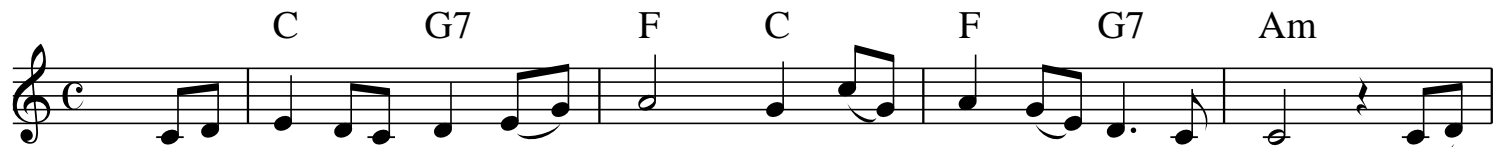


Down by the Salley Gardens

William Butler Yeats, 1889
Tune: The Maids of Mourne Shore



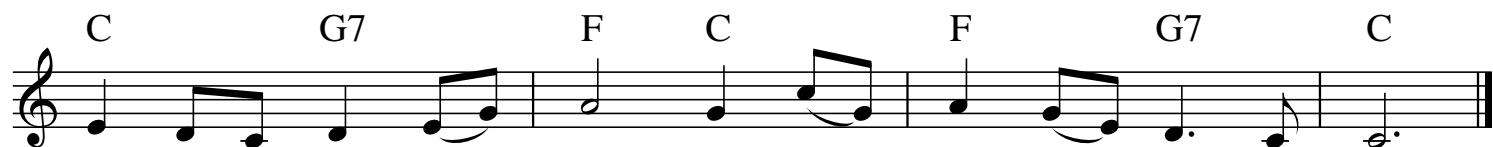
1. Down by the Sal - ley Gar - dens, my love and I did meet. She
2. In a field by the riv - - er my love and I did stand. And



passed the Sal - ley Gar - dens with lit - tle snow - white feet. She
on my lean - ing shoul - der she laid her snow - white hand. She

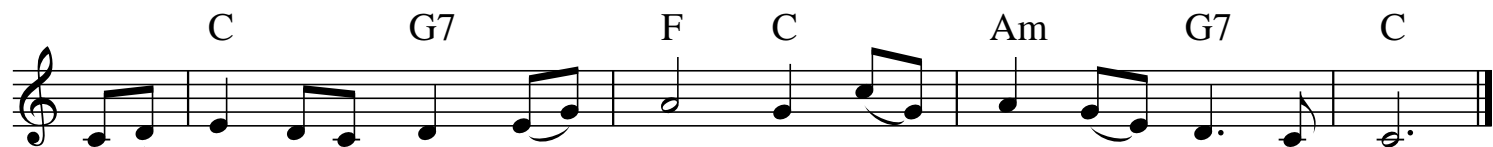


bid me take life ea - - sy, as the leaves grow on the tree; But
bid me take life ea - - sy, as the grass grows on the weirs; But



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

AFTER LAST VERSE



But I was young and fool - ish. And now am full of tears.