LINDEN LEA
A Dorset Song
The Words by
W. Barnes
The Music by
R. Vaughan Williams.

Price 2/-net
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LINDEN LEA.
(A DORSET FOLK SONG)

Within the woodlands, flow'ry gladed,
By the oak trees' mossy moot,
The shining grass blades, timber shaded,
Now do quiver under foot;
And birds do whistle overhead,
And water's bubbling in its bed;
And there for me, the apple tree
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

When leaves, that lately were a-springing,
Now do fade within the copse,
And painted birds do hush their singing,
Up upon the timber tops;
And brown leaved fruit's a-turning red,
In cloudless sunshine overhead,
With fruit for me, the apple tree
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

Let other folk make money faster,
In the air of dark-room'd towns;
I don't dread a peevish master,
Though no man may heed my frowns.
I be free to go abroad,
Or take again my homeward road,
To where, for me, the apple tree
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

(within the woodlands, flow'ry gléaded,
By the woaek trees' mossy moot,
The sheenen grass bléades, timber shéaded,
Now do quiver under vooot;
An' birds do whissle auverhead,
An' water's bubblen in its bed;
An' there vor me, the apple tree
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

When leaves that leisely were a-springen,
Now do fade 'ithin the copse,
An' painted birds do hush their zingen,
Up upon the timber tops;
An' brown leaved fruit's a-turning red,
In cloudless zunsheen auverhead,
W'i' fruit vor me, the apple tree
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

Let other vo'k meëike money vaster,
In the air o' dark-room'd towns;
I don't dreed a peevish melést,
Though noo man may heed my frowns.
I be free to go abrode,
Or take agean my hwomeward road,
To where, vor me, the apple tree
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

W. BARNES.
Linden Lea.
A DORSET SONG.

Words by
W. BARNES.

Music by
R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

Andante con moto.

wood-lands, flow'ry glad-ed, By the oak trees' moss-y moot; The shin-ing
wood-lands, flow'ry glad-ed; By the woak trees' moss-y moot, The sheen-en

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whistle o-ver-head, And wa-ters bub-bling in its bed: And there for

me, The ap-ple tree Do lean down low in Lin-den Lea.

When leaves, that late-ly were a-

-spring-ing, Now do fade with-in the copse, And paint-ed birds do hush their

Linden Lea.
Sing-ing, Up up-on the tim-ber tops; And brown leaved frui-ts a-turn-ing

red, In cloud-less sun-shine o-ver-head, With fruit for me, the ap-ple

tree Do lean down low in Lin-den Lea.

Let o-ther folk make mo-ney fas-ter; In the

Linden Lea.
air of dark-room'd towns; I don't dread a peevish master, Though noo
air o' dark-room'd towns; I don't dread a peevish meister; Though noo

man may heed my frowns. I be free to go abroad, Or take a-
man may heed my frowns. I be free to go abroad, Or take a-

-a tempo

against my home-ward road. To where, for me, The apple tree Do lean down
against my home-ward road. To where, for me, The apple tree Do lean down

low in Linden Lea........................
low in Linden Lea........................

col'la voce

Linden Lea.