

Salley Gardens

Down by the Salley Gardens my love and I did meet;
She passed the Salley 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 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.