

# Nick Cave, The Willow Garden

Down in the willow garden, me and my love did meet  
And as we sat a-courting, my love fell off to sleep  
I had a bottle of burgundy wine; my love, she did not know  
And so I poisoned that dear little girl along the banks below  
Along the banks below

I drew my saber through her; it was a bloody night  
I threw her in the river, which was a dreadful sight  
My father often told me that money would set me free  
And so I murdered that dear little girl whose name was Rose Connelly  
Whose name was Rose Connelly

My father sits at his cabin door wiping his tear-dimmed eyes  
His only son soon should walk to yonder scaffold high  
My race is run beneath the sun; the scaffold now waits for me  
For I did murder that dear little girl whose name was Rose Connelly  
Whose name was Rose Connelly  
Whose name was Rose Connelly