

Tuia mai hao nusipalataha  
Mo ho'ō kaloni Lile Tele'a na  
Pea tuku ai ā ke 'alaha  
Ke ngangatu he vaha'a 'ō tangata

#### Lolo Fue

Si'i lolo ko e fue 'ō Tafahi  
Ofiofi hono kaufaki mai?  
Ko ho lanu ia ho'ō taka tahi  
Vaha 'ō Senē mo 'Ōkalani  
To'oa mai hao faka'ofilani  
Ua'aki ho'ō kaloni 'Ailani  
Sameleki hono 'akau ngaohi  
Ka kuo 'ikai fa'a hua'aki  
Ka taungasino ta'e heliaki  
Ko e tala tonu mai ha ma'ali

Adorn a *nusipalataha* garland  
With your Lily of the Valley cologne  
And let them emit their fragrance  
Upon your company of suitors

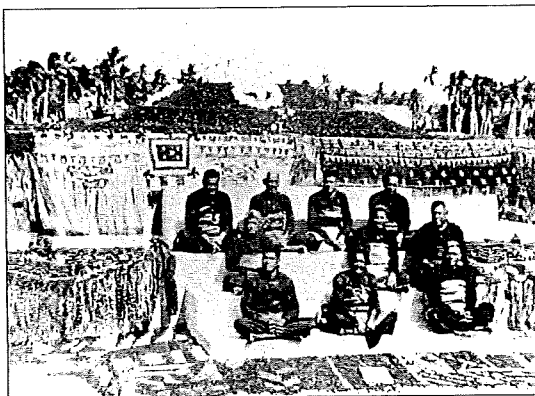
#### Fue Oil

Dear oil from the *fue* of Tafahi  
Brought here by one who swam the distance  
It will wash off the seawater from your voyages  
Between Sydney and Auckland  
Bring a garland of *faka'ofilani*  
To accompany your Irish cologne  
Shamrock, the originating plants  
But words cannot express  
How it clings to the body undisguised  
And impacts directly when you pass

### 62. Tutulu 'a 'Ene 'Afio 'i he Pekia 'a Tuku'aho, The Queen's Tears at the Passing of Tuku'aho (d.1936)

*From Taumoeafonu et al. 2004*

PRINCE Tuku'aho, the second son of Queen Sālote and Tungī Mailefihi, was born on 5 November 1919 and died on 28 April 1936, aged 16 years. Tuku'aho had poor health in childhood. The Queen looked after him during his final illness. In the first verse the Queen addresses Tungī (her consort); and in the third verse she says that if Tuku'aho had lived, he would have been the support of her eldest son, Prince Tāufa'āhau. The tenth verse refers to her youngest son, [Sione Ngū] Manumataongo. And, finally, she says that she accepts God's will. This lament was first published in *Koe Tohi Fanogonogo* in July 1936.



Ha'a Tufunga (royal undertakers) at the grave of Prince Tuku'aho, 1936.

#### Tutulu 'a 'Ene 'Afio 'i he Pekia 'a Tuku'aho

'E Tungī, ke fakamolemole  
'I he fākatu'a e fā'elē  
Kuo 'ikai nofo 'a Taufalē  
Ke tali fekau kiate koé

Tuku'aho-e-tau-'i-Folaha  
Ne u nofo pē 'ō fiefia

#### The Queen's Tears at the Passing of Tuku'aho

Forgive me, Tungī  
For the rudeness of the child I bore you  
Taufale has not stayed  
To do your bidding

Tuku'aho-e-tau-'i-Folaha  
I lived happily in anticipation

'O lau 'e au te ke 'aonga  
Kia Tungī mo hono kāingá

Hoku 'ofa 'oku, hoku 'ofa fau  
He tehina 'o Tāufa'āhau  
Na'e lau pē tokua 'e au  
'E mo'ui ko hono to'omata'u

Hoku 'ofa fau si'eku tamá  
Na'e mālie hono 'uhingá  
Fua 'a e Ongo Ha'angana  
Moto 'o e Ha'atakalaua

'Oiauē, si'eku tamá  
He 'eiki e ongo Ha'a Ngata  
Mokopuna 'o 'Ulukālala  
Mokopuna e motu'a ko Atá

Tuku'aho ē Uiliami  
Hoku 'ofa 'i hono sino 'eiki  
'Eiki tu'unga ho'o tamaí  
Fihī'anga 'o e ngaahi tu'í

Tuku'aho ē, 'e Taufale  
Ko si'ete tama tu'u he fa'ē  
Taha'anga 'o e ongo lainé  
Muka 'o e Konisitūtóné

Tuku ke u tangi 'o lau'aitu  
'I he siana ni mei Halaliku  
Pe fēfē'i hano liliu  
'A e tohi lisi 'o Maka-'a-kiu

Hoku 'ofa fau si'eku tama ni  
Ko e fua 'a Ha'a Havea Lahi  
'Eiki 'o loto Nuku'alofa ni  
Na'e tu'a ki he Kolo Ngatuvai

'Ofa 'i he tangi 'a Sioné  
Ho'o li'aki ke fēfē  
Ha fua kavenga 'a e valé  
Maheni falala kiate koé

He neongo pē 'eku mahí  
Ka u 'ilo ko e nofo pule'i  
Ka u laulotoa ho'o mo'ui  
Hoko ko hoku vaikau'aki

Thinking you would be useful  
To Tungī and his people

How I love, how I dearly love  
This younger brother of Tāufa'āhau  
I thought vainly  
He would live to be his main support

Oh, how I love this dear child of mine  
His was a regal birth  
Tribute of both Ha'angana  
Flower-bud of Ha'atakalaua

Ah me, dear child of mine  
Lord of both Ha'a Ngata  
Progeny of 'Ulukālala  
Progeny of the old man Ata

Tuku'aho, oh, Uiliami  
How precious is his chief's body  
Derived from your father  
In whom the kings' lineages mingle

Tuku'aho, oh alas, Taufale  
My dear child who ruled over his mother  
In whom the two lines merge  
Sprouting leaf of the Constitution

Let me weep inconsolably  
For this young man from Halaliku  
How am I to make the change  
In the lease book of Maka-'a-kiu

How I love this dear child of mine  
This offering of Ha'a Havea Lahi  
Lord of the heart of Nuku'alofa  
But commoner to the Kolo Ngatuvai

How I pity Sione's weeping  
To what end did you leave him  
The infant will carry burdens  
He who was accustomed to leaning on you

But though I grieve  
I know Who reigns  
So I will just reflect on your life  
Waters of my consolation