

Marianne Faithfull, Down By The Salley Garden

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 life easy
As the leaves grow on the trees.
But I being young and foolish,
With her did not agree.

In a field by the river
My love and I did stand.
And on my healing shoulder
She laid her snow white hand.

She bid me take love easy
As the grass grows on the weeds.
But I was young and foolish
And now I'm full of tears.

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 trees,
But I was young and foolish
And with her did not agree.