

Down in the willow Garden

Traditional Murder Ballad
www.jheathmusic.com

Lyrics:

Down in the willow garden
Me and my true love did meet
There we sat a'courting
My love fell off to sleep

I had a bottle of burgundy wine
My Love, she did not know
There I poisoned that dear little girly
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
Money would set me free
If I did murder that dear little miss,
Whose name was Rose Connolly

Now he sits by his cabin door
Wiping his tear brimmed eyes
Morning the loss of his only son
On 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 Connolly

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Traditional

18

D G D Bm D Bm

26 D G D A D -