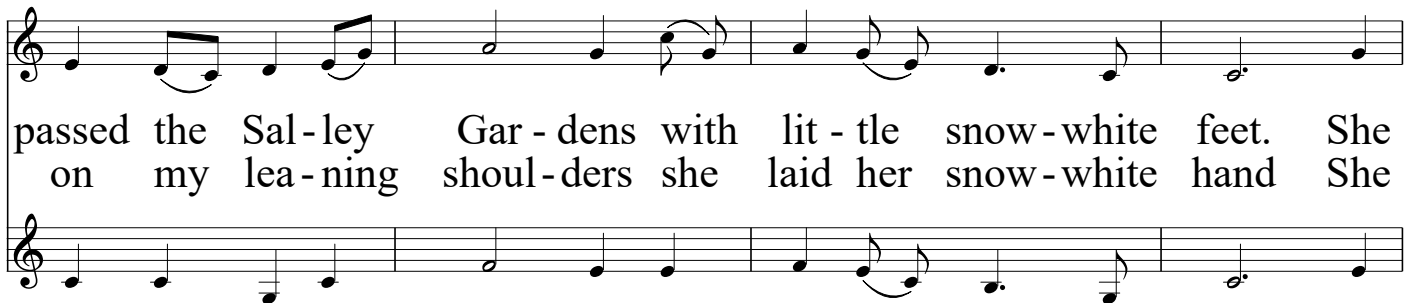


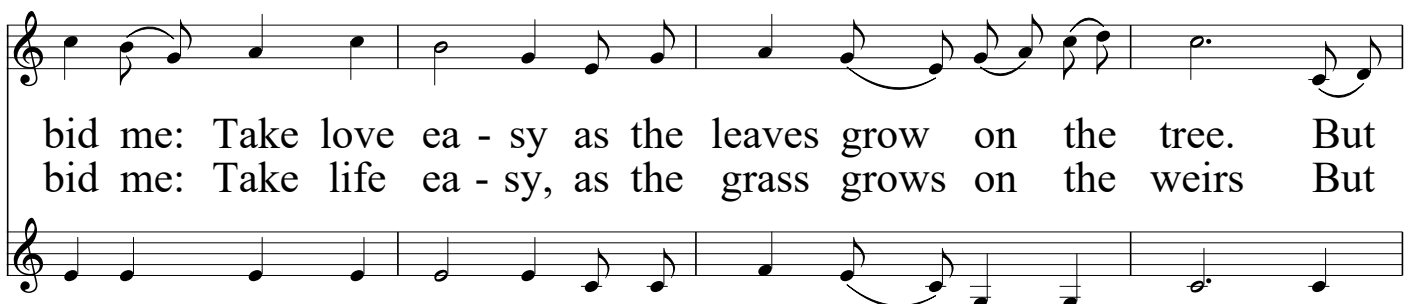
# Down by the Salley Gardens



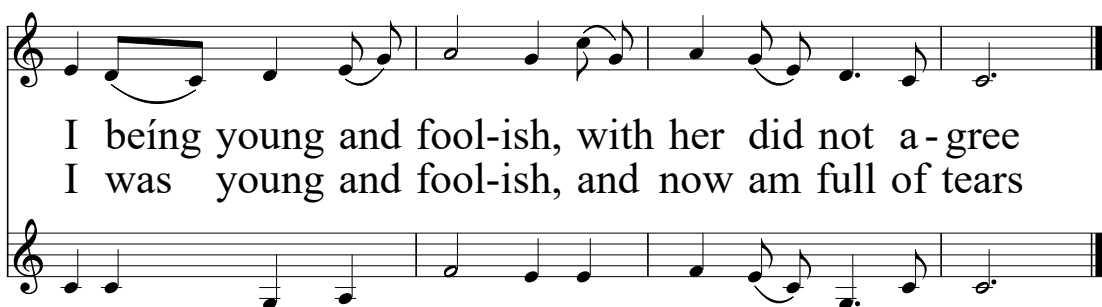
Down by the Sal-ley Gar-dens, my love and I did meet. She  
In a field by the ri - ver my love and I did stand and



passed the Sal-ley Gar - dens with lit - tle snow-white feet. She  
on my lea-ning shoul-ders she laid her snow-white hand She



bid me: Take love ea - sy as the leaves grow on the tree. But  
bid me: Take life ea - sy, as the grass grows on the weirs But



I being young and fool-ish, with her did not a-gree  
I was young and fool-ish, and now am full of tears