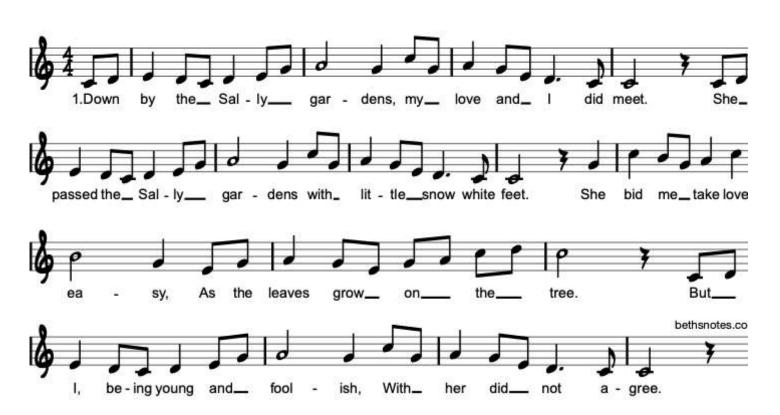
## Down By the Sally Gardens

William Butler Yeats, 1889

Folk tun



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.