

MELE o 'OPIKAHA 'IA
 No Na Moku ame Na Po'e
 Song of 'Opukaha'ia-For the Islands and Their People

Aloha 'Aina

Edith H. Wolfe,
 Sesquicentennial Hymn, 1969

AUSTRIAN HYMN 8.7.8.7.D.
 Franz Joseph Haydn, 1732-1809

1. For the is - lands and their peo - ple, All who call Ha - wai - 'i_ theirs;
 2. God who search - es and who knows us, Un - der - stands each thought of_ ours;

For the moun - tains and the o - ceans, Of - fer we our grate - ful_ pray'rs;
 Thou who leads and thou who holds us, Lay Thy hand up - on our_ pow'rs.

For the hope_ of O - boo - ki - ah, That the_ gos - pel
 Grant that in_ our gen - er - a - tion, We, like_ them, may

might be brought; For the faith of those who an - swered
 dare to say, "Here am I, Lord, use me! send_ me!"

Written in honor of Henry Obookiah ('Opukaha'ia), the first Hawaiian Christian whose life and death inspired the coming of the Gospel to the Islands.

For the teach - ers_ and the_ taught.
 As of_ old_ so_ now to - day. A - men.

IN
 Memory of
 HENRY OBOOKIAH
 a native of
 OWHYHEE.

His arrival in this country gave rise to the Foreign mission school, of which he was a worthy member. He was once an Idolater, and was designed for a Pagan Priest; but by the grace of God and by the prayers and instructions of pious friends, he became a Christian.

He was eminent for piety and missionary Zeal. When almost prepared to return to his native Isle to preach the Gospel, God took to himself. In his last sickness, he wept and prayed for Owhyhee, but was submissive. He died without fear, with a heavenly smile on his countenance and glory in his soul.

February 17, 1818 at the age of 26.

This Epitaph remains on his tombstone in Cornwall Cemetery. In August, 1993, Henry 'Opukaha'ia's remains were exhumed and returned home to their final resting place in a cemetery at Kahikolu Congregational Church, Kealakekua, Kona, Hawai'i.

Crown Him with Many Crowns / Al Salvador Jesús



1. Crown him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on his
 2. Crown him the Lord of life, Who tri - umphed o'er the
 3. Crown him the Lord of love— Be - hold his hands and

1. *Al Sal - va - dor Je - sús Can - cio - nes por do -*
 2. *A Cris - to co - ro - nad, Se - ñor de vi - da y*
 3. *A Cris - to el Sal - va - dor, Rey de la e - ter - ni -*



throne. Hark! How the heav'n - ly an - them drowns All
 grave, And rose vic - to - rious in the strife For
 side, Rich wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, In
quier Con gra - ti - tud y pu - ro a - mor En -
luz; Con a - la - ban - zas pro - cla - mad Los
dad, Tri - bu - ta can - tos de lo - or El



mu - sic but its own. A - wake, my soul, and sing Of
 those he came to save. His glo - ries now we sing, Who
 beau - ty glo - ri - fied. No an - gel in the sky Can
to - ne to - do ser. A quien nos re - di - mió En
triun - fos de la cruz; A él so - lo a - do - rad, Se -
co - ro ce - les - tial. Con e - llos a u - na voz, Con



him who set us free, And hail him as your
 died and rose on high, Who died, e - ter - nal
 ful - ly bear that sight, But down - ward bends his
san - ta cá - ri - dad, Cris - tia - nos to - dos,
ñor de sal - va - ción; Lo - or e - ter - no
jú - bi - lo sin par, Las glo - rias de su in -



heav'n - ly King Through all e - ter - ni - ty.
 life to bring, And lives that death may die.
 burn - ing eye At mys - ter - ies so bright.
con ar - dor, Su nom - bre ce - le - brad.
tri - bu - tad De to - do co - ra - zón.
men - so a - mor, Cris - tia - nos en - to - nad.