

## Down In The Willow Garden

G C  
Down in the willow garden  
G G Em  
Where me and my true love did meet,  
G C  
'Twas there we sat a-court ing,  
G D7 G  
My love dropped off to sleep.  
C Bm C  
I had a bottle of burgundy wine  
G Em  
Which my true love did not know.  
G Em  
And there I poisoned that dear little girl  
G C G  
Down under the bank below.

I stabbed her with my dagger,  
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.

And now he sits in his cottage door,  
A-wiping his weeping eye.  
And now he waits for his own dear son,  
Upon the scaffold high.  
My race is run beneath the sun,  
Cruel Hell's now waiting for me,  
For I have murdered my own true love,  
Whose name was Rose Connelly.