

DOWN BY THE SALLEY GARDENS

Words by W.B. Yeats

Air: The Maids of Mourne Shore

arr. HUBERT HUGHES

Andante con moto

p sempre legato e delicatissimo

4

Down by the Salley gardens my

7

love and I did meet. She passed the Salley gardens with

11

lit - tle snow - white feet. She bid me take love

14

ea - - - sy, as the leaves grow on the tree. But

17

I be - ing young and fool - ish with her did not a - gree.

21

In a field by the

24

ri - ver, my love and I did stand. And on my lean - ing

28

shoul - - - der she placed her snow - white hand; She

31

bid me take life ea - sy as the grass grows on the weirs. But

35

I was young and fool - - - ish And now am full of

p

38

tears.

pp