

Waiata taki – Toro mai tō rika

Kaitito / Composers – Hana O’Regan

Rohe – Kāi Tahu whānui

Whakamārama / Explanation

Mā Lisa rāua ko Tahu Watson. He waiata taki tēnei i titoa e Hana i te mateka o tētahi o ōna hoa, a Lisa Watson i te tau 2008. I tito tēnei mā tana tamaiti nohinohi a Tahu Watson, i mahue mai i te ao hurihuri i te mateka o tana hākui. Kā pēhea rā te tamaiti e mārama ana ki tēnei mea te mate o te hākui? Kāore i kō atu, i kō mai i te aroha o te hākui ki tana tamaiti, nā reira he tohu tēnei waiata i te honoka o taua aroha, e kore nei e wetekina e te wā, e tēnei ao rānei.

For Lisa and Tahu Watson. This lament was composed by Hana upon the loss of a dear friend, Lisa Watson in 2008. It was composed for her son Tahu Watson, who is left behind in the world of light with the death of his mother. How can a child possibly comprehend the death of a mother? There is no love that can compare to that of a mother for her child, and it is that bond of love that this waiata recognises, one that cannot be pulled apart by time, or by this world.

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 takiauē 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.

TORO MAI TŌ RIKA

Toro mai tō rika e te hākui e
Māku rā koe e whakamahana
I tō rara mātao nei
Tō kiri māheni ki tōku mata
Waiho mā aku roimata
Koe e tuku e
Taku kōtuku e, piri mai ki taku rika
Ko koe rā tāku e konohi nei
Mapu kau ana te manawa o tō huatahi nei
Kore rawa au e marama
He aha koe i riro ai
Taku ūkaipō pupuri mai ki taku rika
Kia mau pūmau tō roko
Ki aku mahara e
Moe mai e taku manawa
Taku pou, taku oraka kākau
Taku hākui e
nei rā te apakura
a tō uri e.

REACH OUT YOUR HAND

*Reach out your hand to me dear mother
So that I may warm you
On this your cold bed
Your skin so soft upon my face
Let my tears
Release you
My majestic heron, hold close to my hand
It is you I grieve so deeply for
This heart of your only child can but sob
I will never understand
why you have been taken
You who nursed me at your breast hold tight to my hand
So I can always remember how you felt to my touch
In my cherished memories
Rest well my heart
My teacher, my comforter
My mother
This is the lament
of your loving child.*