

Kristin Hersh, Down In The Willow Garden

Down in the willow garden
Where me and my love did meet
There we sat a courtin'
My love dropped off to sleep
I'd drunk a bottle of burgundy wine
My love she did not know
And there I poisoned that dear little girl
Under the flank below
I stabbed her with my dagger
An ugly bloody knife
I threw her into the river
An ugly bloody sight
My father up and told me
That money would set me free
If I would murder that dear little girl
Whose name was Rose Connelly
And now he sits by the window
Wiping his tear-dimmed eyes
And now he waits for his own dear son
Upon the scaffold high
My race is run, beneath the sun
Hell is waiting for me
For I did murder that dear little girl
Whose name was Rose Connelly