

# Lady Mary

(Collected by) May Kennedy McCord

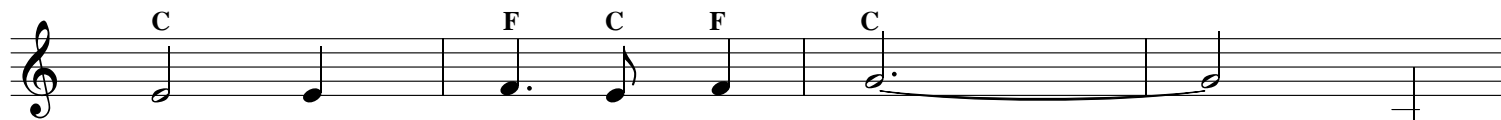
Key = C



1. He came from his pa-lace grand. He  
2. There in her gar-den she stands. All  
3. And now in his pa-lace grand. On a



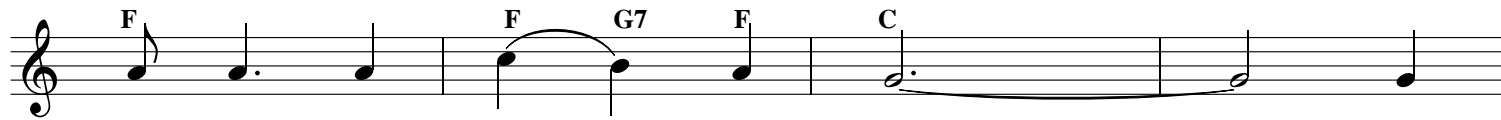
1. came to my cot-age door. His  
2. dressed in fine sa-tin and lace. Lady  
3. flow-er srewn bed - he lies. His



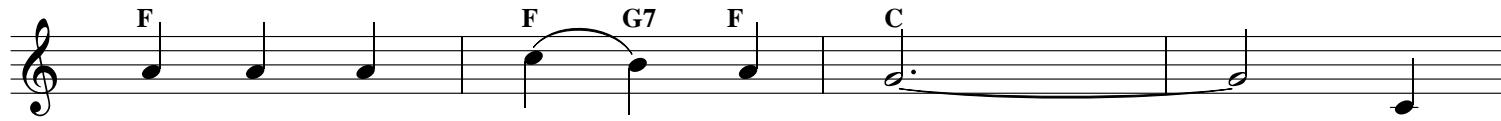
1. words were few, but his looks will  
2. Mary so cold and so strange, who  
3. beau-ti-ful lids - are closed O'er



1. lin-ger for-ev-er more. The  
2. finds in his heart no place. He  
3. his sad dark beau-ti-ful eyes. And



1. look in his sad dark eyes, more  
2. knew I would be his bride. With a  
3. a-mong the mourn-ers who mourn. Why



1. ten-der than words could be. But  
2. kiss for a life-time fee. But  
3. should I a mourn-er be? For



I was no-thing to him, and



he was the world to me.