

Nana Mouskouri, The Lily Of The West

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 there to find
But she turned unto another man
Which 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
Way down in yonder shady grove
A man of high degree
Conversing with my Flora there
It seems 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 to my rival
My dagger in my hand
I seized him by the collar and
I boldly bade him stand
Being mad to desperation
I pierced him in the breast
I killed a man for Flora
The lily of the West

I had to stand my trial
I had to make my plea
They placed me in the criminal 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