HONOKAIA BLUES

(Tune: Waimanalo Blues) Written by Mexia Ah Loy & Vincent Perreira Jr. 1992

Woke up this morn heard all the rain, try to put my Scout shorts on Look for my socks and my shoes full of rocks and I started a brand new day

The years roll on and soon we 'II be gone our sons will soon renew The memories we had, the good times and bad sing Honokaia Blues

A man name Stan he's our man he feeds us eggs and spam He's the one who leads us on and works us in the mud

The years roll on and soon we'll be gone our sons will soon renew The memories we had, the good times and bad sing Honokaia Blues

My boots are worn, my ponchos torn
I'm ready for my bed The gingers cut, its all in the mud
mosquitoes round my head

Uncle Stan we want to go home so please let us go We'll be back in ('93) to help you once again

The years roll on and soon we 'II be gone our sons will soon renew The memories we had, the good times and bad

sing Honokaia Blues sing Honokaia Blues sing Honokaia Blues

XTHE SPIRIT OF HONOKAIA

The spirit of Honokaia is calling me today

Come back along the Scouring trail

their voices seem to say / dream of fun at campfires . . .

and pathways that I knew And answer, Honokaia nei I'm coming back to you

THE MEN OF HONOKAIA

We're the men from Honokaia
Our staff's a good one We fight
the mosquitoes They're seven
feet tall The mosquitoes may
eat us But they'll never beat us Cause we 're from Honokaia
The best of them all
Singing... Ung gawa (6 times) Ung gawa wa

SUMMER CAMP IS THE PLACE FOR ME (Words by George Poai)

Summer camp's the only place for me
The places and the things I can see.
Getting away from city lights -Doing
things that make me high Summer camp's the only place for me.
Going hiking on the rugged trails Tying knots
with ropes on wooden rails Whittling wood that comes out looking fine Saying, "Ma, hey look
it's all mine!"

Wading in the streams and climbing trees Chasing bugs and collecting leaves. Laughing in the rain we run -Looking for exciting fun Summer camp's the only place for me. Riding horses up and down the hills Shooting rifles can be such a thrill! Watching all those arrow fly -trying to score my first bull's eye Outdoors is the only place to be.

Pitching tents and cutting firewood
Our campsites looking mighty good.
Looking on an open fire
Doing just what I desire
Summer camp's the place for Scouts to be.
Summer camp's the only place for me.
Summer camp's the place for you and me.