

The Sally Gardens

Traditional

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 love easy as the leaves grow on the tree
But I being 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

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 love easy as the leaves grow on the tree
But I being young and foolish with her did not agree.