

Katherine by Emily Peasgood

Lyrics by Emily Peasgood and Kate Lynn-Devere

1.

He once had a sweetheart, he loved her so well,
He loved her far better than his tongue could tell,
For a man of his standing, well, no one could know,
He tried to forget her, but his love it did grow.

2.

On Sundays he watched her, her eyes closed in prayer,
He dreamed of the day he might touch her fair hair,
Alone in St Clement's with no one to tell,
He pined for fair Katherine 'til the next chapel bell.

3.

And as for young Katherine, just seventeen years young,
Her childhood behind her, life barely begun,
Though he was an old man of two score and four,
Of all her admirers, he loved her more.

4.

He came upon Katherine at prayer on her knee,
Praying for courage and for purity,
She prayed to Saint Katherine to help her elude
The advance of a man by whom she was pursued.

5.

He wondered, "Could this man she speaks of be me?"
And then in a moment's spontaneity,
He spoke her name softly and kissed her likewise,
And then she looked at him in bewildered surprise.

6.

He said, "Meet me at midnight, let us flee and be wed,
I will protect you from all harm and dread".
He hoped for an answer, but his hope was fleeting,
For they both were startled by footsteps retreating.

7.

The word spread like whispers before the sun did set,
And Katherine's suitor was deeply upset,
Poor Katherine did flee from the gossip in tears,
And that was the last that they saw of their dear.

8.

According to promise at midnight he went,
But on his arrival found his love was rent,
For the bright moon did show him, as clear as the day
That Katherine, by another man was taken away.

9.

And so he did follow, he softly did tread,
As soon as he saw her his heart filled with dread,
For down by the river her body did lie,
Drowned by the river dark, as the night sky.

10.

He lay down beside her and watched the stars fade,
As he cradled his love while he sobbed and he prayed.
His tears deepened the river, so greatly he cried,
For his darling Katherine would not be his bride.

11.

Upon hearing voices he quickly arose,
And lifting poor Katherine he gathered her clothes.
He lay her cold body inside the coal store,
And fearing suspicion, he bolted the door.

12.

As fitful slumber took his troubled mind,
Poor Katherine awoke in the cellar confined,
To her namesake saint she prayed for help once more,
Before dying of cold there against the locked door.

13.

When the sun rose and he opened door,
On seeing her body her silently swore,
"Forgive me dear Katherine for I did not know
That as I lay sleeping you suffered below".

14.

"Time for you to rest now, where nobody knows,
I'll hold my tongue still as yours 'til the world slows".
He prayed for forgiveness as he locked the door,
And left his love lying there forever more.

15.

The passage of time halted the river's flow,
What happened to Katherine we might never know,
Some say that her body still lies there alone,
In the dark cellar, on the cold floor of stone.

16.

He would not be parted in death or in life,
From the girl that he wanted to take as his wife,
So in Lady Chapel he spends his long rest,
In an unmarked grave close to the girl he loved best.

17.

Through all the centuries lain in her tomb,
On every day that the rose is in bloom,
Kind hands place a red rose near where Katherine lies,
A symbol of his love, that never dies.