

Down by the Sally Gardens

W.B. Yeats/trad.

It was down by the Sal-ly Gardens, my love and I did meet. She crossed the Sal-ly

Gar-dens with li - ttle snow-white feet. She bid me take love ea - sy, as the

leaves grow up on the tree, But I was young and foolish, and with her did not agree.

It was down by the Sally Gardens,
my love and I did meet.
She crossed the Sally Gardens
with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy,
as the leaves grow upon the tree,
But I was young and foolish,
and with her did not agree.

In a field down by the river,
my love and I did stand
And on my leaning shoulder,
she laid her snow-white hand.
She bid me take life easy ,
as the grass grows upon the weirs
But I was young and foolish,
and now am full of tears.

Down by the Sally Gardens,
my love and I did meet.
She crossed the Sally Gardens
with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy,
as the leaves grow upon the tree,
But I was young and foolish,
and with her did not agree.