

Mark Knopfler, Lily Of The West

(traditional)

When first I came to Ireland, some pleasure for to find
It's there I spied a damsel fair, most pleasing to my mind
Her rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes, like arrows pierced my breast
And they call her lovely Molly - O, the Lily of the West

One day as I was walking, down by the shady grove
I spied a lord of high degree, conversing with my love
As she sang a song, delightfully, while I was sore oppressed
Saying I bid adieu, to Molly - O, the Lily of the West

I stepped up with my rapier, and my dagger in my hand
And I dragged him from my false love, and boldly did 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

I then did stand my trial, and boldly I did plead
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-roamin' I will go
I'll ramble through old Ireland, and travel Scotland o'er
Though she thought to swear my life away, she still disturbs my rest
I still must style her Molly - O, the Lily of the West