

# Down By the Sally Gardens

William Butler Yeats, 1889

Folk tun

1. Down by the Sal - ly gar - dens, my love and I did meet. She  
passed the Sal - ly gar - dens with lit - tle snow white feet. She bid me take love  
ea - sy, As the leaves grow on the tree. But  
I, be - ing young and fool - ish, With her did not a - gree.

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2. 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 on the weirs  
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.