

Eb
G#m
 Pictures pass me in long review,--
E
F#
B

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 ingenue

E Eb

This, no ballad of innocence;

G#m E

This, the rhyme of a lady who