

Mary Of The Wild Moor

Trad.

Performed by Bob Dylan in duet with Regina McCrary,
during the 80/81 part of the gospel tours

C
G
C
 It was on one cold and windy nite,
C
D
G
 When the wind blew across the wild moor.
C
G
C
F
 'T was there Mary wandered alone with her child,
C
G
C
Csus4
C
 Till she came to her own fathers door.

Why did I leave this fair spot,
 Where once I was happy and free?
 For I'm now left alone in this cold world to roam
 And nobody cares about me

Oh father take pity on me,
 Come down and open the door.
 For the child in my arms he will perish and die
 From the winds that blow across the wild moor.

But the old man was deaf to her cries,
 Not a sound from her voice did he hear.
 And the watchdog did howl, and the village bells tolled,
 And the wind blew across the wild moor.

Oh how the old man must have felt,
 When he came to the door the next morn,
 And he found Mary dead, but the child still alive,
 Still wrapped in her [!] dead mothers arms.

In anguish he tore his grey hair.
 And his tears down his cheeks they did pour.
 When he saw how that nite she had perished and died.
 From the wind that blew across the wild moor.

In grief the old man pined away,
 And the child to its mother went soon.
 And no one they say has [... him this day?].
 And the cottage to ruin has gone.

But the villagers point out the spot,
 Where the willows droop over the door.
 Saying there Mary died once a gay village bride,
 From the wind that blew across the wild moor.