

**Sara Bareilles****"Mary Of The Wild Moor"**

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(Joseph W. Turner)  
From Songcatcher soundtrack

On a cold winter's night  
As the winds blew across the wild moor  
Poor Mary came wandering home with her child  
'Til she came to her own father's door

Papa oh Papa 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 the old man was deaf to her cries  
And not a sound of her voice did he hear  
While the watchdog did howl  
And the village bell tolled  
The winds blew across the wild moor

Oh how the old man must have felt  
When he came to the door the next morn'  
And he found Mary dead  
But the child yet alive  
Clutched close to his dead mother's breast

Now the old man in grief pined away  
And the babe to it's mother went soon  
And no one they say  
Has lived there to this day  
And the cottage is left to ruin

Now the villagers point out the place  
Where the ivy grows over the door  
Saying there Mary died  
Once a fair village bride  
From the winds that blew across the wild moor  
From the winds that blew across the wild moor

