

KAPIOLANI: A TALE OF HAWAII

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649277193

Kapiolani: A Tale of Hawaii by M. E. Welsh

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

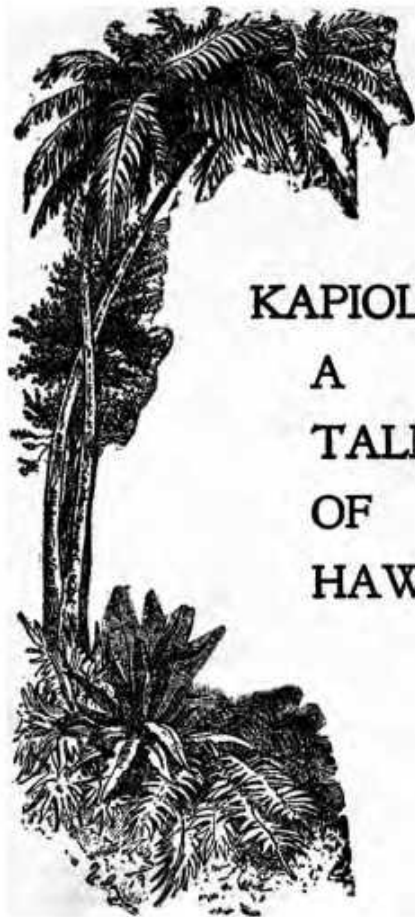
Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

M. E. WELSH

**KAPIOLANI: A
TALE OF HAWAII**



KAPIOLANI,
A
TALE
OF
HAWAII



KAPIOLANI.

I.

WHERE the island of Hawaii
Is encircled by the great sea,
And the fires of Mauna Loa,
Like a deep and red aurora
On the midnight sky reflected,
Mariners have oft directed
From afar upon the ocean,
There with violent commotion
The plutonic agitation
Held in fear a savage nation.

Breaking from the seething fountain
Molten lava down the mountain
Rushing like a fiery river
Overflowing plains that quiver,
Falls at last from high cliffs pouring
With a strange and mighty roaring.

Kapiolani,

And the snorting floods retreating
Toss their manes in wrathful greeting.

There with triple guard surrounded
Burns and smokes a lake unsounded,
Where, 'twas said that, Pele raging
And in hellish dance engaging
With the demons that attend her,
Vengeful 'gainst each bold offender
Of her dread *tabu*, from the surging
Of the fiery waves emerging
And the flaming billows swelling
Of KILAUEA, her dwelling,
Oft with death and devastation
In her passionate elation
Shaking all the land and ocean,
Rushed with great terrific motion.

There amid the rolling thunder
Of the lava heaved asunder,
Molten mass on black walls dashing,
Lurid flames in frightful flashing,
Hurled by them by Pele hidden,
From the cavern deep and hidden,
Angry flames in fitful gleaming,
Cut the murky vapors steaming

A Tale of Hawaii.

From the pit, its depths concealing.

And where o'er the ledge congealing
Streams the shrouds of Pele's long hair
In the rarified and cold air
Dark clouds hung her wrath reflecting,
So that all her power respecting
Came with off'ring and oblation,
Came with tribute of a nation
To avert her wrath impending,
Stay her anger death portending.

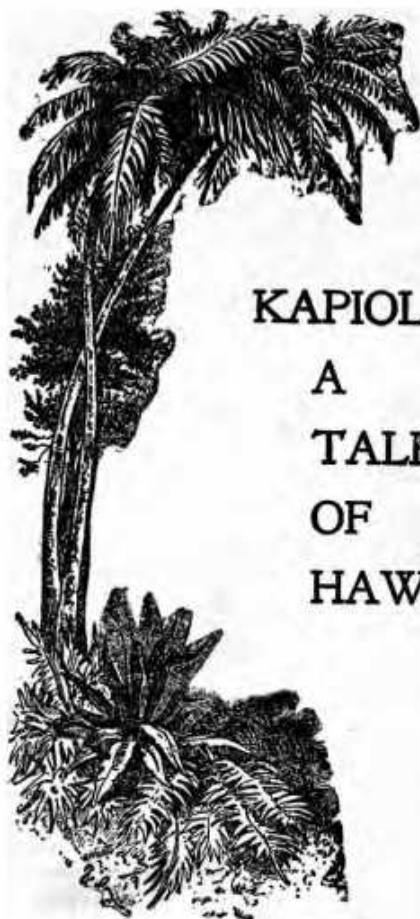
There upon the isle Hawaii
Brave, dark queen, Kapiolani,
Subject of my rhyming story,
Won herself immortal glory.

Kapiolani,

And the snorting floods retreating
Toss their manes in wrathful greeting.

There with triple guard surrounded
Burns and smokes a lake unsounded,
Where, 'twas said that, Pele raging
And in hellish dance engaging
With the demons that attend her,
Vengeful 'gainst each bold offender
Of her dread *tabu*, from the surging
Of the fiery waves emerging
And the flaming billows swelling
Of KILAUEA, her dwelling,
Oft with death and devastation
In her passionate elation
Shaking all the land and ocean,
Rushed with great terrific motion.

There amid the rolling thunder
Of the lava heaved asunder,
Molten mass on black walls dashing,
Lurid flames in frightful flashing,
Hurled by them by Pele bidden,
From the cavern deep and hidden,
Angry flames in fitful gleaming,
Cut the murky vapors steaming



KAPIOLANI,
A
TALE
OF
HAWAII