

Charlie Monroe, Down In The Willow Garden

Down in the willow garden
Where me and my love did meet
There we set a-courting
My love dropped off to sleep
I had a bottle of Burgundy wine
Which my true love did not know
There I poisoned my dear little girl
Down on the bank below
Now he sits in his cabin door
Wiping his tear dimmed eyes
Looking at his only son
Up on the scaffold high
My race is run beneath the sun
The scaffold is awaiting for me
For I did murder that dear little girl
Whose name was Rose Connelly
Now he sits in his cabin door
Wiping his tear dimmed eyes
Looking at his only son
Up on the scaffold high
My race is run beneath the sun
The scaffold is awaiting for me
For I did murder that dear little girl
Whose name was Rose Connelly