

Bill Monroe, Down In The Willow Garden

Down in the willow garden where me and my love did meet
There we sat a-courting my love fell off to sleep
I had a bottle of burgundy wine which my true love did not know
And there I poisoned that dear little girl down by the banks below

I drew my saber through her which was a bloody knife
I threw her in the river which was an awful sight
My father often told me that money would set me free
If I would murder that dear little miss whose name was Rose Connelly

Now he sits by his old cabin door a wiping his tear-brimmed eyes
Mourning for his only son out on the scaffold high
My race is run beneath the sun the devil is waiting for me
For I did murder that dear little girl whose name was Rose Connelly