

Lily of the west (1) - Trad.; Arr. by The Chieftans [ $\frac{3}{4}$ ] (73bpm)

1 6m 5 1 6m 4 1 1  
When first I came to I-re-land, some pleasure for to find.  
1 5 6m 5 1 1 4 4  
It's there I spied a damsel fair, most pleasing to my mind.  
1 5 6m 5 1 1 4 4  
Her rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes, like arrows pierced my breast.  
1 6m 5 1 6m 4 1 1  
And I call her lovely Molly O', the lily of the west.

1 6m 5 1 6m 4 1 1  
One day as I was wa-al-king, down by a shady grove.  
1 5 6m 5 1 1 4 4  
I spied a lord of high degree, con-versing with my love.  
1 5 6m 5 1 1 4 4  
She sang her song de-lightful-ly, while I was sore o-ppressed.  
1 6m 5 1 6m 4 1 1  
Sayin' I bid a-dieu to Molly O', the lily of the west.

(Break)

1 6m 5 1 6m 4 1 1  
I stept up with my rapier, and my dagger in my hand.  
1 5 6m 5 1 1 4 4  
I dragged him from my false love, and boldly I bid him stand.  
1 5 6m 5 1 1 4 4  
But being mad with desper-a-a-tion, I swore I'd pierce his breast.  
1 6m 5 1 6m 4 1 1  
I was then de-ceived by Molly O', the lily of the west.

(Break)

1 6m 5 1 6m 4 1 1  
I then did stand my tri-i-al, and boldly I did plead.  
1 5 6m 5 1 1 4 4  
A flaw was in my in-dictment found, and that soon had me freed.  
1 5 6m 5 1 1 4 4  
That beauty bright I did a-dore, the judge did her a-ddress.  
1 6m 5 1 6m 4 1 1  
Now go, you faithless Molly O', the lily of the west.

1 6m 5 1 6m 4 1 1  
Now that I've gained my li-ber-ty, a-rovin' I will go.  
1 5 6m 5 1 1 4 4  
I'll ramble through old I-re-land, and travel Scotland o'er.  
1 5 6m 5 1 1 4 4  
Tho she thought to swear my life away, she still disturbs my rest.  
1 6m 5 1 6m 4 1 1  
I still must style her Molly O', the lily of the west.

*(Instrumentally repeat last line, stretching out last measures.)*

Lily of the west (A) - Trad.; Arr. by The Chieftans [ $\frac{3}{4}$ ] (G#C#bpm)

A F#m E A F#m D A A  
When first I came to I-re-land, some pleasure for to find.  
A E F#m E A A D D  
It's there I spied a damsel fair, most pleasing to my mind.  
A E F#m E A A D D  
Her rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes, like arrows pierced my breast.  
A F#m E A F#m D A A  
And I call her lovely Molly O', the lily of the west.

A F#m E A F#m D A A  
One day as I was wa-al-king, down by a shady grove.  
A E F#m E A A D D  
I spied a lord of high degree, con-versing with my love.  
A E F#m E A A D D  
She sang her song de-lightful-ly, while I was sore o-ppressed.  
A F#m E A F#m D A A  
Sayin' I bid a-dieu to Molly O', the lily of the west.

(Break)

A F#m E A F#m D A A  
I stept up with my rapier, and my dagger in my hand.  
A E F#m E A A D D  
I dragged him from my false love, and boldly I bid him stand.  
A E F#m E A A D D  
But being mad with desper-a-a-tion, I swore I'd pierce his breast.  
A F#m E A F#m D A A  
I was then de-ceived by Molly O', the lily of the west.

(Break)

A F#m E A F#m D A A  
I then did stand my tri-i-al, and boldly I did plead.  
A E F#m E A A D D  
A flaw was in my in-dictment found, and that soon had me freed.  
A E F#m E A A D D  
That beauty bright I did a-dore, the judge did her a-ddress.  
A F#m E A F#m D A A  
Now go, you faithless Molly O', the lily of the west.

A F#m E A F#m D A A  
Now that I've gained my li-ber-ty, a-rovin' I will go.  
A E F#m E A A D D  
I'll ramble through old I-re-land, and travel Scotland o'er.  
A E F#m E A A D D  
Tho she thought to swear my life away, she still disturbs my rest.  
A F#m E A F#m D A A  
I still must style her Molly O', the lily of the west.

*(Instrumentally repeat last line, stretching out last measures.)*

Lily of the west (C) - Trad.; Arr. by The Chieftans [ $\frac{3}{4}$ ] (73bpm)

When first I came to I-re-land, 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 I call her lovely Molly O', the lily of the west.

One day as I was wa-al-king, down by a shady grove.  
I spied a lord of high degree, con-versing with my love.  
She sang her song de-lightful-ly, while I was sore o-ppressed.  
Sayin' I bid a-dieu to Molly O', the lily of the west.

(Break)

I stept up with my rapier, and my dagger in my hand.  
I dragged him from my false love, and boldly I bid him stand.  
But being mad with desper-a-a-tion, I swore I'd pierce his breast.  
I was then de-ceived by Molly O', the lily of the west.

(Break)

I then did stand my tri-i-al, and boldly I did plead.  
A flaw was in my in-dictment found, and that soon had me freed.  
That beauty bright I did a-dore, the judge did her a-ddress.  
Now go, you faithless Molly O', the lily of the west.

Now that I've gained my li-ber-ty, a-rovin' I will go.  
I'll ramble through old I-re-land, and travel Scotland o'er.  
Tho she thought to swear my life away, she still disturbs my rest.  
I still must style her Molly O', the lily of the west.

*(Instrumentally repeat last line, stretching out last measures.)*

Lily of the west (G) - Trad.; Arr. by The Chieftans [ $\frac{3}{4}$ ] (73bpm)

When first I came to I-re-land, 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 I call her lovely Molly O', the lily of the west.

One day as I was wa-al-king, down by a shady grove.  
I spied a lord of high degree, con-versing with my love.  
She sang her song de-lightful-ly, while I was sore o-ppressed.  
Sayin' I bid a-dieu to Molly O', the lily of the west.

(Break)

I stept up with my rapier, and my dagger in my hand.  
I dragged him from my false love, and boldly I bid him stand.  
But being mad with desper-a-a-tion, I swore I'd pierce his breast.  
I was then de-ceived by Molly O', the lily of the west.

(Break)

I then did stand my tri-i-al, and boldly I did plead.  
A flaw was in my in-dictment found, and that soon had me freed.  
That beauty bright I did a-dore, the judge did her a-ddress.  
Now go, you faithless Molly O', the lily of the west.

Now that I've gained my li-ber-ty, a-rovin' I will go.  
I'll ramble through old I-re-land, and travel Scotland o'er.  
Tho she thought to swear my life away, she still disturbs my rest.  
I still must style her Molly O', the lily of the west.

*(Instrumentally repeat last line, stretching out last measures.)*