

W.B Yeats

Irish folksong

Down. by the Sal - ley gar - dens, my love and I did meet. She.

5

passed the Sal - ley gar - dens with lit - tle snow white feet. She

9

bid me take love ea - sy, As the leaves grow on the trees. But.

13

I being young and fool - ish, With her did not a - gree.