**TIRA WAIATA**

**E IHOWA**E Ihowa Atua,
O ngā iwi mātou rā,
āta whakarongona;
Me aroha noa.
Kia hua ko te pai;
Kia tau tō atawhai;
Manaakitia mai
Aotearoa.

**BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY**
QUEEN (Whakamaori – Hatea Kapa Haka - with permission)

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| Is this the real life? Is this just fantasy?  Caught in a landslide No escape from reality Open your eyes Look up to the skies and see Im just a poor boy I need no sympathy Because I’m easy come, Easy go Little high, little low Any way the wind blows Doesn’t really matter to me, to me… Mama, just killed a man Put a gun against his head Pulled my triggerNow he’s dead Mama, Life had just begun, But now I’ve gone and thrown it all awayMama uuu Didn’t mean to make you cry If I’m not back again this time tomorrow Carry on, carry on, (as if) nothing really matters I see a little silhouetto of a manScaramouche Scaramouche will you do the fandangoThunderbolt and Lightning very very frightening meGalileo (galileo) Galileo (galileo) Galileo FigaroMagnifico-o-o-oI’m just a poor boy nobody loves meHe’s just a poor boy from a poor familySpare him his life from this monstrosityEasy come Easy go Will you let me goBismillah NO we will not let you go – Let him goBismillah we will not let you go – Let him goBismillah we will not let you go – Let him goWill not let you go – Let me goWill not let you goLet me go-o-o-oNo no no no no no noMama mia mama mia Mama mia let me goBeelzebub has a devil put aside for me, for me, for meSo you think you can stone me and spit in my eyeSo you think you can love me and leave me to dieOh baby, cant do this to me baby Just gotta get out, just gotta get right outta here Nothing really mattersAnyone can seeNothing really matters nothing really matters to meAny way the wind blows | He ao tukupū He ao pohewa noaHerea anaTē puta mai rāTirohia rāngā rangi tūhāhāHe rawakore (kore)Kei arohaina mai rāHe tai paringa,TimungaAupiki nui, auheke roa Ngā miringa o te hauTē aro i a au (i a au)                              uu/uu uu uu uu (x6)…..Māmā, he kōhurutoro atu ā ringapūhia –te tangataMāmā (Mama Mama)Te orokohangaKua moumou kē atu inaianei -e-iMāmā uuuuKa heke te roimata,Tē puta ahau, e kōkiriKōkiri, kōkiri, tē aro atu-uuuuuuuuu….Te ata o te tangataHako hako korikori tinanaPapa te whatitiri hikohiko te uiraPararē (pararē) Pararē (pararē) kia tika, ki te ao (kia ki te ao-o-o-o)He rawakore, aroha koreHe rawakore, piringa korekatia tēnei āhuatanga-aaaa….Paringa, timunga, tukuna ahauE te atua! E kore e tuku – tukunaE te atua! E kore e tuku – tukunaE te atua! E kore e tuku – tukunaKore e tuku – tukunaKore e tukuTukuna-a-a-aNa na na na na na naA Māmā mia māmā mia Māmā mia tukunaKo Māua ko Whiro e noho tahi, tahi, tahi-u-u-uu…Nguha mai, kikino, tuhaina ki a au (ki a au-uu)Huri mai kātahi ka whakarēreaTaukuri, kaua e tahuriMe puta atu, me puta rawa atu e – a a a aTē aro atuKa kitea eTē aro atuTē aro atu – ahau-uuuuu Ahakoa te hau - uuu |

**WAIRUA O TE PUNA AROHA**

***Kaitito****: Hori Tait, 2002*

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| Wairua o te puna arohaAroha, aroha! *(x2)*Wairua o te punao te whenuaWairua o te puna arohaAroha, aroha! *(x2)*I tau, i tau i runga rāHe tangataHei ora mōNgā mea katoaO te whenuaO te rangiO waenganuiWairua o te puna arohaAroha, aroha! *(x2)*Kia pupū, pupū ake *(x 3)*Aroha, aroha, aroha | The spirit is bubbling upall across the landAnd the spirit welling upis love!The spirit welling up is love,affection, togetherness!Situated high above usis a beingthat is the lifeforcefor all thingsupon the land,in the spiritual world,and in between.May it bubble up for ever,Love, affection, togetherness! |

**BATHE IN THE RIVER – HOLLIE SMITH**

***Kaitito***: Don McGlashan
Translations by Tweedy Waititi

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| --- | --- |
| Me he manuMau korapa anaTukuna au.E mahue ake ra i ahau (Tangi) rōhai atu rāE rere rākawea au ki taku oranga Tukuna atu ahau, kōrukutia!Whaka-ranga-tira! Kōrukutia!Auaka rā (e) tangi noaTe ara whaiwhairoaTē wehi i ahauMahea ake rāTe Whaka-ponoTukuna au...E rere rāwhakaaria mai rā to araTukuna atu ahau, kōrukutia!Whaka-ranga-tira! Kōrukutia!Auaka rā (e) tangi noaTe ara whaiwhairoaAwa reareaE kuhī ana  Wai arohaTurakina ki raro ra.Tukuna atu ahau, kōrukutia!Whaka-ranga-tira! Kōrukutia!Auaka rā (e) tangi noaTe ara whaiwhairoaTukuna atu ahau, aue... kōrukutia!Whaka-ra-nga-tira! Kōrukutia!Auaka rā e tangi noaTe ara whaiwhairoa | Like a birdThrough prison barsI’m escapingAnd behind me on the long highwayLies all that I’ve forsakenCool river flow…I am bound for where-ever You goI’m gonna bathe in the riverGonna hold my head up in the riverNot gonna worry anymoreGonna reach that golden shoreI don’t feel afraidFor now I seeThat if I believeI will be free    Wide river flowI’m gonna learn whatever you knowI’m gonna bathe in the riverGonna hold my head up in the riverNot gonna worry anymoreGonna reach that golden shore Mighty river Hear that rush’n soundCool clear waterLay my burden downI’m gonna bathe in the riverGonna hold my head up in the riverNot gonna worry anymoreGonna reach that golden shoreI’m gonna bathe, baby, in the riverGonna hold my head up in the riverNot gonna worry anymoreTil I reach that golden shore... |
| ***Glossary*****korapa** - The name of a traditional bird cage**Kōrukutia** - to be submerged in water or for one to dive into water and cleanse themselves. (refers to a river of humanity)**Te Ara Whaiwhairoa** –Writer Don McGlashan speaks about wisdom and learning from life, this name represents that long journey. |