

Linden Lea

Vaughan Williams/ William Barnes arr. Lester Simpson

Within the woodlands flowery gladed by the oak trees mossy moot,
the shining grass blades timber shaded now do quiver underfoot
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 springing now do fade within the copse
and painted birds do hush their singing high upon the timber tops
and brown leaved fruit is 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 roomed towns
I do not dread a peevish master though no man may heed my frowns
for 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.