

Down by the Sally Gardens

Trad. FF Version
♩ = 80

It was down by the Sal - ly _ Gar - dens, my _ love and _ I did meet. She _
crossed 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 was _ young and _ fool - ish, and with
her did _ not a - gree.

Down By The Salley Gardens (W.B. Yeats)

It was down by the Sally Gardens, my love and I did meet.
She crossed the Sally Gardens with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree,
But I was young and foolish, and 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 bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

Down by the Sally Gardens, my love and I did meet.
She crossed the Sally Gardens with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree,
But I was young and foolish, and with her did not agree.

Notes: Author: William Butler Yeats, 1889

Tune: Maids of the Mourne Shore, Trad.

Celeste on Melodica first time through, with guitar arpeggios

All join in, with an instrumental verse after 2nd verse.

Transcription: dt:sallygrd