Early in the morning, she would gather all her island fruits
And pack them as she starts another day
Carefully she makes her way beside the mountain stream
As she sings an island chant of long ago

Sweet lady of Waiāhole,
She’s sitting by the highway
Selling her papaya and green and ripe banana

Walking down her damp and rocky road her humble wagon stops
She watched the sun creep through the valley sky
Smiles and wipes the sweat off from her brow, continues on
and starts her journey through the highway rising sun

Later in the evening, she would gather all her island fruits
And pack them as she ends another day
Carefully she makes her way beside the mountain stream
As she sings an island chant of long ago.