

Katherine Blake**"Maiden Of The Mountain Deep"**

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Maiden of the mountain deep

But oh, when shall that morrow be
That my true love shall waken?
When shall we meet, refined and free,
Amid the moorland bracken?
Full low and lonely is thy bed,
The worm flies o'er thy pillow;
Where now the lips so comely red
that kissed me 'neath the willow?

Lie still, my love, lie still and sleep,
Long is the night of sorrow;
The maiden of the mountain deep
Shall meet you on the morrow.

Though moons steal o'er an' seasons fly
On time's swift wings unstaying
Yet there's a spirit in the sky,
That live's o'er thy decaying.
In domes beneath the water springs,
No end hath my sojourning;
An' to this land of fading things
Far hence be thy returning;

Lie still, my love, lie still and sleep,
Long is the night of sorrow;
The maiden of the mountain deep
Shall meet you on the morrow.

For spirits now have left the deep,
Their long last farewell taken;
Lie still my love, lie still an' sleep,
The day is near the breaking!
The mermaid o'er thy grave shall weep,
Without one breath of scorning;
Lie still my love, lie still an' sleep,
And fare thee well till morning!

Lie still, my love, lie still and sleep,
Long is the night of sorrow;

The maiden of the mountain deep
Shall meet you on the morrow.

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