

## Sally Gardens

*W B Yeats / Trad Irish*

Down by the Sally Gardens my love and I did meet  
She passed the Sally Gardens with little snow-white feet  
She bade me take love easy as the leaves grow on the tree  
But I being young and foolish 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 bade me take life easy as the grass grows on the weir  
But I was young and foolish and now am full of tears