

# Linden Lea

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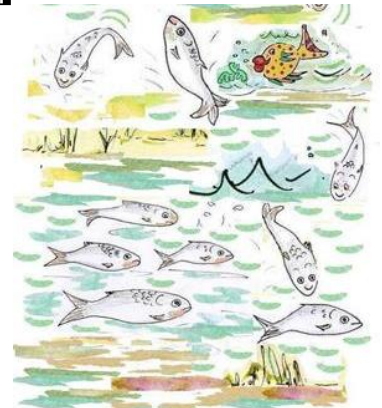
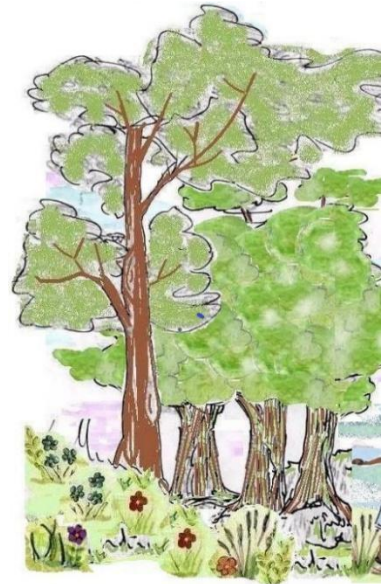


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*Appreciate the riches of the natural world.*

*This beautiful song might be remembered from BBC Radio for Schools and can be found in the 1960/61 Singing Together pamphlet. The lyrics were written as a poem by the Dorset poet William Barnes and set to music by the famous English composer, Ralph Vaughan Williams.*

With - in the wood - lands, flow'r - y glad - ed, by the oak trees' moss - y moot; The shin - ing  
grass blades, tim - ber shad - ed, now do qui - ver un - der - foot; And birds do  
whis - tle o - ver - head, and wa - ter's bub - bling in it's bed; And there for  
me, The ap - ple tree Do lean down low in Lin - den Lee.



Within the woodlands, flow'ry 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 a-springing, now do fade within the copse,  
And painted birds do hush their singing high 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-roomed towns;  
I do not dread a peevish master. Though no man may heed my frowns  
For I am 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.