

Johnny Burnette

"Mary Of The Wild Moor"

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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.

