

IX.

KATIE CARR

'Twas dark when church was out! the moon
Was low on Rossett Ghyll;
The organ's melancholy tune
Grew subtle, far, and still.

All drest in black, her white, white throat
Like moonlight gleamed; she moved
Along the road, towards the farm,
Too happy to be loved.

“O Katie Carr! how sweet you are!”
She only hurried faster:
She found an arm about her waist:
A maiden knows her master.

Through grass and heather we walked together;
So hard her heart still beat
She thought she saw a ghost, and fast
Flickered the tiny feet.

“O Katie Carr, there's one stile more!
For your sweet love I'm dying.
There's no one near; there's nought to fear.”
The lassie burst out crying.

“From Wastdale Head to Kirkstone Pass
There's ne'er a lass like Kate:” —
The gentle child looked up and smiled
And kissed me frank and straight.

The night was dark, the stars were few : —
Should love need moon or star ?
Let him decide who wins a bride
The peer of Katie Carr.