

# Flora, the Lily of the West

Traditional: Versions as early as 1820  
Modern Lyrics: Gilberto Passos and Gil Moreira



[Am] When first I came to [C]  
Louis [G] ville,  
my [C] fortune [D] there to [Am] find,  
I met a fair young [C] maiden [Em]  
there,  
her [F] beauty [Em] filled my [Am]  
mind.  
Her [Am] rosy cheek, her [C] ruby [Em]  
lips,  
they [Am] gave my [Em] heart  
no [Am] rest.  
The name she bore was [C] Flor [Dm] a,  
the [F] lily of the [Am] west.

I courted lovely [C] Flor [G] a,  
she promised [D] ne'er to [Am] go.  
But soon a tale was [C] told to [Em] me  
that [F] filled my [Em] heart  
with [Am] woe.  
They said she meets  
a [C] nother [Em] man  
who [Am] holds my [Em] love  
in [Am] guest.  
And yet I trusted [C] Flor [Dm] a,  
the [F] lily of the [Am] west.

Way down in yonder  
[C] shady [D] grove,  
a [C] man of [D] low de [Am] gree,  
He spoke unto my [C] Flora [Em] there  
and [F] kissed her [Em] 'neath  
a [Am] tree.  
The answers that she [C] gave  
to [Em] him  
like [Am] arrows [Em] pierced  
my [Am] breast.  
I was betrayed by [C] Flor [Dm] a,  
[F] the lily of the [Am] west.

I stepped up to my [C] riv [G] al,  
my [C] dagger [D] in my [Am] hand.  
I seized him by the [C] collar [Em] and  
I [F] ordered [Em] him to [Am] stand.  
All in my des [C] pera [Em] tion  
I [Am] stabbed him [Em] in  
his [Am] breast.  
I'd killed a man for [C] Flor [Dm] a,  
the [F] lily of the [Am] west.

And then I had to [C] stand  
my [G] trial,  
I [C] had to [D] make my [Am] plea.  
They placed me in  
a [C] prisoner's [Em] dock  
and [Am] then  
com [Em] menced on [Am] me.  
Although she swore  
my [C] life a [Em] way,  
de [Am] prived me  
[Em] of my [Am] rest.  
Still I love my faithless [C] Flor [Dm] a,  
the [F] lily of the [Am] west.