

The Butcher Boy - song lyrics

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THE BUTCHER BOY.

In Jersey City, where I did dwell,
A butcher boy I loved so well;
He courted me my heart away,
And now with me he will not stay.
There is an inn in the same town,
Where my love goes and sits him down;
He takes a strange girl on his knee
And tells to her what he don't tell me.

It's a grief for me; I'll tell you why:
I Because she has more gold than I;
But her gold will melt, and her silver fly;
In time of need she'll be poor as I.
I go up-stairs to make my bed,
But nothing to my mother said:
My mother comes up-stairs to me,
Saying, "What's the matter, my daughter dear!"

"Oh, mother, mother! you do not know
What, grief and pain and sorrow, woe-
Go get a chair to sit me down,
And a pen And ink to write it down."
On every line she dropped a tear,
While calling home her Willie dear;
And when het father he came home,
He said, "Where is my daughter gone?"

He went up-stairs, the door he broke-
He found her hanging upon a rope.
He took his knife and he cut her down.
And in her breast those lines were found:
"Oh, what a silly innid arm I,
To hang myself for a butcher boy!
Go dig my grave, both long And deep;
Place a marble-stone at my head and feet,
And on my breast a turtle dove,
To show the world I died for love."