

The Butcher Boy

Kirsty MacColl

In more street where I did dwell
A butcher boy I loved right well
He courted me my life away
And now with me he will not stay
I wish, I wish, I wish in vain
I wish I was a maid again
But a maid again I'll never be
Till cherries grow on an apple tree
I wish my baby it was born
And smiling on it's daddy's knee
And me poor girl to be dead and gone
With the long green grass growing over me
He went upstairs and the door he broke
He found her hanging from a rope
He took his knife and he cut her down
And in her pocket these words he found
"oh make my grave large, wide and deep
Put a marble stone at my head and feet
And in the middle a turtle dove
So the world may know I died of love"