

# Lady Mary

Words & Music:  
Not Known

A                    E            A                                    E            A  
He came from his palace grand, he came to my cottage door.  
A                    E                    A                                    E            A    A7  
His words were few, but his looks, will linger forever more.  
D                                    A A7                                    D                                    A  
The look in his sad, dark eyes, more tender than words could be.  
A            E                    A                                    E                    A  
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, who finds in his 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.

And now in his palace grand, on a flower-strewn bed he lies.  
His beautiful lids are closed, o'er 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.