Down By The Salley Garden

William Butler Yeats 1889

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It was down by the sal-ley gar-den my love and I did
In a field down-by-the riv-er my love and I did
meet. She passed the sal-ley gar-den on lit-tle snow white
stand. And on my lean-ing should-er she placed her snow white

feet. She bid me take love ea-sy as the leaves grow up-on the
hand. She bid me take life ea-sy as the grass grows up-on the
tree. But I was young and fool-ish and with her did not a-gree.
weirs. But I was young and fool-ish and now I am full of tears.
It was down by the sal - ley gar - den my love and I did
meet. She passed the sal - ley gar - den on lit - tle snow white
feet. She bid me take love ea - sy as the leaves grow up - on the
tree. But I was young and fool - ish and with her did not a - gree.
In a field down - by - the riv - er my love and I did
stand. And on my lean - ing should - er she placed her snow white
hand. She bid me take life ea - sy as the grass grows up - on the
weirs. But I was young and fool - ish and now I am full of tears.
In a field down-by-the-river my love and I did meet. She passed the salley garden on little snow white hand. She bid me take life easy as the grass grows up-on the tree. But I was young and foolish and with her did not agree. weirs. But I was young and foolish and now I am full of tears.

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