

Kāore Taku Raru Nā Ruka Te Rangiāhuta Broughton

Kāore taku raru te āta mōhiotia
I ngā rau rangi nei,
Ko ngā ngaru kai waka
I te au a Tāne,
Pākia mai rā
E ngā pōtiki a Rakamamao,
E hūhū rā he hiku taniwha pea ngē,
Kei te aukume,
Kei te aurona,
Kei te aukaha,
Te tau a Whiro.
E tū e hine mā, e tama mā,
Whakaarahia ake ngā poupou
O tō whare
O Te Herenga Waka,
Me tōna tāhuhu
Ko te pātaka kai iringa hoki
O te kupu o te kōrero
A te kāhui kahika o ngā rā ki tua
Kia toka ia nei
Te paepae tapu
Kei ngā waha kākā nui a Tāne,
Kei ngā manu tīoriori
Pari karangaranga o Rongomaraeroa,
Pūkana whakarunga,
Pūkana whakararo.
Ko Poutūterangi tonu
Kei ngā huihuinga a Matariki,
Hei rāhiri mai i te ngahue tangata,
Ka huri au ki te whare
Mō wai rokiroki hai!

*My sickness is unresolved
These many days past,
It afflicts me like the canoe eating waves
Raging against Tāne.
To be slapped
By the winds of Rakamamao
That swishes like the tail of the taniwha
and creates a whirlpool
an ever deepening whirlpool
That gathers strength
And causes Whiro to sing.
Arise young men and women,
Raise the posts
Of your house,
Te Herenga Waka,
And its ridge pole
The storehouse from which suspends
the words and history
of past times.
Make strong
the sacred benches
of the speakers of Tāne
of the singing birds
that reverberate on the marae
stare fiercely above,
Stare fiercely downwards
'Tis Poutūterangi
of the gathering of Matariki
that welcomes the multitudes
thus I turn to the house
Of infinite calm.*