

Sally Gardens

(traditional)

It was down by the Sally Gardens my love and I did meet.
She crossed the Sally Gardens with little snow-white feet.
She bid me to take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree,
but I was young and foolish, with her I did not agree.

In a field down by the river my love and I did stand.
And on my leaning shoulder she laid down her snow-white hand.
She bid me to take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs.
But I was young and foolish, and now I'm full of tears.

Down by the Sally Gardens my love and I did meet.
She crossed the Sally Gardens with little snow-white feet.
She bid me to take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree.
But I was young and foolish, with her I did not agree.