



**Bb**

But I wish in vain

**F7**

I wish I was

**Bb**

A maid again?

**Gm**

But a maid again

**Cm**

I ne er can be

**F7**

Till apples grow

**Bb**

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 .