

Harpers Bizarre, Down In My Sallys Garden

Down in My Sally's Garden,
Upon An Ivy Bush,
At Morning and At Twilight,
There Sings a Sweet Song Thrush.

His Notes Come Clearly Ringing,
And Tidings to Me Tell,
And Oh, I Know Already
My Sally Loves Me Well .

I Kissed Her Milk-white Features
One Silv'ry Eve of May;
She Whispered, "Won't You Wander
Until the Close of Day?"
We Wandered in Her Garden,
The Flowers Were Wet With Dew,
I Saw the Love-light Beaming
In Her Fond Eyes of Blue.

Down in My Sally's Garden,
Where Snowy Hawthorns Blow,
My Heart Became Love-weary
When I At Last Must Go.

The Bloom Was On the Hawthorn
That Night I Said Farewell;
I Left My Sally Weeping
Down By An Ivied Dell.
From Songs of the People, Sam Henry