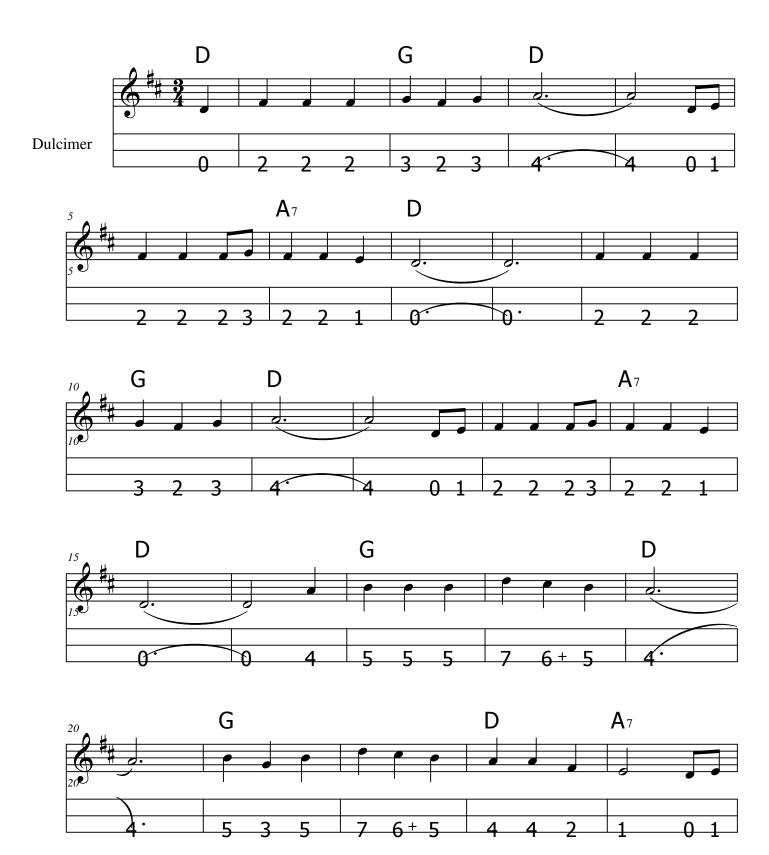
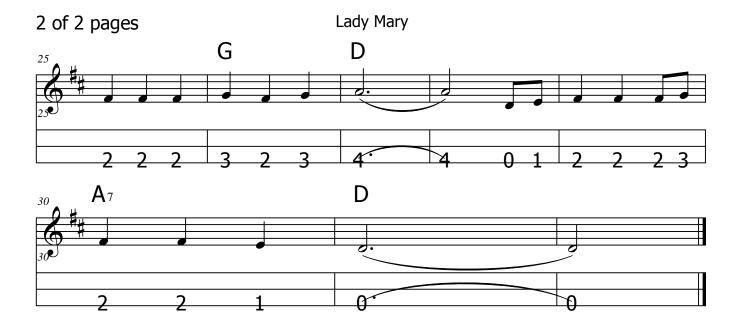
Lady Mary

DAd tuning





- 1. He came from his palace grand, He came to my cottage door. His words were few but his looks will linger forever more. The look in his sad dark eyes more tender than words could be. But I was nothing to him, but he was the world to me.
- 2. There in her garden she stands, all dressed in fine satin and lace. Lady Mary so cold and so strange who finds in her heart no place. He knew I would be his bride, with a kiss for a lifetime fee. But I was nothing to him, and he was the world to me.
- 3. And now in his palace grand, on a flower strewn bed he lies, His beautiful lids are closed over his sad dark eyes. And among the mourners who morn why should I a mourner Be? When I was nothing to him though he was the world to me.
- 4. And how will it be with our souls when we meet in that spirit land? What the human heart ne'er knows, will the spirit then understand? Or in some celestial form, will our sorrows repeated be? Will I still mean nothing to him, though he is the world to me.