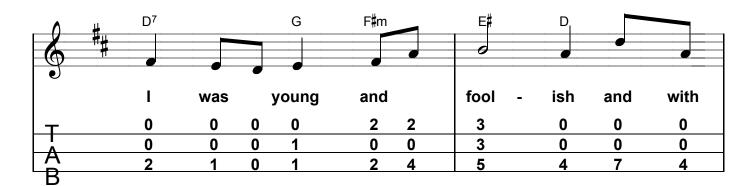
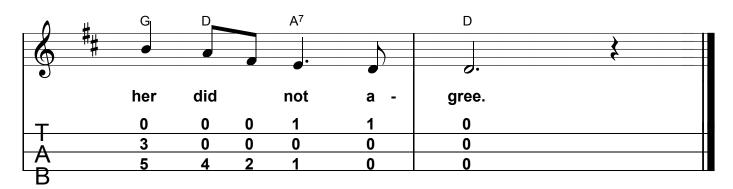
Down by the Sally Gardens







In a field by the river
My love and I did stand.
And on my leaning shoulder
She placed 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.