# Flora

## Peter, Paul & Mary

When first I came to Louisville, my fortune there to find
I met a fair young maiden there, her beauty filled my mind
Her rosy cheek, her ruby lips, they gave my heart no rest
The name she bore was Flora, the Lily of the WestI courted lovely Flora, she promised never to go
But soon a tale was told to me that filled my heart with woe
They said she meets another man who holds my love in jest
And yet I trusted Flora, the Lily of the WestWay down in yonder shady grove, a man of low degree
He spoke unto my Flora there and kissed her 'neath a tree
The answers that she gave to him like arrows pierced my breast
I was betrayed by Flora, the Lily of the WestI stepped up to my rival, my dagger in my hand
I seized him by the collar and I ordered him to stand
All in my desperation I stabbed him in his breast
I'd killed a man for Flora, the Lily of the West

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