

## Linden Lea

Within the woodland, flow'ry gladed,  
By the oak trees' mossy moot;  
The shining grass blade 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-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.