Twas on one cold wintry night, and the wind blew across the wild moor, when poor Mary came wandering home with her child 'til she came to her own father's door.

Oh, father dear she cried come down and open the door I've a child in my arms, it will perish and die From the winds that blow across the wild moor.

But her father was deaf to her cries not a sound of her voice did he hear Tho the watch dog 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 found Mary dead, but the child still alive closely wrapped in its dead Mother's arms

In anguish he tore his grey hair and the tears down his cheeks they did pour then he saw how that night she had perished and died from the wind that blew cross the wild moor.

The old man with grief pined away and the child to its Mother went soon and no one they say, has been back to this day and the cottage to ruin has gone.

But the villagers point out the spot Where the willows droop over the door saying Mary died, once a gay village bride from the winds that blew across the wild moor.