

# Down In the Willow Garden

## Charlie Monroe

Down in the willow garden,  
Where me and my love did meet,  
There we sat a'courting,  
My love dropped off to sleep.

I had a bottle of burgundy wine,  
Which my true love did not know,  
There i poisoned that dear little girl,  
Down on the bank's below.

I drew a sabre through her,  
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.

Now he sit's in his cabin door,  
A'wipin' his tear dimmed eyes,  
A'lookin' at his only son,  
Upon the scaffold high.

My race is run beneath the sun,  
The cell is waiting for me,  
For i did murder that dear little girl,  
Whose name was Rose Connelly.

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Lyrics submitted by Jud.

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