

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