

Roger Whittaker

"Down By The Sally Gardens"

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It was down by the Sally Gardens, my love and I did meet.

She crossed the Sally Gardens with little snow-white feet.

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

But I was young and foolish, and 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.

Down by the Sally Gardens, my love and I did meet.

She crossed the Sally Gardens with little snow-white feet.

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

But I was young and foolish, and with her did not agree.

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