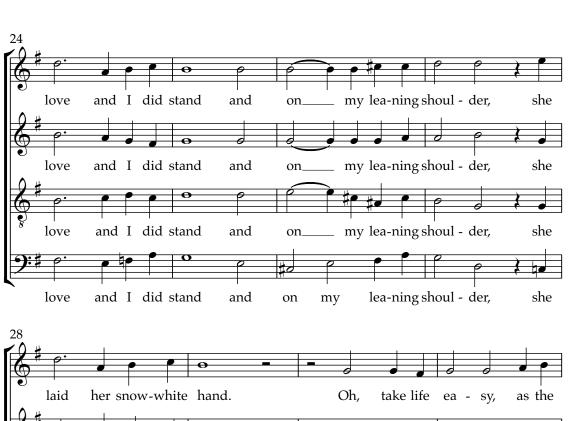
## Down by the sally gardens

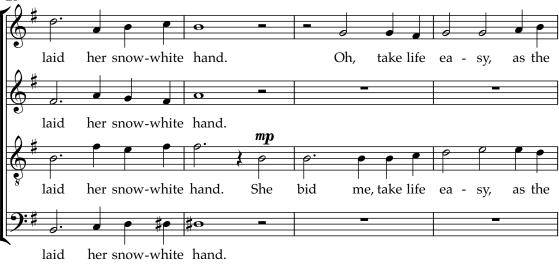
Irish Traditional

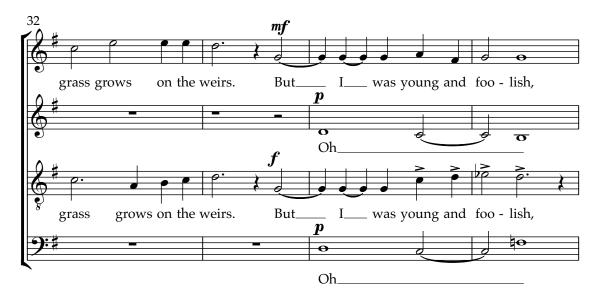


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Delft, maart 2024

## 1. Down by the Sally Gardens Irish Traditional — Lyrics: William Butler Yeats (1889)

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