Sinead O'Connor, The Butcher Boy

The Butcher Boy

in Dublin town
where I did dwell
a butcher boy
I loved so well
he courted me
my life away
and now with me
he will not stay

I wish I wish but I wish in vain I wish I was a maid again but a maid again I ne'er can be till apples grow on an ivy tree

she went upstairs to go to bed and calling to her mother said bring me a chair till I sit down and a pen and ink till I write down

I wish I wish but I wish in vain I wish I was a maid again but a maid again I ne'er can be till apples grow on an ivy tree

he went upstairs and the door he broke and found her hanging from her rope he took his knife and 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".