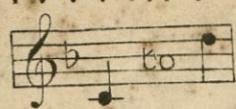
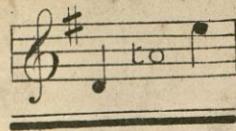


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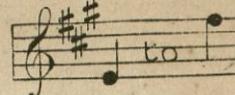
N°1 IN F



N°2 IN G



N°3 IN A



SUNG BY

M^R. JOHN COATES.

660

LINDEN LEA

A Dorset Song

THE WORDS BY

W. BARNES



The Music by

R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

PRICE 2/- NET

R Vaughan Williams

BOOSEY & C

295, Regent Street, London, W.

9, EAST 17th STREET,
NEW YORK.

AND

384, YONGE STREET,
TORONTO.

This Song may be sung in public without fee or license.
The public performance of any parodied version, however, is strictly prohibited.

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

(ORIGINAL.)
'Ithin the woodlands, flow'ry glæaded,
By the woak trees' mossy moot,
The sheenen grass blæades, timber shæaded,
Now do quiver under voot;
An' birds do whissle auverhead,
An' water's bubbleen in its bed;
An' there vor me, the apple tree
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

When leaves that leately 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,
Wi' fruit vor me, the apple tree
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

Let other vo'k meäke money vaster,
In the air o' dark-room'd towns;
I don't dread a peevish meäster,
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.

VOICE. PIANO.

With - in the
(Original) 'Ith - in the

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

grass blades, tim - ber sha - ded, Now do qui - ver un - der foot; And birds do
grass blēades, tim - ber shēad - ed, Now do qui - ver un - der voot; An' birds do

mf

whis - tle o-ver-head, And wa - ter's bub - bling in its bed; And there for
whis - sle au-ver-head, An' wa - ter's bub - blen in its bed; An' there vor

int

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

colla voce *mp*

mf

When leaves, that late - ly were a -
When leaves, that lëate - ly were a -

rit.

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

spring - en, Now do fade 'ith - in the copse, An' paint-ed birds do hush their

singing, Up up - on the tim - ber tops; And brown leaved fruit's a - turn-ing
 sing - en, Up up - on the tim - ber tops; An^r brown leaved fruit's a - turn-ing

red, In cloud - less sun - shine o - ver - head, With fruit for me, the ap - ple
 red, In cloud - less zun - sheen au - ver - head, Wi' fruit vor me, the ap - ple

tree Do lean down low in Lin - den Lea.
 tree Do lean down low in Lin - den Lea.

Animato, f

Let o - ther folk make mo - ney fas - ter; In the
 Let o - ther v'ok meäke mo - ney vas - ter, In the

4

air of dark - room'd towns; I don't dread a peev-ish mas - ter, Though no
 air o' dark - room'd towns; I don't dread a peev-ish meäss - ter; Though noo

risoluto

poco rall.

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

f risoluto *pp* colla voce

a tempo

- gain my home-ward road, To where, for me, The ap - ple tree Do lean down
 - geän my hwome-ward road, To where, vor me, The ap - ple tree Do lean down

a tempo

rall.

low in Lin - den Lea.....
 low in Lin - den Lea.....

colla voce *pp*