

Mōteatea – Te Waiata Mō Te Koeti

Kaitito / Composers – Hana O’Regan

Rohe – Makaawhio

Whakamārama / Explanation

I titoa tēnei waiata mō te Rūnaka o Makaawhio i te tau 1996. Nā Audrey Hansen kā kōrero i taki mai i te tekau o kā rā o Ono, i te tau 1995. Ko Te Kōeti Tūranga te tupuna rakatira o Ngāti Mahaki o Makaawhio, ā, koia tērā e kōrerohia i te whiti tuatahi o te waiata nei. He kupu akiaki anō kai roto nei ki ōna uri ki te hokihoki atu ki te kāika, ki te ūkaipō, kia whakakā anō ai kā ahi, kia purea e kā hau o ō rātou whenua tākaekae.

This waiata was written for the Rūnanga o Makaawhio in the year 1996. The stories were recited by Audrey Hansen on October 10th 1995. Te Koeti Tūranga is the eponymous ancestor of the Ngāti Mahaki hapu of Makaawhio, and it is he who is spoken of in the first verse. The song also contains words of encouragement for his descendants to return to the home place, the mother land to relight the fires, so they may be blown by the winds of their ancestral lands.

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

He pai tēnei waiata hei waiata kīnaki i te wā o te pōwhiri. He tino pai mō kā uri mokopuna o Te Koeti Tūranga, rātou hoki nō Makaawhio.

This waiata is appropriate for formal pōwhiri as waiata kīnaki. It is especially relevant for those who descend from Te Koeti Tūranga and Makaawhio; or to support a speaker from Makaawhio

TE WAIATA MŌ TE KOETI

Māpuna ana te hua roimata i aku kamo
kia ririki atu ki te wai o Makawhio
Ko te Aotea tēnā e miria ana
e kā maumahara o kā kaihoe e
Tukuna te waka o Te Koeti i tōu nei au
he piki kotuku nā te iwi
Kahoro iho kā pua kōwhai
hei uruka mō tōhona haere e
Rere kau ana te wai ki te manawa
kaweā atu taku wairua e te ia
Ki kā taoka ā ōhoku tūpuna
hei oraka kākau mōhoku e

Arahina ō uri ki Papakeri
Whakamarumarutia e te kahu a Tāne
Morimoria e kā ōhākī
i puhia e te hau e wawara ana
Aru tonu ki te waitapu o Mahitahi
i te ara tupuna ki te kokoru nui
He aroha i mahuki ki kā kanohi
Kī te whenua tākaekae e hora ana e
Tāmata iho taku kiri i te hau moana a Māui
Ka huri ki Heretaniwha,
Pōwharu kā waewae i te one e

Takoto kau noa kā hārauka o kā whare,
Rere tonu ana ko te karaka a rātou mā
Ki te tini o te marea kua roa e karo nei
Koi mōwai noa te āhuru mōwai o te iwi e
Hurihia ki a Tūtoko e tū ana ki te toka,
Nōhona te mana, ko te ihi, ko te wehi
Kakapa ana te manawa me he āmai moana,
hopukina kā mahara e te Tai o Poutini
Kia tau iho ai ki ruka
I te ākau, mau tonu e

THE SONG FOR TE KOETI

*The tears well up in my eyes
That they may be shed to the waters of Makaawhio
That is the Aotea that is stroked
By the memories of those who rowed upon it
Release the canoe of Te Koeti to your flow
The treasured leader of the people
The Kōwhai petals fall
As a pillow for his journey
The water flows straight to the heart
My spirit carried in the current's grasp
To the treasures of my ancestors
Solace for my soul*

*Guide your descendants to Papakeri
Sheltered by the Cloak of Tāne
Caressed by the last words
Blown by the whistling wind
Continuing on to the sacred waters of Mahitahi
Upon the ancestral path to the large bay
It is love that wells in the eyes
For the familial land laid forth
My skin refreshed
I turn my gaze to Heretaniwha
My feet sinking in to the sand*

*The imprints of the houses all that remains
Yet still the calls of the old ones beckon
To the multitudes who have been gone so long
Lest this sheltered haven of the people be left desolate
I turn to Tūtoko standing to the south
He holds the mana, the power, the strength
The heart throbs as if a sea swell
My thoughts captured by Poutini's tide
So they will come to rest
upon the shore forevermore*