

Lady Mary

He came from his palace grand
He came to my cottage door
His words were few but his looks
Will linger for evermore
The look in his sad dark eyes
More tender than words could be
But I was nothing to him
And he was the world to me.

There in her garden she stands
All dressed in fine satin and lace
Lady Mary so cold and so strange
In her heart she could find 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.

Now in his palace grand
On a flower strewn bed he lies
His beautiful lids are closed
On his sad dark beautiful eyes
And among the mourners who mourn
Why should I a mourner be
For I was nothing to him
And he was the world to me.

For I was nothing to him
And he was the world to me.