

The Lily of the West



When I ar-rived in Eng-land some com-fort for to find, There I es-pied a
fair one most pleas-ing to my mind. She'd ex-cel both queen and prin-cess so
cost-ly she was dressed, And they called her love-ly Flo-ra, the li-ly of the West.

Her hair hung down in ringlets, her dress was spangled o'er,
She had rings on her fingers brought from a foreign shore,
Her cherry cheeks and ruby lips like arrows pierced my breast,
And I was beguiled by Flora, the lily of West.

Long time I courted Flora in hopes her love to gain,
But soon she turned her back on me, which caused me all my pain.
She deprived me of my liberty and robbed me of my rest,
And they called her lovely Flora, the lily of the West.

One evening as I was walking down by a shady grove,
I heard some lord or nobleman conversing with my love.
She sang a song delightfully while I was sore oppressed,
Saying, "Bid adieu to Flora, the lily of the West."

I stepped up to my rival with a dagger in my hand,
I tore him from my own false love and bade him boldly stand.
Being mad to desperation, I swore I'd pierce his breast,
And I was betrayed by Flora, the lily of the West.

Oh, when my trial it came on, I boldly made my plea,
A flaw being in the indictment, which quickly set me free.
Your beauty bright I still adore, the judge did her molest,
But begone, you faithless Flora, the lily of the West.

Oh, now I've gained my liberty a-roving I will go,
I'll travel bonnie Scotland, I'll travel old England through.
Although she swore my life away, she still disturbs my rest
And I'll mourn for sake of Flora, the lily of the West.