

# Flatt And Scruggs, Rose Conelly

Down in the willow garden  
there me and my love did meet  
while we set a' courtin'  
my love fell off to sleep

I'd bought a bottle of burgundy wine  
but my true love did not know  
I planned to poison that dear little girl  
there on the banks below

I drew a sabre through her  
it was an awful sight  
I threw her in the river  
and then ran off in fright

My father he had told me  
his money would set me free  
if I would poison that dear little girl  
whose name was Rose Connelly

My father weeps at his cabin door  
wipin his tear dimmed eyes  
for soon his only son shall hang  
from yonder scaffold high

My race is run beneath the sun  
my sentence is waiting for me  
for I did poison that dear little girl  
whose name was Rose Connelly