

Down by the sally gardens

Irish Traditional

William Butler Yeats (1865-1939)

Wytze Oostenbrug (*1943)

Andantino molto legato

Soprano *pp*
my love_____ did

Alto *pp*
my love_____ did

Tenor *mp*
Down by the Sal-ly Gar - dens my love and I did

Bass

4
meet. with lit - tle snow-white

meet. with lit - tle snow-white

meet. *mf* She passed the Sal-ly Gar - dens

mf She passed the Sal-ly Gar - dens

8
feet.____ take life ea - sy, as the

feet.____ take life ea - sy, as the

p She bid me, *pp* take life ea - sy,

p She bid me,

12

leaves grow on the tree. Oh

leaves grow on the tree. Oh

leaves grow on the tree. But I was young and

leaves grow on the tree. But I was young and

16

with her did not a -

with her did not a -

foo - lish, with her did not a - gree. with her did not a -

foo - lish, with her did not a - gree. with her did not a -

20

gree. In a field down by the ri - ver my

gree. In a field down by the ri - ver my

not a - gree. In a field down by the ri - ver my

gree. In a field down by the ri - ver my

24

love and I did stand and on my leaning shoul - der, she

love and I did stand and on my leaning shoul - der, she

love and I did stand and on my leaning shoul - der, she

love and I did stand and on my leaning shoul - der, she

28

laid her snow-white hand. Oh, take life ea - sy, as the

laid her snow-white hand.

mp laid her snow-white hand. She bid me, take life ea - sy, as the

laid her snow-white hand.

32

mf grass grows on the weirs. But I was young and foo - lish,

p Oh

f grass grows on the weirs. But I was young and foo - lish,

p Oh

36

p
and now am full of tears. and

p
and now am full of tears.

pp
foo - lish, and

p
and now am full of tears. and

39

now am full of tears.

now am full of tears.

now am full of tears.

now am full of tears.

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.