

One summer...

in Waikaretu,



One summer in Waikaretu,
I'm sure I saw a cockatoo
With feathers white and sulphur crest
I really thought it was the best
If it's a parrot so I thought
I'm certain that the bird can talk
"Hey bird" I said, " I'm going to teach
you words" the bird just whistled
And then screeched.



The screech was just a parrot shout
Soon lots of cockatoos came out
And flew towards that old pine tree
They really were quite close to me.
At least a hundred perching there.
The tree was white most every where.
Yellow feathers on their heads,
While I watched from the shearing shed.



With strong black beaks they found a feed
By opening pinecones, finding seeds.
The pinecones then dropped to the ground
A few white feathers scattered 'round.
The next day as the sun was rising
All those cockatoos were flying
North towards Waikato's port
The last one waved and gave a squark
"See you mate" in parrot talk.



One summer at Rotoehu
I saw a baby kangaroo
“Hello Joey, come play with me”
“I’m not a ‘roo, I’m a Wallaby
I love to eat your native trees
You know your fences don’t stop me.”
“Oh! you’re not welcome here today”
He turned and quickly ran away.



Roto...

... rua,

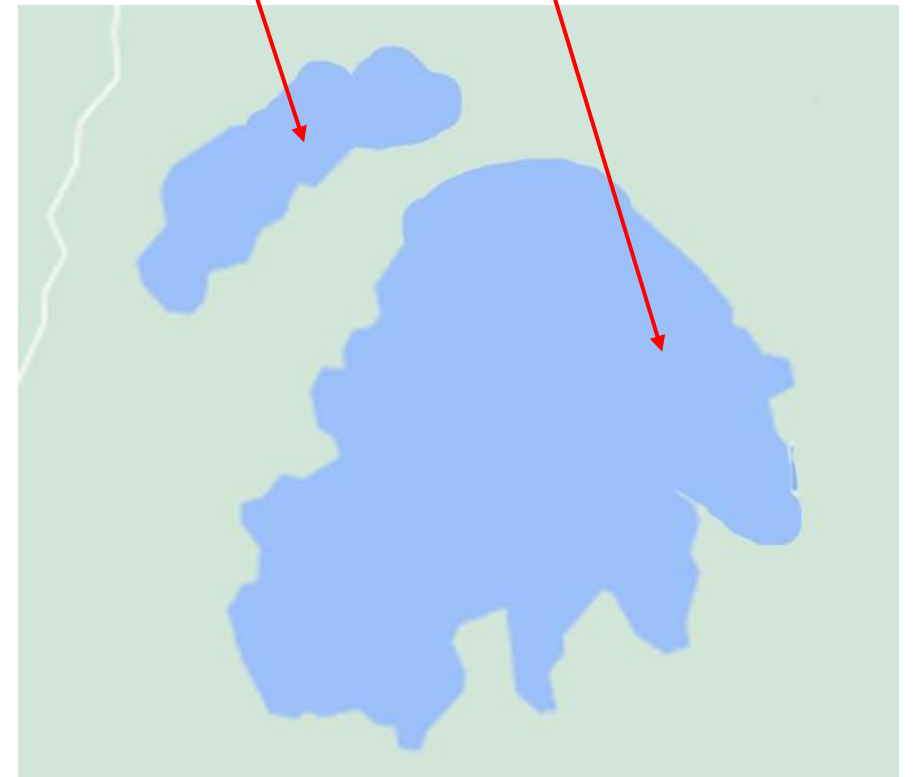
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