



Toad Song

^C He kani kapalili i ka pōuliuli 'o ke mele aloha a poloka ^C
 E konikoni ana i ke ki'owai lepo me ka leo heahea i ka ipo ^{G7} ^C ^{C7}
 'O ka hōkū 'imo'imo o ka lani lipolipo ke kukui e hō'ike mai nei ^C
 He mana'olana kona i ka ho'oniponipo me ka ipo ho'ohenoheno āna ^{G7} ^C

^C Ua 'oli'oli 'o ia i ka pā 'olu'olu o ke kilikilihune o ka ua ^{G7} ^C
 I ho'olalilali i ka 'ili pu'upu'u ma ke kua 'ōma'oma'o ona ^{G7} ^C ^{C7}
 He kakali wale kona i ka lohe 'ia aku o kāna mele o ke aumoe ^F ^C
 A 'ume'ume 'ia kahi hoa kīkīkō'ele e ka leo mīkololohua ^{G7} ^C

^C Mai kinohi loa mai a i kēia pō ua lohe mau 'ia kāna mele ^{G7} ^C
 Ma nā ki'owai lepo o nā 'āina like 'ole a hiki auane'i i 'ane'i ^{G7} ^C ^{C7}
 Ma waho iki aku o ka lumi moe o'u i ke kulukulu o ke aumoe ^F ^C
 Ha'ina ka puana no ka maka pu'upu'u i pili hala 'ole ke aloha ^{C7} ^C

^C A sound of wobble bobble in the glooming that's a looming
 it is the lovely crooning of the Bufo ^{G7} ^C

A throbbing and a bobbing in the muddle of the puddle
 with a voice of invitation to the ipo ^{G7} ^C ^{C7}

^F The winking and the blinking of a star up afar
 is the light by which one might be seeing ^C

He's a foggin' in his noggin to be squeezin' and a teasin'
 with the one true love of his dreamin' ^{G7} ^C

^CHe's happy, snappy fellow in the touch, oh so mellow
^{G7}of the wisty misty falling of the showers
 That bring a slimy shine to the lumpy, bumpy kind of the
^{G7}dark green skin on his shoulders
 He'll just wait for a date til his song of the late night
^Fhour finds the ear of his beloved
 And brought for his selection is a mate of sweet perfection
^{G7}who is drawn by the eloquence bestowed
^CFrom the very start of time to the evening of this rhyme his
^{G7}crooning always found a willing ear
 In the muddy bogs and strands of so many different lands
^{G7}eventually arriving even here
^FJust there, close outside of this room where I reside
^Cwide awake in the deepening of midnight
 So let the tale be told of the lumpy, bumpy toad
^{G7}that has never failed to win his lovely birthright
^C

Puakea Nogelmeier writes of a trilling toad that becomes a metaphor for human relations — sing your own song, and there is someone just your flavor. This makes much use of devices of word play and sound repetition, which created a challenge when doing a lyric translation. The umpah goes something like “Oom mama oom bebe oom mama oom bebe oom ma oom.” 1994.