

## Down in a Willow Garden

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Where me and my love did meet,

'Twas there we sat a courting

My love dropped off to sleep.

I had a bottle of the Burglar's wine

Which my true love did not know,

And so I poisoned that dear little girl

Down under the bank below.

I stobbed her with a dagger,

Which was a bloody knife,

I threw her in the river,

Which was a dreadful sight.

My father often 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 in his own cottage door,

A-wiping his weeping eye,

And now he waits for his own dear son,

Upon the scaffold high.

My race is run beneath the sun,

Lo, hell's now waiting for me,

For I have murdered that dear little girl

Whose name was Rose Connelly.

From Folk Song USA, Lomax

Note: Tune is variant on Rosin the Beau

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