**Down By The Salley Gardens**

**Words by W.B. Yeats**

**To *The Moorlough Shore***

A E D A D E A

Down by the salley gardens my love and I did meet;

 A E D A D E A

She passed the salley gardens with little snow-white feet.

 A D E A D A

She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree;

 A E D A D E A

But I, being young and foolish, with her would not agree.

In a field 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.