

## Down In The Willow Garden

The Chieftains

Down in the willow garden  
Where me and my true love did meet  
It was there we were courtin'  
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  
It was an awful sight  
My father often told me  
That money would set me free  
If I would murder that poor little girl  
Whose name was Rose Connelly  
Now he stands at his cabin door  
Wiping his tears from his eyes  
Gazing on his own dear son  
Upon the scaffold high  
My race is run beneath the sun  
The devil is waiting for me  
For I did murder that dear little girl  
Whose name was Rose Connelly