

# The salley gardens

transposé une 3<sup>e</sup> min ↓

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

Flowing

smooth *pp*

The first system of the score shows the piano introduction. The right hand plays a continuous eighth-note accompaniment in a minor key. The left hand has a few notes with a 'smooth' and 'pp' (pianissimo) marking.

*p* 5 smooth

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

The second system contains the first line of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a 'smooth' marking. The piano accompaniment continues with the eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

10

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

The third system contains the second line of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a measure number '10' in a box. The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the previous systems.

*f* 15

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 —

*pp*

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

*ppp* *pp*

*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.

