

## Unknown

### "Down In My Sallys Garden"

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Down By the Sally Gardens

Down by the sally garden,  
Upon an ivy bush,  
At morning and at twilight,  
There sings a sweet song thrush.

His notes come clearly ringing,  
And tidings to me tell,  
And oh, I know already  
My Sally loves me well .

I kissed her milk-white features  
One silv'ry eve of May;  
She whispered, "Won't you wander  
Until the close of day?"  
We wandered in her garden,  
The flowers were wet with dew,  
I saw the love-light beaming  
In her fond eyes of blue.

Down in my Sally's garden,  
Where snowy hawthorns blow,  
My heart became love-weary  
When I at last must go.

The bloom was on the hawthorn  
That night I said farewell;  
I left my Sally weeping  
Down by an ivied dell.  
From Songs of the People, Sam Henry  
Note: This may -- or may not -- have been the original  
of Yeat's  
poem; there's a closer fit in a song called "The  
Rambling Boys  
of Pleasure."  
See also SALLYGRD  
@love @garden @parting  
filename[ SALGARD2  
play.exe SALGARD2  
RG

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