DOWN BY THE SALLEY GARDENS

W. B. YEATS

Poco Andante

Down by the sal-ley gar-dens my_ love and I did

meet; She passed the sal-ley gar-dens with lit-tle snow-white feet. She

bid me take life ea-sy, as the leaves grow on the tree; But I

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being young and foolish with her would not agree, With her would not agree.

In a field 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. And now am full of tears.

colla voce a tempo

rit. pp