

# Mary of the Wild Moor

Johnny Cash

Was on one cold winter's night  
And the wind blew across the wild moor  
Poor Mary came wand'ring with a child in her arms  
And she stopped at her own father's door.  
Oh, father, oh father, she cried  
Come down and open the door  
Or this child in my arms, will perish and die  
From the winds that blow across the wild moor.

Oh why did I leave this fair spot  
Where once I was happy and free  
This wide world to roam, with no friends or no home  
And no one to have pity on me.

But the father was deaf to her cry  
Not the sound of her voice, did he hear  
For the watch dogs did howl and the village bells tolled  
And the winds blew across the wild moor.

Oh, how the old man must have felt  
When he opened the door, the next morn'  
And found Mary dead, but the child still alive  
Clasped close in it's dead mother's arms.  
In anguish, he pulled his gray hair  
And the tears, down his cheeks, they did pour  
When he saw how that night, they had perished and died

From the winds that blow across the wild moor.  
The old man, his life, pined away  
And the child, to it's mother, went soon  
And no one they say, lives there to this day  
And the old house, to ruin, has gone.

But the villagers point out the spot  
And the willows droop over the door  
Where poor mary died, once a sweet village bride  
From the winds that blow across the wild moor.