

6- Kamalani

by Larry Rivera

^G Where is my love, Kamalani*?
Please answer me, Kamalani
Pûkani Nui, Pûkani Nui. ^{D7}

^G Oh here I am, Kamalani, ^{D7}
Here in this paradise. ^{G7}

^C Kamalani, Kamalani ^G
Is this the fullness of heaven, ^{D7}
Here in this paradise? ^G

Please come to me, Kamalani ^{D7}
Where nights are still, Kamalani ^G ^{D7}
You can hear the voice of Pûkani Nui
^G He beckons you, Kamalani ^M
You'll be together again. ^{G7}

^C Kamalani, Kamalani ^G
You'll hear the sound of his voice ^{D7}
Here in this paradise. ^G

Please come to me, Kamalani ^{D7}
Where nights are still, Kamalani ^{D7}
You can hear the voice of Pûkani Nui ^G ^{D7}
^G Oh, here I am, Kamalani, ^M
We'll be together again ^{G7}

^C Kamalani, Kamalani ^G
You'll hear the sound of his voice ^{D7}
Here in this paradise ^G ^{G7}
^C Kamalani, Kamalani ^G
You'll hear the sound of his voice ^{D7}
Here in this paradise...paradise. ^G

*Kamalani = child of a chief/ A pampered child. Figuratively, finicky, fussy.

Pûkani Nui = Literally, "large sounding horn." Figuratively, large fine soft sleeping mats made of fine white leaves in the center of a cluster of pandanus leaves.