

Lily of the West

E. Davies/J. Peterson

Recorded by Bob Dylan June 3 or 5, 1970, Album: Dylan (1973)

Am	F . Am
Am . C G . . .	F . . . Am . . .
C . . G . . .	Am G Am . . .
F . . G . . .	F . Am
C . . G . . .	

Am	C	G	F	Am
When first I came to Louisville, some pleasure there to find,				
	C	G	F	Am
A damsel there from Lexington was pleasing to my mind.				
F	G	Am	/g	Am
Her rosy cheeks, her ruby lips, like arrows pierced my breast				
	C	G	F	Am
The name she bore was Flora, the Lily of the West.				

	C	G	F	Am
(And the name she bore was Flora, the Lily of the West.)				

I courted lovely Flora, some pleasure for to find,
 But she turned unto another man, which sore distressed my mind.
 She robbed me of my liberty, deprived me off my rest --
 Then go, my lovely Flora, the Lily of the West.

(Then go, my lovely Flora, the Lily of the West.)

'Way down in yonder shady grove, a man of high degree
 Conversing with my Flora there, which seemed so strange to me.
 And the answer that she gave to him, it sore did me oppress
 I was betrayed by Flora, the Lily of the West.

(I was betrayed by Flora, the Lily of the West.)

I stepped up to my rival, dagger in my hand.
 I seized him by the collar, and boldly made him stand.
 Being mad by desperation, I pierced him through the breast
 All this for lovely Flora, the Lily of the West.

(All this for lovely Flora, the Lily of the West.)

I had to stand my trial, I had to make my plea;
 They placed me in the witness box, and then commenced on me.
 Although she swore my life away, deprived me of my rest
 Still I love my faithless Flora, the Lily of the West.

(Still I love my faithless Flora, the Lily of the West.)