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Tim O'Brien "Down in the Willow Garden"

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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 And it was an awful sight

My 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 Connelly

Now, he stands at his cabin door Wiping his tear dimmed eye Gazing on his own dear son Upon the gallows 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 Connelly

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