

Mary Of The Wild Moor

Written by W.J.Pais

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This song was sung to me, as a child of five, by my mother, and I am not certain from where she learnt it. I guess, it was her brother, who was good at the piano, who taught her this.

It was popular in the nineteenth century, and as a colony of the British, most of our knowledge of this culture, has come to us due to their presence in our midst. We do embrace what is good in other cultures, and hope, you too feel the same. Beauty finally is a reflection of our Creator, who has endowed us with these gifts.

At the age of 81, I discovered the words from the Internet, and I present my favorite song of my childhood, to you.



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'Twas on one cold wint'ry night,
And the wind blew across the wild moor,
When poor Mary came wandering home with her child.
'Till she came to her own father's door.
'Oh Father, dear father' she cried,
'Come down and open the door,
Or the child in my arms it will perish and die,
By the winds that blows across the wild moor.

Oh why did I leave this fair spot,
Where once I was happy and free,
I'm now doomed to roam without friends or a home,

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And no one to take pity on me."
But her father was deaf to her cries,
Not a sound of her voice did he hear,
So the watch dog did howl and the village bell tolled,
And the wind blew across the wild moor.

Oh how the old man must have felt,
When he came to the door in the morn,
And found Mary dead but the child still alive,
Closely pressed in its dead mother's arms;
In anguish he tore his gray hair,
While the tears down his cheeks they did pour;
When he saw how that night, she had perished and died
From the winds that blew across the wild moor.

The old man with grief pined away,
And the child to its mother went soon,
And no one, they say, has been there since this day,
And the cottage to ruin has gone;
But the villagers point out the spot,
Where the willow droops 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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