## Down By the Sally Gardens

William Butler Yeats, 1889 Folk tune 1.Down the\_ Sal - ly\_\_\_ gar - dens, my\_ love and\_ I did meet. She\_ by passed the\_ Sal - ly\_\_\_ gar - dens with\_ lit - tle\_snow white feet. She bid me\_take love the leaves As the\_ But. grow\_ on\_ tree. bethsnotes.com With\_ be-ing young and\_ fool ish, her did \_\_\_ not a - gree.

> 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.