

Down By The Salley Gardens

Celtic Woman

Down by the Salley Gardens my love and I did meet
I passed the Salley Gardens so gently on my feet
I bid him take life easy, as the leaves grow on the tree
But he being young and foolish with me would not agree

In a field by the river my love and I did stand
And on his leaning shoulder I gently laid my head
I bid him take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs
But he was young and foolish, and now he's full of tears

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