

Songs Of Home – Eddie Low (1980) 3/4

There's a land far across the ocean, And I hear it calling me home
It's my homeland, my own land, New Zealand, And I miss her wherever I roam.
And the songs that I love remind me, Of the places and people I know
Til the day I return to my home land, You'll hear me singing, wherever I go.

|D7

And I'll sing...

|G |G |C |C |G |G |D |D
Me He Manu Rere, ~ E Whitu Nga Waka, Hoki Mai and Pokarekare Ana

|D7

And I'll sing

|G |G |C |C |G |D |G |D
Haere Ra E Hine, Waikaremoana, ~ That's home sweet ho-ome to me

I can see silver streams and rivers, Quiet forests that stand proud and tall
And I remember the homfolk so clearly, The friendliest people of all
And it brings back the lakes ~and mountains, They seem to be calling out loud
To come home to the land I was born in, To the Land of the Long White Cloud

|D7

And they'll sing

|G |G |C |C |G |G |D
Me He Manu Rere, ~ E Whitu Nga Waka, Hoki Mai and Pokarekare Ana

|D7

And they'll sing

|G |G |C |C |G |D |G |D
Haere Ra E Hine, Waikaremoana, ~ That's home sweet ho-ome to me

(change key)

|E7 |E7

And they'll sing

|A |A |D |D |A |A |E7
Me He Manu Rere, ~ E Whitu Nga Waka, Hoki Mai and Pokarekare Ana

|E7

And they'll sing

|A |A |D |D |A |A |A --
Haere Ra E Hine, Waikaremoana, ~ That's home sweet ho-ome to me