

## **The Butcher Boy**

**D** **A** **D**  
In Moore street where I was born,  
**G** **A** **D**  
A butcher boy I loved right well,  
**A**  
He courted me my life away,  
**A7** **D**  
And now with me he will not stay,

I wish my baby it was born,  
And smiling on its daddy's knee,  
And my poor body to be dead and gone,  
With the long green grass growing over me.

He went upstairs and the door he broke,  
And found her hanging by 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 for love.