

Tim O'Brien, Down In The Willow Garden

Down in the willow garden
Where me and my true love did meet
It was there we went a courting
My love fell off to sleep
I had a bottle of burgundy wine
My true love she did not know
It was there I murdered that dear little girl
Down on the banks below

I drew my saber through her
It was a bloody knife
I threw her into the river
It was an awful sight
My father often told me
That money would set me free
If I'd but murder that dear little girl
Who's name was Rose Connely

Now he stands at his cabin door
Wiping his tear dimmed eye
Gazing on his own dear son
Upon the scaffold high
My race is run beneath the sun
The devil is waiting for me
For I did murder that dear little girl
Who's name was Rose Connely