

# Joan Baez, 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.