

# 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