

Ke‘anae by Eleanor McCelland Heaney

(tacet) F C7
 On the shores of Maui isle there’s a place called Ke‘anae
 F F7 Bb
 Where I stayed for awhile in the old Hawaiian style
 F C7 F C7 F
 In the quietness, the peacefulness of Ke‘anae

(tacet) F C7
 From the mountain to the sea blooms a lovely awapuhi
 F F7 Bb
 Pampered by the falling rain you can hear her sweet refrain
 F C7 F C7 F
 In the quietness, the peacefulness of Ke‘anae

(tacet) F C7
 This is the land where taro grows like the days of long ago
 F F7 Bb
 All the kupa ‘āina know like the riches of our sea
 F C7 F C7 F
 In the quietness, the peacefulness of Ke‘anae

(tacet) F C7
 So before my mele ends let me add another line
 F F7 Bb
 To the folks in Ke‘anae keep up your sweet Hawaiian style
 F C7 F C7 F
 In the quietness, the peacefulness of Ke‘anae
 F C7 F C7 F
 In the quietness, the peacefulness of Ke‘anae