Kamalani
by Larry Rivera

Where is my love, Kamalani?
Please answer me, Kamalani
Pūkani Nui, Pūkani Nui.

Oh here I am, Kamalani,
Here in this paradise.

Kamalani, Kamalani
Is this the fullness of heaven,
Here in this paradise?

Please come to me, Kamalani
Where nights are still, Kamalani
You can hear the voice of Pūkani Nui
He beckons you, Kamalani
You'll be together again.

Kamalani, Kamalani
You'll hear the sound of his voice
Here in this paradise.

Please come to me, Kamalani
Where nights are still, Kamalani
You can hear the voice of Pūkani Nui
Oh, here I am, Kamalani,
We'll be together again.

Kamalani, Kamalani
You'll hear the sound of his voice
Here in this paradise
Kamalani, Kamalani
You'll hear the sound of his voice
Here in this paradise...paradise.

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