

SM 2098

LINDEN LEA.

A Dorset Song.

Words by
W. BARNES.

Music by
R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

Andante con moto.

VOICE. *mp* With-in the

PIANO. *mp* *rit.*

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

grass blades, tim-ber sha - ded, Now do qui-ver un - der foot; And birds do

sing - ing, Up up - on the tim - ber tops; And brownleaved fruit's 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.

colla voce *mp*

Animato. *f*

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

rit. *f*

mf

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

mf

risoluto *pp poco rall.*

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

f risoluto *pp colla voce*

mf atempo *p*

- gain my home-ward road, To where, for me, the ap-ple tree Do lean down

a tempo

rall.

low in Lin - den Lea.

colla voce *pp*

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 glæded,
By the woak trees' mossy moot,
The sheenen grass blæades, timber shæaded,
Now do quiver under voot;
An' birds do whistle 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 leätely 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 ageän my hwomeward road,
To where, vor me, the apple tree
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

W. BARNES.