

Flora, The Lily of the West

Tim Obrien

When I first came to Louisville, my fortune there to find
There was a maiden 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 westWell I courted lovely Flora, some pleasure there to find
But she turned unto another man, which sore distressed my mind
She robbed me of my liberty, deprived me of the rest
Then go my lovely Flora, the lily of the westIt was down in yonder shady grove, with a man of high degree
Conversing with my Flora there, and it seemed so strange to me
The answer that she gave to him sore did my heart oppress
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 boldly bade him stand
Being mad to desperation, I pierced him in the breast
It was all for the love of Flora, the lily of the west

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