

Lady Mary (D)

Key of D; Hold chords until they change.

TabEdited by D.Crouch
PDC April, 2024

D G D

1. 2. 3. 4. 5.

D A D

0 1 0 0 2 2 3 2 3 4 4 4 5 4 4 0 1 2 2 2 3

A D 1. 2. G

6. 7. 8. 9. 10.

D A D

0 1 2. 2 0 2 0 0 0 0 1 0 2 4 0 6 5 5

D G

11. 12. 13. 14. 15.

D A D

5 0 5 0 3 5 7 6+ 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 4 5 5 5 5 7 6+ 5

D A D G D

16. 17. 18. 19. 20.

D A D

0 0 1 0 0 0 1 5 4 4 2 1 0 1 2. 2 2 3 2 3 4 4 4 5

A D

21. 22. 23. 24. 25.

D A D

0 0 0 1 2. 0 4 4 0 1 0 0 0 1 2. 0 0 0 0

Lady Mary (G)

Key of G; Capo 3; Hold chords until they change.

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D C G

6
c3
D— 0— 4— 5— 5— 5— 6— 5— 6— 7— 7— 7— 8— 7— 7— 0— 4— 5— 5— 5— 6—

D G 1. 2. c

6
c3
D— 0— 4— 7— 5— 8— 5— 9— 0— 10— 6—
A— 0— 0— 0— 0— 0— 0— 0— 0— 0— 6—
D— 5— 5— 4— 0— 0— 0— 0— 0— 5— 7— 8— 8— 8—

G c

11
c3
D— 6— 12— 0— 13— 0— 14— 6— 15— 8—
A— 6— 6— 6— 6— 6— 6— 6— 6— 6—
D— 10— 9— 8— 7— 7— 7— 8— 7— 7— 7— 8— 8— 8— 8— 10— 9— 8—

G D G C G

16
c3
D— 0— 17— 4— 18— 0— 19— 0— 20— 0—
A— 6— 0— 0— 0— 4— 4— 5— 5— 5— 6— 6— 5— 6— 7— 7— 7— 8—
D— 7— 7— 5— 4— 0— 4— 5— 5— 5— 6— 6— 5— 6— 7— 7— 7— 8—

D G

21
c3
D— 0— 22— 0— 23— 0— 4— 24— 5— 25— 5—
A— 6— 0— 0— 0— 0— 0— 0— 0— 0— 0— 0— 0— 0— 0—
D— 7— 7— 0— 4— 5— 5— 5— 6— 5— 5— 4— 0— 0— 0— 0—

Lady Mary

He came from his palace grand
He came to my cottage door
His words were few but his looks
Will linger for ever more
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
Who finds in her 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
Over his sad dark eyes
And among the mourners who mourn
Why should I a mourner be
When I was nothing to him
And he was the world to me

And how will it be with our souls
When we meet in that spirit land
What the human heart ne'er knows
Will the spirit then understand
Or in some celestial form
Will our sorrows repeated be
Will I still be nothing to him
Though he is the world to me