Down In the Willow Garden

Tim O'Brien

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 sleepI 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 belowI drew my saber through her
It was a bloody knife
I threw her into the river
And it was an awful sightMy father often, he told me
That money would set me free
If I'd but murdered that dear little girl
Who's name was Rose ConnellyNow, he stands at his cabin door
Wiping his tear dimmed eye
Gazing on his own dear son
Upon the gallows highMy 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 ConnellyDown in the willow garden
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Down on the banks below

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