The 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 and foolish,
With her did not agree.

In a field by the river
My love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder
She placed 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 am full of tears.