

32 *p*

She bid me take love ea - sy as the leaves grow on the tree.

*p*

She bid, love ea - sy, the leaves grow on the tree.

*Tutti p*

hand. She bid me take love ea - sy as leaves grow on the tree. *Mmh* But I was young and

*p*

38

foo - lish and now I'm full of tears.

*rit.*

*rit.* *a tempo* *f*

44

*mf*

3. Down by the Sal-ly gar - dens, my.

*mf*

3. Down by the Sal-ly gar - dens, my.

*mf*