

## 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"