

## The 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 would 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.

Poem: William Butler Yeats 1889