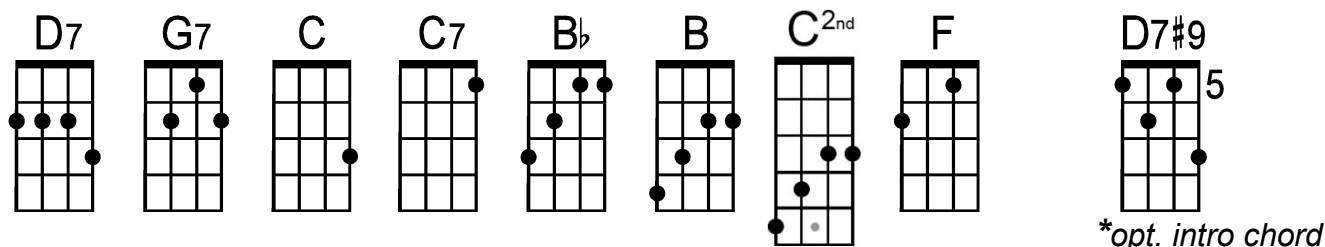


Noho Pai Pai (key of C)

by John Almeida



Intro: D7 . G7 . | C . . . | D7 . G7 . | C . B \flat \ B\ | C²\

(opt. intro: D7#9 . . . | C² . . . | D7#9 . . . | C² B \flat \ B\ | C²\)

-- -- -- | C7 . . . | F . . . | C . . . | | D7 . . . | G7 . . . | C . . . |
Pu-pu-e l-ho au i me-ha—na— Hone a- na 'o— ue-sei ku 'u po—li—

D7 . G7 . | C . B \flat \ B\ | C²\

-- -- -- | C7 . . . | F . . . | C . . . | | D7 . . . | G7 . . . | C . . . |
Pu-pu-e l-ho au i me-ha—na— Hone a- na 'o— ue-sei ku 'u po—li—

D7 . G7 . | C . B \flat \ B\ | C²\

-- -- -- | C7 . . . | F . . . | C . . . | | D7 . . . | G7 . . . | C . . . |
Me he a- la no e 'i mai a—na— 'Au-he-a ku' u lei ro-se la—ni—?

D7 . G7 . | C . B \flat \ B\ | C²\

-- -- -- | C7 . . . | F . . . | C . . . | | D7 . . . | G7 . . . | C . . . |
Me he a- la no e 'i mai a—na— 'Au-he-a ku' u lei ro-se la—ni—?

D7 . G7 . | C . B \flat \ B\ | C²\

-- -- -- | C7 . . . | F . . . | C . . . | | D7 . . . | G7 . . . | C . . . |
Mala-hi-ni 'o— e— mala-hi-ni au— maka nose ka—u--a ka-ma 'ai—na—

D7 . G7 . | C . B \flat \ B\ | C² . . . |

-- -- -- | C7 . . . | F . . . | C . . . | | D7 . . . | G7 . . . | C . . . |
Mala-hi-ni 'o— e— mala-hi-ni au— maka nose ka—u--a ka-ma 'ai—na—

D7 . G7 . | C . B \flat \ B\ | C² . . . |

-- C\ -- C\ | -- C\ -- C\ | F . . . | C . . . | . . . | D7 . . . | G7 . . . | C . . . |
I - na 'o you me- a' u----- Kau po-no i ka no-ho pa-i- pai- i-----

D7 . G7 . | C . Bb\ B\ | C²\

-- C\ -- C\ | -- C\ -- C\ | F . . . | C . . . |
I - na 'o you me- a' u-----

. . . | D7 . . . | G7 . . . | C . . . |
Some-bo-dy sit-ting in my rock-ing chair- a-----

D7 . G7 . | C . Bb\ B\ | C²\

-- -- -- | C7 . . . | F . . . | C . . . | . . . | D7 . . . | G7 . . . | C . . . |
Ha 'in-a 'i-a mai- ka pu-a-na----- Hone a-na 'o- ue-sei ku 'u po-li-----

D7 . G7 . | C . Bb\ B\ | C²\

-- -- -- | C7 . . . | F . . . | C . . . | . . . | D7 . . . | G7 . . . | C . . . |
Ha 'in-a 'i-a mai- ka pu-a-na----- Hone a-na 'o- ue-sei ku 'u po-li-----

G7 . . . | C . . . | G7 . . . | C . . . | . . . | -- Bb\ B\ C²\
ku 'u po-li----- ku 'u po-li-----

San Jose Ukulele Club
(v7 - 1/9/23)

Translation:

I crouched down to keep warm the thought of my sweetie pressed to my bosom

She seemed to be saying to me, "Where is my wreath of red roses?"

You are a stranger, I am a stranger, too, but when we kiss each other, we are friends

If you were here with me, we would rock together on a rocking chair

This is the end of my song. The thought of my sweetie pressed to my bosom