

Captain Kumara

Captain Kumara he used the stars for navigation
Steered the waka in a Polynesian migration
Pulling up his roots from a South American homeland
Going with the flowing of the wind and water
west while he sang

Chorus

I am a kumara, kumara, kumara, kumara, kumara,
kumara, kumara, kumara

I am a kumara, kumara, kumara, kumara, kumara,
kumara, kumara, kumara

A mighty storm was brewing on the sea
The sailors trembled hard their hearts did beat
But nothing shook our sweet and stodgy captain
White caps broke upon the prow,
he just laughed and sang

Chorus

The waka ran before the storm out west
The captain and his crew at last were blessed
A bird filled land with forest to the sea
A land to sink his roots in to and people
settling in to feed on...

Chorus