

Flatt And Scruggs, Rose Conelly

Down in the willow garden
there me and my love did meet
while we set a' courtin'
my love fell off to sleep

I'd bought a bottle of burgundy wine
but my true love did not know
I planned to poison that dear little girl
there on the banks below

I drew a sabre through her
it was an awful sight
I threw her in the river
and then ran off in fright

My father he had told me
his money would set me free
if I would poison that dear little girl
whose name was Rose Connelly

My father weeps at his cabin door
wipin his tear dimmed eyes
for soon his only son shall hang
from yonder scaffold high

My race is run beneath the sun
my sentence is waiting for me
for I did poison that dear little girl
whose name was Rose Connelly