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A
SONG OF HAWAII

BY

LEWIS EDWIN CAPPS



With Illustrations by the Author

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Paradise of the Pacific
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INSCRIPTION

I have written some verses
And sonnets a few
And have taken some pictures, too.
Together perhaps they are worth your while,
At least you will find them new.

—The Author.

*To the one who has been my constant
companion and co-worker—
And to the friends who have shared
with us the joys and Aloha of these
Paradise Islands,
this work is lovingly dedicated.*

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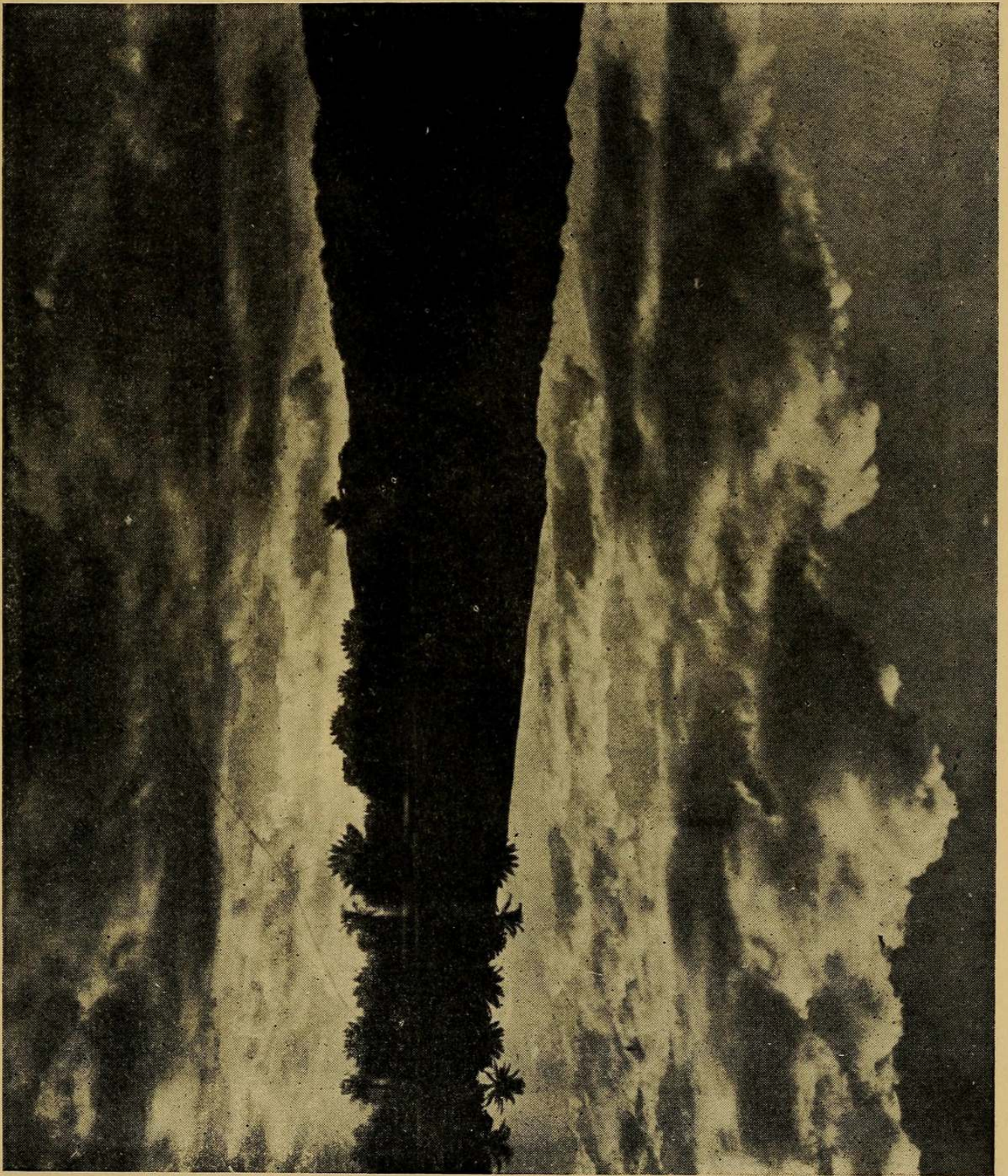
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A Song of Hawaii



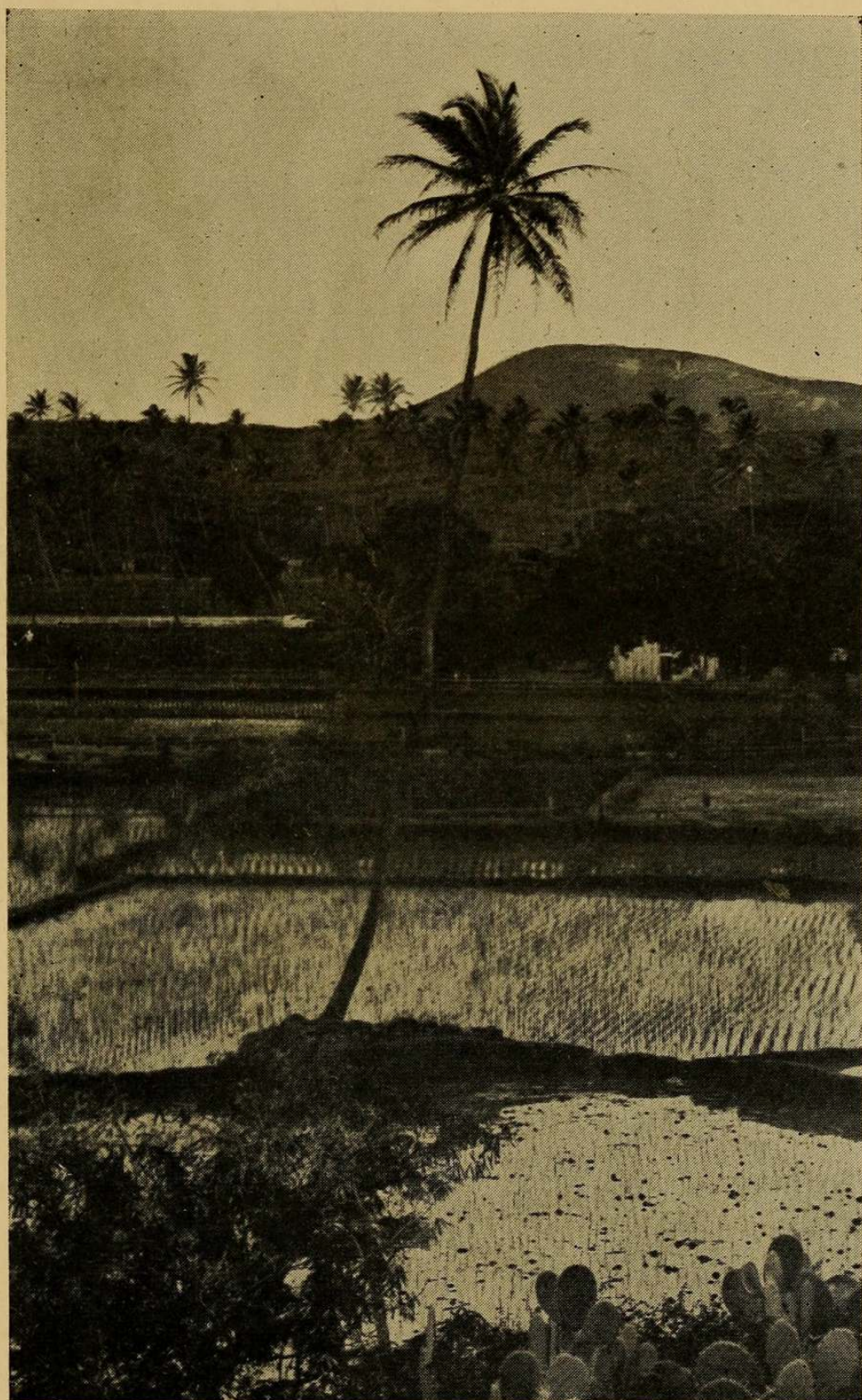


A SONG OF HAWAII.

Let me sing you a song of a wonderful land,
Of the beautiful Isles of Hawaii.
Let me sing of a sun-kissed blue ocean that rolls,
And the sand and the hills and the sky.

A SONG OF HAWAII.

Let me sing of the palm trees that wave their high heads,
In a welcoming, whispering nod,
Of the wondrous hibiscus, its glory and sweetness
Each day a new message from God.



A SONG OF HAWAII.

Let me sing of the great rugged hills, tow'ring up
Like the famous old mountains of Rome;
With their cool shady forests, their feathery ferns;
Of great earth fires that glow on a lava topped dome.

A SONG OF HAWAII.

Let me sing of the Palis, the green sunlit valleys,
The clear cooling mist in the dell,
The marvelous rainbows that arch where the sun glows,
And oft by the moon's light as well.



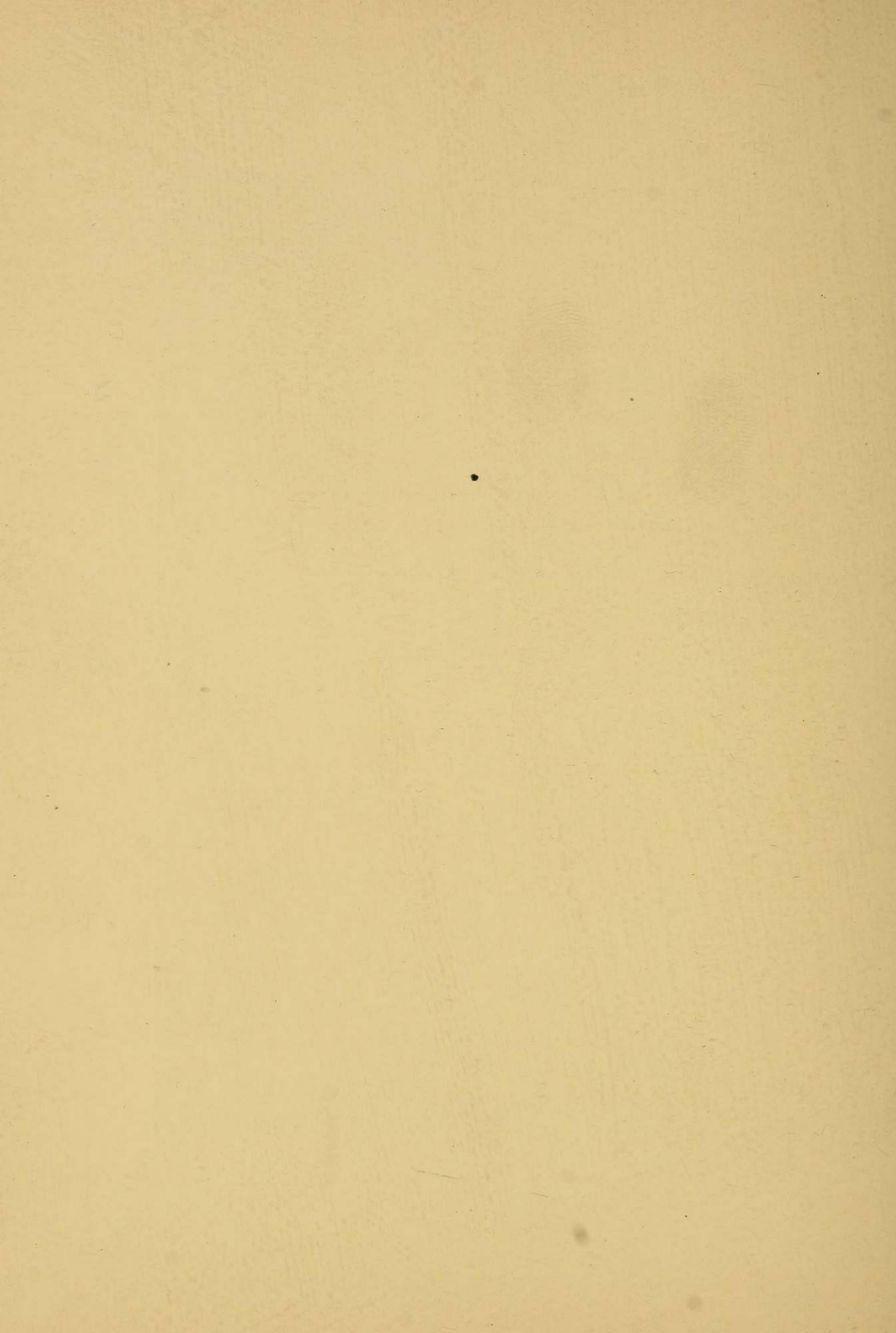
A SONG OF HAWAII.

Let me sing of the stars in an indigo sky,
Of the moon turning night into day,
With its wonderful whiteness, its crystalline brightness,
Its charm that forever will stay.

A SONG OF HAWAII.

I would sing of a wonderful garden of flowers,
Of blossoming trees, showers of gold, pink and blue;
Of roses and orchids, and cool fragrant bowers,
Of the night blooming wonders that scarcely seem true.



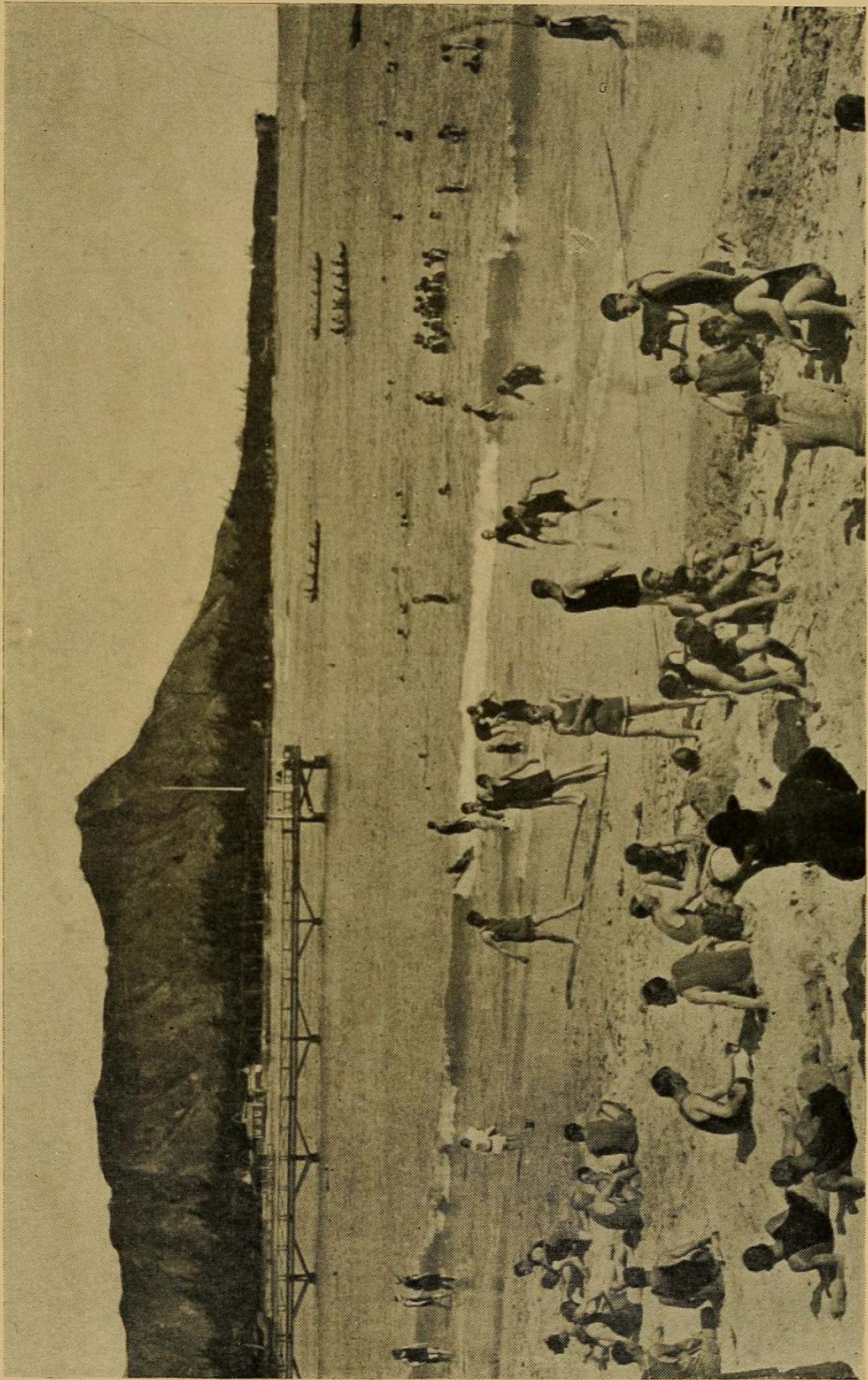


A SONG OF HAWAII.

I would sing of the wind and the waves as they roll
From the sea to the amber hued strand.
Of the silvery high flung fleecy clouds
That lazily drift o'er this rainbow land.

A SONG OF HAWAII.

And there 'neath the soft, blue, sunny skies
Lies her glistening beach like a golden band,
A wedding ring for the Queen of the Seas
That old Neptune gave when he won her hand.



TO A WOOD LILY.

Dear Lily, so sweet and so white and pure,
Peeping out from the depths of the wood;
How are we lifted from sordid things,
How much the sight of you does us good.

When we think how you spring from your humble bed,
And rise to the day so fair and white,
We must also think of our human kind,
Who are struggling up toward the Heavenly Light.

THE LIGHTS OF MOKULEIA.

At night when the dark has settled down,
And the sky and the sea are calm
And the break of the waves on the coral bar
Is heard like a far off drum,

If you'll follow me to the rocky shore
On the mauka side of the bay,
We can hide for a time in the quiet night
And watch where the ghost lights play.

Where far away on the rocky slope,
Over Mokuleia way,
You may see the spirits of ancient folk
As they gather at close of day.

So timid were they and afraid of men,
These people of long ago,
Their spirits will only come out by night
When the mystical torches glow.

THE LIGHTS OF MOKULEIA.

Then across the bay you can see their lights,
Like a village beside the sea,
Yet if you should venture, perchance, too near,
Not a light would there ever be.

But silently watch when the night is dark
Over Mokuleia's shore
And the flickering gleam of the kukui torch
You may see as in nights of yore.

PAINTING THE FISHES

Dedicated to Mrs. C. J. McCarthy.

I talked one day with an old, old man,
Who dwelt in a cavern grey.
And he told me a tale as old men can,
Of days when the gods held sway.

He told of the fight of two giants bold,
In the sea near Hawaii's shore;
How they fought for the hand of a Princess fair,
In the midst of the breakers roar.

And they fought as only a giant can,
'Til the beach met a crimson bay.
And of two who went to the fishing reef,
Only one giant came away.

Then Kani, great god of the ancient tribes,
His messengers swiftly sent,
Who quickly before the august throne,
Brought the giant for punishment.

PAINTING THE FISHES.

Then sent him away to a hidden cave,
And his punishment this should be,
To paint the fish as they passed that way,
'Til the colors were gone from the sea.

'Til the red of the giant's blood was gone,
'Til the gold was gone from the sand,
'Til the blue was gone from the rolling waves,
And the green from the edge of the land.

And there he is now and there he will stay,
Unless by his skill he please
The gods with a painted fish, so gay,
Their anger it may appease.

And nobody knows where he's hidden away,
But it's somewhere under the sea,
And each fish that he paints as he works away
More beautiful seems to be.

THE SKY ROCKET.

Up from the earth to the sky above,
High in the air where the breezes play,
Up o'er the houses and trees and the world,
Nature's sky rockets are making their way.

The stem is the fire and the leaves are the spray,
And the pound of the surf is the roar.
The sparks are the nuts as they drop away
From the cocoanut trees by the shore.



THE OLD SEA WALL.

Did you ever go down by the old sea wall
On the beach at Waikiki,
And sit with a friend where the surf rolls in,
And the world seems glad and free?

Did you ever sit there on the old sea wall
And think in the sunshine clear
Of the storms and strife in some far off land
And thank your stars you were here?

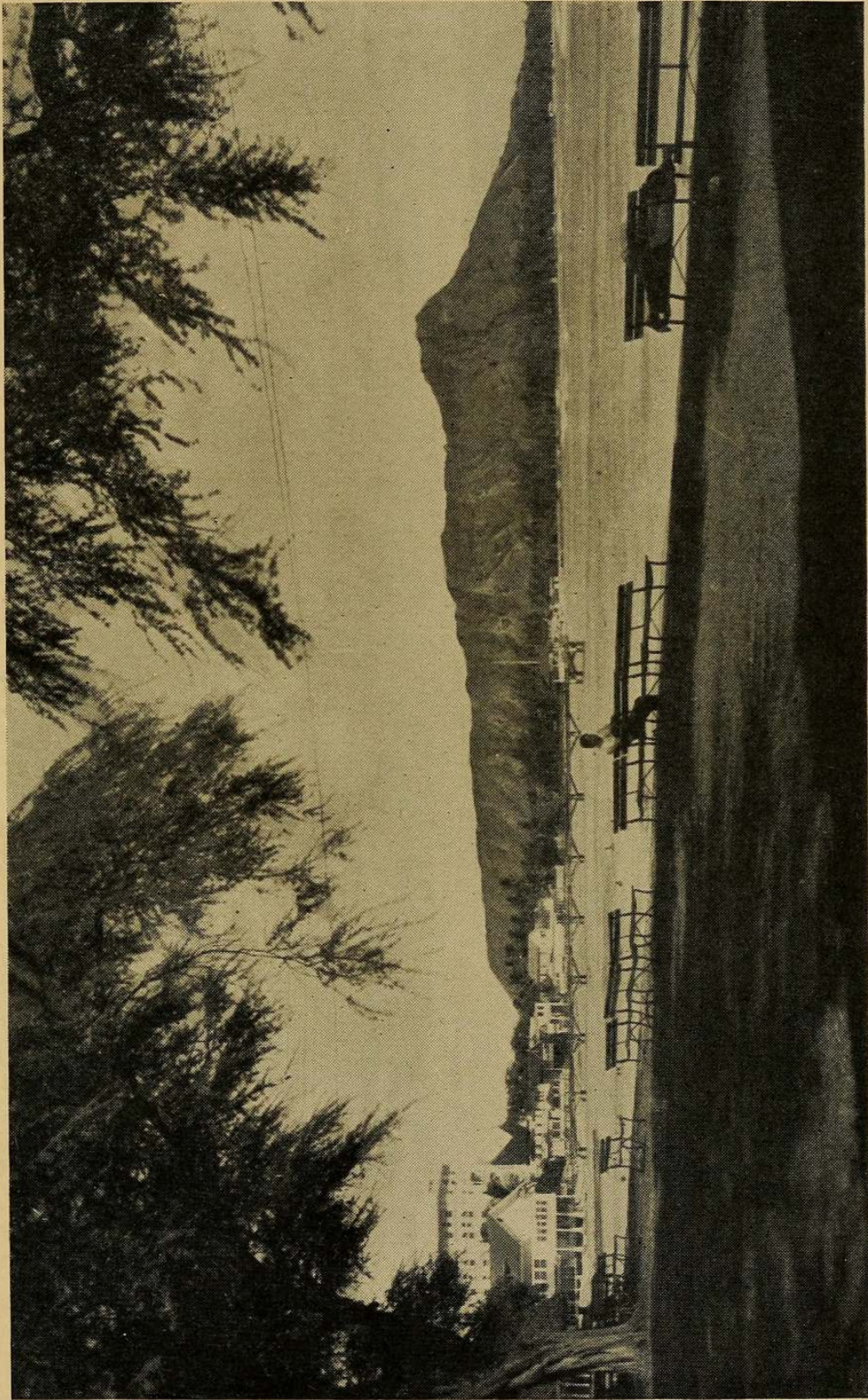
Did you ever sit there on the old sea wall,
With your love on a moonlit night,
When the tide is out and the lapping waves
Fall soft at your feet where the sand is white?

Did you ever stand there by the old sea wall,
In the night when the hush comes down,
When the music that charms in the twilight hours
Is stilled and the singers gone?

THE OLD SEA WALL.

While out on the black of the water's face
Close by the reef in the torch's glare
You could watch the sons of an ancient race
Patiently, silently fishing there.

Yes, the old sea wall is a marvelous place
And the world ere it hurries away
Would be better I know if an hour were spent
By the old sea wall at the close of day.



THE TYPHOON.

A cold grey sky and a booming reef,
The moaning wind in the tree,
The rain and the driving spray are one
And his ship's on the swelling sea.

Oh, wild grey sea let the sun come back
Let the blue skies glint and gleam,
Let the ship come home with my precious one,
Let the storm be a passing dream.

TO A FIGURE OF CHRIST IN A STAINED
WINDOW.

O Blessed tie that binds us here,
O Lamp that shines for all,
Light Thou our way, be Guide and Friend
And Shepherd kind to them that fall!

O Blessed Love that lifts us up
That makes our labor light,
Help us, we pray, to do alway
Good works that please Thy sight.

O Father dear, when we are come,
To Thy great home above.
We pray our sins will be forgiven
And washed away in love.



MY MIRROR.

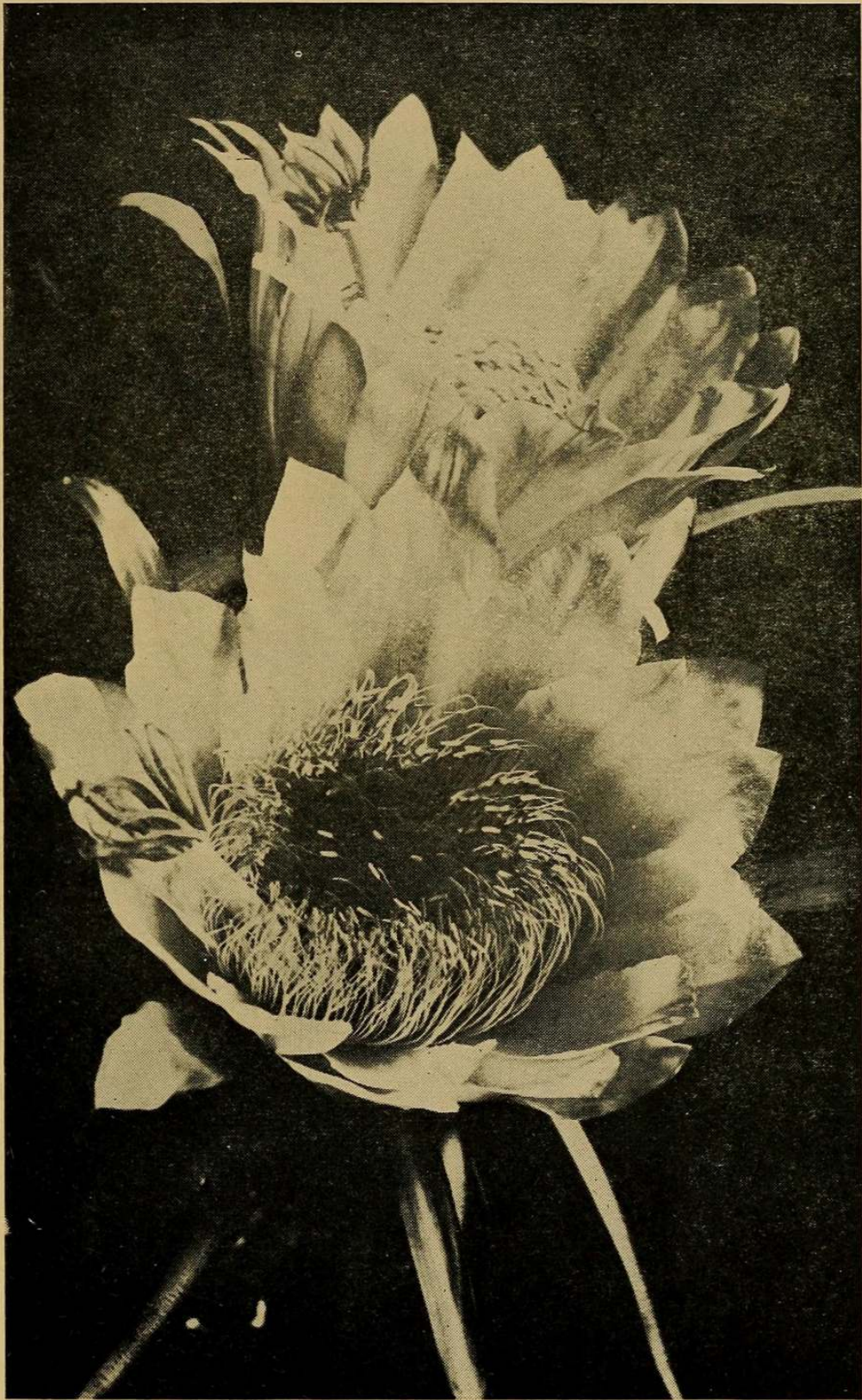
The world is a silvered glass to me,
When I smile all the world smiles back,
When I fret or frown, all the light is gone,
And the face of the world looks black.

When I laugh and sing all the world is gay
And I dance out of simple joy,
But I weep and mourn over deeds undone,
And my life is a broken toy.

So, whatever I find in Life's mirror today
Is the image, as you can see,
Of the things I am, and if Love I seek
It must come from the heart of me.

NIGHT BLOOMING CEREUS

O most unseemly and ignored,
Thou twisted, spiny cactus
On the college wall
By thorny fingers held aloof
From friend and foe,
Tell me,
Dost bloom by night in modesty?
Or is't perhaps in kindness
For cheer of those
Who miss the glories of the day?
Or yet for love
Of some, who needs must toil by night,
Dost spread thy wealth
Of ivory and gold
Beneath the stars?



WHERE THE OLEANDERS GROW.

Oh, the fragrance and the sweetness,
Oh, the color and the glow,
How the world takes on completeness,
Where the oleanders grow.

Joy and brightness through the day
Shining from your blossoms gay,
As o'er Kalakaua's Way
You bend and blow.

Was there ever blossom dearer?
Lily, rose, or orchid rare?
Where you swing the air seems clearer
For your subtle fragrance there.

Reaching out upon the driveway
Bringing gladness to the highway,
Giving heart to sick and weary
Pink and white and red you glow.

How you take me back to childhood
Bringing springtime in the wildwood,
Odors sweet of earliest flowers
Freshening field and woodland bowers.

WHERE THE OLEANDERS GROW

Visions dear of love's young hour
Flooding all my memory o'er.
Thoughts of older years you're turning
Back to days that come no more.

Oleander fair and constant,
Blooming in the moonlight clear,
Blessings bringing, sweets bestowing,
Like the sunshine spreading cheer.

Live and grow forever sweeter,
Summer sun and winter weather,
Highways—by-ways—lanes and hedges
Decking, scenting, bright'ning ever.

AT THE AD CLUB IN 1951.

Hello Jack—yes, I'm back. Had a wonderful trip
To Mars on a beautiful light propelled float,
Like a section of fairyland, graceful and strong,
And faster by far than a plane or a boat.

Yes, a long way to go and be back in a week
T'would have seemed to our ancestors brave,
Who thought when Columbus sailed forth on a ship
He had gone to a watery grave.

Of course a ship then was a dangerous thing,
But we too had one very close call,
For we missed the old moon by not more than a hair,
And it seemed for a time we should fall.

Some danger there must be, the service is new,
But the ride was a hard thing to beat.
And the new things we saw on that planet so fair
You'll agree were a marvelous treat.

Oh, we shot out aloft with a buzz and a whirr
As the light drew our ship to the stars
At a speed which before only light'ning had made—
And ere night we had landed on Mars.

AT THE AD CLUB IN 1951.

I can hardly portray you the beautiful trees
That we saw in the park as we stopped.
They were perfect in color, in form and in flower
Not a leaf nor a petal had dropped.

And the grass had been trained to grow only so high
Everywhere just as smooth as a floor.
Not a lawn mower there for it needn't be cut
It grew two inches long and no more.

And to think of a city as big as New York
Not a pole, not a wire east or west.
All the telephone service was wireless, you see;
Every man had a phone on his vest.

Not a big clumsy thing like we use here on earth,
But as small as a watch for a child.
And when held in the hand it would "speak" or "re-
ceive"

Over hundreds and thousands of miles.

A big central plant made electrical force
For the city by day and by night,
Casting out into space great electrical waves
That would later run motors and light.

AT THE AD CLUB IN 1951.

On top of each house or some quite handy spot
You would find a small box like a hat,
For receiving the current and spreading it 'round,
Like the meter does here in our flat.

Yes, even the tramways, without any rails
And with tires like our automobiles,
Were running their motors by wireless, you see,
And there wasn't a sound from their wheels.

Just think of a land without trolleys or poles
Without wires—and the grass like a floor.
Oh the joy when you know the lawn needn't be cut
That the grass grows "so high," and no more.

Where the roads are as smooth as the top of your desk
And your auto will run without gas.
By touching a button, you open a box
And get "juice" from the air as you pass.

We ourselves have made wonderful strides in the past
And some day may have service as nice,
Just a few more improvements on things we use now
And we'll make this a real Paradise.

MUSUME

O pretty little musume
 With the pretty little smile,
Wont you come to me and teach me
 To be happy for awhile?
Wont you bring your little obi
 And your little wooden shoes
And tell me what it is you do
 That drives away the blues?
Wont you let me share the sunshine
 Of your little laughing eyes
So that I too may be happier
 And healthier and wise?



THE DIVER.

A flash of gold
A boiling surge of silver spray,
A glint of sunlight on a nymph
From Neptune's own abode beneath the sea.
A fearless plunge
From off an age old tow'ring rock
Into the breaker's heaving crest
And Neptune's daughter is at home again.

The wind may rise,
And with the rising tide,
Bring flooding seas that roll and break
Like Jove's great thunder on the mountain top.
But thundering seas and dashing spray,
To this fair bather on Hawaii's shore
Are but a welcome greeting and a magic call
To romp and play in Neptune's crystal pool.

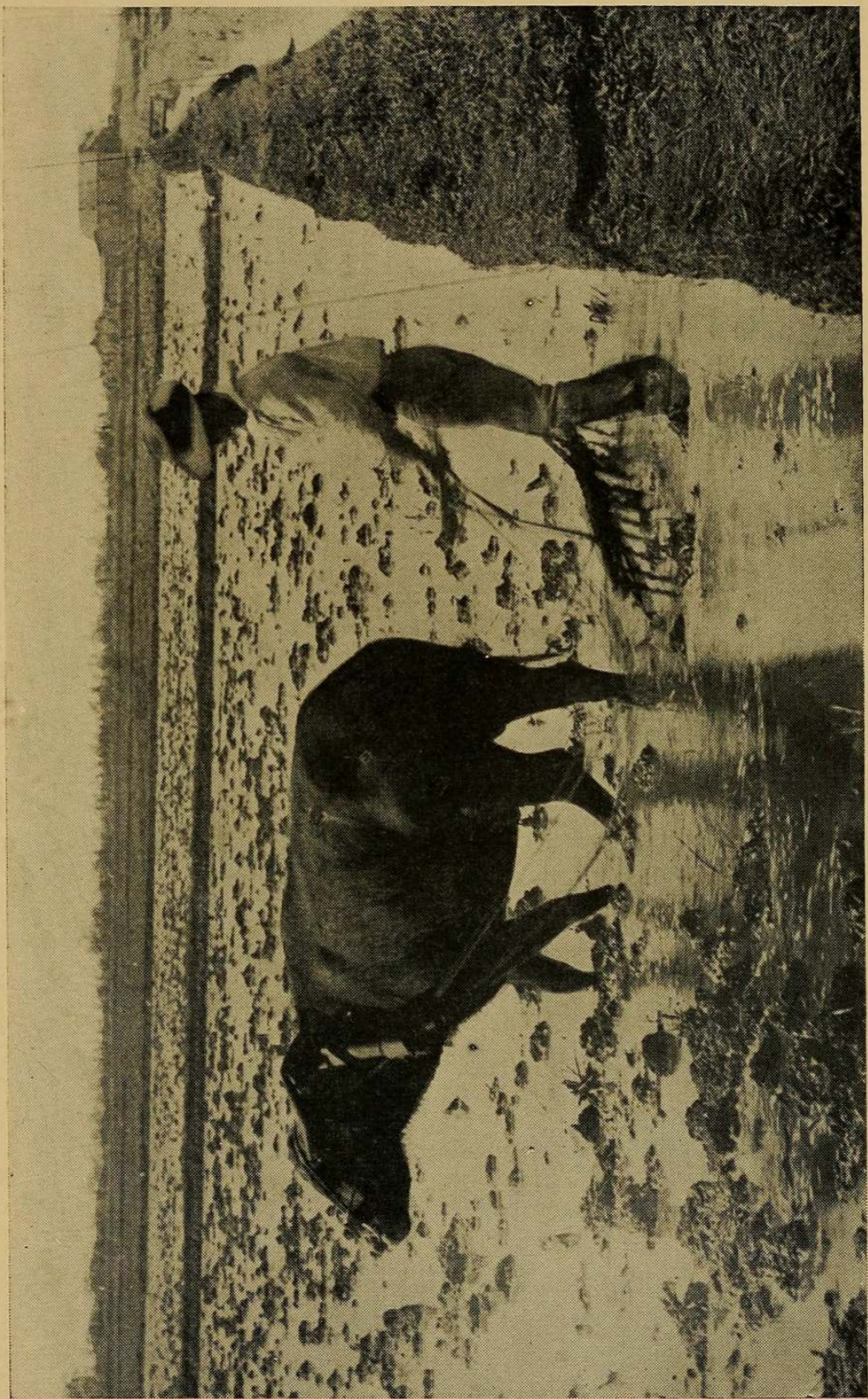
IN THE RICE MIRE.

Old buffalo grey

 In your ancient way,
Bearing a burden of yesterday,
Patiently plodding the rice-mire through
Dragging a plow as they used to do.

Scolded sometimes

 And urged apace,
By this patient son of an Orient race,
Who follows and guides through the tropic day,
Shoeless and tanned, o'er his watery way,
Tilling the field for the rice to be—
Ye are staves of life to humanity.



PETER

Where's Peter? The cry of an anguished soul,
As night and the dark came on.

Where's Peter? She cried in her wild despair.

But the light of her life was gone,

For Peter with joy in his little heart

Had wandered away to the wood,

Where tired and sleepy he laid him down,

Little dreaming of aught but good.

Then a terrible storm came threatening down

Over all in that vast recess,

And the lightning's flash and the moaning wind

Looked destruction and death, no less.

And the searchers with lanterns and frantic cries

Rushed ever, nor stood, nor sat.

'Til sudden there came from a sheltering bush

A cry—there was Peter, her cat.

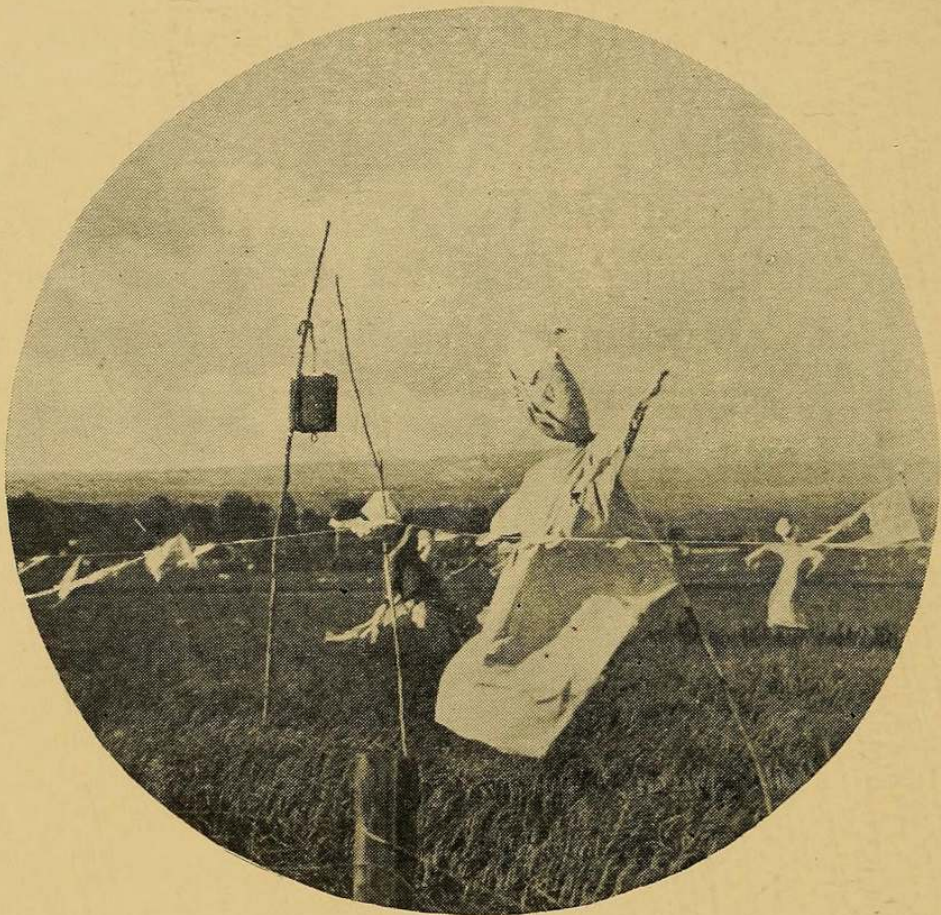
THE RICE IS RIPE.

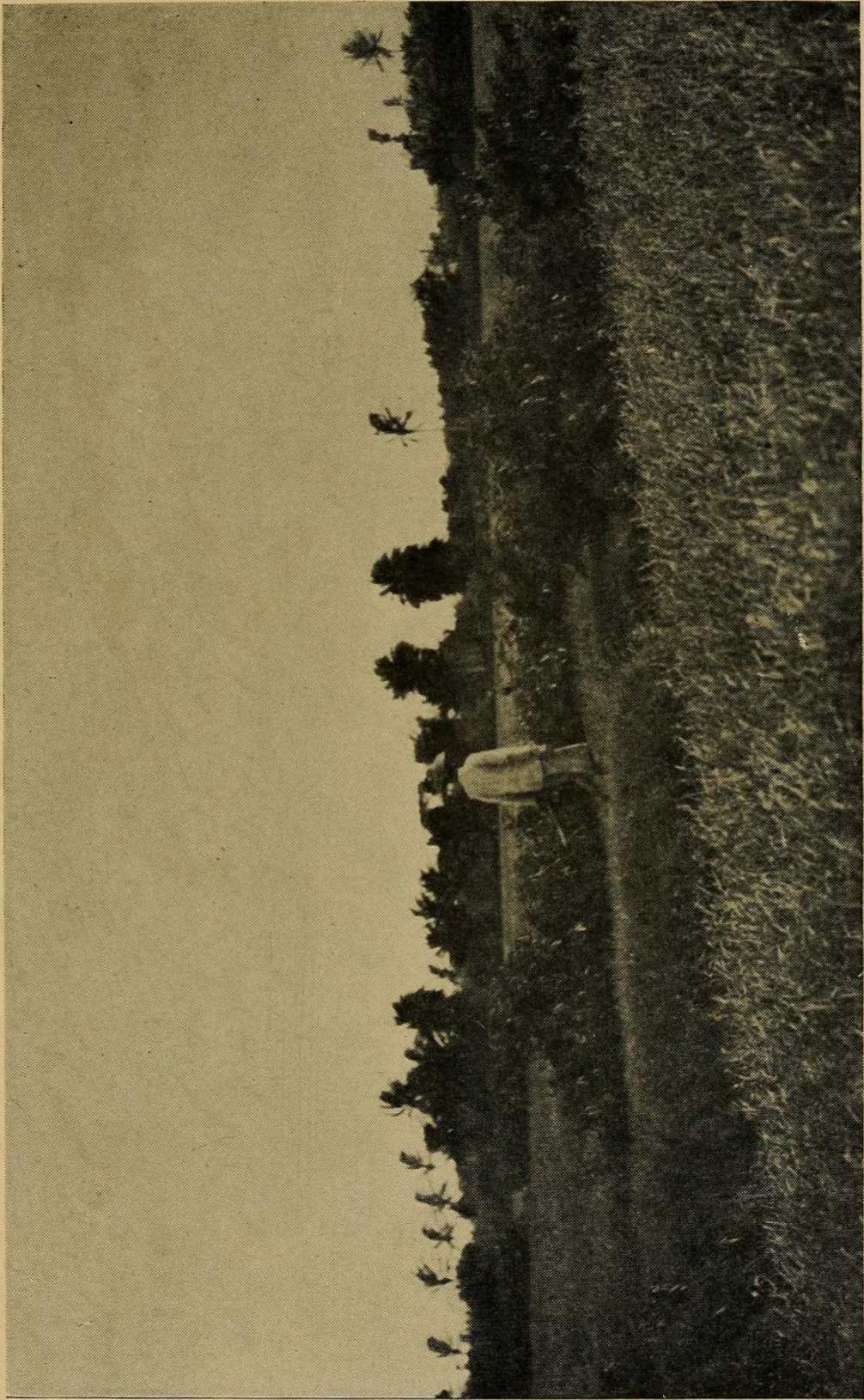
I

See the ripening rice, see it bend and sway,
Tempting the birds at the break of day;
While the worried rice man bangs away
With his noisy old gun, and shouts "Hoo-ay"
BANG,

"Hoo-ee, hi, hoo-ee!

Hip, hoo-ee, hoo-ay!"





THE RICE IS RIPE.

II

The rice is ripe! BANG "Hoo-ee, hoo-ay!"
From earliest dawn till late in the day,
The rice man shouts his plaintive lay
In his struggle to keep the birds away.
"Hip, hoo-ee, hi, hi!"

BANG

"Hoo-ee, hoo-ay!"



THE RICE IS RIPE.

III

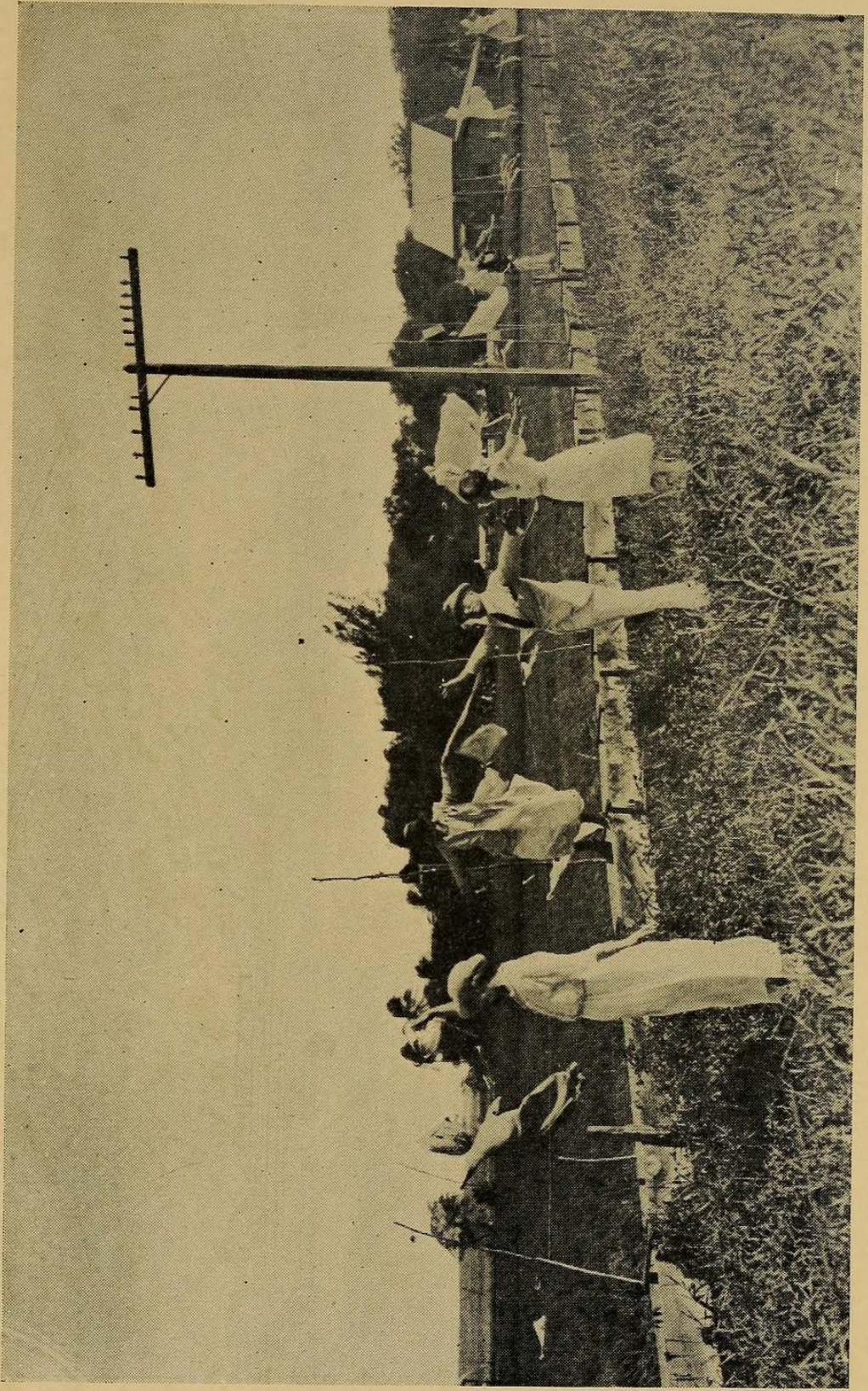
In his favorite pool lies the buffalo grey,
He has plowed the field in his queer old way;
The coolie has planted, and soon will say
Make ready the floor to tread and flay—
BANG

“Hoo-ee, hip, hi!”

BANG

“Hoo-ee, hoo-ay!”





THE RICE IS RIPE.

IV

He has faithfully tended by night and by day:
Now the rice is ripe, and he gets his pay
If his frantic shouts and his scare-crows gay
And his trusty old gun keep the birds away.

“Hip, hi!”

BANG

“Hoo-ee, hi, hoo-ee, hoo-ay!”



THE RICE IS RIPE.

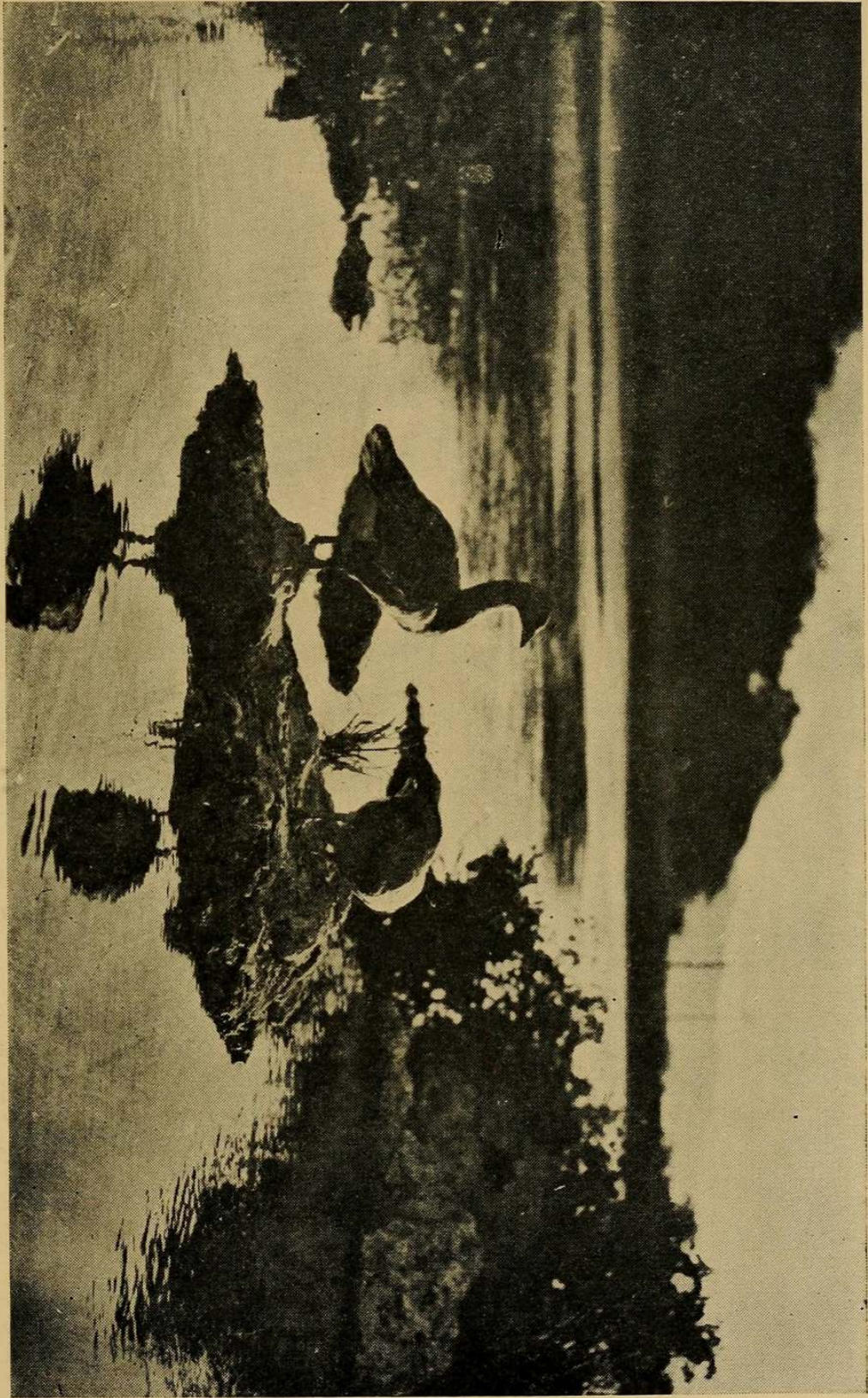
V

So from over the duck ponds and far away,
Comes the coolies cry at the break of day.
An Orient song, in an Orient way,
From his age old world, he has learned to say
“Hip, hoo-ee, hi, hi!”

BANG

“Hoo-ee, hoo-ay!”





A SONG OF HOPE.

I sing, for the birds in the bright blue sky
Are singing of happy years,
And Nature is smiling with blossoming trees,
 But mine eyes are a flood of tears.

I sing for the love that my heart has held,
For the love that my heart has known,
For love is a joy and love is a song,
 But my heart is a quarried stone.

I sing, for my soul is a thing apart,
And the soul of me looks above,
Where the stars shine ever above the clouds;
 But my life is without its love.

Yet, I sing for the hope of a life to come,
For a sun that is yet to shine,
For the Father's gift of a heavenly home,
 For the joy which at last is mine.

TO THE WHITE GINGER.

Oh, Ginger sweet on the mountain side,
So fragrant and white and pure,
How you lure me up on a summer's day
To climb the heights, and to roam the paths
Where the gently cooling zephyrs play.

How I love at night by the moon's soft light
To rest neath the sparkling sky,
While the odor sweet of the ginger flower
Takes my heart to the days gone by.

Oh Ginger flower in your quiet nook
Hidden sometimes like the souls of us,
How the world if it knew of your sweetness rare,
Would come to worship and cherish and love
The ginger blossoms on Tantalus.



THE TRAIL.

I'd like to leave a trail on earth
In passing day by day,
That sometime might by other's help
Become a broader way.

A trail worn down by footprints,
As it were of kindly deeds;
Just a simple word of comfort,
Just a hand in time of need.

I'd like to leave a little trail
Of good deeds to the poor,
Perhaps sometime a word, to change
An idler to a doer.

Just one step, to do a kindness
For some stranger down and out,
Lying ill, with cares and worries,
Debt and hardships all about.

Just a penny to the beggar,
As I pass him on the road;
Just a step to cheer the widow,
Who is staggered by her load.

THE TRAIL.

Just a few steps this or that way,
Cheering some who seem to fail;
Every simple act of kindness,
Widening out the narrow trail.

Just a little trail is all
That I can leave as I pass on,
But I'd like to leave such footprints
As might help another one

To be kinder to his fellows,
To more freely lend a hand,
'Til the trail becomes a highway,
Long and wide throughout the land.





THE SURF RIDER

(To H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, 1920.)

With body bronzed in the tropic sun,
Slowly the surf rider slips from the shore
Gliding face down on his slender board
Straight for the reef where the breakers roar.

And now in the tumbling tide he waits
While the smaller waves roll by,
Scorning to challenge the lesser surf
Choosing with only the great to vie.

But the water is swift and high and strong
And his board is tossed like a chip in the air
While the rider, quick as a lightning flash,
Dives for his life, nor a moment to spare.

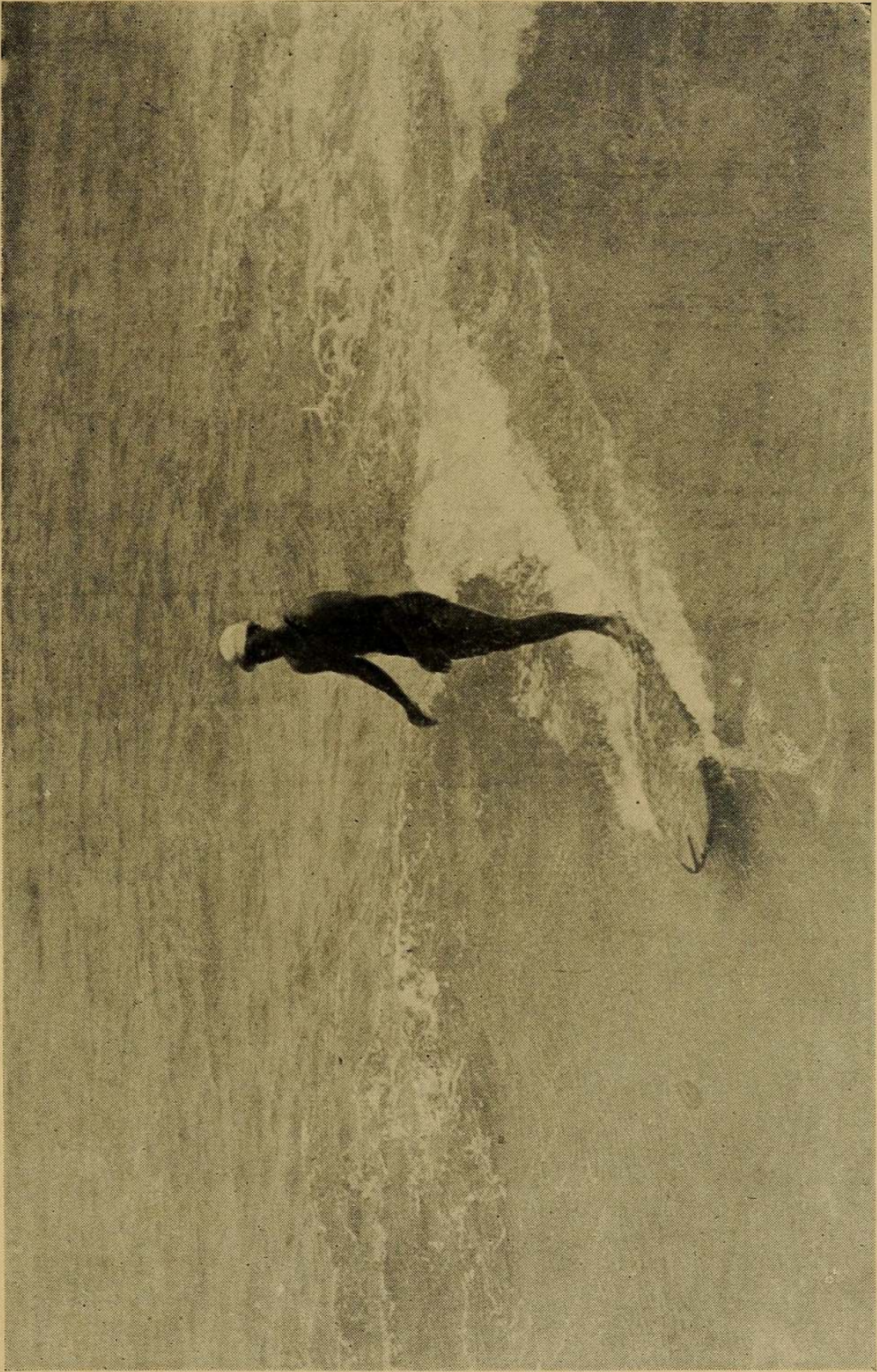
And again he is up, and again in his place,
With the breakers rolling by
For a sportsman true is this son of Neptune,
With a heart that will do or die.

THE SURF RIDER.

Like a sea-bird he rests in the far away
Then suddenly rises with arms outspread
While the spray at his feet in a silver shower
Curves like the wings of the gull overhead.

And out from the smother and out from the foam
Straight as an arrow he speeds away
Chased by the breaker's rolling crest,
A statue bathed in a whirl of spray.

Comes with the speed of an aeroplane
'Til the breaker sinks in a quiet tide,—
The surfer drops near the sandy shore—
Then back to the reef for another ride.



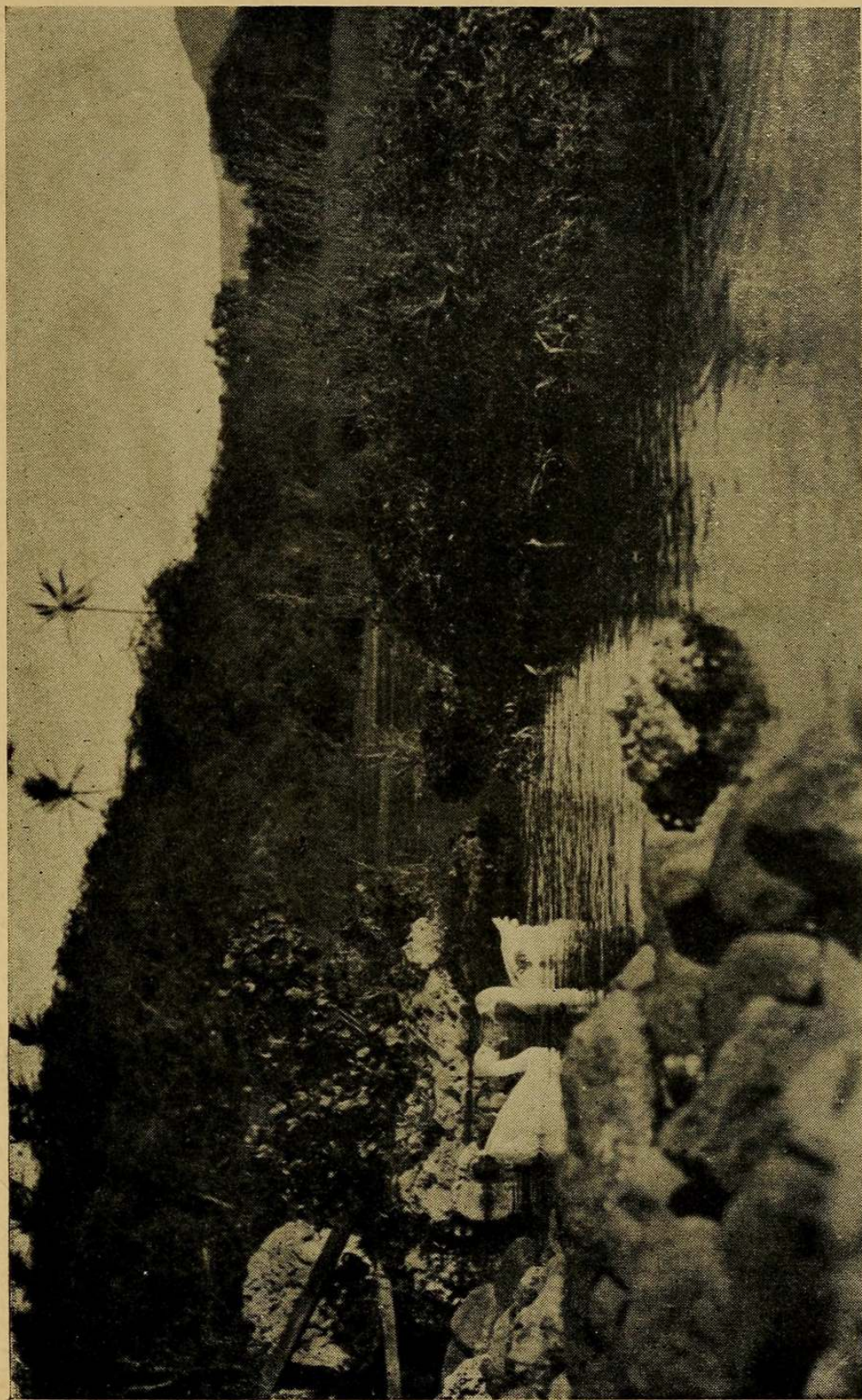
A PRAYER.

May we forgive and so forget,
The hurts that some have made,
May we forget the little pains
That cut like dagger's blade
And turning thus our eyes above,
Ask God to keep us true
To faith and hope and kindly love
That we each day some good may do.

THE TRYST.

Little feathered sweethearts in your leafy bower
By gently nodding grasses, set with many a flower,
On crystal waters floating, light as air,
To strife a stranger, as to worldly care.

How long we all for paradise like this!
So free to live and love in quiet bliss.
To have no care for some succeeding hour,
O feathered sweethearts in your leafy bower!



EVOLUTION OF GUM POON.

Gum Poon was a boy over China way,
With much of work and little of play,
Till at length he grew to a man's estate
Left his Flowery Kingdom and risked his fate
In a land of dreams, where, he'd oft been told,
Toil and ambition would bring him gold.

Oh, of course in this land of flowers and song
He was cheered by a maid, for the days were long
While he worked in the field for his pittance small
And pinched and saved till he had withal
Enough to pay for a garden tract,
Where he raked and watered—and this is a fact—

With a pole on his back and his baskets two
He'd come in the morning all wet with dew
Crying: "Calloty, leddishy, nicey papai,"
And the neighborhood answered his piping cry.
"Green bean, yellow bean, Weget-a-bil."
Not once did he falter, but worked with a will.

EVOLUTION OF GUM POON.

And soon the old pole and the baskets two
Gave way to a wagon and horse. It's true
Not much of a horse and not much of a cart
But along with them he had won the heart
Of the little maid and soon there grew
Some young Gum Poons who helped him too.

And after a while as the years went by
His garden grew to a ranch, with a sty
For his pig and a pond for his duck,
And the price went up on his garden truck
'Til he felt himself quite a business man.
And counting his cash as a wise man can

He found he had plenty—and being so busy
Decided to buy him a regular "Lizzie,"
With cupboards and shelves, and the whole cov-
ered o'er
All shiney and new with his name on the door.
Then he called on Bob Lillis, to prove he could
drive,
Took the whole family with him. (They still are
alive!)

EVOLUTION OF GUM POON.

So you see what Gum Poon by his thrift has attained,
For he worked in the sun and he worked when
it rained
And his garden was only a part of what grew;
His boys are as bright as ever you knew,
They study in school, and they work with a will
While Gum Poon now *motors* his "Weget-a-bil."



“MOTHERS.”

We used to have a little dog
 When Brother Frank was born,
Who'd lie beside my mother's bed
 At noon and night and morn.
And any time a stranger came
 She'd bark and growl and yelp,
And seemed to feel that mother
 Needed someone there to help.

And then we had another dog,
 A little wooly thing
Who not from any special line
 Had ever seemed to spring.
'Til once she had some babies,
 And the night when they were born
Was cold, and she was quite too frail
 To keep her babies warm.

And thus one died, and morning came,
 And in the early dawn
A little mother tenderly,
 Took first the weaker one,

MOTHERS.

And then another in her mouth
And whined and said as best she could
“Please take these like your own,
And keep them for me by the fire
Till they are stronger grown.”

And then she brought the little one,
Whose life had passed away,
And laid it gently at our feet
As though she tried to say:
“Please can't you help this little one?
I'd be so very good.

And love you dearly all my days,”
And how we wished we could.

“THE CALL.”

Our Church held a meeting one evening last week,
To decide, as all good churches do,
About calling a minister, what should we say
And how we should get him and who.

Now some of the sisters were old and alone
And they wanted a charming young man;
While some of the brethren were dreadfully sure
“An ‘Orthodox’ old we must get if we can.”

Then a letter was read from a man whom it said
Would be willing to show us the road,
If the church would stand back of him solid and strong
And help him to carry the load.

When one blessed Sister whose duty was plain,
Said she knew he was *young* for the place,
And she heard he’d baptised a mere infant one time
By sprinkling it “right in the face.”

“Oh, he never will do,” cried a brother
—Did I hear someone laughing back there?”
Then a friend said, “He didn’t baptise this child,
’Twas only a christening, that I’ll declare.”

THE CALL.

Right here Deacon Puncture rose up in his place,
Tall and gaunt with a manner sublime,
And his voice nearly broke as in sepulchral tones
He asked, "Was his hand wet at the time?"

"If his hand was wet, he's a sinner,
For infant baptism's a sin,
And unless you're put under the water,
There can never be cleansing within."

Now I felt myself shaking with laughter,
And looking I saw a broad grin
On the face of dear Brother Makiki
Who believed in good works, not "Doctrine."

Then here rose up Sister McCallum
And stated with tears in her eyes,
She had privately catechised this man
And most heretic were his replies.

He didn't believe in "Damnation"
And "Union" he preached might and main;
"Atonement" he said was a subject
'Twould take a whole week to explain.

THE CALL.

He was born and brought up a "Disciple"
But was now in a union Kirk,
Preaching the Word and helping the Lord
In a wonderful, prosperous work.

"Tis enough," cried dear Brother MacDoodle,
"I protest—and the pews you may search,
To a 'Christian' I never will listen," said he,
"Who'd preach in a Union Church."

"We have too many churches to pay for,"
Said he—"Yes, I always make union my plea."
But the Devil was laughing this time I am sure
As he said "they should all think like *me*."

Then another explosion of laughter I heard,
From a Brother who said with a grin,
"To do good is what we are after,
The baptism beer might have been."

And he urged all the brothers and sisters
To "*work*" for the cause is the Lord's.
"If a church can't do good in the city
It had better close up," were his words.

THE CALL.

And I laughed as I thought that the preacher
Might talk himself blue in the face
To a Molluscan few who were certain and sure
He would bring the whole church to disgrace.

And I laughed till they carried me out on the lawn,
Where I laughed myself all out of breath,
They were pumping me up with a bicycle pump,
I was laughing myself to death.

Then a pinch on my arm from my wife woke me up,
As she said "Hiram, what do you mean
By sleeping in church?" And I smiled as I thought:
"I'm so glad that was only a dream."

THE QUEST OF THE NORTH WIND.

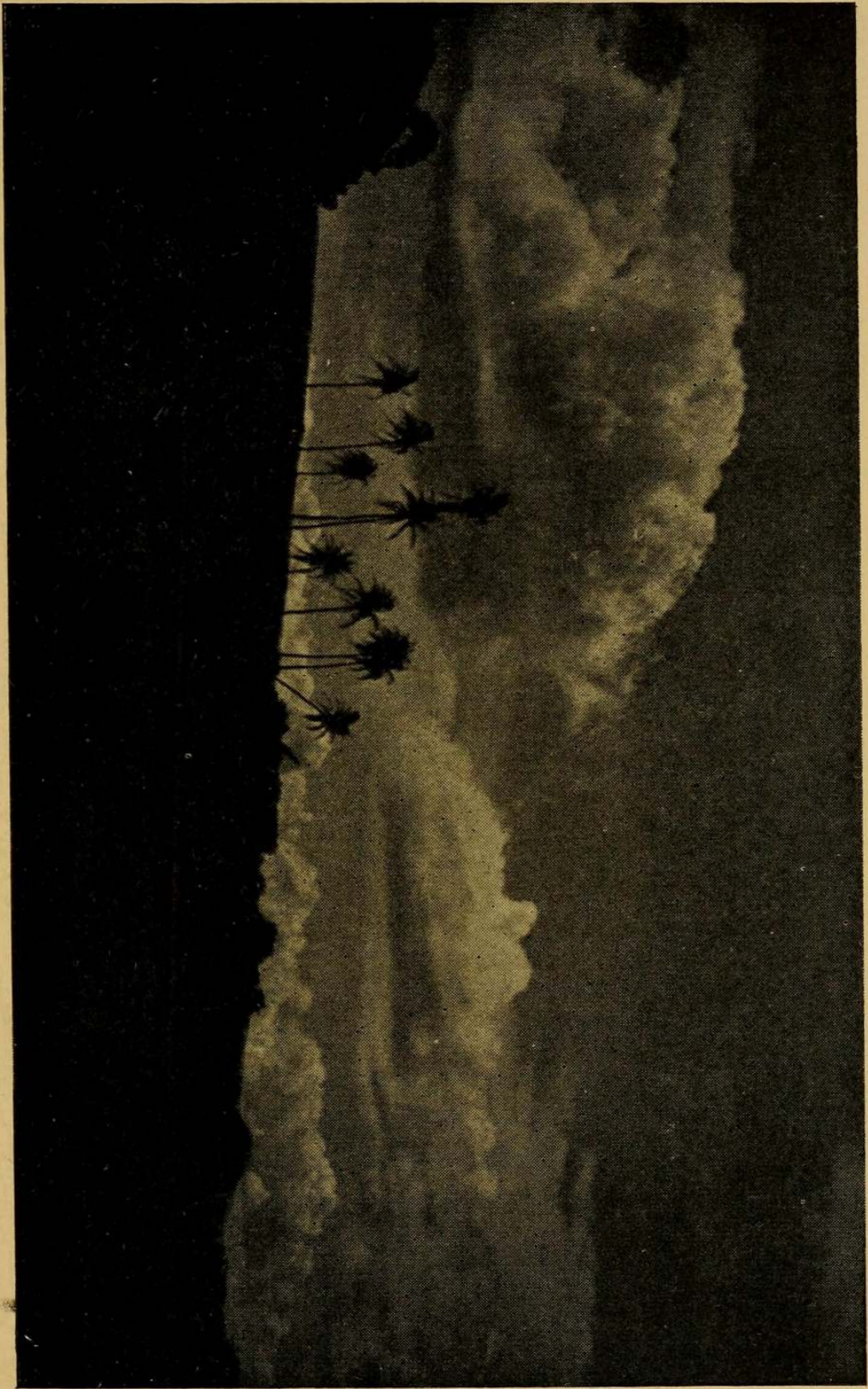
The North Wind had slept by the Polar sea,
Frozen for ages as cold as could be;
Not a sound to disturb his deep sleep in the snow;
Just the cold sky above and the ice pack below.

Just the glittering stars in a steely blue bowl,
The sparkle of frost on the hill,
And the ice as it piled up around the North Pole
With a groan, to forever lay still.

The Aurora had tried with her wonderful light
To waken the sleeper, but try as she might,
By Blazing and sparkling and darting on high—
Her glorious streamers illumined the sky

Like a halo of fire—yet her glamor of light
Like the glow of a new-coming day,
Was all to no purpose, no, try as she might,
The giant old North Wind still slumbered away.

But, hark! What was that?
Something cracked like the sound of a gun!
'Twas the ice breaking up, and the silent old streams
So long dead, were beginning to run.





From the top of the hill all the snow came away;
From their dens in the woods came the bears,
For the breath of the South Wind had reached them
that day,
And opened the mouths of their lairs.

Then the North Wind awoke with a leap and a bound,
And he cried: "What is this! Who is here?"
For the South Wind had kissed him,
Then hurried away all a-tremble with maidenly fear.

And the breath of the South Wind,
All scented with flowers, with orange and myrtle and
bay,

Had awakened a lover resistless and bold,
Who would follow her ever and aye.

And so the North Wind left his icy old home
To set out on a wild, wild chase;
He had loved the touch of the warm South Wind,
And he wanted to see her face.

He followed her over the mountains,
The plains, and the brooks, and the lea;
He followed her under the quiet stars,
And out on the flowing sea.

He followed the ships on the ocean,
The honking wild fowl in the air;
He roared and he howled and he whistled,
But never an answer was there.

While ever away to the south went she,
Toward the land of the palm and the pine;
To the land of the warm soft southern breeze,
To the home of the flowering vine.

And the North Wind following, kissed the flowers,
And fondled the blossoms rare,
'Till they died from the touch of his icy hand,—
So he had never welcome there.

And he wasted away in that sunny clime,
'Til his power and strength were gone;
For the gentleness of the south land
Had taken the giant's brawn.

And the South Wind, safe in her flowery home,
Lay down for a quiet rest;
While the North Wind, worn with the long, long chase,
In despair gave up the quest.

No friend found he in the sunny south,
So he drifted again to his home;
Where the memory sweet of that fair retreat
Keeps him ever alert to roam.

And the faintest breath of the south land,
Starts him off on another flight
In his fruitless search for the mystic maid,
Who fled when he waked that night.



"FRIENDS."

(To Grace Wilson and Genevieve Dillman.)

Softly they slip into our lives,
And cling and stay,
And so become a part of us
That we are all unconscious
Of the friendship sweet,
As we are thoughtless
Of our hands and feet.
'Til by some accident,
We're racked with pain.
And thus the friends who come,
And dwell with us in love,
And now are gone again,
In going, leave an aching void.
So have we learned to lean on them
In time of stress.
And yet so simply
Have they borne the load
That we are loath
Again to stand alone.
Oh, may our Lord,

FRIENDS.

And Father of us all,
 Have in His keeping,
And forever bless,
 The friend who comes
Like summer's dawn,
 So softly stealing,
And departs like radiant sunset,
 Watched until the darkness comes at last;
And sad we turn away,
 And to our tasks,
Until we meet again.

THE FLIRTATION.

I met her one day on a busy street,
And I lost my heart to her there.
I thought she smiled as I passed her by,
So daintily sweet—so trim and so fair.
(And such wonderful nut brown hair!)

On a street car one day I sat near her;
Oh, joy! Yes, she surely did smile;
This time I'd have spoken out boldly,
But her mother seemed watching the while.
(And she did have the tenderest smile!)

Then I found her one night in a movie,
With another—perhaps 'twas her beau;
How I longed for some way to address her.
For some word I might say 'ere she go.
(And her wonderful eyes all aglow!)

So I watched for my chance—then I whispered:
“There's a far better seat over here.”
And joy of my heart, she came over,
And chatted and flirted—oh, dear!
(Like a shell was her pink little ear!)

THE FLIRTATION.

We talked as we looked at the picture,
She thought the young lover was fine—
And nestled up closer beside me,
Lightly resting her soft hand in mine.

(She was so like a clinging vine!)

Then I thought 'ere this goes any further,
I'll find out how old she may be,
So I asked, and she lisped as she answered:
"Mother thes, I'm jutht half patht three."

(And I'm in love with this maiden, dear me!)

MEDORI SAN.

Medori! Medori! Medori san!
Ah! here she comes—little maid of Japan;
Child of the Orient, sunbrowned and tanned—
Medori! Medori! Medori san!

Brown little eyes, full of laughter and fun,
Lips that are red as the rose in the sun,
Two little feet always ready to run—
Medori! Medori! Medori san!

Deftly she works with her little brown hands,
Chatters and gossips whenever she can;
Perfumes and powders and waits for some man
To say: Medori; Medori! Medori san!



OLEANDERS.

There's a joy and gladness ringing,
There is always someone singing,
Peace and love to sadness bringing,
Where the Oleanders bloom.

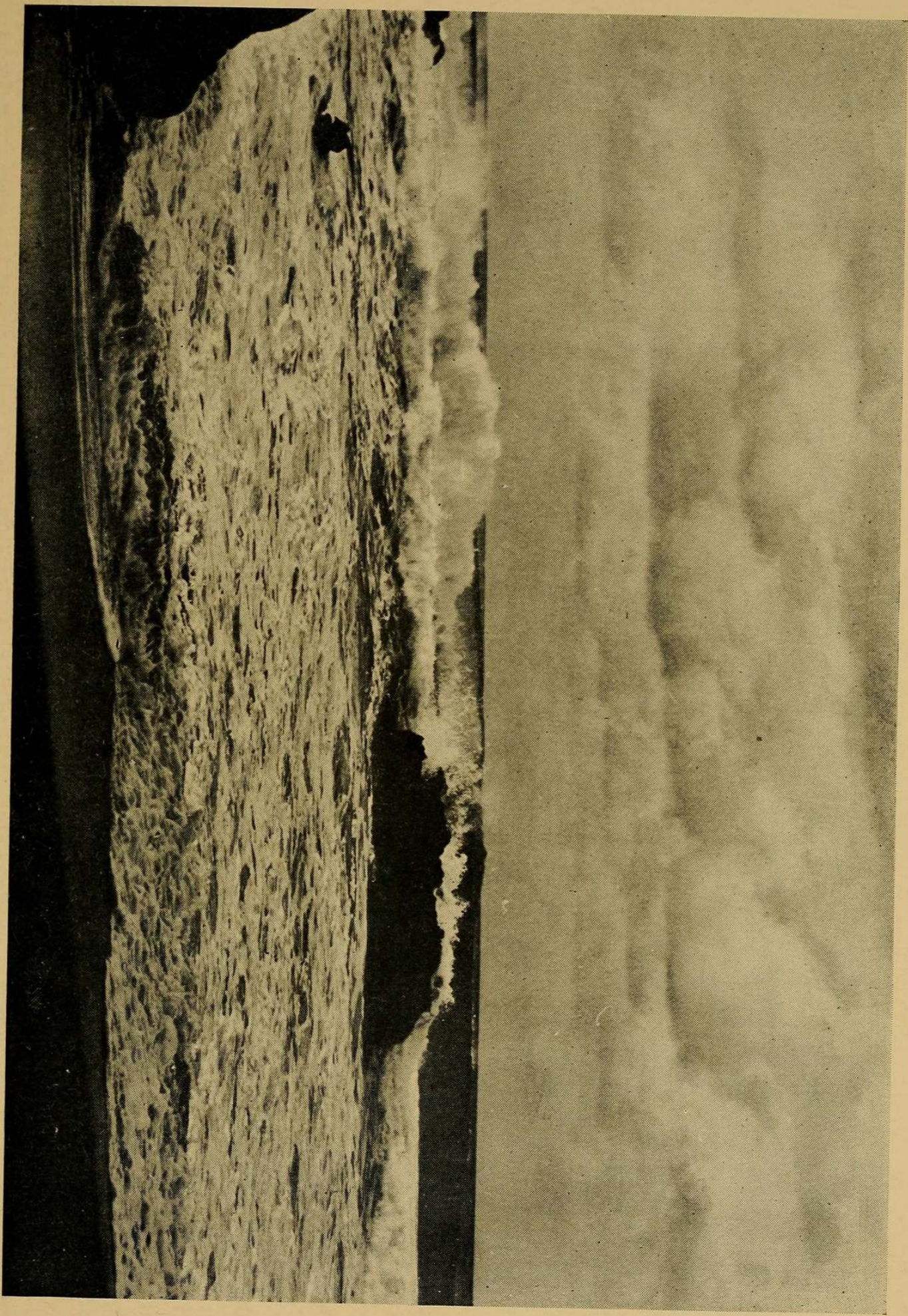
There's a hint of jasmine sweet,
And a dear old southern street
Winging back to memory fleet,
Where the Oleanders bloom.

Rarer flowers there may be,
Lilies fair and Rosemarie,
But the world seems best to me
Where the Oleanders bloom.

WAIMEA.

As I dream of Oahu's windward shore,
I can hear the crash and the sullen roar
Of the tow'ring waves, as they roll, wind-blown,
To drive and pound on her walls of stone.

Like a myriad horse in a battle wide,
As to war's wild hell they gallop and ride,
And race and fall in a seething tide,
Forever and ever and evermore.



THE TOURIST.

How quiet the morning at old Waikiki!
The crystal tipped waves softly break on the shore
With a hushed little swish, and a soft little swash;
The charm is alluring, I'm sure.

But rattledy, bang, and bangity rat!
The milkman is coming again;
And I wake with a start and a strain of the heart,
For to rest any longer is vain.

Ah, no! Not in vain, for it's quiet again,
And I would like to sleep if I may;
But clickety, clack, go the Japanese shoes
Of the servant girls come for the day.

The bread man drives down the gravelly lane,
The Filipino comes with the ice in his dray;
The trolley car comes with the papers again,
And rattles and roars like a lion at bay.

Well, now it's all over, and I may, perhaps,
Get more sleep 'ere it's time for my dip,
When BANG! goes the great morning gun at the Fort—
Well, I'll sleep when I get on the ship.

WHEN EVENING COMES.

Why, yes! I remember
 In years that are gone,
When our dear eastern friends came to call;
How we took them around
 This old island of ours,
 And showed them the Pali and all.

When evening had come,
 Out to "Heinie's" we went
For a dinner or dance or a neighborly chat,
An old-fashioned cocktail,
 Gin fiz and all that.

Oh, the joy of those wonderful
 Nights of the past!
How the hula was danced, if we stayed till the last.
We had friends by the score,
 Royal fellows we met—
Princes, Dukes, Earls, and more
 We could count in our set.

WHEN EVENING COMES.

But alas, and alack!

What a wonderful change
Has come over this gracious old town;
No more dance at "the Young,"

No more grand dinners out,
No more joy when the sun has gone down.

Now, when evening time comes,

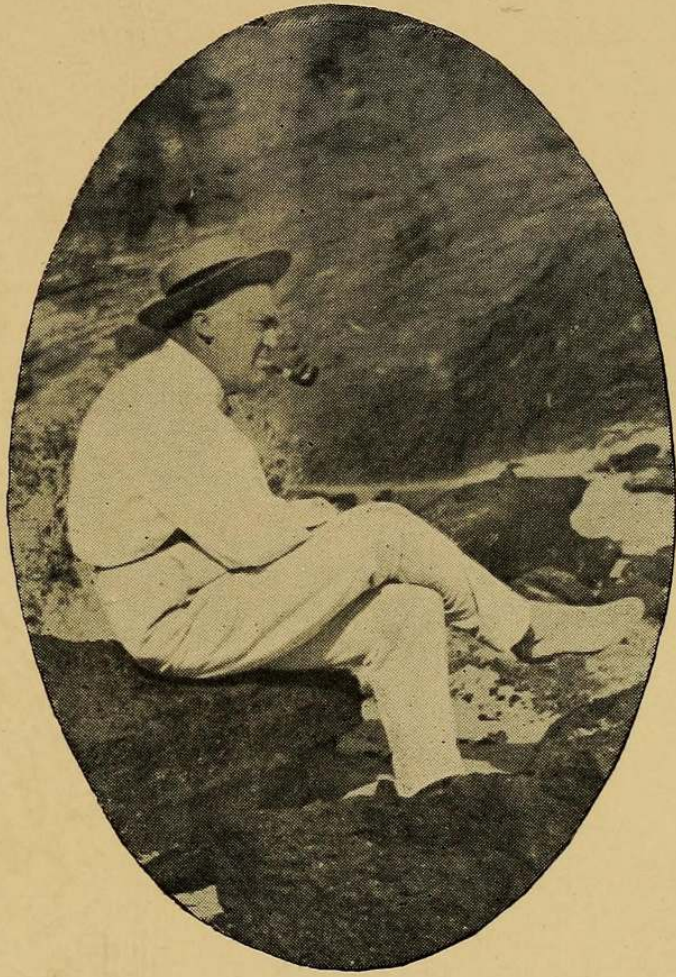
And the day's work is o'er,
We look up this dear friend from back home,
Inquire if he's seen

All the pictures in town;
And has he been swimming today?
Then we bid him "Good-night!"

And we say with a frown:
"We stay home now when evening has come."

JIM'S PIPE.

A stranger came to me one day,
 And smiled and shook my hand,
And asked about the dog and cat
 And all about myself and wife
And yet made no demand for coin
 Or to insure my life.
And so I looked and marvelled
 And racked my feeble brain,
For after he had talked awhile
 In most familiar strain,
I thought about his robust form
 Was some familiar look,
And so thru memory's spacious halls I took
 A backward gaze,
Where myriad faces came and went,
 Like dreams of happy days,
And then I thought
 Mayhap this guy has come to swipe
My watch and chain.
Then Betty came
And called him "Dear,"
And so again
I looked and laughed,
For now I recognized, at last,
My long time friend, Jim Pratt,
 Without his pipe.



TANTALUS.

When I look up at Tantalus,
 What wonders do I see?
A mountain peak with rolling clouds?
 Perhaps a giant tree?
No, when I look at Tantalus,
 'Tis this that comes to me:
A little cottage covered o'er
 With vines and scent of "ti,"
That leads me to a garden fair,
 And winding paths and blossoms rare;
And trails that lead away to quiet nooks,
 And little showers to hide from; and good books
To read, and after that,
 The rainbows and the sun,
The even-song of birds
 That come to say the day is done.
The tinkle of a far off bell,
 And then a sunset—melted gold it seems,
With copper shades and shapes one sees in dreams.
 Then afterward, a supper hour and peace,
Beneath a tropic moon and such a walk
 Along the winding downward trails,
As leads one to the Maker's throne,
 With cheerful heart that never fails
To render thanks that He, for us,
 Has made, and kept, old Tantalus.

KAPIOLANI.

A monarch once there was in fair Hawaii,
Who's great ambition—
Not to 'press and kill,
But rather to advance the people's good.
And so with art and means,
She spread before their eyes
A glorious vista—

 Flowery ways and trees,
 And artful greens,
 And 'mongst them all,
 A pond of water lilies;
 To this day a blest remembrance
 Of a gracious Queen—Kapiolani!



BILL JONES' SOLILOQUY.

Bill Jones sat in front of the grocery store
And a frown spread over his face,
As he whittled a stick and whistled a tune,
And sang to himself in a gentle croon:
"Heaven must be a hell of a place."

Now there's old Jim White with his smiling face
Like an old he-wolf of the human race,
He goes to church and he prays a lot,
But his heart is home in his money-pot,
If they let *him* in it's a plumb disgrace.

And old Tom Stringer who went the pace
And lived a life that was foul and base,
Then married a widow and sold her home,
And left her to fight for her bread alone.
Yet he says *his* soul has been "saved by grace."

And so there is many a similar case
Where some low down crook with a saintly face,
Has lived by the sweat of a weaker one,
Who worked and worried from sun to sun
If *they* go to heaven I'll shun the place.

Once my steps to a big stone church I traced
Where a door man stood with a frozen face
And the folks inside all kept aloof
As though I had a tail and a cloven hoof,
"If heaven's like *that* it's a hell of a place."

NEPTUNE

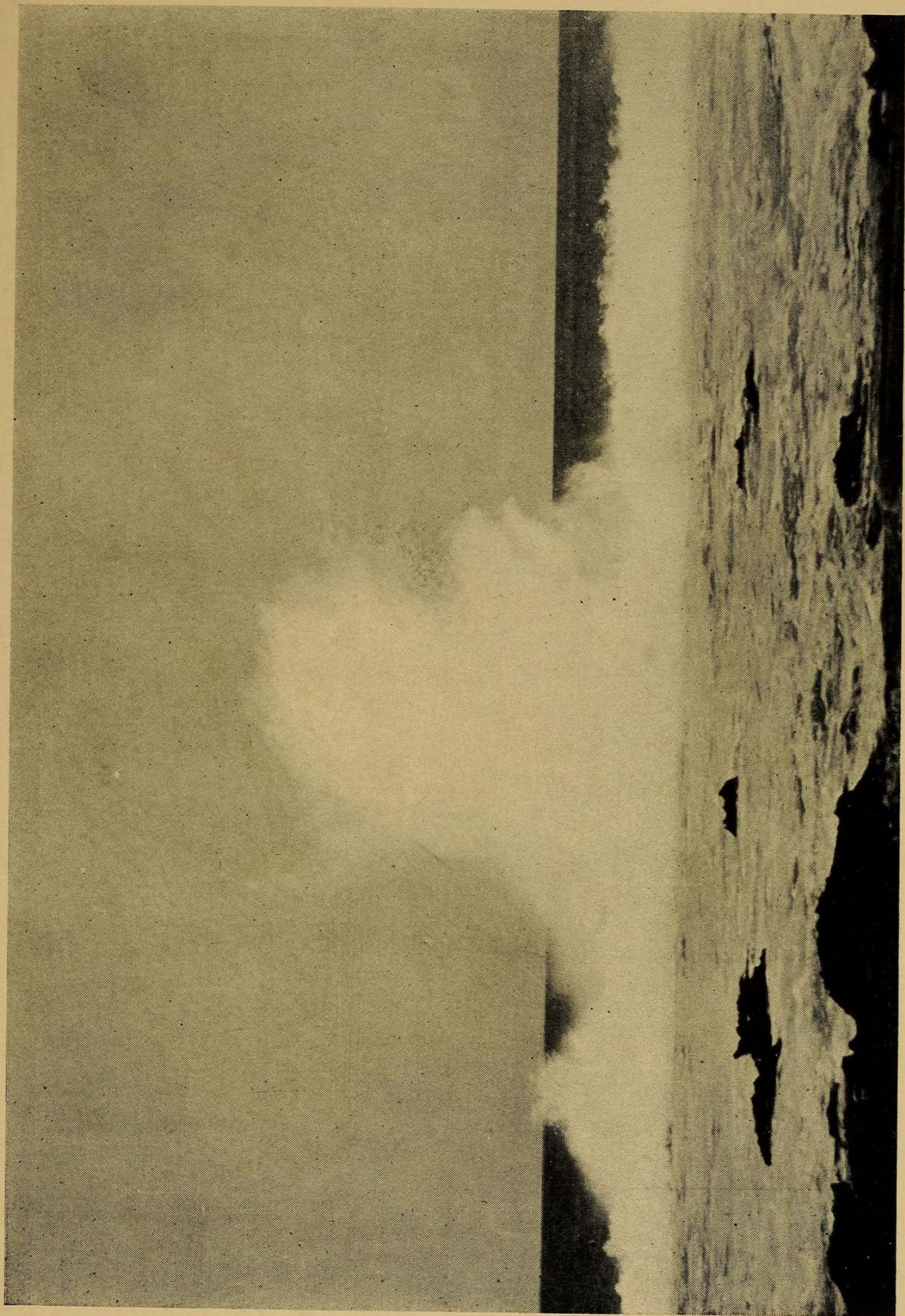
Where, Oh where, is old Neptune's home?
Is it out where the wild billows roll?
Is it far, far away in some cavern deep
Where they bring him his terrible toll?

Yet on bright sunny days when old ocean is calm,
And the ships on her bosom float free,
I have thought the old fellow a very fine chap,
And have wished that I might have been he.

And again he is stormy and rages at times;
Disdaining the work of mere man.
He drives the great ship to a watery grave,
And does all the damage he can.

But now there's a chance we can make him be good,
For he lives near this island so grand,
And I saw him come up from his home in the sea,
To look out on our wonderful land.

His face was as clear and as fair as could be,
With his whiskers and helmet and all;
I could hear him, almost, saying, "How do you do?"
And I'm sure he'll be home if we call.



GREY'S BEACH

Did you ever see the beach at Waikiki?
Did you ever spend an hour by the sea?
Have you ever seen "Grey's Beach"
Or a real to goodness "peach?"
Then you'd better have a walk along o' me.
Did you ever go out strolling on fine days,
Just to watch the pretty maidens and their ways?
From their bonnets gay and sweet
To their ankles trim and neat;
Pretty, yes—but come along with me to Grey's.
There you'll find them lightly swimming in the sea,
Or idly basking in the shadows on the lea.
Nymphs and naiads they appear,
Gayly clad, with faces clear,
Nestling in the coral sand at Grey's.
When the early morning sun shines on the sea,
Or the moon shines in the night time dreamily,
You will hear the bathers shouting,
Care and worry gayly flouting,
Swimming off the beach at Grey's.
Then leave all your worries off and come with me,
The rolling crystal ocean come and see,
Health bestowing, every minute,
Best for you if you are in it,
Swimming off the beach at Grey's.

JOHNNY MARTIN.

Pray, who is Johnny Martin, Pa, that people call him
great?

Is he like Sunny Cunha, tall, a man of heavy weight?
Or like our Supervisor Low, as good as one could wish,
Who spends his life in worrying, about the price of fish?
Perhaps like Albert Carlson, he can sing a jazzy song?
Oh is he yet a merchant prince, like our friend, Ah Leong?

Nay, nay, my son! He's none of these, but just a
little man

Who spends his time and money doing all the good
he can.

He's been in jail and prison, and he's going there
again,

He goes there every Sunday, and he's loved by all
the men.

He tells them of the home folks and a better life to be,
He teaches them a song of Hope, and Life and Liberty;
He cheers the sick and weary; he brings succor to
the poor,

And the little children love him, like the Master long
before.

JOHNNY MARTIN.

And there's not an ailing sinner or a dweller in the slums
But gladly gives a welcome hand, when Johnny Martin
comes.

And I'm sure, when Johnny answers to the roll-call up
above,
He will find a hearty welcome to an everlasting Love
From the Saints, and from the Father, in the mansions
of the blest,
When he leaves this world of hardship, where he always
does his best.

THE PILOT.

(To Frank M. Dowling, beloved friend and pastor.)

Full long our ship had sailed
Against the winds and shifting tides,
 And heavy gales
Had lashed her fore and aft,
 And beat her sides,
Until her very soul seemed wrenched,
And all her spirit broken with the strain.
And then at last,
As ugly breakers loomed amain,
And blinding fogs shut down,
There came aboard our struggling craft,
 As though by angels sent,
A saintly man, a Pilot—
Fearing God and loving men,
So that he risked his all,
That he might save the ship—
 And this he did.
And now we come to port, and anchor
In the quiet ways of peace and rest.
And he to other ships, and other folk,

THE PILOT.

Who need the more his kindly hand,
And so we say: God speed, and bless,
Not him alone, but those who with him came,
And helped and shared the load,
And bore the strain.
And may they all be safely anchored,
In their port at home.
And so in peace and love,
Until the Father calls to other work,
In earth or heaven above.
Amen!

LET'S MAKE THE WORLD BETTER.

Let's make the world better to live in,
Let's paint the old shed in the yard,
Let's plant a few trees where the ground is so bare
Let's soften the road that is hard.

Let's build a few homes for the poorer folk,
Like our own, with some grass at the door,
Where the baby can play in the clear summer air,
And give mother a rug for her floor.

Let's make the hours shorter for Nellie and Tom
So they too may go out for a swim.
Let's pick up the neighbor sometimes in the car
That would make the world better for him.

And put on a smile as we go down the street,
Smiles are catching, the doctors all say,
And the world would be better to live in I'm sure
If the frowns were all driven away.

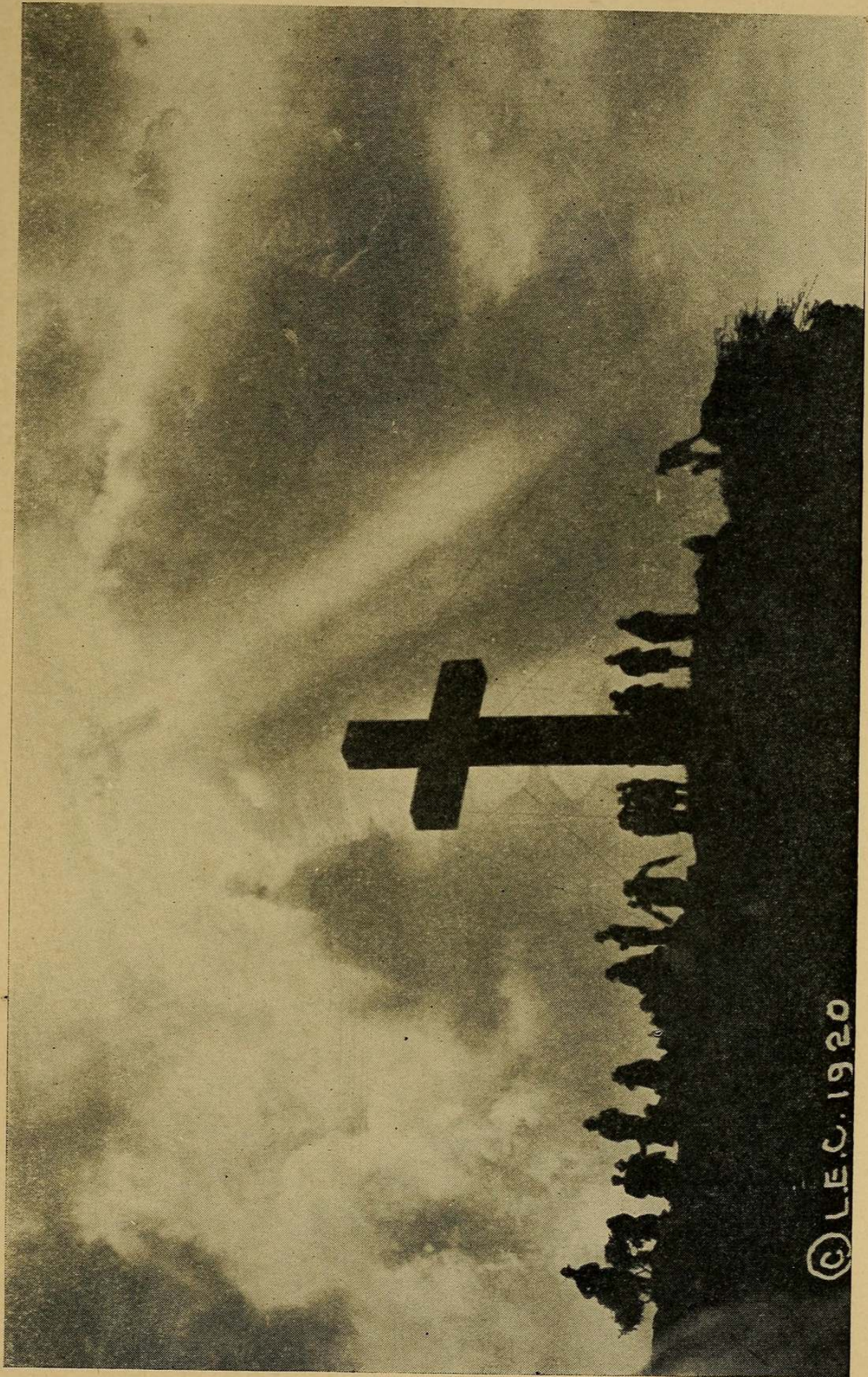
ANSWERED.

(*Easter Morning on Punchbowl, 1920.*)

'Tis Easter morn—
And dark'ning storm and rain and wind
Sweep o'er the earth,
Grim visaged messengers, to tell us of God's power.
 Amid this sombre tumult,
 On the hill, there stands the Cross of Christ,
 Beloved memorial of His great sacrifice—
 That all mankind might, this beholding,
 Feel again the consciousness of promises
 To men of old, which were fulfilled—
 And promises to us of glories yet to be.
At sunrise hour the people come,
Upwending to the cross their toilsome way,
To worship, and do honor to the risen Lord.
Glad songs are sung, and voices raised
In prayer and thankful praise,
That "Christ the Lord is risen today"—
Dear Lord, "Thy will be done."

ANSWERED.

A Father's blessing on His children asked—
When lo! from out the threat'ning sky
There bursts a vision of God's Glory,
In blazing light, and streaming rays of hope
and cheer,
From His own Cross above,
To *our* poor symbol of His love and care
For men, on earth—
A Glorious Benediction.



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