

Sara Evans, Mary Of The Wild Moor

(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 its 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