

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