

Seekers, Lady Mary

He came from his palace grand;
He came to my cottage door;
His words were few, but his look
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 his 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.