He Aloha Mele
by Iva Kinimaka

Intro: D   D\sus4  G  G\sus4  A
(d  d  u  ---  u  d  u)

(*optional in all verses)

(sing f#)

---

D  .  '  .  .  '  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .

He a-lo-ha me-le—- pret-y ho-ku—-

D  .  '  .  .  '  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .

Send-ing down— a special little twinkle for your brown eyes—-

D  .  '  .  .  '  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .

Your pretty, lovely brown eyes—-

In the still of the night all the stars shine bright for your brown eyes—-

---

D  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .

He a-lo-ha me-le—- e lohe i kama-ka-ni—-

---

G  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .

Gen-tle breeze whispering haunting melo-dies to you soft-ly—-

---

D  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .

Whisper to you soft-ly—-

---

A  .  .  .  .  G  .  .  .  .  D  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .

Hear the winds thru the trees singing sweet harmo-nies to you soft-ly—-

---

G  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .

Bridge: With the grace of her hands, she can tell you that a star

---

D  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .

Only glitters at the setting of the sun-set—-

---

A  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .

With the grace of her hands, she can tell you that the wind

---

A  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .

Only blows when no mountain-side is there to touch her—-

---

G  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .

Now there's the sun and the moon talking stories, telling tales a-bout a new day—-

---

D  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .

It's gonna be a nice day—-

---

D  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .

Now the moon shines bright and the sun will rise a-gain to start a new day—-
Bridge: With the grace of her hands, she can tell you that a star

Only glitters at the setting of the sun-set—

With the grace of her hands, she can tell you that the wind

Only blows when no mountain-side is there to touch her——

Now there’s the sun and the moon talking stories, telling tales about a new day——

It’s gonna be a nice day——

Now the moon shines bright and the sun will rise again to start a new day——

He a-lo-ha me-le——

(He a-lo-ha me-le——)

(He a-lo-ha me-le——)

He a-lo-ha me-le——