

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