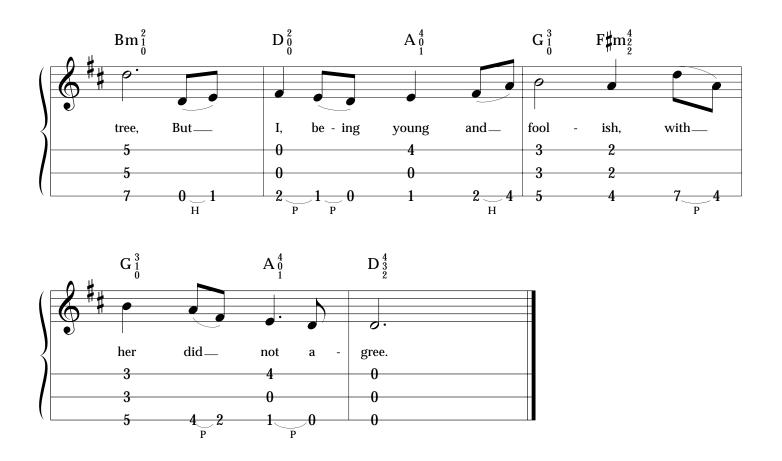
Down By the Sally Gardens a.k.a Maids of Mourne Shore Lyrics by

Tune : DD-A-D

Melody Trad. Irish Lyrics by W.B. Yeats (1865-1939)





It was down by the Sally Gardens, my love and I did meet. She passed the Sally Gardens, on 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 weir, 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, on 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.