She Was the World to Me

Daniel Romano

She came from her palace grand
She came to my cottage door
Her words were few but her looks
Will linger for evermore
The look in her sad dark eyes
More tender than words could be.

Oh but I was nothing to her
And she was the world to me.

And now in her garden she stands
All dressed in fine satin and lace
My lady so cold and so strange
Who finds in her heart no place.
And I knew she would be my bride
With a kiss for a lifetime fee.

Oh but I was nothing to her
And she was the world to me.

Now in her palace grand
On a flower covered bed she lies
Her beautiful lids are closed
Over her sad dark eyes.
And among the mourners who mourn
Why should I a mourner be.

When I was nothing to her
And she was the world to me.

And how will it be with our souls
When we meet in that spirit land
What the human heart never knows
Will a spirit understand
Or in some celestial form
Will our sorrows repeated be.

Will I still be nothing to her
Though she is the world to me.

Lyrics submitted by Jacob Couper.

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