

**SONGS AND  
SONG-LEGENDS OF  
DAHKOTAH LAND**

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Songs and song-legends of Dahkotchah land by Edward L. Fales

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**EDWARD L. FALES**

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*Compliments  
Edward L. Fales*

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OF

DAKOTAH LAND.

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BY EDWARD L. FALES.

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IN FANCY BLEST.

My spirit soars on pinions light  
Beyond the life that would confine,  
And now are all the joys of bright  
And perfect vision mine.

I feel no more the night of pain,  
Since fortune walks no more with fate;  
The flower of love reveals no stain,  
And hearts admit no hate.

If life were sweet in every breath,  
What soul would long from earth to fly?  
If happiness were found in death,  
Who would not dare to die?

In life perfection is not found,  
While death is only perfect rest;  
Then let me quit this gloomy bound  
And be in fancy blest!

## THE DAHKOTAH WARRIOR.

Lightly treads the cunning warrior.  
On the trail he follows true ;  
Softly sing his feathered arrows  
To the stately bucks in view ;  
Fiercely does he give them battle,  
Who would drive him from the graves  
Of his people, the Dahkotah—  
Race that brings forth braves.

Well he knows the friendly challenge  
Of the white gull's piercing cry,  
When the foam is on the billows,  
When the threatening storm-clouds fly,  
And his birch canoe is bounding  
O'er the wild Messipi waves,  
In the land of the Dahkotah,  
In the land of braves.

Finding beauty in the wild flowers,  
Temples in majestic trees,  
Music in the morning bird-songs,  
Voices in the changeful breeze,  
Healing in its fragrant breathing  
When his brow its coolness laves,—  
In the land of the Dahkotah,  
In the land of braves.

Hearing in the mighty thunder  
Rumbling down the hills of cloud,  
Manitou's voice—his glance beholding  
Where the lightning's fire has ploughed ;  
Feeling him in starry midnights,  
Or in dark and echoing caves,—  
In the land of the Dahkotah,  
In the land of braves.

Skins are plenty in his wigwam,  
Hunting grounds have known him long ;  
Scalps are countless on his lodge-pole,  
For his arm is quick and strong :  
He's a warrior in the west land,  
Where the squaws alone are slaves,—  
In the land of the Dahkotah,  
In the land of braves.



## FOND HEARTS OF THE FOREST.

## A LEGEND OF FOUNTAIN CAVE, NEAR ST. PAUL.

The hazy gloaming gathers round,  
The silence mellows every sound,  
The gentle wind through foliage nigh  
Begins to breathe its plaintive sigh ;  
While o'er the hill creeps silver light  
Where calm and chaste the queen of night,  
Awaking from her daily trance,  
Doth charm all nature with her glance  
Her virgin train sweeps down the glade ;  
Kissing the cavern's mouth of shade  
She smiles upon the singing brook,  
With sparkles filling every nook  
That lurks about its dimpled face,  
Giving its deepest shadows grace,  
And breathing on its grassy mane  
A gloss it ne'er can hope to gain  
Beneath the sun's more kingly ray.  
Wierdly the purling waters play  
In her embrace ; then break away  
To vanish under bending boughs,  
But giving voice to gurgling vows  
Of future tryst, of love again  
Where meet the river banks and glen.  
The moonlight vaults beyond the trees  
To gain the river side, and sees  
A dusky virgin sitting there,  
Who twines her lovely raven hair  
And frequent lifts her melting eyes  
To where the flashing ripple flies  
Across the bosom of that glass  
Where dancing stars nocturnal pass.  
A princess of the wildwood she,  
And graceful as the deer that flee  
When stricken by the light winged shaft  
So deadly from the hunter's craft.

The river sings beneath her feet ;  
 It finds an echo in the sweet  
 And tender thought that throbs behind  
 The starry curtains of her mind.  
 And when the thrills that sweep her heart  
 Now from her tongue in music start,  
 The wavelets beating on the strand,  
 The murmuring leaves by zephyrs fanned,  
 The minor rythms that wake the bowers  
 Of this fair glen when evening lowers,  
 And warbling birds, melodious throng,  
 All mingle with her low love song.  
 Her voice is all that's wild and sweet,  
 And slow must be that warrior's feet  
 Who would not speed with all his heart  
 To see her red lips meet and part.  
 Love moves her with his golden sway—  
 A young and stalwart Chippewa  
 Has gained her heart, and kindred ties  
 And tribal feuds her love defies.  
 What cares she that her people hate  
 And his give back without abate ?  
 What cares she that he is not Sioux ?  
 If he but keep his promise true !  
 She sings an old song, passion-laden  
 By many a dead Dakkotah maiden :

O where is my lodge—my love ?  
 O where is the lord of my breast ?  
 Reveal me, Great Spirit above,  
 The arms where my passion may rest.

Brave warriors are thick as the leaves  
 That follow the wind in the fall ;  
 Each maiden may think she receives  
 The smile of the noblest of all ;

But I know a chief who can slay  
 The panther and bear with his hand,—  
 As warm and as proud as the day,  
 And braver than all in his band.

In his sinewy arms I shall rest,  
 And hear his voice call me "sweet dove !" <sup>1</sup>  
 O he is the lord of my breast !  
 With him is my lodge and my love !

She stops; she turns with sudden start,  
With troubled eyes and beating heart,  
To the frowning bluffs, where warlike cries  
And sound of savage revel rise.  
The warriors of her tribe are there,  
All dancing in the firelight glare.  
Their spears with reeking scalps are clad,  
Their thoughts are blood, their brains are mad:  
Each yelling brave now only knows  
Fierce hatred for his ancient foes.  
They boast of all their deeds of might,  
Of secret slaughter, deadly fight,  
And woe to him who comes to meet  
The lonely maid, Wenonah sweet,  
If they his paddle's dip shall hear  
Or after learn his presence near.  
When their wild revel, to her fright,  
Rose wilder with the fall of night,  
She stole away and gained this place  
To see again her lover's face.  
She gazes on the distant shore,  
But all is quiet as before.  
Again she sings, her flute-like tones  
So low that were the very stones  
On which she rests her feet possessed  
With sense to hear, what she confessed  
In tuneful cadence would be lost  
To them, for well she knows the cost  
For him who loves her, if her thought  
Be told aloud, and so there naught  
Breaks on the air but melody.  
If spoken, thus her song would be:

My love is strong, my love is brave,  
His heart is warm and true;  
He soon will come across the wave  
And bear me in his light canoe,  
To be his queen and slave.

To me he bowed his eagle plume,  
He tamed his eagle eye,  
And vowed his love would life consume  
If I refused with him to fly,  
His teepee to illumine.