



Pūrerehua – Waiata – English

Dr. Hirini Melbourne 1975 (Tūhoe, Kahungunu)

"I wrote this song for my daughter whom I hope one day will grow up to be a beautiful free butterfly."

Butterfly
carried on the wind.
Fluttering its wings
on the wind.
Up and up,
way up high
fluttering its wings
on the wind.

It lands
on a flower
to lay its eggs,
this butterfly.
One, two,
three, four.
They shake and
quiver,
out pops four
caterpillars.

Butterfly
carried on the wind.
Fluttering its wings
on the wind.
Up and up,
way up high
fluttering its wings
on the wind.

They eat and eat,
every leaf consumed.
The caterpillars
become pupae.
One, two,
three, four.

Butterfly
carried on the wind.
Fluttering its wings
on the wind.
Up and up,
way up high
fluttering its wings
on the wind.

They quiver and
change
from a pupa.
Out pops
a head,
a long bendy leg.
Fluttering wings
Flitter, flutter, flap.

Butterfly
carried on the wind.
Fluttering its wings
on the wind.
Up and up,
way up high
fluttering its wings
on the wind.

Butterfly,
carried on the wind.
Butterfly,
carried on the wind.