

Mary Of The Wild Moor

The Louvin Brothers

It was on one cold winter night,
When the wind blew across the wild moor
when Mary came wandering home with her child,
till she came to her own father's door.

Father, dear Father she cried.
Come down and open the door,
or the child in my arms will perish and die,
from the winds that blow across the wild moor.

But her father was deaf to her cry,
not a sound of her voice did he hear,
so 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,
as he came to the door the next morn,
and he found Mary dead but the child still alive,
closely grasping his dead mother's arm.

In grief the old man passed away,
and the child to his mother once swooned.
And no one they say lives there to this day,
And the cottage to ruin has gone.

But the villagers point out the spot,
where the willows grew over the door.
Saying there Mary died, once the gay village bride,
from the wind that blew across the wild moor.