

# Lily of the West

[Bob Dylan](#)

When first I came to Louisville, some pleasure there to find  
A damsel there from Lexington was pleasing to my mind  
Her rosy cheeks, her ruby lips, like arrows pierced my breast  
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 whose sore distressed my mind  
She robbed me of my liberty, deprived me of my rest  
Then go, my lovely Flora, the Lily of the West. Away down in yonder shady grove, a man of high degree  
Conversin' with my Flora there, it 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 stepped up my rival, dagger in my hand  
I seized him by the collar, and bodily made him stand  
Seing mad by desperation I pierced him to the breast  
All this for lovely Flora, the Lily of the West.

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