

Ka ora | Ka mate

(He whakahoki ki tā Hariata Ropata-Tangahoe mahi toi, 'Matariki')

Ka ora, ka ora
Ka mate, ka mate

Tēnei te ruahine tū wao.
Nāna nei i whakatōrea te toki o te mate.

E kore e ngawhere, e kore e hinga.
Ka pūmau tonu te tinana o te rākau kahika.

Ka ora, ka ora
Ka mate, ka mate

Arā Te Waka o Rangi e hao ana i ngā mate o te tau.
Engari ko Kopa—te uri o Toa,
ka paheno iho i te kupenga a Taramainuku.
E kore e whetūrangitia, ka whakawhenua kētia.

Ka puta kē mai hei ruru, hei manumea,
ka hono atu ai ki te tini o te hakuturi.
Hei tiaki i ngā uri whakahaheke o Toarangatira mō ake tonu.

Ka ora, ka ora
Ka mate, ka mate

Mēnā ka mau ngā kōrero whakapapa,
e kore te mate e toa.

This is life and death

The ruahine that stands amongst the wao,
who defied the axe and yields to no one.
Body full of whakapapa that cannot be broken.

This is life and death

Above is the Waka of Rangi, collecting our dead.
But Kopa, uri of Toa,
slips from Taramainuku's net.
Star material kept earthbound.

Now instead a taniwha, a manumea.
One of the many of the hakuturi.
Forever watching Toa's living faces.

This is life and death

To keep my whakapapa on my tongue
is to make my people live forever.

