



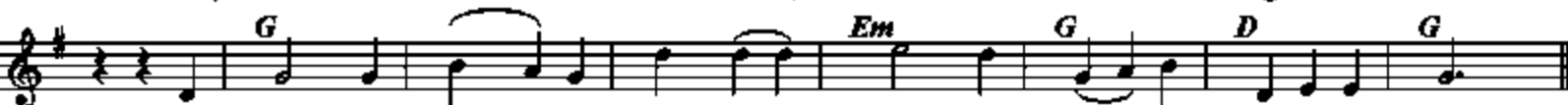
Down In the Wil - low Gar - den my love and I did meet,
I stabbed her with a dag - ger, which was a blood - y knife.
He's sit - ting now by his cabin door a - wiping his tear brimmed eyes.



And there we sat a cour - ting my love drop - ped off to sleep.
I threw her in the riv - er, which was a dre - ad - ful sight.
He's mour - ning for his own dear son who walks the scaf - fold high.



I had a bot - tle of burg - lars wine, my young love did not know,
My fath - er had al - ways told me that mon - ey would set me free.
My race is run be - neath the sun, hell is now wait - ing for me.



and there I poisoned that dear little girl, down by the banks be - low.
If I would murder that sweet little miss whose name was Rose Con - noley.