

Lily of the West

Traditional Irish

Intro (4 rows) fiddle, mando counter

When first I came to Ireland some pleasure for to find
 It's there I spied a damsel fair, 'twas pleasing to my mind
 Her rosy cheeks and sparklin' eyes like arrows pierced my breast
And I call her lovely Molly O', the lily of the west

Tutti

One day as I was walkin' down by a shady grove
 I spied a lord of high degree conversing with my love
 She sang her song delightfully while I was sore oppressed
Saying I bid adieu to Molly O', the lily of the west

Solo (one row)

Well, I stepped up with my rapier and my dagger in my hand
 And I dragged him from my false love and boldly I bid him stand
 But being mad with desperation I swore I'd pierce his breast
I was then deceived by Molly O', the lily of the west

Solo (4 rows) mando, fiddle counter

Then I did stand my trial and boldly I did plea
 A flaw was in my indictment found and that soon had me free
 That beauty bright I did adore, the judge did her address
Now go, you faithless Molly O', the lily of the west

Now that I've gained my liberty a-rowin' I will go
 I ramble through old Ireland and travel Scotland o'er
 Though she thought to swear my life away she still disturbs my rest, ↓123456
I still must style her, Molly O', the lily of the west.

Ending (one row)

	I	-		V	-		IV	-		I	-	
	I	-		vi	iii		I	-		IV	-	
	I	-		vi	iii		I	-		IV	-	
	I	-		V	-		IV	-		I	-	