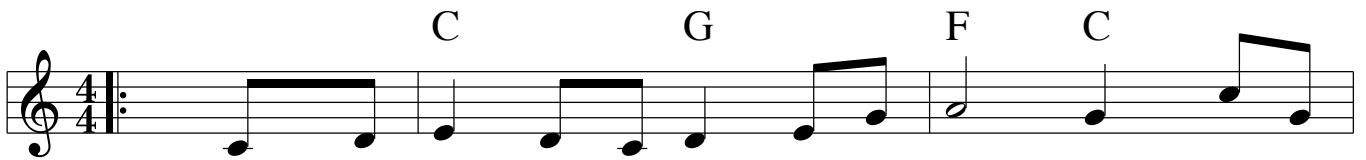
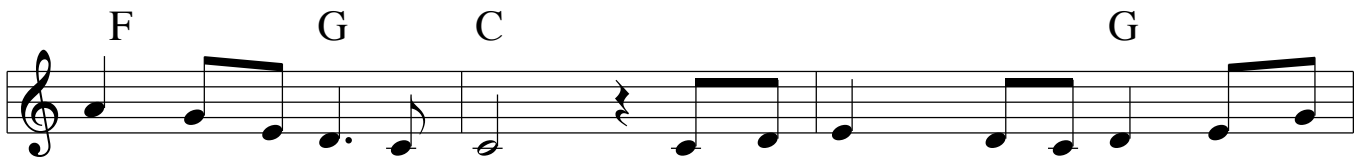


Salley Gardens

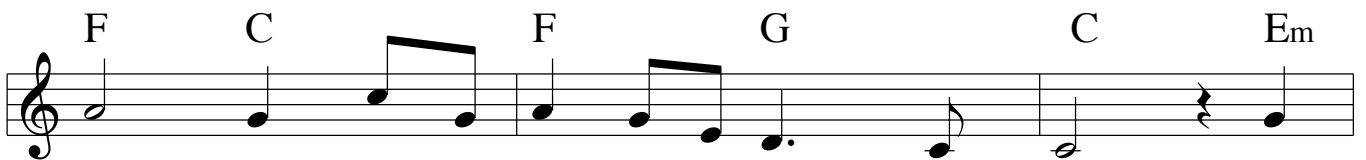
Irish-Folk, poem by William Butler Yeats



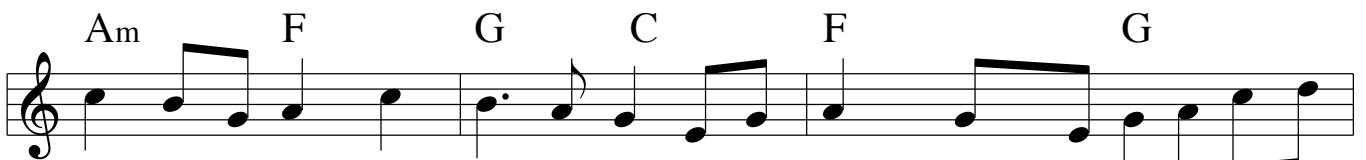
1. Down by the Sal-ley Gar-dens, my
2. In a fie-ld by the riv-er, my



love and I did meet. She passed the Sal-ley
love and I did stand. And on my lea-ning



Gar-dens with lit-tle snow - white feet. She
shoul-der she laid her snow - white hand. She



bid me take love ea-sy, as the leaves grow on the
bid me take live ea-sy, as the grass grows on the



tree. But I, being young and foo-lish, with
weirs. But I was young and foo-lish, and



her would not a-gree.
now I am full of tears.