

# Sally Gardens



Down by the Sally Gardens my love and I did meet;  
she passed the Sally Gardens with little snow white feet,  
she bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree;  
but I, being young an foolish, 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 I`m full of tears.

- Traditional -