

Pātere – Tīaho iho nei

Kaitito / Composers – Hana O'Regan

Rohe – Moeraki, Kāti Hāteatea

Whakamārama / Explanation

He pātere tēnei mō te Rūnaka o Moeraki i titoa i te tau 1996, e taki haere ana i kā ikoa wāhi o te rohe me kā kōrero o nehe mō te waka o Araiteuru.

This pātere was composed for the Moeraki Rūnaka in 1996, and journeys through the places that define its' boundaries, and the ancient stories that accompany them from the canoe tradition of Araiteuru.

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

He pai tēnei waiata hei kīnaki i kā kōrero ōkawa – he tino pai hei tautoko i kā kōrero o tētahi nō Moeraki tonu.

This song is appropriate to use to support speeches in formal situations – particularly so for speakers who hail from Moeraki.

TIAHO IHO NEI

Tiaho iho nei ko te whetū rakatira
Hei tohu o ruka mō te ara i te uru
Takoto kau ana kā paeka o te waka
Horoia kā kete taoka i Kaihīnaki
E te rehu tai o Araiteuru kaika e te pō

Tū mai rā kā mauka atua
takahuritia ki te kōhatu e te hau toka,
hei pouhere whenua, pouhere takata
Tēnā rā a Pukeuri, kā waewae i rere atu i tōna tihi
ka hoki ki te pū o Pakihiwitahi e kekeho atu nei
Pōpōroa kau ana mō te pūkākaho o Puketapu

Ko te heke o te karariwha whakarauora kā kohaka

Whatua kā aho tūpuna o te whare
Hei tihaka pūmau, ūhia te whenua
Taiāwhiotia kā whare i Manuhaea
Whakamākūkū kā moka i te huka a Aoraki
E rere atu ana i te au o Waitaki

Tāia kā toka ki te moko i Takiroa, i Maerewhenua
Whiua kā aho ki kā taoka a Tuhaitara, a Kahukura
Mau tonu te pona ki te tihaka tāmahana te Raka-a-Hina-ātea,
E mumura ana kā ahi o Moeraki, o Matuatiki i te wairua
Kawea ko te kupu o te mōrehu ki te ao
Tākohua kā tapuwae i Kātigi
Haumiri i te tai ki Matakaea, ki te waha o Waihemo e

SHINING DOWN

*The chiefly star shines down
As it shows the path to the West
The wreckage of the canoe lies there
The treasured kits are washed at Kaihīnaki
the tidal spray of Araiteuru, consumed by the night*

*Stand forth the sacred mountains cast to stone
By the cold southern wind
As mooring posts of the land and people
There stands Pukeuri, the feet the have flown from his peak
I return to the foot of Pakihiwitahi left gazing longingly
For the promised firewood of Puketapu*

*The female pāua make their journey,
bringing life back to the beds
The ancestral threads of the house are thus woven together
As an everlasting carpet, covering the land
Encircling the houses at Manuhaea
Its edges moistened by the snow of Aoraki
That flow down the Waitaki current*

*The rocks at Takiroa and Maerewhenua are engraved with tattoos
The lines cast to the bounties of Tuhaitara and Kahukura
Tie them to the mat that warms Raka-a-Hina-ātea
The fires of Moeraki and Matuatiki blaze in its shadow
Take with you the words of the survivors in to the world
The footsteps at Kātigi are enshrouded in the mist
Embrace the shore to Matakaea, to the mouth of the Waihemo.*