

The salley gardens

transposé une 3ce min ↓

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

Flowing

smooth **p**

5 smooth

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

This musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is for the piano, featuring a continuous eighth-note pattern across all measures. The middle staff is for the voice, starting with a piano dynamic (p) and a vocal entry (smooth). The lyrics "Down — by the — sal - ley — gar - dens my — love and — I did" are written below the vocal line. Measure number 5 is indicated above the vocal line. The bottom staff is also for the piano, continuing the eighth-note pattern. Measure number 10 is indicated above the vocal line. The lyrics "meet. She — passed the — sal - ley — gar - dens with — lit - tle — snow white" are written below the vocal line.

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 —

20

- gree. In a

25

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

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*

8

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.