

# 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.