

## **Kristin Hersh**

# **"Down In The Willow Garden"**

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Down in the willow garden  
Where me and my love did meet  
There we sat a courtin'  
My love dropped off to sleep  
I drank a bottle of burgundy wine  
My love she did not know  
And there I poisoned that dear little girl  
Under the flank below  
I stabbed her with my dagger  
An ugly bloody knife  
I threw her into the river  
An ugly bloody sight  
My father up and told me  
That money would set me free

If I would murder thar deal little girl  
Whose name was rose connelly  
And now he sits by the window  
Wiping his tear-dimmed eyes  
And now he waits for his own dear son  
Upon the scaffold high  
My race is run, beneath the sun  
Hell is waiting for me  
For I did murder that dear little girl  
Whose name was rose connelly

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