



When first I came to Louisville some pleasure there to find,
A damsel fair from Lexington was pleasing to my mind.
Her cherry cheeks and ruby lips, like arrows pierced my breast,
They called her Handsome Mary, the Lily of the West.

One evening as I rambled, down by a shady grove, I saw a man of low degree conversing with my love. They were singing songs of melody, while I was sore distressed, O faithless, faithless Mary, the Lily of the West! I courted her awhile, in hopes her love to gain, But she proved false to me which caused me much pain. She robbed me of my liberty, deprived me of my rest, They called her Handsome Mary, the Lily of the West.

I stepped up to my rival, my dagger in my hand. I caught him by the collar, and boldly bade him stand; Being driven to desperation, I stabbed him in the breast, But was betrayed by Mary, the Lily of the West!

At length the day of trial came,
I boldly made my plea,
But the judge and jury
they soon convicted me.
To deceive both judge and jury
so modestly she dressed,
And there she swore my life away,
the Lily of the West.

