(Lines by a Taranaki recruit, Archie Robson, 'Somewhere in [illegible]'
Harry Stowell.

I'm homesick since I left the shacks
Of Taranaki mountain,
Where we spanked cows along the tracks
And tapped the milky fountain ;
We rose up early in the morn
With logs and stumps all round us,
And now, at times, I'm quite forlorn
Since this long war has bound us.

O ne'er shall I forget the day
We started off recruiting,
We left the cows to munch their hay
The pigs to do their rooting;
I left my mother and my girl
However could I do it,
I sigh for both (that lovely curl !)

The Nyaere grove still woos the breeze
The tram-line is decaying,
Where Pukengahu reared her trees
The flocks and herds are straying;
No more wild pigeons seek its bowers
Nor Kakarikis chitter,
No Tuis trill their bush-clad hours
Or friendly Fan-tails twitter.

But when the war again is o'er
And the foe admits he's done for,
I'll streak straight for New Zealand's shore
And Taranaki run for;
O rainy mount ! I'll feed your pigs
And ne'er from you will sever,
I'll take my girl, God bless those kids !
Taranaki then for ever !