

Waiata Taki – E Kō

Kaitito / Composers – Hana Morgan, Maria Tini & Hana O’Regan

Rohe – Kāi Tahu whānui

Whakamārama / Explanation

I titoa tēnei waiata i te wānaka tito waiata i Awarua i te tau 2001, i te wā i te haka a Awarua i tō rātou wharerau.

He kōrero tuku iho tēnei waiata mō Kā Roimata, te tamahine a Te Maiharanui rāua ko Te Whe, ā, i raoga e kā rikarika o tōna hākoru tou i te wā i mauheretia rātou ko tōna whānau i kā raho o te kaupuke ‘Irihapeti’ i te whaka o Akaroa. Ka taki kōrero te waiata nei mō te ahuka mai o te tio, ā, ka taki hoki i kā honoka o Murihiku ki kā pakaka o waekanui i a Kāi Tahu me Kāti Toa.

This waiata was composed by participants of the wanaka tito waiata at Awarua marae during the development of the wharerau. This waiata is about the kōrero tuku iho for Kā Roimata, the daughter of Te Maiharanui and Te Whe, who was killed by her father's hand whilst captured on board the brig ‘Elizabeth’ in Akaroa Harbour. The waiata tells of the origin of the Tio / oyster and highlights the important connection between Murihiku and the events surrounding the Kāi Tahu, Kāti Toa wars.

Ka tikaka whakamahi mō te waiata nei / Notes on appropriate usage of this waiata

He waiata taki tēnei. E tika ana hai waiata, hai poroporoakī hoki i kā takiaue me kā wā e whakamōmori ana ki tētahi kua riro ki tua o Paerau.

A waiata taki - appropriate as a waiata at takiaue / funerals, or at times to recognise the grieving of someone no longer with us

E KŌ

E kō e, waiho mā aku rika hai tuku
Nā ēnei koe i miri
Mā ēnei taku kuru auhuka koe e whakamoe

Koi waiho hai pōri mā te kāhui kaki
Pūkatokato ana tō iwi mōu e takiaue nei
Me rite ki te hau toka rere ata
Pōtiki-a-Rakamaomao kawea taku rau tītapu
Kia warea e te ao mauru

Tiro ake ana ki a Tahu-nui-ā-Raki
Pāinaina ana i te rakiura
E koro e Tawhiri kai hea aku heika
E te kuru tekarerewa e Kā Roimata
Kua parekuratia e te touapo, e te raureka

Matawaia ōna kanohi mariki iho ana
Ki Te Ara-a-Kewa ka tae te kāwatawata aroha
Hai taoka roimata e kōpania ana e
E oriori iho nei ki te papawai e.

DEAR CHILD

My dear girl, let these hands of mine release you
These hands that have caressed you
Will be the ones to put you to sleep oh beloved
treasure
Lest you be left to be enslaved by the avenging pack
Your people sob in grief over you
Allow yourself to be like the morning breeze
Pōtiki-a-Rakamaomao please take my prized one
So she may be soothed by the soft clouds

Look upon the Southern Lights
Bask in the reddened sky
Oh Koro Tāwhiri where are my parents?
Dear treasure Kā Roimata
They have been slaughtered by greed and
covetousness

Her eyes swell and tears cascade
To Te Ara-a-Kewa, overcome with heartache
The treasured tears are encased
And float to the ocean floor below