

1900

# Lover's leap: an old Indian legend relative to Lover's Leap, located on the banks of Kenduskeag stream opposite the present site of the Maxfield Plant

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# Lover's Leap



**An Old Indian Legend Relative to  
Lover's Leap, Located on the Banks  
of Kenduskeag Stream Opposite the  
Present Site of the Maxfield Plant**

A decorative border in red ink, featuring a repeating pattern of stylized leaves and flowers, framing the entire page.

## Lover's Leap

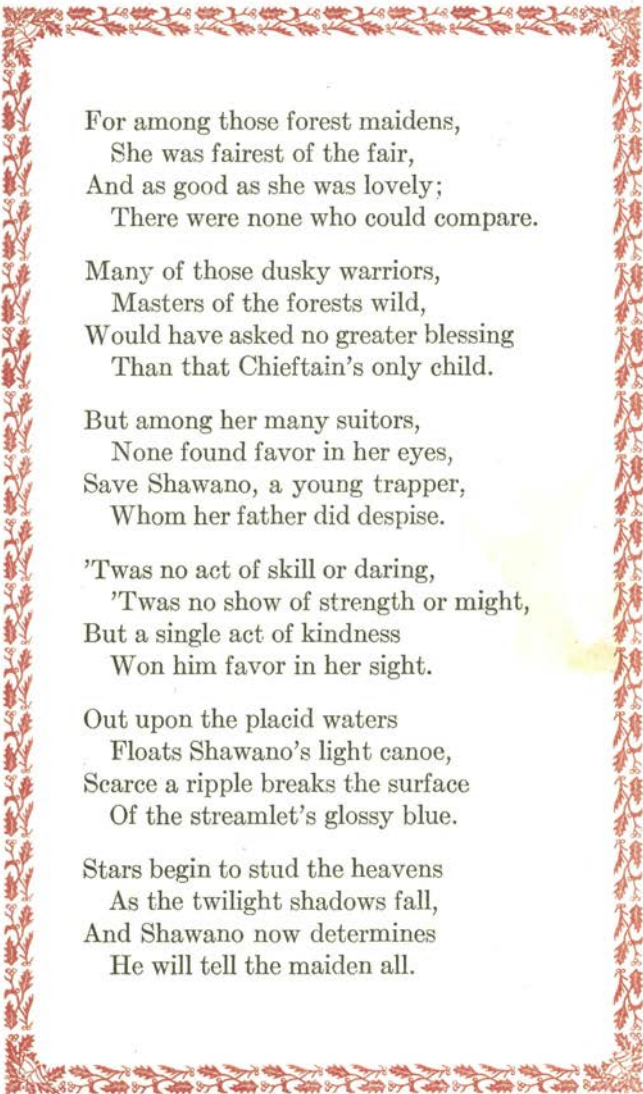


On the banks of the Kenduskeag,  
Where the waters ebb and flow,  
Dwelt a chief and his fair daughter  
In the days of long ago.

When the red man roamed at pleasure  
Through the forests dim and grand,  
Ere the pale face crossed the ocean  
To invade their happy land.

But not of their wrongs and sorrows,  
They, alas, are known too well;  
'Tis of a lovely maiden  
We, the simple tale would tell.

Never was an Indian maiden  
More beloved or greater blest  
Than Tahalta, the Chief's daughter,  
Pride and pet of all the rest.



For among those forest maidens,  
She was fairest of the fair,  
And as good as she was lovely;  
There were none who could compare.

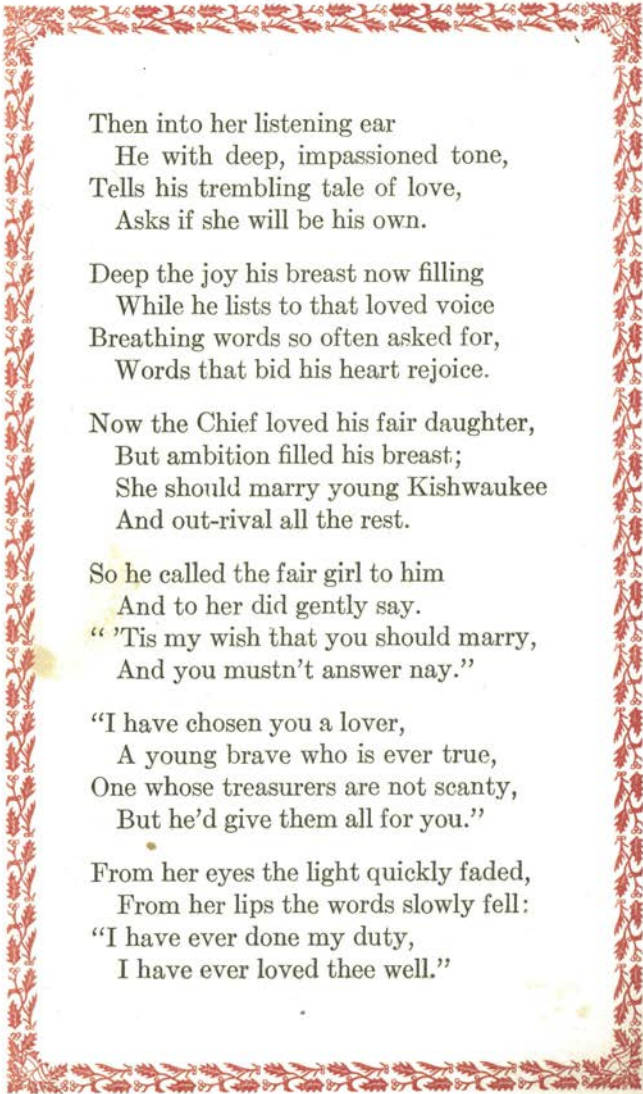
Many of those dusky warriors,  
Masters of the forests wild,  
Would have asked no greater blessing  
Than that Chieftain's only child.

But among her many suitors,  
None found favor in her eyes,  
Save Shawano, a young trapper,  
Whom her father did despise.

'Twas no act of skill or daring,  
'Twas no show of strength or might,  
But a single act of kindness  
Won him favor in her sight.

Out upon the placid waters  
Floats Shawano's light canoe,  
Scarce a ripple breaks the surface  
Of the streamlet's glossy blue.

Stars begin to stud the heavens  
As the twilight shadows fall,  
And Shawano now determines  
He will tell the maiden all.



Then into her listening ear  
He with deep, impassioned tone,  
Tells his trembling tale of love,  
Asks if she will be his own.

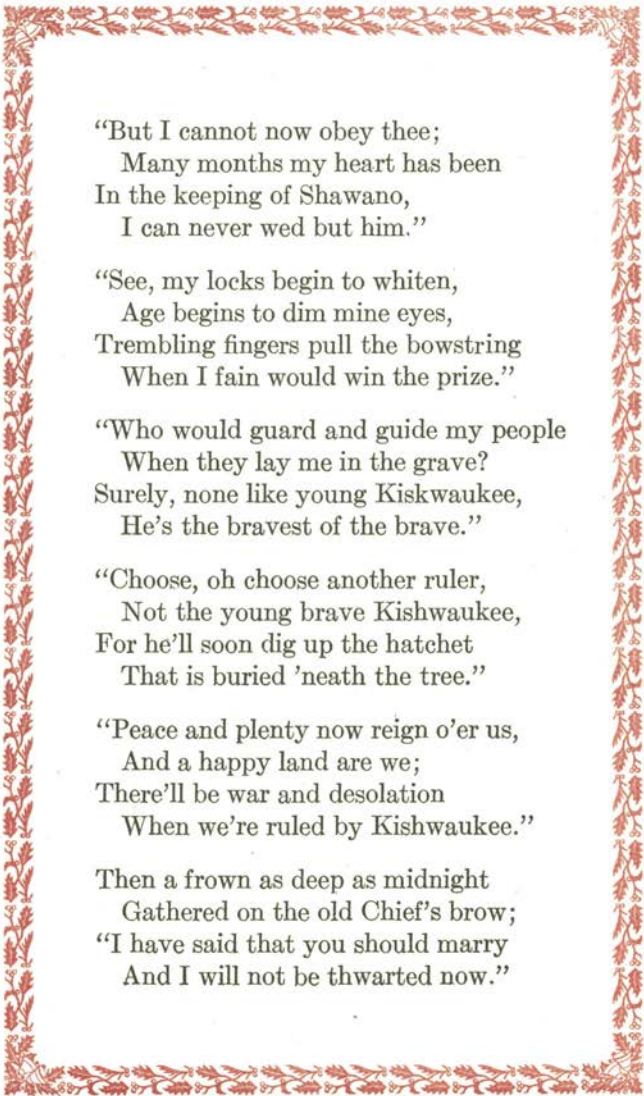
Deep the joy his breast now filling  
While he lists to that loved voice  
Breathing words so often asked for,  
Words that bid his heart rejoice.

Now the Chief loved his fair daughter,  
But ambition filled his breast;  
She should marry young Kishwaukee  
And out-rival all the rest.

So he called the fair girl to him  
And to her did gently say.  
“ ’Tis my wish that you should marry,  
And you mustn’t answer nay.”

“I have chosen you a lover,  
A young brave who is ever true,  
One whose treasures are not scanty,  
But he’d give them all for you.”

From her eyes the light quickly faded,  
From her lips the words slowly fell:  
“I have ever done my duty,  
I have ever loved thee well.”



“But I cannot now obey thee;  
Many months my heart has been  
In the keeping of Shawano,  
I can never wed but him.”

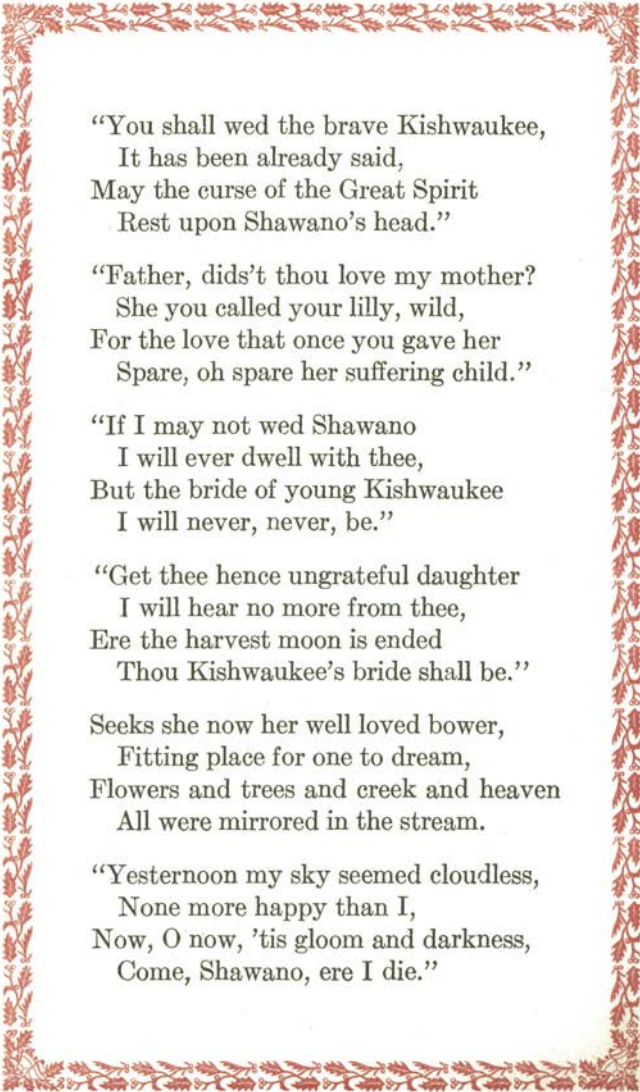
“See, my locks begin to whiten,  
Age begins to dim mine eyes,  
Trembling fingers pull the bowstring  
When I fain would win the prize.”

“Who would guard and guide my people  
When they lay me in the grave?  
Surely, none like young Kiskwaukee,  
He’s the bravest of the brave.”

“Choose, oh choose another ruler,  
Not the young brave Kishwaukee,  
For he’ll soon dig up the hatchet  
That is buried ’neath the tree.”

“Peace and plenty now reign o’er us,  
And a happy land are we;  
There’ll be war and desolation  
When we’re ruled by Kishwaukee.”

Then a frown as deep as midnight  
Gathered on the old Chief’s brow;  
“I have said that you should marry  
And I will not be thwarted now.”



“You shall wed the brave Kishwaukee,  
It has been already said,  
May the curse of the Great Spirit  
Rest upon Shawano’s head.”

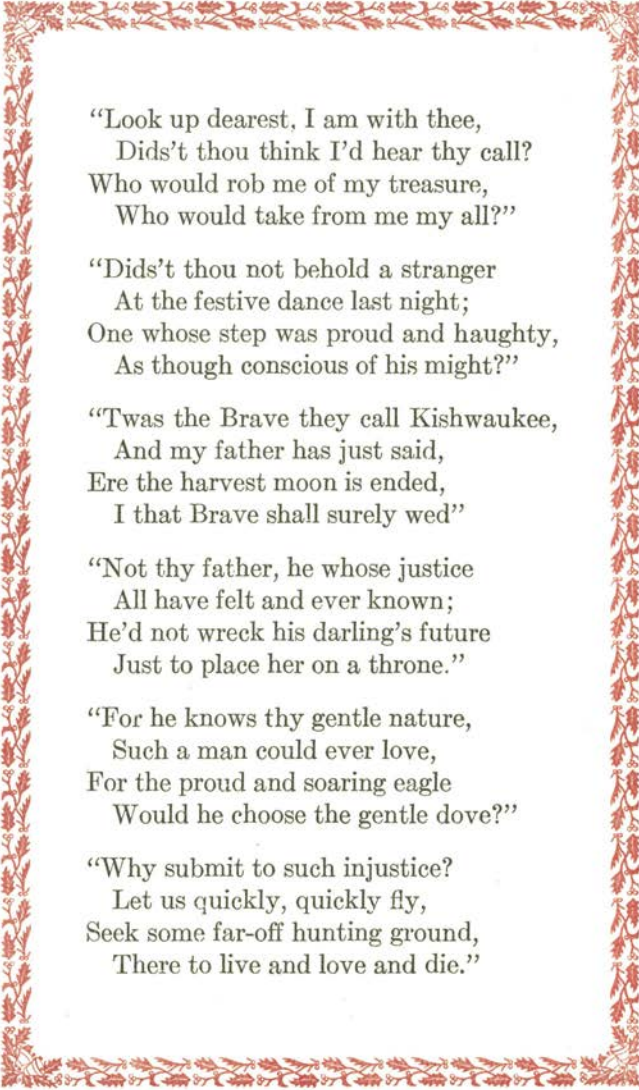
“Father, didst thou love my mother?  
She you called your lilly, wild,  
For the love that once you gave her  
Spare, oh spare her suffering child.”

“If I may not wed Shawano  
I will ever dwell with thee,  
But the bride of young Kishwaukee  
I will never, never, be.”

“Get thee hence ungrateful daughter  
I will hear no more from thee,  
Ere the harvest moon is ended  
Thou Kishwaukee’s bride shall be.”

Seeks she now her well loved bower,  
Fitting place for one to dream,  
Flowers and trees and creek and heaven  
All were mirrored in the stream.

“Yesternoon my sky seemed cloudless,  
None more happy than I,  
Now, O now, ’tis gloom and darkness,  
Come, Shawano, ere I die.”



“Look up dearest, I am with thee,  
Dids't thou think I'd hear thy call?  
Who would rob me of my treasure,  
Who would take from me my all?”

“Dids't thou not behold a stranger  
At the festive dance last night;  
One whose step was proud and haughty,  
As though conscious of his might?”

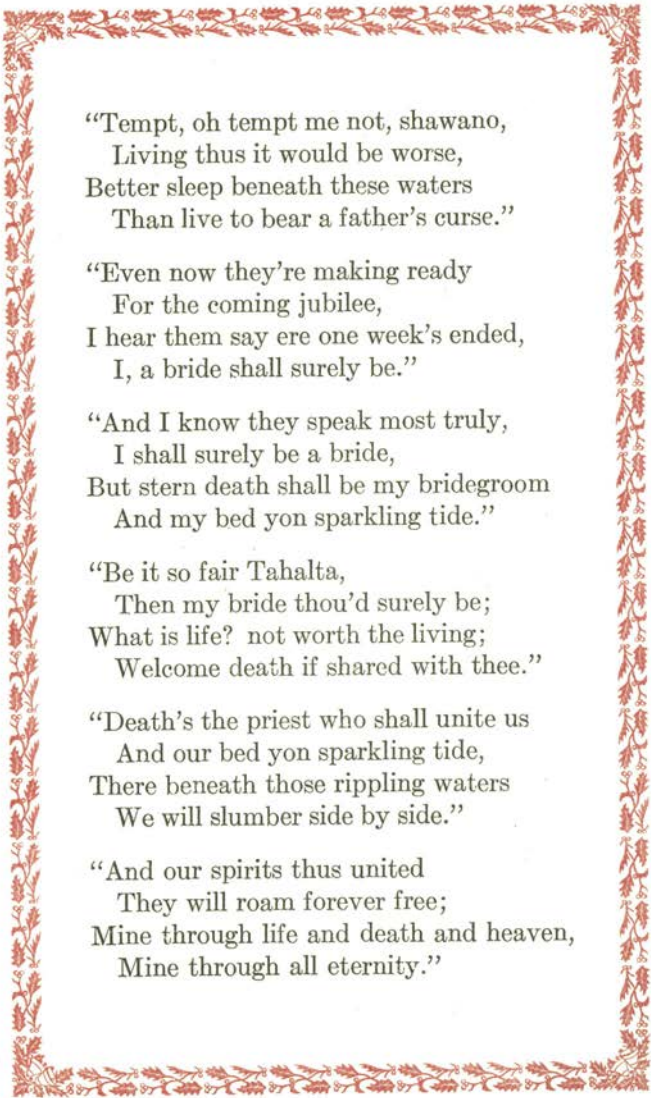
“Twas the Brave they call Kishwaukee,  
And my father has just said,  
Ere the harvest moon is ended,  
I that Brave shall surely wed”

“Not thy father, he whose justice  
All have felt and ever known;  
He'd not wreck his darling's future  
Just to place her on a throne.”

“For he knows thy gentle nature,  
Such a man could ever love,  
For the proud and soaring eagle  
Would he choose the gentle dove?”

“Why submit to such injustice?  
Let us quickly, quickly fly,  
Seek some far-off hunting ground,  
There to live and love and die.”





“Tempt, oh tempt me not, shawano,  
Living thus it would be worse,  
Better sleep beneath these waters  
Than live to bear a father’s curse.”

“Even now they’re making ready  
For the coming jubilee,  
I hear them say ere one week’s ended,  
I, a bride shall surely be.”

“And I know they speak most truly,  
I shall surely be a bride,  
But stern death shall be my bridegroom  
And my bed yon sparkling tide.”

“Be it so fair Tahalta,  
Then my bride thou’d surely be;  
What is life? not worth the living;  
Welcome death if shared with thee.”

“Death’s the priest who shall unite us  
And our bed yon sparkling tide,  
There beneath those rippling waters  
We will slumber side by side.”

“And our spirits thus united  
They will roam forever free;  
Mine through life and death and heaven,  
Mine through all eternity.”

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Bright the eastern sun was shining  
With its shades of golden light,  
For the day-god was approaching  
Sending back the shades of night.

The bright morning sun had wakened  
All the songstress of the wood  
And upon that rocky summit  
Once again those lovers stood.

Hand in hand, clasped close together,  
One long lingering look they gave  
On the valley of their childhood  
Ere they plunged beneath the wave.

One wild cry rose on the air  
As they gave that fatal bound  
And the waters rose above them  
With a low, sad, murmuring sound.

Years have passed since those fond lovers  
Jumped from that rocky steep,  
And the traveler still discovers  
What is called "The Lover's Leap."