

Death in Paradise

There's a lovely island in the South Seas,
That is known as Guadalcanal,
With its sapphire seas and coral reefs,
And its harbors broad corral.

It's a realm of magic enchantment,
Where the tropic moon rides high,
And the breakers roar on the white sand shores,
And the trade winds softly sigh.

It's a land of purple mountains,
With shrouded, cloud-kissed peaks,
Where the Cockatoo cries 'Neath the starry skies,
As its overhead, quarry seeks.

Its rivers are shinning silver,
That flow from upland crests,
Through the jungles gloom to far off Kokum,
And the harbor's restless breast.

Its palm trees are tall and stately,
Guarding its coastline fair,
The exotic perfume from its languorous lagoon,
Floats on the evening air.

Labyrinthian green are its jungles,
Foreboding and gloomy and dark,
And its mighty trees with their varied leave,
Form a wondrous park.

This island of rare enchantment,
Blooms neath the noon-day sun,
As men of fire, with guns conspire,
For her jewels one by one.

Her beaches swarm with invaders,
Out of the Rising Sun, As the Nippon hordes,
With shining swords,
Rape and butcher for fun.

Kokumbona and lazy Apla
Burn with a blind flame,
And the natives fell the Jap's iron heel,
As their god's are put to shame.

This night wind whispers a death song,
Tragic and full of woe,
And the Japanese pillage each native village,
As they flee before the foes

When out of the oceans vastness,
A cry rings in the night,
As the star shells zoom over lazy Kokum,
While the marines are landing their might.

And the island is filled with madness,
As down their nets they come,
And the shrieking shells make a screaming hell,
And the raid has just begun.

Marines are safe on the beaches,
Secure are the coconut groves,
And the bombs drop down with a swishing sound,
As the Zeros dive in droves.

Pioneers are crossing the Lunga,
To the airports level ground,
And each foot they gain means a man in pain,
As the boon-docks ring with sound.

They push through the steamy jungle,
Beyond the fighter strip,
And Bloody Knoll takes its awful toll,
As the machine guns tear and rip.

Their bodies are ripped into fragments,
Their eyes are filled with blood,
And the Tenaru with its bastard crew,
Are drowned in the gory floods.

The jungles are filled with terror,
Creeping and stealthy as fate,
And torrential rains fill their sleeping brains,
With symphonies of hate.

As they plunge their shifting shadows,
Into the jaws of death,
And the big rumble as on they stumble,
With quickened and drawn breath.

Along the road to glory,
To deathless burning fame,
And their names shall shine in starry clime,

As their golden deeds are named.

They have given their life in forfeit,
On this lovely isle of death,
And a war begun, in a war that's won,
When the Leathernecks are left.

To storm the island fortress,
To fight neath starry skies,
And Semper Fidelis has never failed us,
When the drums are high.

Epilogue

Lovely isle of the South Seas,
With your moonlight skies,
Where men in ire, with fate conspire,
For a Golden Paradise.

Notes:

Lunga is a river on Guadalcanal.

Tenaru is a river on Guadalcanal.

Kokum was a beach at Guadalcanal.

Kokumbona is a native village on Guadalcanal.