



Marching columns of dead events.

**Eb G#m**

I was tender, and, often, true;

**C#m F#**

Ever a prey to coincidence.

**B B7**

Always knew I the consequence;

**E Eb**

Always saw what the end would be.

**G#m E**

We re as Nature has made us -- hence

**C#m F# B**

I loved them until they loved me.

**B7**

I loved them until they loved me.

**E Eb G#m, E, C#m, F#**

I loved them until they loved me.

**B B7**

Princes, never I d give offense,

**E Eb**

Won t you think of me tenderly?

**G#m E**

Here s my strength and my weakness, gents -

**B B7**

This, no song of ingenué

**E Eb**

This, no ballad of innocence;

**G#m E**

This, the rhyme of a lady who