

The salley gardens

ton original

Chant irlandais sur un poème de William Butler Yeats (1865-1939). Arrangé par Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

Flowing

smooth *pp*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a continuous eighth-note accompaniment in a minor key. The left hand plays a simple melodic line with a few grace notes. The tempo is marked 'Flowing' and the dynamics are 'smooth' and 'pp'.

p 5 smooth

Down — by the — sal - ley — gar - dens my — love and — I did

The first line of the song begins with a vocal entry on the first staff, marked with a box containing the number 5. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand. The lyrics are: "Down — by the — sal - ley — gar - dens my — love and — I did".

10

meet. She — passed the — sal - ley — gar - dens with — lit - tle — snow white

The second line of the song begins with a vocal entry on the first staff, marked with a box containing the number 10. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand. The lyrics are: "meet. She — passed the — sal - ley — gar - dens with — lit - tle — snow white".

15

più f

feet. She bid me — take love ea - sy, as the leaves grow — on — the —

tree, but — I be ing young and — fool ish with — her did — not a -

ppp

20

- gree. In a

pp

25

field — by the — ri - ver my — love and — I did stand; And —

f

30

on my _ lean - ing _ shoul - der she _ laid her _ snow white hand; She

35

bid me _ take life ea - sy as the grass grows _ on _ the _ weirs. But _

I was _ young and _ fool - ish, and _ now am _ full of tears.

ppp

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 tree;
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 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.

En bas de la saulaie
Mon amour et moi nous rencontrâmes
Elle traversait la saulaie
de ses petits pieds blancs comme neige.
Elle m'a offert d'aimer aussi simplement
que les feuilles viennent aux arbres,
Mais j'étais un jeune fou
alors j'ai refusé.
Dans un pré au bord de la rivière
Nous étions, mon amour et moi,
et sur mon épaule inclinée
sa main blanche comme neige reposait
Elle m'a offert de vivre aussi simplement
que l'herbe vient aux talus,
Mais j'étais un jeune fou
et maintenant je pleure à chaudes larmes.

