

# Peter, Paul & Mary, Flora

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 west.

I courted lovely Flora, she promised ne'er 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 west.

'Way 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 west.

I 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.

And then I had to stand my trial, I had to make my plea.  
They placed me in a pris'ner's dock 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.