

121- Lily of the West

Trad Irish

Violin

When I first came to I - re - land some plea-sure for to find

4 C a e C F

It's there I spied a dam - sel fair, twas plea - sing to my mind

8 C a e C F

Her ro - sy cheeks and spark-ling eyes like ar - rows pier-ced my breast

12 C G F C

And I call her love - ly Mol - ly O', the li - ly of the west