

Flora, Lily of the West.

'Twas when I came to Eng - - land, some plea-sure for to
find, There I es - - pied a
dam - - sel Most pleas ing to my mind; Her
ro - sy cheeks and shin ing eyes as ar - rows pierced my breast, Her
name was Lovely Flora, the Lily of the West.

'Twas when I came to England, some pleasures for to find,
There I espied a damsel most pleasing to my mind;
Her rosy cheeks and shining eyes as arrows pierced my breast,
Her name was lovely Flora, the Lily of the West.

Her golden hair in ringlets hung, her dress was spangled o'er;
She'd rings on every finger, brought from a foreign shore;
'Twould ruin kings and princes, so richly was she dress'd,
She far excelleth Venus, this Lily of the West.

I courted her a fortnight, in hopes her love to gain,
But soon she turn'd against me, which caused all my pain.
She robb'd me of my freedom, she robb'd me of my rest,
I roam, forsook of Flora, the Lily of the West.

Alas! where'er I wander, however much I will,
The thought of that fair maiden abideth with me still;
For ever I am downcast, for ever sore oppress'd,
An outcast e'er from Flora, the Lily of the West.

