Down By the Salley Gardens

Words by W.B. Yeats

Tin Whistle

D A G D G A D

Down by the Salley Gardens my love and I did meet. She
In a field down by the river my love and I did stand. And

T. Whistle

6 D A G D G A D

passed the Sally Gardens with little snow white feet. She
on my leaning shoulder she placed her snow white hand. She

T. Whistle

10 Bm A D Bm A Bm

bade me take love easy as the leaves grow on the trees. But
bade me take life easy as the grass grows on the weirs. But

T. Whistle

14 D A G D G A D

I was young and foolish and with her did not agree.
I was young and foolish and now am full of tears.