

Nga Oriori nā Nanny Mā
(Pākehā Version)

Mingting's Mahi a ringa
Kererū, Kererū - whūsh whūsh whūsh,
Piwaiwaka – flit flit flit,
Tuī, Tuī – whata whata whata
Rūrū, Rūrū – tūtū tūtū

Wā Moe - Maiangi, Mei, Māruarua - Nini Moe Moe (Part 1)

Hina is sleeping in Tamatea

Dreaming of Kai Ariki.

Morning song vibrates

With Manu Heralding your arrival.

Tuī pop, shuck and thrill.

Putaataraikihi click, clap and shrill.

Pīwaiwaka flit, chatter & explode into playful dance.

Harvesting Pīpīwharaua, twui twui twouuu...

And Kuaka long exhausted peck and yawn.

Come Maiangi, Mei, Māruarua, it's time for sleeping.

Come my baby lets go to sleep.

Wā Moe ... (Part 2)

One

I pick some pūrātoke from the inlet at Ōpua, by old Otuihu Pā

Pūrātoke are little but they can illuminate my Kete.

I have a Kete full of Nanny's yellow maize in flowing water and the tuna drums at Taumārere,

I love the sweet smell of smoking tuna but fermented maize smells rotten, like Ngāwhā, and tastes pungent.

Nevertheless Ngāwhā is a healing place and rotten maize is a delicacy from our Taitokerau home.

Come Raaninikura, it's time for sleeping

Come my Nini of Ngāti Manu, let's go to sleep.

Two

I pick some pipi from our stopping place at Waiotahe (where Pāpā refreshed himself for his last journey home).

Waiotahe pipi are little and slender but they are sweet.

I have a kete full of Pāpā's black skinned peruuperuu and tuna,

Tuna, peruuperuuu with butter and Waiotahe pipi are delicious together.

Pāpā's maara kai, travelling hīnaki and rabbit-wire kete fed/feed many families.

(But I remember Pāpā loved torch-lit nights at the river, feeling for hiringa and flinging tuna up the bank at us to make us scream)

Come Maiangi, Mei, Māruarua, (with the husky boss voice), 'Ae!' it's time for sleeping

Come my Nini Mèimei, e noho ana ki Pōneke. 'Paikare!' lets go to sleep

Three

I pick some watercress from our puna at Mangapārae where the hikumutu live.

The puna paru is cold and black but its watercress is pristine-crisp and sweet.

I have a Kete full of Nanny Pa's terotero, tails, karingo and the kouramata he buried on the whata by the nesting weka at Urukōkōmuka.

Karingo on rēwana bread is delicious but kouramata is an acquired taste and there are hardly any weka around now.

Nevertheless terotero and lamb tails, karingo and koura, watercress and weka remind me of our Tairāwhiti home.

Come Xiǎo Mèimei (little sister, with the dimples and the happy walking feet), it's time for sleeping.

Come my Nini Moemoe, nō Guangzhou (with the 'double pebble' tired eyes) let's go to sleep.

Paikare Double Pebble... e moe!

Wā Moe... (Part 3)

Nanny Maa stands on the hill by the big pūriri where we buried you and your tuakana Ming's whenua,

Looking out toward Areoma over the Papatipu o Mangapārae,

Imagining the forest and invigorated flowing waters.

Delighting in the Yellow helmeted birds frolicking under aqua cloaked yellow vested kōtare and watchful kahu.

Grow up well my Nini Moemoe,

Tall like these trees, happy like these waters, care-free like those birds.

Grow tall. Flow free. Lift high.

Come my Nini Moemoe it's time for sleeping

Come my lovely-grumpy girl, Miangi Mei let's go to sleep.

Paikare my pēpi... e moe!