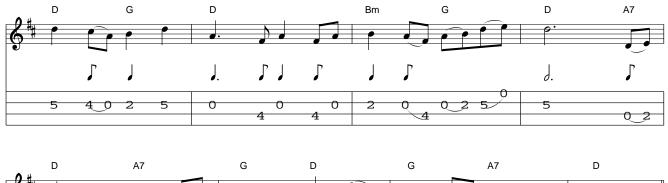
Down by the Sally Gardens









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 take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree, But I was young and foolish, and 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 crossed the Sally Gardens with 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.