

Down By The Salley Gardens

Traditional Irish Song. Words by W. B. Yeats.

1. Down by the Salley Gardens, my love and I did meet.
She passed the Salley Gardens with little snow-white feet.
She bid me to take life easy, as the leaves grow on the trees.
But I, was young and foolish, with her I did not agree.

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



1. down by the Sal - ly gar - dens my love and I did meet. She
2. In a field down by the riv - er my love and I did stand. And

5 passed the Sal - ly gar - dens with litt - le snow white feet. She
on my lean - ing shoul - der she laid her snow white hand. She

9 bid me to take life ea sy as the leaves grow on the trees. But
bid me to take love ea sy as the grass grows on the wears. But

13 I was young and fool - ish with her I did not a - gree.
I was young and fool - ish and now I am full of tears.