

# Linden Lea



With - - in the wood - - lands, flow - - ry  
glad - - ed, By the oak trees' mos - - sy moot;  
The shin - - ing grass blades, tim - - ber  
shad - ed, Now do quiv-er un - der foot; And birds do  
whis - tle o - ver - head, And wa-ter's bub - bling in its bed;  
And there for me, The ap - - ple  
tree Do lean down low in Lin - - den Lea.

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 darkened 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 home-ward road,  
To where, for me,  
The apple tree  
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.