Mary Of The Wild Moor

Twas on one cold win-try night, - and the wind blew a-
cross the wild moor, - when poor Mar-ry came wand-er-ing home with her
child til she came to her own father's door.

Oh father dear father she cried
come down and open the door
I've a child in my arms it will perish and die
by 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
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 Marry dead, but the child still alive
closely wrapped in its dead Mother's arms.

In anguish he tore his gray hair
and the tears down his cheeks they did pour
when he saw how that night she had perished and died.
By the wind that blew across 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 till this day
and the cottage to ruin has gone.

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

Tag - last line