The Butcher's Boy

Dm
She went upstairs to make her bed,
F Dm
And not a word to her mother said.

Her mother she went upstairs too, saying,

F Dm
"Daughter, oh, daughter what troubles you?"

"Oh mother, oh mother I cannot tell,
That butcher's boy I love so well,
He courted me my life away
And now at home he will not stay."

"There is a place in London town,
Where that butcher's boy goes and sits down.
He takes that strange girl on his knee
And tells to her what he won't tell me!"

Her father he came up from work,
Saying where is daughter, she seems so hurt.
He went upstairs to give her hope
And found her hanging from a rope.

He took his knife and cut her down,
And in her bosom these words he found:
Go dig my grave both wide and deep
Place a marble slab at my head and feet.

And over my coffin place a snow-white dove
To warn the world I died of love.