LEI HALI'A

Lanihuli is laden like an altar
For the mists of Nu'uanu
Amassed there in the circle of cliffs
By the sultry buffeting of the Kona wind

Adorned with a leil of fond recollection
A permeating fragrance that comes sweetly.
Beckoning to me in the deep of the night
Dream, sleep gently, there in the heart

The fronds of palai are luxuriant
Doubly so in the fine misty rain
Bedewed are the young shoots of the ahihi
Elegant, entwined in an abundance of maile.

Konahuanui shoulders the burden
Lifting the dark, heavy clouds
That Kilohaha, in its glory, may rise
Mantled in the heady fragrance of hinano