

# The Lily of the West

D	<b>4 0 5 4 1 1 2</b>	<b>1 0 0 1 0</b>
A	<b>1</b>	
D		

When first I came to Ireland

Some pleasure for to find

D	<b>3~3 3 4 5 6~6 5</b>	<b>4 3 1 2 3 4</b>
A		
D		

It's there I spied a damsel fair

Most pleasing to my mind

D	<b>3~3 3 4 5 6~6 5</b>	<b>4 3 1 2 3 4</b>
A		
D		

Her rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes

Like arrows pierced my breast

D	<b>2 0 5 4 1~1 2~2</b>	<b>1 0 0 1 0</b>
A	<b>1</b>	
D		

They call her lovely Molly O

The Lily of the West

D	<b>4 0 5 4 1~1 2</b>	<b>1 0 0 1 0</b>
A	<b>1</b>	
D		

One day as I was walking

Down by a shady grove

D	<b>3~3 3 4 5 6~6 5</b>	<b>4 3 1 2 3 4</b>
A		
D		

I espied a Lord of high degree

Conversing with my love

D	<b>3~3 3 4 5 6~6</b>	<b>5 4 3 1 2 3 4</b>
A		
D		

She sang a song delightful

While I was sore oppressed

D	<b>2~1 0~0 5 4 1~1 2~2</b>	<b>1 0 0 1 0</b>
A	<b>1</b>	
D		

Saying "I bid adieu to Molly O      The Lily of the West..."

D	<b>2 0 5 4 1 1 2</b>	<b>1 0 0 1 0</b>
A	<b>1</b>	
D		

I stepped up with my rapier      And my dagger in my hand

D	<b>3~3 3 4 5 6~6 5</b>	<b>4 3 1 2 3 4</b>
A		
D		

And dragged him from my false love      And boldly bid him stand

D	<b>3~3 3 4 5 6~6 5</b>	<b>4 3 1 2 3 4</b>
A		
D		

But being mad with desperation      I swore I'd pierce his breast

D	<b>2~1 0~0 5 4 1~1 2</b>	<b>1 0 0 1 0</b>
A	<b>1</b>	
D		

I was then deceived by Molly O      The Lily of the West

D	<b>2 0 5 4 1 1 2</b>	<b>1 0 0 1 0</b>
A	<b>1</b>	
D		

I then did stand my trial      And boldly I did plead

D	<b>4~4 5 7 8~8 8 7</b>	<b>5 4 2 3 4 5</b>
A		
D		

A flaw was in my indictment found      And that soon had me freed

D	<b>4~4 5 7 8~8 8 7</b>	<b>5 4 2 3 4 5</b>
A		
D		

That beauty bright I did adore                      The judge did her address

D	<b>2 0 5 4 1~1 2~2</b>	<b>1 0 0 1 0</b>
A	<b>1</b>	
D		

"Now go, you faithless Molly O                      The Lily of the West."

D	<b>2 0 5 4 1~1 2~2</b>	<b>1 0 0 1 0</b>
A	<b>1</b>	
D		

Now that I've gained my liberty                      A-roving I will go

D	<b>3~3 3 4 5 6~6 5</b>	<b>4 3 1 2 3 4</b>
A		
D		

I'll ramble through old Ireland                      And travel Scotland o'er

D	<b>3~3 3 4 5 6~6 6 5</b>	<b>4 3 1 2 3 4</b>
A		
D		

Tho' she thought to swear my life away                      She still disturbs my rest

D	<b>2 0 5 4 1~1 2~2</b>	<b>1 0 0 1 0</b>
A	<b>1</b>	
D		

I still must style her Molly O                      The Lily of the West