

Mary Of The Wild Moor - song lyrics

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MARY OF THE WILD MOOR.

It was on one cold Winter's night,
As the wind blew across the wild moor.
When Mary came wandering home with nor babe,
Till she came to her own father's door;
"Oh, father, dear father!" she cried,
"Come down and open the door,
Or the child in my arms will perish and die
By the wind that blows across the wild moor."

"Oh, why did I leave this dear spot,
Where once I was happy and freer
Cut now doomed to roam, without friends or home,
And no one to take pity on me!"
The old man was deaf to her cries-
Not a sound of her voice reached his ear-
Out the watch-dog did howl, And the village-bell toll'd,
And the wind blew across the wild moor.

But how must the old man have felt
When he came to the door in the morn-
Poor Mary was dead, but the child was alive,
Closely pressed in its dead mother's arms.
Half frantic, he tore his gray hair,
And the tears down his cheeks they did pour,
Saying: "This cold Winter's night, she perished and died
By the wind that blew across the wild moor."

The old man in grief pined away,
And the child to its mother went soon.
And no one, they say, has lived there to this day,
And the cottage to ruin has gone.
The villagers point out the spot
Where the willows droop over the door,
Saying: "There Mary tided, once a gay village bride.
By the wind that blew across the wild moor."