

Peter, Paul & Mary **"Flora"**

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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 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 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 prisoner'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

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