

Mary of the Wild Moor

[Johnny Cash](#)

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
When he came to the door, the next mornin'
And he found Mary dead, but the child still alive
Closely grasping his dead mother's arms
In grief the old man passed away
And the child to it's mother went soon
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 blow across the wild moor

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