From childhood at Huʻeʻuʻe
I learned to throw a lasso and crack the whip

The broad open plains I love
My white horse goes prancing in the high pasture land

Huʻeʻe is a fine place, lying there below
Too bad there’s not even one fish (cowboy)

The cowboys went to Kahuluʻu town
Where the palm leaves beckon

In the kukui leaf shade
The birds of the upland are made still

The story is told
Of learning to throw a lasso and crack the whip

From childhood at Huʻeʻuʻe I learned to throw a lasso and crack the whip.