

# Dolly Parton, Mary Of The Wild Moor

On a cold winty night as the winds blew across the wild moor  
Poor Mary came wandering home with her child  
Till she came at 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 man was deaf to her cry not a sound of her voice did he hear  
While the watch dogs did howl and the village bells 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 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 day to it's mother went soon  
And no one they say has lived there to this day  
And the cottage is left to ruins

Now the villagers point out the place  
Where the willows droop over the door  
Saying there Mary died once a gay village bride  
From the winds that blew across the wild moor  
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