

Linden Lea

Text by *William Barnes* (1801-1886) [Br]

Set by *Ralph Vaughan Williams* (1872-1958) [Br], *Linden Lea*, alternate titles: *In Linden Lea*, *Linden Lea*, *A Dorset Folk Song*

Within **the** **woodlands,** **flow'ry** **gladèd,**
[wɪ.'ðɪn ðə 'wʊd.lændz 'fla:ʊ.ri 'gle:ɪd.ɪd]

By **the** **oak** **trees'** **mossy** **moot;**
[ba:ɪ ði o:ʊk tu:z 'ma.si mut]

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 a-springing,
Now do fade within the copse,
And painted birds do hush their singing,
Up upon the timber tops;
And brown-leaved fruits 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...

The entire text to this title with the complete
IPA transcription is available for download.

Thank you!

