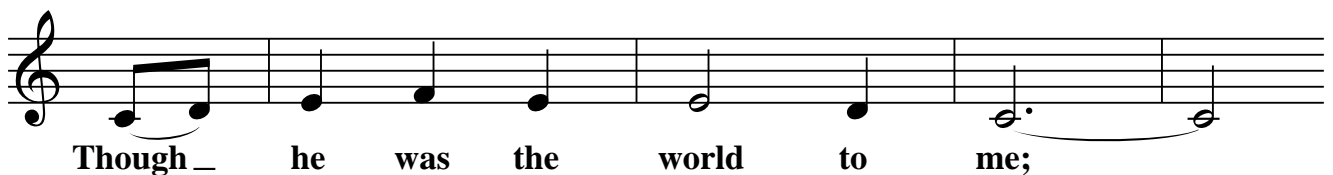
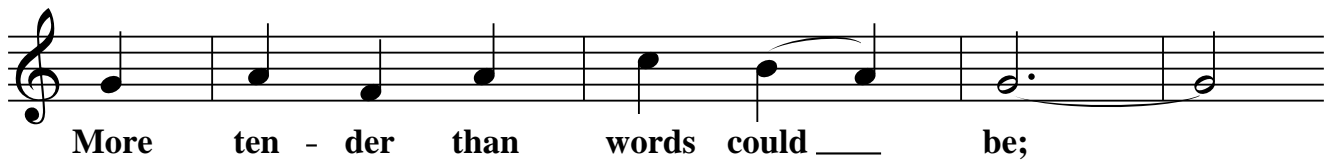
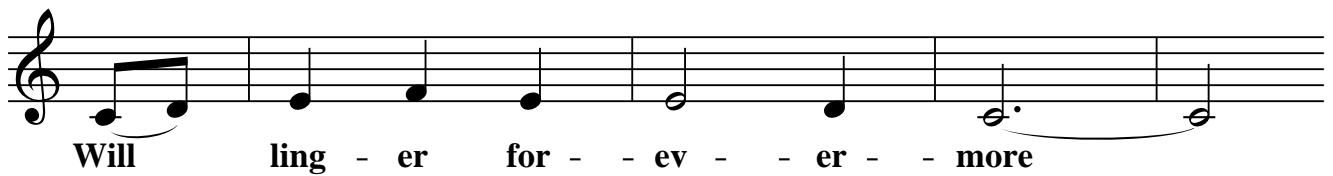
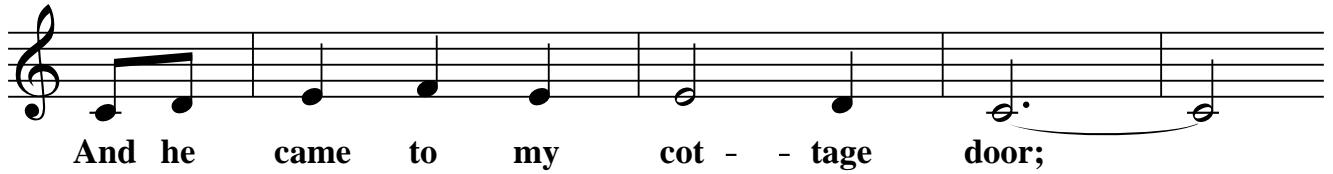
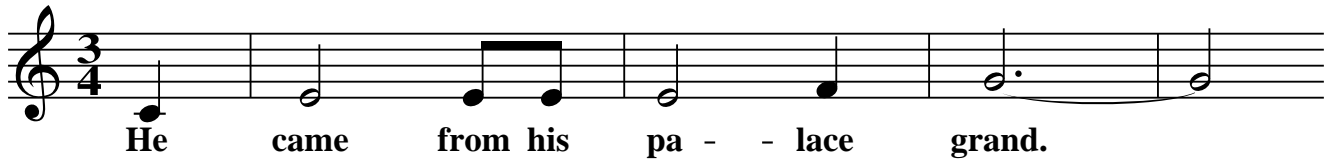
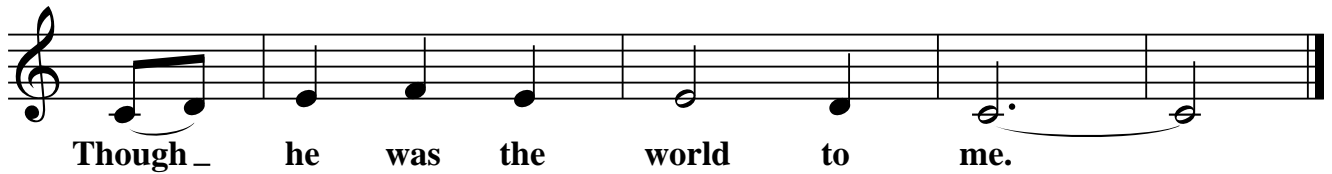


# The Sad Song [Palace Grand]





Though he was the world to me.  
He came from his palace grand,  
And he came to my cottage door;  
His words were few, but his looks  
Will linger forevermore.  
The smile in his sad dark eyes,  
More tender than words could be;  
But I was nothing to him,  
Though he was the world to me;  
But I was nothing to him,  
Though he was the world to me.

And there in his garden strolled,  
All robed in satins and lace,  
A lady so strange and cold,  
Who held in his heart no place.  
For I would be his bride  
With a kiss for a lifetime fee;  
But I am nothing to him,  
Though he is the world to me;  
But I am nothing to him,  
Though he is the world to me.

Today in his palace grand  
On a flower-strewn bier he lies,  
With the beautiful lids fast closed  
O'er the beautiful sad dark eyes.  
Among the mourners who mourn  
Why should I a mourner be?  
For I was nothing to him  
Though he was the world to me.

How will it be with our souls  
When we meet in that spirit land?  
What the mortal 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?  
Will I still be nothing to him  
Though he is the world to me?