

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 down by the river
My love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder
She laid 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 am full of tears.