

Mele Kinohi

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E pua ana ke Aloha i Pō Nui Auwaea ē
Ala 'o Papa lā, he mau li ola nei
Moku ka pawa i ka la'a kea ē
Ala 'o Wākea lā, he 'ōkupu mai ē

HUI

I Pō kahi Kuakahi
Kahi 'elemoe, lana mālie
I ka wā mamua loa
He moana, kumu nalu, ke kinohi ē

'O ka 'i'ini ke ho'onāueue ē
He moani mai, he hanu kolopua nei
'Imi loa nā lani i ka 'ena aloha ē
'Auhea ē Papa lā, 'auhea ē Wākea lā ē

Pā ka hulili, hō'oni i ke apoālewa ē
Eia ho'i au, eō a Wākea lā
Ho'omoana ka moena i ka ua anu ē
Eia ho'i au, eō a Papa lā
'O nā lani ke kūwili i ke kīkīao ē
Eia nō kāua, e pili mai nō, e pili kāua

Aloha emerges from the Remote Great Night;
Papa Earth Mother awakens, a breath of life.
The sacred light breaks through the darkness;
Wākea Sky Father awakens, a sprouting.

CHORUS

In Night is Kuakahi, the boundless realm of spirit,
A dark primordial serene floating stillness.
In the deepest past,
An ocean, the first wave, the beginning.

It is desire that causes this trembling;
A breath of flowers wafts.
The heavenly ones search afar, afire with longing.
Where are you, o Papa? Where are you, o Wākea?

Dazzling light and vibration move the heavens;
Wākea is answering, I am here.
The sleeping mat is spread in the cool rain;
Papa is answering, I am here.
The heavenly ones embrace in the sudden squall.
Here are we two, let us be together, together.