

# DOWN BY THE SALLEY GARDENS



W. B. YEATS

IVOR GURNEY

Poco Andante

Voice *pp*

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

Piano *pp*

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

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

be-ing young and fool - ish with her would not a - gree, With her would not a -

-gree. In a field by - the

riv - er my love and I did stand, And on my leaning shoulder she

laid her snow-white hand. She bid me take life ea - sy, as - the

grass grows on the weirs; But I was young and

fool - ish, and now am full of tears, And

now am full of tears.

colla voce a tempo

rit. pp