



- 2. In a field down 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.
- 3. Down by the Sally gardens, my love and I did meet; She passed the Sally 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 did not agree.