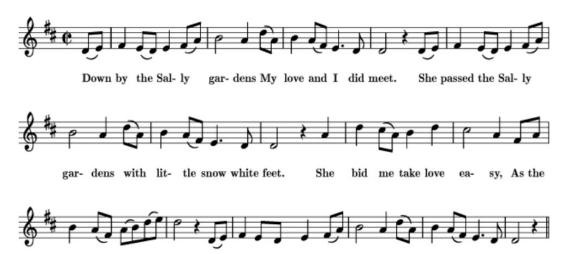
Down by the Sally Gardens

Please sing a performance of this folksong, unaccompanied, in the key that best suits your voice.



leaves grow on the tree. But I, be-ing young and fool-ish, With her did not a-gree.

Sally Gardens

(Words: W. B. Yeats, 1889. Tune: Maids of the Mourne Shore, Trad.)

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.

RG