

Sally Gardens

Traditionnel Irlande

Down by the Sal - ly gar - dens My love and I did
field down by the ri - ver, my love and I did

meet She passed the Sal - ly gar - dens with lit - tle snow white
stand. And on my lea - ning shoul - der, she laid her snow white

feet. She bid me take love ea - sy, as the leaves grow on the
hand. She bid me take life ea - sy as the grass grows on the

tree. But I be - ing young and foo - lish, with her did not a -
weirs. But I was young and foo - lish, and now am full of

gree. In a tears