

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"