

# Mary Of The Wild Moor

David Pajo

One cold winter night  
The wind blew on the moor  
Mary came wandering with her babe  
Oh father she cried  
Open up the door  
Or my child will surely die  
Oh why did I leave home  
When once I was so free  
Now doomed to roam without friends  
But the old man couldn't hear  
Her voice never reached his ear  
And the wind blows on the wild moor  
How the father felt  
When he came to the door  
With mary dead but the child still alive  
Well he tore at his grey hair  
And his tears they did pour  
And the wind blows on the wild moor  
The old man pined away  
And the child died soon  
No one has lived there to this day  
And the willow weeps at the door  
Where mary died a bride  
And the wind blows on the wild moor