

The Butcher Boy
Sinead OConnor

Bb **F7**
In Dublin Town
Bb
where I did dwell
F7
A butcher boy
Bb
I loved so well,
Gm
He courted me
Cm
my life away
F7
And now with me,
Bb
he will not stay.

F7
I wish I wish
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.

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

F7
I wish I wish

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 .