# Down By The Sally Gardens

[Music: Traditional, "The Maids of the Mourne Shore." Words: William Butler Yeats (1889), as an attempt to reconstruct a song he heard a peasant woman singing, probably "The Rambling Boys of Pleasure"]

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**INTRO: / 1 2 3 4 / [G] / [G]**

It was **[G]** down by the **[D]** Sally **[C]** Gar–**[G]**dens

My **[C]** love and **[D]** I did **[G]** meet **[D]**

She **[G]** passed the **[D]** Sally **[C]** Gar–**[G]**dens

On **[C]** little **[D]** snow-white **[G]** feet **[G]**

She **[Em]** bid me **[C]** take love **[D]** ea–**[G]**sy

As the **[C]** leaves grow **[D]** on the **[G]** tree **[D]**

But **[G]** I being **[D]** young and **[C]** fool–**[G]**ish

With **[C]** her did **[D]** not a–**[G]**gree **[D]**

In a **[G]** field down **[D]** by the **[C]** ri–**[G]**ver

My **[C]** love and **[D]** I did **[G]** stand **[D]**

And **[G]** on my **[D]** leaning **[C]** shoul–**[G]**der

She **[C]** laid her **[D]** snow-white **[G]** hand **[G]**

She **[Em]** bid me **[C]** take life **[D]** ea–**[G]**sy

As the **[C]** grass grows **[D]** on the **[G]** weirs **[D]**

But **[G]** I was **[D]** young and **[C]** foo–**[G]**lish

And **[C]** now am **[D]** full of **[G]** tears **[G] ↓**

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