

Linden Lea



1. With - in the wood-lands flow'r-y glad - ed, By the oak trees' moss - y
 2. When leaves, that late - ly were a spring-gen, Now do fade with - in the
 3. Let o - ther folk make mon-ey mas - ter, In the air o' - dark-room'd



4
 moot; The shin-ing grass blades, tim - ber sha - ded, Now do qui - ver un - der
 copse; And paint-ed birds do hush their sing - en, Up up - on the tim - ber
 towns; I don't dread a peev - ish mas - ter, Though no man may heed my



8
 foot; And birds do whis - tle o - ver head, And wa - ter's bub - bling in it's
 tops; And brown leaved fruits a - turn-ing red, In cloud-less sun - shine ov - er
 frowns; I be free to go a - broad, Or take a - gain my home-ward



12
 bed; And there for me, The ap-ple tree, Do lean down low in Lin - den Lea.
 head; With fruit for me, The ap-ple tree, Do lean down low in Lin - den Lea.
 road; To where for me, The ap-ple tree, Do lean down low in Lin - den Lea.