

LEGENDS AND LYRICS OF HAWAII

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649239993

Legends and Lyrics of Hawaii by Margaret Kirby Morgan

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

MARGARET KIRBY MORGAN

**LEGENDS AND
LYRICS OF HAWAII**

Legends and Lyrics of Hawaii

BY

Margaret Kirby Morgan



HONOLULU, HAWAII
ADVERTISER PUBLISHING CO., LTD., PUBLISHERS
1922

Oc 7698.192.100

✓



William Richards Castle, Jr.

Copyright applied for, 1922, by

MARGARET KIRBY MORGAN

All rights reserved

As a flower unfolds in her beauty,
So has Hawaii in her glory,
Before my enchanted eyes.

ALOHA is a priceless lei, an endless chain
Of friendship, love, remembrance—all in sweet refrain.

LIQUID SUNSHINE

Smiles through tears;
Rain that dries in the air;
So be our fears —
The sun shining fair,
Our care
Disappears.

THE MAN WHO OWNS THE TARO PATCH

A little home below the hills,
'Cross which the welcome trade winds blow
And whisper tales of long ago,
Weird tales with all the ancient thrills.

The man who owns the taro patch,
He told them many a one to me,
Of how the gods they came to be;
The strength of them 'twas hard to match.

'Twas Kanaloa with his knife
These islands cut, each one a slice;
'Twas neatly done, and in a trice;
Great Kane reigned the God of Life.

'Twas Maui stept from isle to isle;
His mother's face shows in the moon;
'Twas he lassoed the sun, a boon
For Hina's tapa, spread a mile.

The man who owns the taro patch,
How many the tales he told to me,
Of how the gods they came to be;
The strength of them 'twas hard to match.

LEIS

I give you leis, sweet Nature's necklace, full
Of fragrance and of golden memories,
Lived on the heights amid the tropic lull.
But all things have an end—the prophecies—
And you must cross this world of war-wrought change
And I remain—I know 'tis honor first—
Which lifts our love beyond the common range,
And I say Go!—e'en though my heart needs burst!
These flowers know our souls' sweet harmony—
Each flower a prayer, each wreath a rosary!

THE MYNAH BIRD

Usurper, yet in full and free control!
I watch you as you strut across the green—
The robin, catbird, blackbird, I have seen
In seeing you. You play a varied role—
The catbird in the great and heavy toll
Of a bright feather-world; what that had been
Hawaii's rare regalia of the Queen:
The blackbird in your build, your eye so keen;
The robin, no! I think of what you stole!

MAILE

Within her heart's rich realm what wealth there lies,
Her hair, lei-crowned, loved daughter of these Isles,
Her face lit up by smiles—her dimpled smiles—
Romance—what tropic depths within her eyes!

AINAHAU

Fair Ainahau, what mem'ries cling to thee!
As down the palm-flanked road I walk and dream
Before the moon is up—the shadows seem
To breathe and speak of Kaiulani, she
Of royal birth who passed—sad though it be,
Beloved of the gods—that ancient theme
Is true today. But now the moon's a gleam—
Ah, Princess dear, what hearts are bound to thee!

THE PALI

I visit Beauty's shrine when I stand here
And gaze across a sparkling summer sea—
A sky so blue—it's heaven quite to me—
With stretches of Utopian gardens near.
A famous precipice,—that mighty seer,
Kamehameha, hurled through strategy
His foes, the wind-god helped in victory—
A nation rose 'mid isles in Eden's sphere!

GINGER

Temples and temple gongs
Among the hills of Kyoto,
Temples and temple throngs.

Churches—the call to prayer—
I remember Antipolo,
The Filipinos there.

Mortals, what pilgrimage
Today as in the long ago,
Dear souls, what heritage.

('Tis strange tonight the ginger sets me dreaming,
Its fragrant incense and the holy meaning.)