

# Art Garfunkel, Down in the Willow Garden

Down in the willow garden  
Where me and my love did meet  
As we set there a courtin'  
My love fell off to sleep  
I had a bottle of burgundy wine  
My love she did not know  
So I poisoned that dear little girl  
On the banks below  
I drew a saber through her  
It was a bloody knife  
I threw her in the river  
Which was a dreadful sight  
My father oft had told me  
That money would set me free  
If I would murder that dear little girl  
Whose name was Rose Connelly  
My father sits at his cabin door  
Wiping his tear dimmed eyes  
For his only son soon shall walk  
To yonder scaffold high  
My race is run beneath the sun  
The scaffold now waits for me  
For I did murder that dear little girl  
Whose name was Rose Connelly