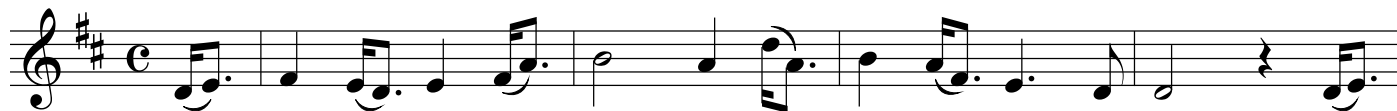


# Down by the Sally Gardens

William Butler Yeats

Irish Folk Song



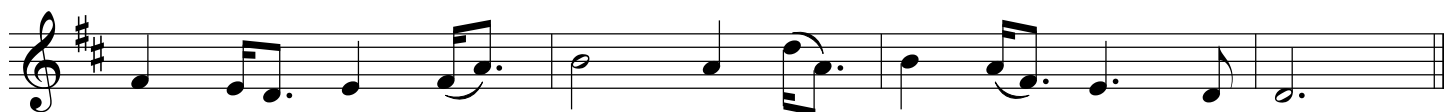
1. Down by the Sal - ly gar - dens my love and I did meet. She  
2. In a field by the riv - er my love and I did stand, And



passed this Sal - ly gar - dens with lit - tle snow white feet. She  
on my lean - ing shoul - der she laid her snow white hand. She



bid me take love ea - sy, as the leaves grow on the tree. But  
bid me take life ea - sy, as the grass grows on the weirs; But



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