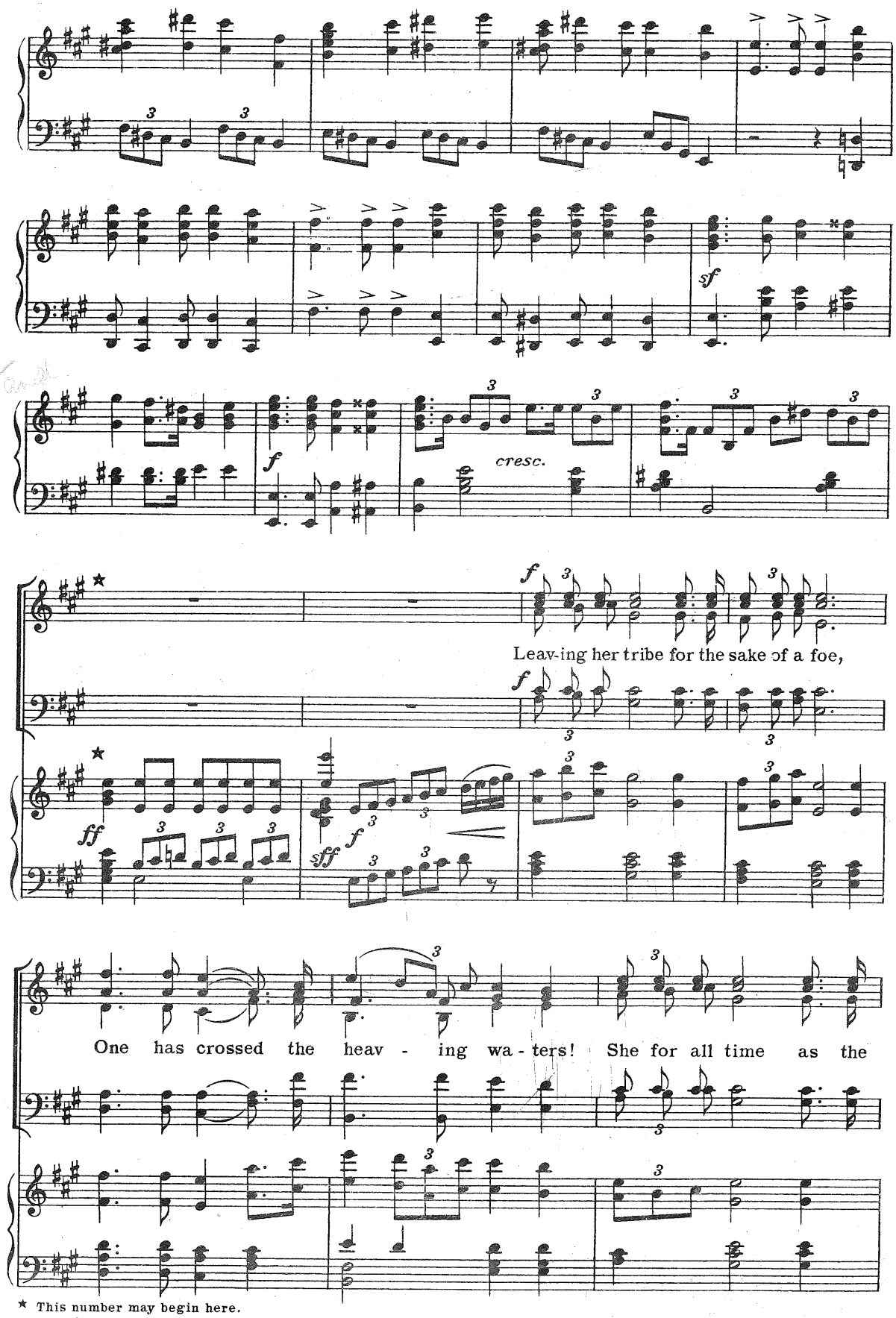

★ This number may begin here.

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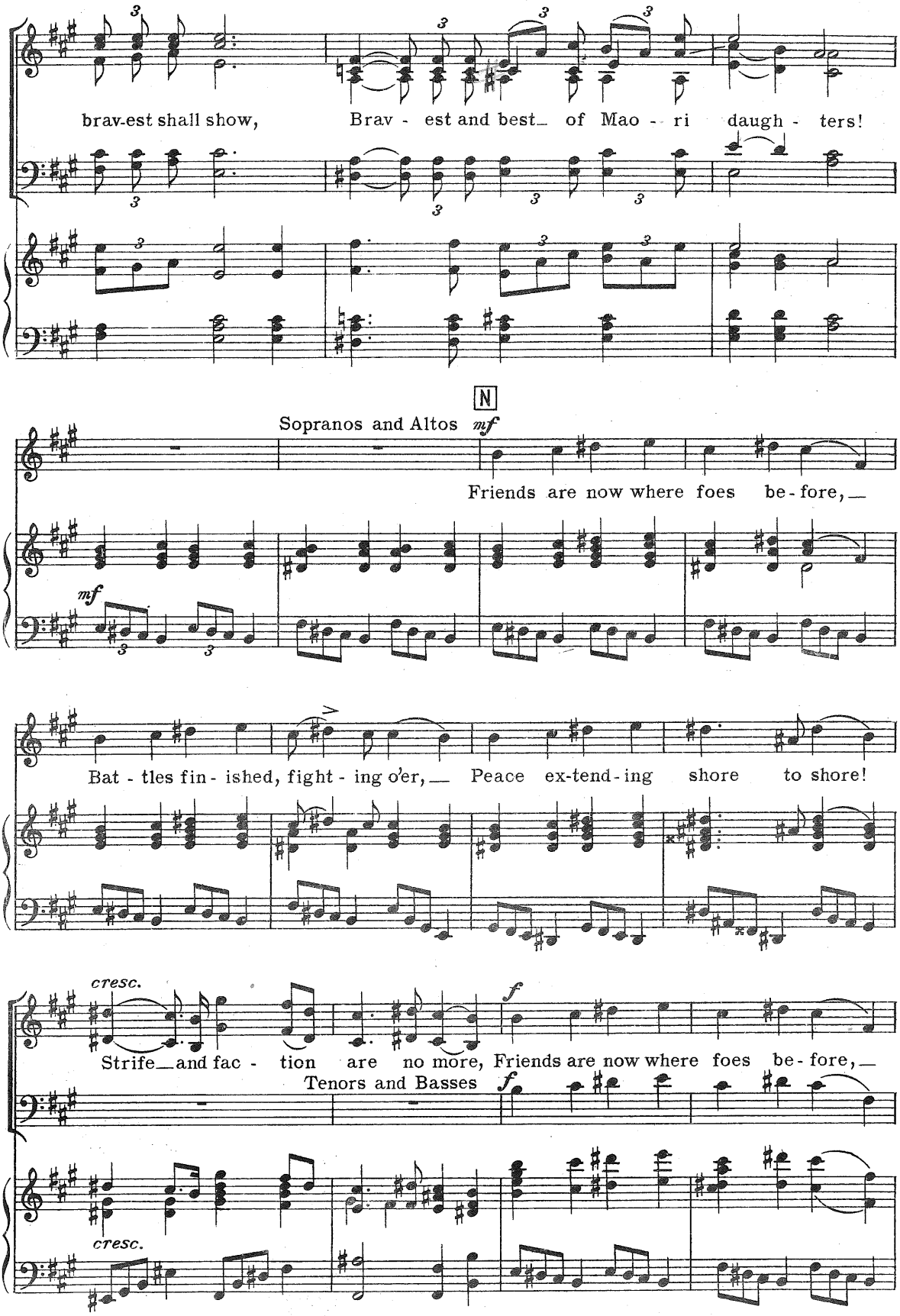
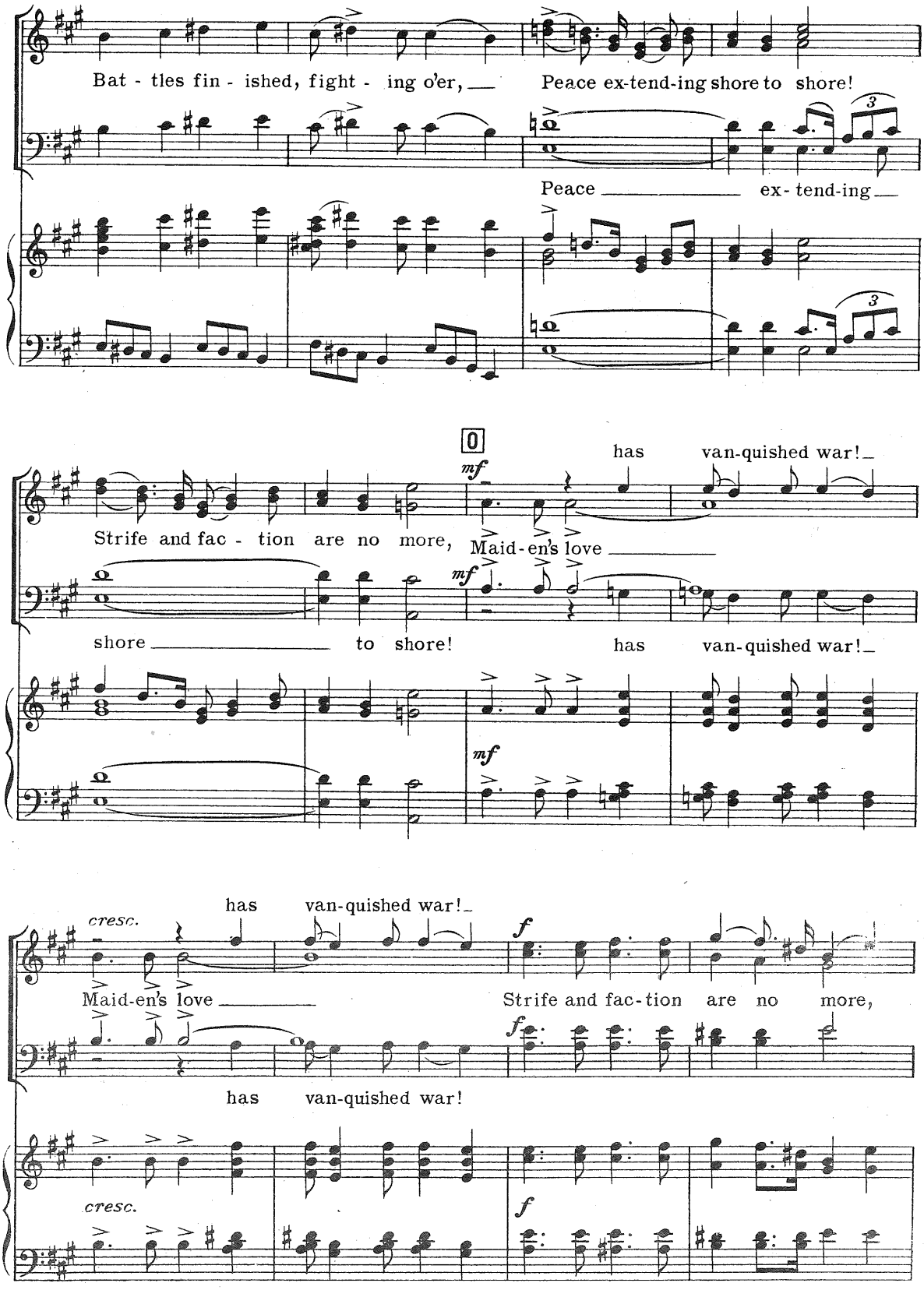
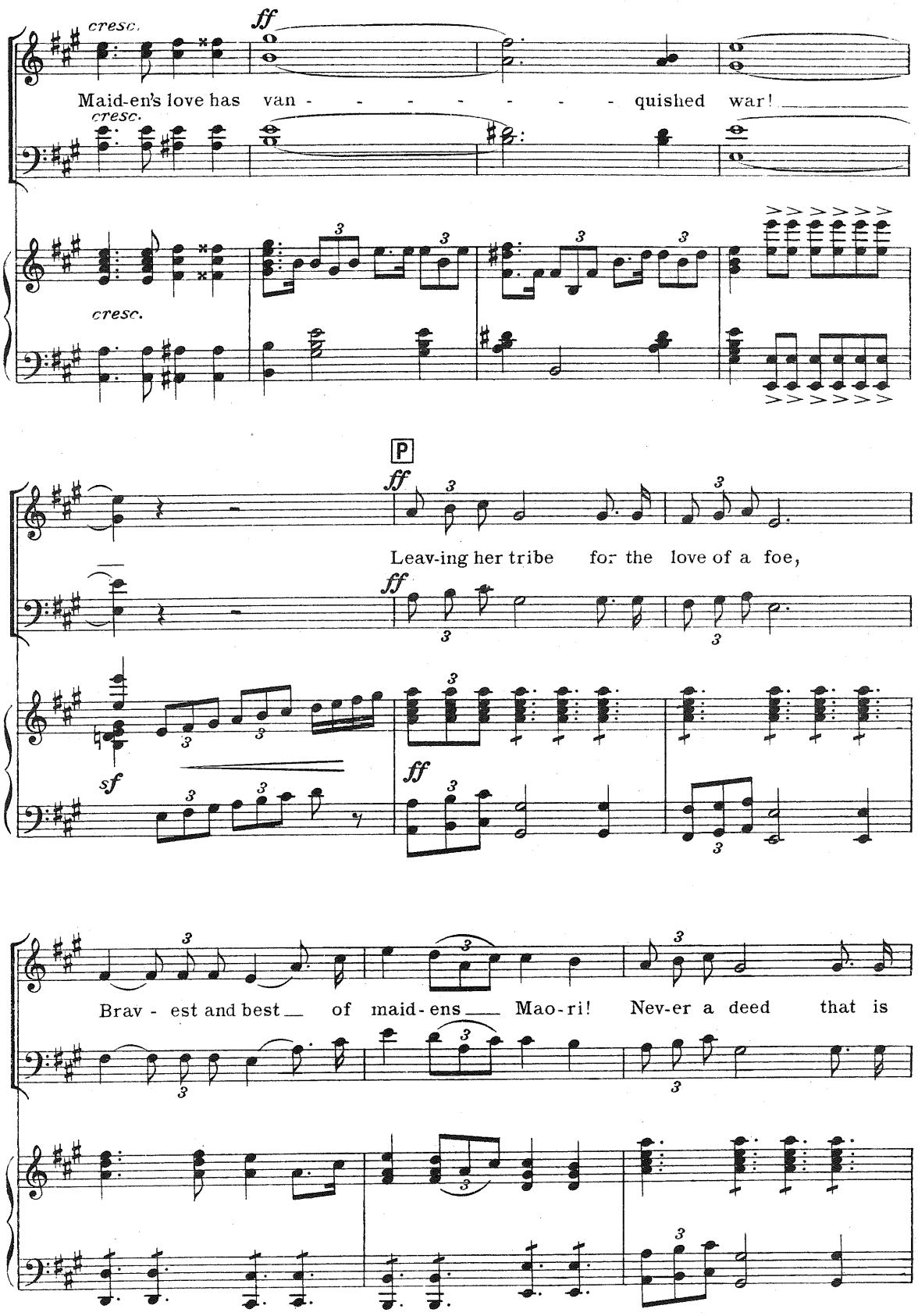
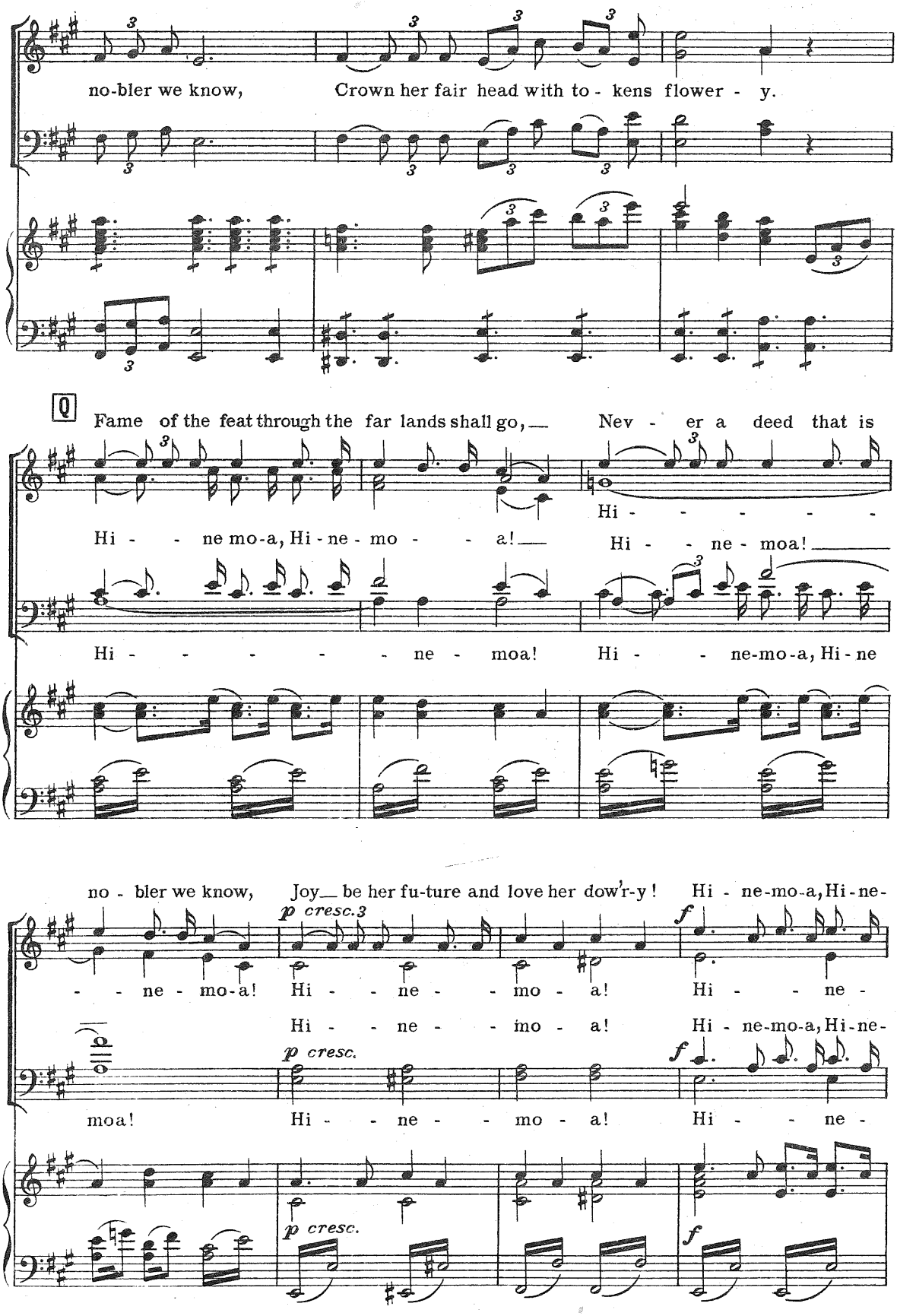
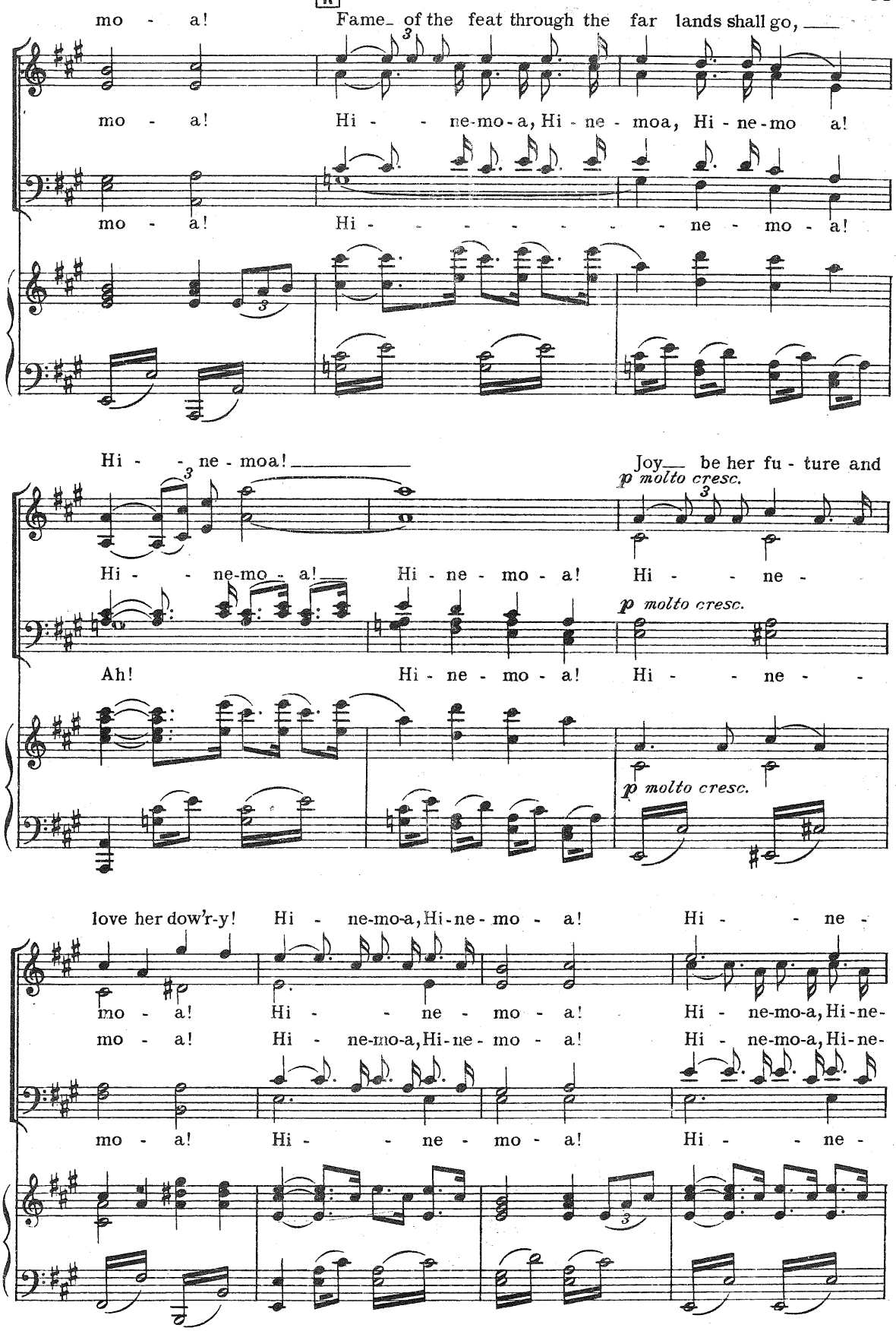
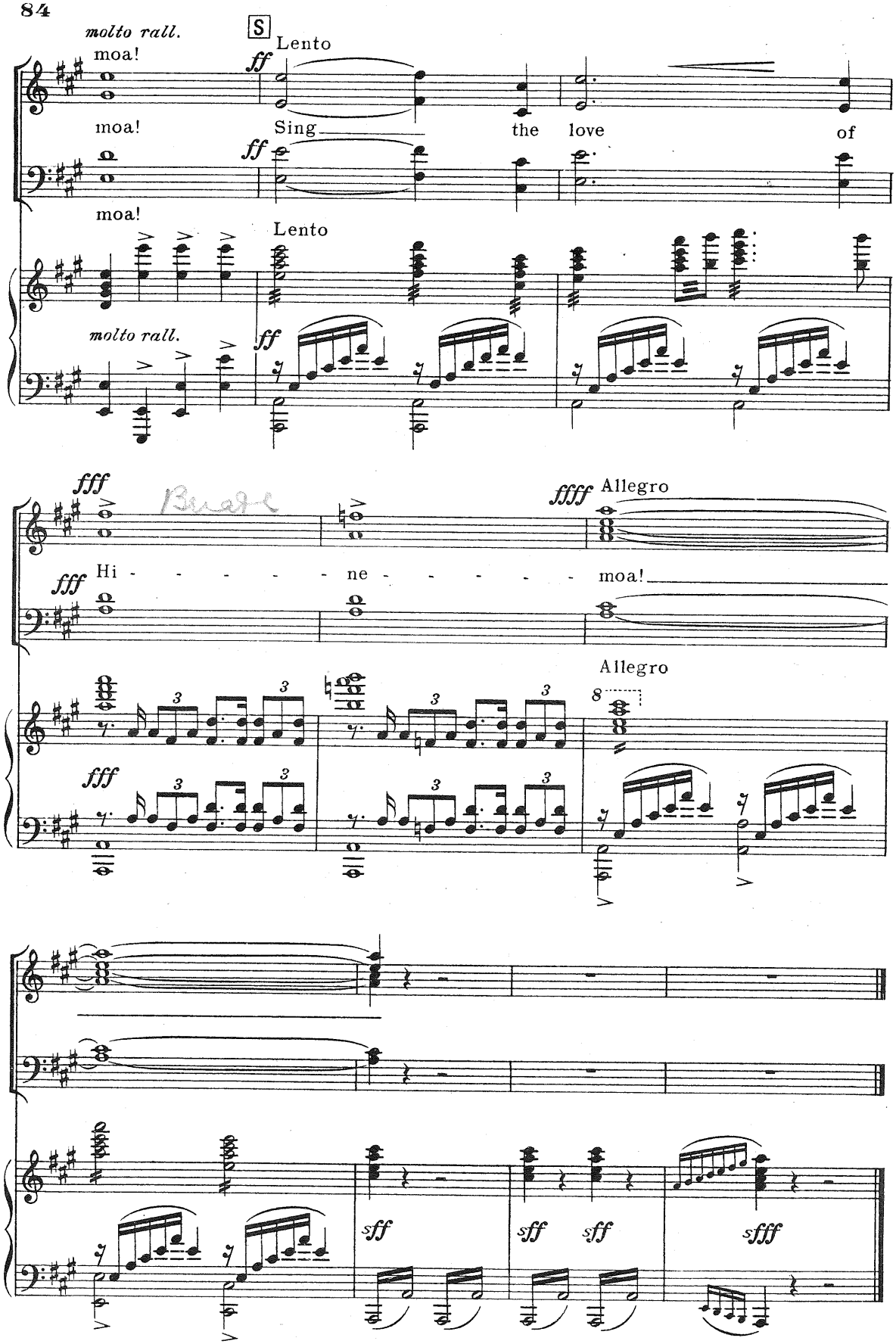

brav-est shall show, Brav - est and best of Mao - ri daugh - ters!
N
Sopranos and Altos
mf
Friends are now where foes be - fore,
mf
Bat - tles fin - ished, fight - ing o'er, Peace ex-tend-ing shore to shore!
cresc.
f
Strife and fac - tion are no more, Friends are now where foes be - fore,
Tenors and Basses
f
cresc.


Bat - tles fin - ished, fight - ing o'er, Peace ex-tend-ing shore to shore!
Peace ex- tend-ing
O
mf
has van-quished war!
Strife and fac - tion are no more, Maid-en's love
mf
shore to shore! has van-quished war!
mf
has van-quished war!
cresc.
Maid-en's love
f
Strife and fac-tion are no more,
f
has van-quished war!
cresc.
f


cresc.
ff
Maid-en's love has van - - - - - - - - quished war!
cresc.
cresc.
P
ff
Leav-ing her tribe for the love of a foe,
ff
sf
ff
Brav - est and best of maid-ens Mao-ri! Nev-er a deed that is


no-bler we know, Crown her fair head with to - kens flower - y.
Q
Fame of the feat through the far lands shall go,— Nev - er a deed that is
Hi - - ne mo-a, Hi-ne-mo - - a!— Hi - - ne-moa!—
Hi - - - - - - ne - moa! Hi - - ne-mo-a, Hi-ne
no - bler we know, Joy— be her fu-ture and love her dow'r-y! Hi - ne-mo-a, Hi-ne-
- - ne - mo-a! Hi - - ne - - mo - a! Hi - - ne -
Hi - - ne - - mo - a! Hi - ne-mo-a, Hi-ne-
moa! Hi - - ne - - mo - a! Hi - - ne -
p cresc.3
p cresc.
f


mo - a! Fame of the feat through the far lands shall go,
mo - a! Hi - ne-mo-a, Hi - ne - moa, Hi - ne-mo a!
mo - a! Hi - ne - mo - a!
Hi - ne - moa!
Joy be her fu - ture and
p molto cresc.
Hi - ne-mo - a! Hi - ne - mo - a! Hi - ne -
p molto cresc.
Ah! Hi - ne - mo - a! Hi - ne -
p molto cresc.
love her dow'r-y! Hi - ne-mo-a, Hi-ne - mo - a! Hi - ne -
mo - a! Hi - ne - mo - a! Hi - ne-mo-a, Hi-ne-
mo - a! Hi - ne-mo-a, Hi-ne - mo - a! Hi - ne-mo-a, Hi-ne-
mo - a! Hi - ne - mo - a! Hi - ne -


molto rall.
moa!
S
Lento
ff
moa!
Sing
the
love
of
moa!
Lento
molto rall.
ff
fff
ffff
Allegro
fff
Hi - - - - - - ne - - - - - - moa!
Allegro
8
fff
sff
sff
sff
sfff