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Source: *The Journal of American Folklore*, Jul. - Sep., 1949, Vol. 62, No. 245 (Jul. - Sep., 1949), pp. 247-258

Published by: American Folklore Society

Stable URL: <https://www.jstor.org/stable/537201>

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## SONGS (*MELES*) OF OLD KA'U, HAWAII\*

By MARY KAWENA PUKUI

THE HAWAIIANS were lovers of poetry and keen observers of nature. Every phase of nature was noted and expressions of this love and observation woven into poems of praise, of satire, of resentment, of love and of celebration for any occasion that might arise. The ancient poets carefully selected men worthy of carrying on their art. These younger men were taught the old *meles* and the technique of fashioning new ones.

There are many interesting characteristics of Hawaiian poetry. The lines were not always of the same length. This unevenness did not destroy the rhythm or smoothness of the flow because there was never any attempt at rhyming at the end of lines. Kalakaua was the only Hawaiian to attempt a poem with rhyming words.

But a far more interesting characteristic was the importance of the meaning of words and thought. It is difficult and unnecessary to consider the meaning of words separate from the meaning of expressions and I shall consider them as one subject.

Poets were skilled in the use of words. Carelessness in the choice of words might result in death for the composer or the person for whom it was composed. For instance, *lua* means "two," and it also means "pit." Pit is associated with death, and is therefore a word to avoid using, or to use with caution. *Lua* was often used in combination with another word to modify or make more clear and definite the meaning as *lua ole* (incomparable). Another word that was carefully used was *lilo*. When used alone it means "to be taken away." Combined with other words it is robbed of this dangerous meaning, as *i uka lilo* (away up inland). I remember hearing of the sudden death of a woman who had used the word *lilo* carelessly in a birthday chant she had composed.

Words and word combinations were studied to see whether they were auspicious or not. There were always two things to consider: the literal meaning and the *kaona*, or "inner meaning." The inner meaning was sometimes so veiled that only the people to whom the chant belonged understood it, and sometimes so obvious that anyone who knew the figurative speech of old Hawaii could see it very plainly. There are but two meanings: the literal and the *kaona*, or inner meaning. The literal is like the body and the inner meaning is like the spirit of the poem.

There were two directions that the *kaona* might take. First, it might concern itself with the statement made, what is meant, or, secondly, with the person to whom it refers, who is meant. Many a time I have heard my relative laugh and ask, "For whom was that?" In the following example to illustrate a *mele* subtly referring to persons there is still another characteristic of Hawaiian poetry to speak of. Many poems did not hold to one thought alone. Two lines might be about the beauty of a particular place and next about a

\* This article was originally presented at a meeting of the Anthropological Society of Hawaii in May, 1940.

bird that perched on a tree. Such sudden and apparently fickle changes in thought might sound peculiar and jerky to a European. But to the Hawaiians it was comprehensible because the *kaona* told the straight, consecutive story, although dressed in a garb of colors that did not seem to match. Persons were sometimes referred to as rains, winds, ferns, trees, birds, ships, and so on. A person might be referred to in the same poem as rain in one place and as wind in another. To illustrate how people were referred to as ferns, a tree, wind and ship, I will use a chant composed over half a century ago:

“Ka Iwalani”

Kaulana e ka holo a ka 'Iwalani,  
 Ke ka'upu hehi 'ale a o ka moana.  
 'Aole i ana iho ko'u makemake,  
 I na 'iwa'iwa o ka uka o Ha'ao.  
 I ahona Honu'apo i ka lau niu,  
 I ka holu i ke ahe a ka makani.  
 Aia i Punalu'u, ka'u aloha la,  
 I ke kai kauha'a a ka malihini,  
 Ke huli ho'i nei, o ka 'Iwalani,  
 E'ike i ke kai malino a o Kona.  
 No Kona ka makani, he kula'i pau,  
 Kiki'i kapakahi o ka 'Iwalani.

Well liked is the sailing of the Iwalani,  
 Moving like a sea eagle over the waves.  
 Endless indeed is my admiration,  
 For the maiden hair ferns of Haao.  
 Honuapo is made pleasant by the coconut leaves,  
 That sway with the wafting of the breeze.  
 Over at Punaluu is the one I love,  
 Beside the dancing sea, the delight of visitors.  
 Now the Iwalani is on its homeward way,  
 To the smooth sea of Kona.  
 To Kona belongs the gusty wind  
 That heels the Iwalani over to its side.

The *Iwalani* was a ship that came with passengers and freight to the ports in Kau in the olden days, when my mother was a child. The captain was a handsome part-Hawaiian, well liked and quite a lady's man. It was he who was referred to in the chant as the *Iwalani*, and not his ship. The maiden hair ferns were two beautiful girls that lived near Haao, and the coconut of Honuapo was none other than a very tall, slim girl who looked frail enough for the wind to blow about. The loveliest of all was the Punaluu girl, whom I remembered as a fine looking old lady. On his return to Kona, his girl there heard of his friendship with the beauties of Kau and stormed in her wrath, hence the wind that heeled the *Iwalani* over on its side. Every one of these Kau women was related to my mother. The *kaona* in this *mele* is concerned in veiling the characters even more than the happenings.

Another example of veiling of the characters in the wording is this poem composed about eighty years ago for my mother's oldest sister. It sounds as

though one person were spoken of, but in reality there were three. If someone who did not know the background should attempt to explain it, I fear that he would see not three but one girl. This is the first part of the poem:

Kahikahi lenalena,  
 Kukulu aniani,  
 Heaha ka hana a Pawela,  
 O ka 'o'e o ke 'owala.  
 Pipi onu 'oe,  
 Pono 'ole i ka palau,  
 Oehu i ke kula o Kaunamano.

Lazy, lazy little girl  
 Standing before a mirror.  
 What does Pawela, the cow, do?  
 She hooks and balks.  
 Such an unruly cow,  
 Useless to hitch to a plow.  
 She gambols over the plain of Kaunamano.

The lazy person was my grandmother, who as a child, had everything done for her by a doting stepfather who raised her from babyhood. "Standing before a mirror," referred to her cousin, Keohopukai, who was beautiful and knew it. Like Narcissus in the old Greek mythology, she liked to gaze at herself in admiration. Pawela was the name given to a pet cow that belonged to a cousin, but the "Pawela" of the poem was still another cousin, Kauhewa, a much older girl, who did not care about marrying and settling down. She balked at any proposals and it was not until she was in her thirties that Pawela was at last "hitched to a plow."

The *kaona* of a chant was believed to be potent enough to bring lovers together, to mend broken homes or to break up an undesirable union. A good composer of such chants was as highly considered as a *kahuna hana aloha*, or *kahuna* (magical expert) that called upon the love gods to attract one to the person who consulted a *kahuna*, and asked for his intercession. But the *kaona* of a chant was ineffective unless chanted before a gathering of people (*aia a puka ka mele i waho*), and so the composer looked about for such an opportunity. Birthday celebrations were especially liked for the debut of a chant.

A relative of mine, of my grandmother's generation, had a lover who was very dear to her. He came to Honolulu and forgot to return after finding another sweetheart in town. She promptly composed a poem in which she used many words meaning to bind, to make fast, to nail down securely, and wove them into a poem for hula dancing. She chanted it at the first birthday party of a cousin, and so delighted her hearers that she was asked to repeat it several times. In the meantime, a feeling of restlessness came over her lover in Honolulu. A longing to see his Kau sweetheart seized him, and he took the first boat to Hawaii. He could hardly wait to marry her.

A poem with words of innocent sound may hide within it as good an example of untranslatable vulgarity as can be found anywhere, while perhaps, a poem that sounds decidedly vulgar on the surface may yield a thought as pure as a hymn. The *kaona* is the important meaning. Here is an example:

Ke 'onu mai la ka 'omaka wai i ka uka o ka nahele,  
 I ke kumu o na pali.  
 O kolo wekeweke; o kolo makani,  
 Makani hawele i na po'opo'o.  
 I helu aku au ekolu ka mino  
 Kauna i ke a'a e kolo ana,  
 Kumamakahi i ke a'a lewalewa  
 He wahine, he wahine po'owai no Waipahoehoe,  
 No Kapua'iakua, no ka uai aku,  
 Iluna ka hoanu e,  
 A hoanu a'e 'oe i 'ike i ka mea e no,  
 Ke ka'e hamani, hamani 'ele'ele,  
 Ka ua i Lalawali.  
 Heaha ka mea 'ele'ele?  
 Papa'a 'uwala pulehu na ka 'ilio,  
 Heaha ka mea 'eu la 'ula?  
 He kahu'i kalamea,  
 Noho ka puhohono i na pali,  
 Noho ka enaena i na kapakapa,  
 Ki'alo oi e, po'alo oi e.  
 O kamalii o Kapali'iuka,  
 Kai hōle nei a ka paoo e.  
 Ae, kainano ia; ae, kai wilu ia.

The murmuring of the water from its source is heard in the upland forest,  
 At the foot of the cliffs.  
 Winding in and out, moving with the wind,  
 The wind that blows down into the hollow places,  
 Let me name the three small gullies,  
 With the four roots crawling across,  
 The eleven roots that hang loose.  
 She is a woman, a woman that splashes the waters from Waipahoehoe,  
 [And] from Kapua'iakua, farther on.  
 Up above, there is an awesome sight,  
 Up above is the awesome sight you see,  
 Along the sheer precipices, the black and smooth precipices,  
 Carrying along the rain to Lalawali.  
 What is that black object?  
 Burnt and blackened sweet potatoes for the dog,  
 What is the red, movable object?  
 Something that is overcooked and spoiled,  
 The burnt odor reached up to the cliffs,  
 Permeating the air on every side.  
 Scrape it out, scoop it out!  
 The children of Kapalii-uka  
 Go to the shore where the paoo fish dart about.  
 Yes, they dragged the (burnt food) along.  
 Yes, it did smell strong.

About a hundred or more years ago, a man heard an insulting remark about his favorite granddaughter. This poem was his reply. The inner meaning is so vulgar that I must keep it to myself. As we are the direct descendants of this

granddaughter, this beautiful piece of vulgarity is our very own and is never used except as an insulting reply when similarly insulted. A tit for tat, as it were.

The other chant, though sounding obscene, was not at all so. It is a dialogue chant, one questioning and the other answering. I have heard it chanted outside of our home only once, and that was when my aunt resented the remark that a relative of ours was *pilau* (stink). The other chant just given is a chant of insult, but this one is a chant of resentment. It has been handed down for generations. I know only a small part of this long chant:

Hu hu! nowai ka pilau?  
 No Naheana a 'Owalawahie ka pilau.  
 'Aole. 'Aole nona ka pilau.  
 Hu hu! nowai ka pilau?  
 No Naheana a Haupu ka pilau.  
 Ae. Nona i'o ka pilau i lohe 'ia.

Hm! whose stinking odor is it?  
 The stinking odor belongs to Naheana, wife of Owalahie.  
 No! The stinking odor is not hers.  
 Hm! whose stinking odor is it?  
 The stinking odor belongs to Naheana, wife of Haupu.  
 Yes. The stinking odor is indeed hers, for I have heard it to be so.

Owalawahie was a Puna chief and Haupu was Kau's chief. They were contemporaries and married to women who were related and bore the same name. The Naheana of Kau had a beautiful skirt made and put away to perfume. Before the *wauke* (paper mulberry) odor was thoroughly removed, an occasion arose that made Naheana put on her new skirt. At the feast someone remarked that she stank and her attendant was so resentful at such rudeness that he composed and chanted this poem.

There are some poems that have no inner meaning, and to read such meaning into them is folly. One of these is the *mele inoa*, or song of praise of our beloved *alii* (chief), Kukakee.

'Aole au i makemake ia Kona,  
 O Kau ka'u  
 O ka wai o Kalae e kahe ana i ka po a 'ao.  
 I ke kapa, i ka 'upi kekahi wai,  
 Kulia i lohe ai he 'aina wai 'ole.  
 I Mana, i Unulau ka wai kali,  
 I ka pona maka o ka I'a ka wai aloha e,  
 Aloha i ka wai malama a kane  
 E hi'i ana ke keiki i ke hokeo,  
 E hano ana, e kani 'ouo ana,  
 Ka leo o ka huiwai i ka makani,  
 Me he hano puihala i ke aumoe,  
 Ka hoene lua a ka ipu e o nei.  
 E lono i kou pomaika'i, Eia!  
 Mamuli o kou hope 'ole, okoa ka ho'i,  
 A ma ka wa kamalii nei, mihi malu,  
 'U wale iho no.

Aloha 'ino no ka ho'i ke kau mamua.  
'U'ina 'ino noho'i ke kau i hala aku nei.

I do not care for Kona,  
For Kau is mine.  
The water from Kalae is carried all night long.  
(Wrung) from tapas and some from sponges.  
This land is heard of as having no water,  
Except for the water that is waited for at Mana and Unulau,  
The much prized water is found in the eye socket of the fish,  
The water prized and cared for by the man,  
The child carries a gourd container in his arms.  
It whistles, whistles as the wind blows into it,  
The voice of the water gourd is produced by the wind  
Sounding like a nose flute at midnight,  
This long-drawn whistling of the gourd, we hear.  
Hearken, how fortunate you are!  
There is no going back, (our) ways are different.  
In childhood only does one regret in secret,  
Grieving alone.  
(Look) forward with love for the season ahead of us.  
Let pass the season that is gone.  
A name chant for Kupakee.

We of Kau know what a dry land it was. Much more so than it is now with the waters drawn from our upland springs and piped to all the plantation villages. The people depended on brackish pools at the sea shore, the undersea springs, or water in the few caves that were scattered far and wide over the plain. Most of the water came from the mountain springs many miles from the shore. As soon as a child was old enough to carry a water bottle he was given one and went along with the older folks to fetch some for himself. Water was so prized that after a shower, water caught in the eye socket of a fish's skull, in hollow stones, or any container that was clean and free of soil was collected together and saved.

The district is very windy and the wind blowing into the necks of the water bottles produced a whistling sound.

To my way of thinking when a poem gives in its literal meaning a picture as clear as does this name chant of our beloved chief, there is no need to dig deeper for an inner meaning. None is there, none was intended.

As we move farther off into modern times from ancient times it is increasingly difficult to understand the *kaona*. We have left the old atmosphere and associations, and it is no longer possible to re-create them. We must be sure, therefore, to hold fast to what is true, preserve what is actual knowledge, and take care not to do any dangerous guessing. Unless the *kaona* has been handed down as a record, written or oral, so that we have it as the ancient poet intended, it is wiser to stick to the literal meaning. Guessing only makes confusion and one may make the mistake of putting into it some thoughts that had never occurred to the mind of the composer. If one is positive and has had the story handed down in his family, or from a reliable source, then by all



means it should be given, so that the obscure passages be made more comprehensible.

Let us leave the digging of the inner meaning for such poems at this one which expressed the disgust of a Kau man for the unfaithfulness of his wife. Although it refers to some modern implements, it is over three-quarters of a century old.

'Iho ka palau a 'eku ilalo,  
 Pi'i ke puna a me ke 'o hala kau i luna.  
 Huhulu-i'i ka hulu o na manu  
 I ka ua kakahiaka.  
 Akaka wale no kau mai ka 'ohu,  
 'Ohu'ohu Punalu'u i ka Wai-hu-o-Kauila,  
 I ho'owali 'anapau ia e ke kai o Kamehame,  
 'Aohe hemehema o ka pali o Pohina,  
 E kahiko ia nei e Waiohinu.

The plow digs down to root into the earth,  
 The spoon and the fork go up.  
 The feathers of the bird are ruffled  
 In the morning rain.  
 The mist above is clearly seen.  
 Punaluu is adorned by the gushing spring of Kauila  
 Which is stirred up by the sea of Kamehame.  
 There is nothing that the cliff of Pohina lacks,  
 It is bedecked by Waiohinu.

The implements, plow, fork and spoon, refer to the affair between his wife and her lover. The bird with ruffled feathers was the untidy appearance of the woman as she met him in the morning rain. Her husband saw her trickery as he saw the mist gathered above. The gushing spring of Kauila which adorned Punaluu was another reference to her, and the agitated sea of Kamehame referred to her lover. The husband proudly boasts of himself as the cliff of Pohina that lacked nothing. He is bedecked by Waiohinu, or in other words, he has already set his heart on another woman, after seeing his wife's unfaithfulness to him. Woven through this poem are some gross examples of vulgarity.

Among the chants collected by Helen Roberts<sup>1</sup> is a chant from Kau, about ninety years old. The proper names were not capitalized and question marks were put in where the recorder failed to understand. That was not the fault of the recorder as he did not know the people being referred to or anything about them. But I do know, for the Kanakaole mentioned in the chant was my mother's father and Ke-kipi-o-Haililani, his younger brother.

E o e Ka-lawai'a-holona-i-ke-kai-o-Manaka'a,  
 Ku mai o Kanaka'ole ka mea iaia ka uha'i o ka 'ulei,  
 E ho'omakuakau kakou oi kau ka la i luna,  
 O waiwai 'ole o Alakaihu-i-ke-Kupa'ai,  
 O Ke-kipi-o-Haililani ka i ke kaua'iako,

<sup>1</sup> Helen H. Roberts, "Ancient Hawaiian Music," Bernice P. Bishop Museum, Bul. 29, Honolulu, 1926, pp. 159-163.



O Waiu, o Lumaheihei ka i ka'a i 'o  
 Moehauuna ka maka o ka i'a,  
 Pupuhi kukui, ahuwale lalo, 'ikea ka i'a a ka holona,  
 Kahea mai ua lawai'a nui nei, e ke keiki pehea au,  
 Pae a'e a uka, pakahi, palua, pakolu,  
 Ku mai o Kapule ka mea iaia ke ka'i o ka 'aha,  
 O Huli-o-kamanomano ke ka'ika'i i na ipu,  
 O Ka-'ai-'uki ke komikomi ma ka paia,  
 O Kalua-kapu-kane 'ole'ole.  
 Ku mai ka hikiwawe Keawehano,  
 Lohe aku la ka uka ma'ulukua i ka i'a a ka holona  
 Ninau mai o Pamaho'a ia Kanakaole, "Ua hei ia 'oukou ka i'a?  
 Ae ua hei ia makou ka i'a, ho'okahi lau me ke ka'au keu elua  
 Ku mai o Kahalikia-ka-manomano,  
 Ka hihipe'a, ka 'imi pono o na kaikua'ana,  
 'A'ohe no he mamo lawai'a; he mamo mahi'ai  
 I mahi i ka la me ka ua,  
 Kuhihewa ua lawai'a nui nei i o'o ka lae i mino ka papalina,  
 Ke holo la i ke a makapouli o ku'u 'aina,  
 I ke kai o Ka'wai-uhu.  
 Uhu mai na keiki lawai'a nui a Kaha'i-moku,  
 Ninau "Pehea la ka i'a o Manaka'a?"  
 Ho'ole ua lawai'a nui nei, "'A'ohe i'a, he i'a na ka holona."  
 'A'ohe no he lawai'a nui i 'ole ka 'ai i ka pipipi i ka hulalilali,  
 Piha ka waha o ua lawai'a nui nei.  
 O na inoa pakolu keia o na makua o'u i hea ai i ku'u keiki,  
 O ka lawai'a holona kona, o ka inoa ko ia nei a.  
 O Huli he makua, e o a.

Answer, O Ka-lawai'a-holona-i-ke-kai-o-Manaka'a (The unskilled-fishermen-at-the-sea-of-Manaka'a).

Kanakaole, who held the native rosewood rod stands forth,  
 (Saying), Make ready while the sun is still above,  
 Lest Alakaihu-i-ke-Kupaa'i be without (fish).  
 Ke-kipi-o-Haililani was at the place where the outrigger boom joined the canoe.  
 Waiu and Lumaheihei sat beyond him.  
 The eyes of the fish were blinded (by the light),  
 The kukui nuts were blown into the water, [on] the sea floor could be seen the fish  
 of the unskilled ones.  
 The great fisherman called out, "My boy, how about me?"  
 Once, twice, thrice they went ashore.  
 Kapule, who was in charge of the guide line stood forth,  
 Huli-o-ka-manomano was in charge of the containers.  
 Kaaiuki patted along the sides (of the net)  
 (While) Kalua-kapu-kane talked incessantly.  
 The quick one, Keawe-hano, stood forth,  
 For the news of the fish of the unskilled ones had reached inland.  
 Pamaho'a asked Kanakaole, "Did you catch any fish?"  
 "Yes, we have caught four hundred and eighty."  
 Kahalikia-ka-manomano stood forth,  
 She who was interested in the affairs of her elder sisters.  
 We are not the descendants of fishermen but of farmers

That farmed in the sun and the rain.

The great fisherman with strong forehead and wrinkled cheeks was mistaken  
And ran over the blackened lava beds of my land  
To the sea of Ka-wai-uhu.

The sons of the great fisherman, Kaha'i-moku,  
Asked, "How is the fish of Manakaa?"

The great fisherman denied that there was fish,  
"There is none, except for the unskilled."

No great fisherman had even gone without eating the pipipi shell fish of the shiny  
lava rocks,

These have filled the mouth of the great fisherman.

The name given to the child was for her three "fathers" (uncles and fathers)

They were the unskilled fishermen, but the name is hers,

Huli was her mother—O answer to the name chant.

Keawe-hano was a noted fisherman and is referred to here as "the quick one." When the three Waikapuna men, Kanakaole, Ke-lii-kipi-o-Haililani, his brother, and Kawelu, his cousin, began to fish in the sea of Manaka'a and outside of Kawaiuhu, Keawe-hano made fun of them and called them the unskilled fishermen of Manaka'a. Kanakaole, who was a *kahuna* (medicine man) for the chiefs, began to offer prayers to a female *aumakua* (family god) who lived in the sea. It was said that she answered his prayers by giving him quantities of fish which he caught for his chief, Alakaihu.

When the first great haul of fish was caught at Manaka'a, Keawe-hano forgot his unkind words and in his excitement ran to help so that he might be given some.

Not long after this event, Huli-o-ka-manomano (mentioned in the chant) gave birth to the little girl. This was her name chant and she was named The-unskilled-fishermen-at-the-sea-of-Manaka'a. Kawelu was the husband of Huli-o-ka-manomano.

Years later, after this little girl had grown up and married, she gave birth to a stillborn baby. Kanakaole placed the child in a large calabash, held the calabash up to catch the warmth of the sun, and prayed that she would live. The baby stirred and cried and it was he who named her, "Hanau-maka-o-Kalani" (Kalani-who-was-born-from-an-eye), for a shark *aumakua* who was born from his mother's eye.

Chants "belonged" to the person, or the family of the person to whom they were dedicated and for whom they had been composed. Others were not allowed to use them, except to repeat them in honor of the owner. It was just as much criticized, just as serious a crime as plagiarism is in European literature. In order to preserve chants, however, it was sometimes necessary to take old chants belonging to persons long since passed away, and revise and rededicate them to living persons in that family. An instance of this is Kalakaua's taking the Kau chants of Naihe and having them adapted for himself. These were composed by an aged poetess. They were grand chants. One of them I shall give, in part.

Naihe was an expert surf rider and this made some of his fellow chiefs jealous. At their suggestion, a surf riding contest was held in Hilo, in which all the chiefs participated. Naihe came from Kau with two of his attendants,

one an old woman, a chanter. The journey was slow and the contest had begun when he arrived. The old woman went to sleep when Naihe joined the chiefs. Not until Naihe was already in the water was he told of the rule that no one was to come ashore unless his chanter stood on the shore to chant his surf chant. This was a plot to keep Naihe in the water, in order to be rid of him. All the chiefs had their chanters with them except Naihe. A Puna chief had compassion on Naihe and secretly sent his servant to waken the sleeping woman. When she heard of her master's plight, she hurried to the beach and, with tears streaming down her cheeks, chanted his surf chant. The poem is long. I am giving only a part of the translation here:

The great waves, the great waves rise in Kona,  
 Bring forth the loin cloth that it may be on display.  
 The ebbing tide swells to set the loin cloth flying,  
 The loin cloth, Hoaka, that is worn on the beach,  
 It is the loin cloth to wear at sea, a chief's loin cloth.  
 Stand up and gird on the loin cloth  
 The day is a rough one, befitting Naihe's surf board,  
 He leaps in, he swims, he strikes out to the waves,  
 The waves that rush hither from Kahiki.  
 White capped waves, billowy waves,  
 Waves that break into a heap, waves that break and spread.  
 The surf rises above them all,  
 The rough surf of the island,  
 The great surf that pounds and thrashes  
 The foamy surf of Hikiau.  
 It is the sea on which to surf at noon,  
 The sea that washes the pebbles and corals ashore . . .

If one can find four meanings to this poem or even three, he has found more than the aged poetess ever dreamed of. She chanted her lord's praise and the surfs upon which he rode and nothing else.

Many chants remain unchanged, however, In 1935, in a gathering of aged relatives, one chanted the dirge composed for our chief Keoua Kuahu'ula. Although more than a century had passed since his death at Kawaihae, the old people still weep as they chant this, and many still keep a feeling of dislike for the memory of the conqueror. We younger ones understand the feeling of our old folks, yet I believe there is none among us who bears any grudge against the man who became the supreme ruler of the islands. This is but a part of the dirge:

Ku'u Haku i ka ua Ha'ao e,  
 Ke lele a'e la ka ua mauka o 'Au'aulele.  
 Lele ka ua, lele pu me ka makani,  
 E lele po'o ana i ka wai o ka-ha  
 Ku'u haku mai ka ua ha'ule po'o e.

My Lord in the rain of Haao,  
 The rain flies fast,  
 Flies over the plain of Auaulele  
 The rain flies, driven by the wind,  
 The rain drives down the cliffs above.  
 The tears for my chief drop down on the heads of the people.

The rains were often used in dirges to denote the tears of the mourners, and in some instances the rains were said to be the tears shed by the heavens above for the beloved dead. Can anyone read anything besides grief in this poem of ours?

I have been asked whether the chants of the private parts are descriptive? No, they are not. Are they suggestive? Yes, some are and some are not. I have a small collection gathered in Kau and most of them are neither suggestive nor descriptive. Most of these that I have were composed by the cross-eyed chanter, Ka'ana'ana. In his youth, Ka'ana'ana wanted to become a hula master and went to consult the experts. They rejected him because his eyes were badly crossed and his appearance would therefore not be pleasing to an audience. He told them all that some day he would do as well as they did. He built himself a small grass house, went to the mountains for greenery, and erected his own altar. All the time that he could spare was spent there, studying, and it was said that the gods of the hula heard his pleas and taught him in dreams. He became one of the best chanters of his day.

When Queen Emma came to Kau, the other chanters did not include him as one of the entertainers to welcome her because of his eyes and homely appearance. While the entertainment was in progress Ka'ana'ana sat on the stone wall outside of the house and chanted. His voice was so beautiful that most of the people ran outside, and the Queen sent for him to come inside. He came and chanted for her so beautifully that she was pleased. It was against the hula rules to break in like this (called *wawahi pa hula*) and so the other chanters nursed a hatred for him. He died not long after the Queen's departure and it was believed that he had been poisoned. His body turned a peculiar bluish color. Thus ended the life of Ka'ana'ana, my mother's first cousin, and the son of Ke-kipi-o-Haililani, who was mentioned in the chant of the fishermen of Manaka'a. He composed the following chant for a cousin:

O Hea ka lauoho,  
 O Lae-nui ka lae,  
 O 'Ia ka pepeiao,  
 O Makapioi ka maka,  
 O mene ka ihu,  
 O Waha-'ukele ka waha  
 O Auwae-lewa ka 'auwae  
 O A'i-nui ka 'a-'i  
 O Umauma-lahalaha ka umauma.  
 O Hakane ka 'opu  
 O Ipu-wai ka piko  
 O Halala ka ma'i  
 He ma'i no ku'u kaikua'ana.

Hea is (the name of) his hair,  
 Broad-forehead is (the name of) his forehead,  
 Ia is (the name of) his ear,  
 Tiny-eyes is (the name of) his eyes,  
 Flat-nose is (the name of) his nose,  
 Wet-mouth is (the name of) his mouth,  
 Swaying-chin is (the name of) his chin

Big-neck is (the name of) his neck,  
 Broad chest is (the name of) his chest,  
 Filled-container is (the name of) his abdomen.  
 Water-holder is (the name of) his navel  
 Halala is (the name of) his privates.

This is my chant for the privates of my cousin.

Most of these chants sound like childish nonsense—about mules, hornets, pigs, flowers, eels, and so on. Even some of those of our ruling chiefs were more full of humor than dignity. A few were composed in a dignified pattern, but those were not as common as the others.

There are many more chants of old Kau—chants to the gods, the chiefs, and those of the common people that I have not mentioned here. Religion is such an important subject and the chants to the gods are so numerous and so sacred that it seems best not to attempt discussion of them in this paper on chants in general, and Kau chants in particular.

I will end with this old Kau chant:

Ki'eki'e Kau kua makani,  
 He umauma i pa ia e ke 'A'eloa,  
 I ka Unulau pa a ka Unulau,  
 Ina aku la paha i Nunu-weuweu,  
 Ka wahine ka'ili pua o Paiaha'a,  
 Alualu pua hala o Kamilo-pae-kanaka,  
 He kanaka ka ia no ke ano ahiahi,  
 O wau nei la no ke ano kakahiaka,  
 I o ai ka inoa o na kupuna e.

Majestic Kau of the wind-blown back,  
 Whose chest is lifted to the A'eloa breeze,  
 The Unulau breezes blow one after the other.  
 Perhaps she is gone to Nunu-weuweu,  
 My lady who gathers flowers at Paiaha'a,  
 She is gone to seek the hala cluster at Kamilo-pae-kanaka.  
 The other person is perhaps a child of evening hours,  
 But I am a child of the morning hours.  
 This I chant that my ancestors may be honored.

A strong current draws in at Kamilo in Kau and to this day various objects are borne by the sea to this spot. The old people say that Kamilo is divided in two parts, Kamilo of the chiefs and Kamilo of the commoners. When a chief perished at sea, his body drifted in at Kamilo-pae-kanaka the spot to which everything else drifted. A native of Kau who left for Puna, always sent a message home by tying a *lei* (garland) or loin cloth, or maybe just a cord to a cluster of *hala* (pandanus), and tossing it into the sea at Halaniani in Puna. The current carried it directly to Kamilo in Kau, where loved ones watched as anxiously and eagerly for the message of his safe arrival as we wait today for the postman to bring a letter.

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