

Down In The Willow Garden

Art Garfunkel

Down in the willow garden
Where me and my love did meet,
As we set there a courtin',
My love fell off to sleep.

I had a bottle of burgundy wine,
My love she did not know.
So I poisoned that dear little girl
On the banks below.

I drew a saber through her,
It was a bloody knife,
I threw her in the river,
Which was a dreadful sight.

My father often had told me
That money would set me free
If I would murder that dear little girl
Whose name was Rose Connelly.

My father sits at his cabin door,
Wiping his tear dimmed eyes,
For his only son soon shall walk
To yonder scaffold high.

My race is run beneath the sun,
The scaffold now waits for me,
For I did murder that dear little girl
Whose name was Rose Connelly.