

Mary Of The Wild Moor

Nineteenth Century Ballad

Contralto

'Twas — on one — cold stor my night
 Oh — why di — I leave this fair spot
 Oh — how the old man must have felt
 The old man with — grief pined a way

Bass

4

And the wind blew a cross the wild moor When poor Ma
 Where once I was — Ha pply and free I'm ow doomed
 When he came to the door in the morn And — found
 And the child to its mo ther went soon And no one

B

8

ry cane wan der ing home with her child — Till she came
 to — roam with out friends or a home — And no one
 Ma ry dead but the child still a live — Close ly pressed
 they — say has been since this — day — And the cot

B

12

to her own Fa ther's door. Oh Fa ther dear
 to take pi ty on me but her Fa ther was
 in its dead Mo ther's arms. In ang uish he
 tage to dead ruin has gone But the vil la gers

B

16

Fa ther she cried Come down and O pen the
 deaf to her cries Not a sound of her voice did he
 tore his gray hair While the tears down his cheeks they did
 point out the spot Where the wil low droops o ver the

B

20

door Or the child min my arms it will per ish and die
 hear So the watch dog did howl and the vil lage bell tolled
 pour When he saw how that night she had pe rished and died
 door Sa ying there Ma ry died once a gay vil lage bride

B

24

— by the wind that blows a cross the wild moor
 — And the wind blew a cross the wild moor
 — From the winds that blew a cross the wild moor
 — From the winds that blew a cross the wild moor

B