

Sally Gardens - Trad./arr. Gerlitz (1966)

Tekst: William Butler Yeats (1865-1939)

Down by the Salley gardens my love and I did meet;
She passed the Salley gardens with her 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.