

The silver Swan

Orlando Gibbons

The silver swan, who, living, had no note,
When death approach'd, unlocked her silent throat,
Leaning her breast upon the reedy shore,
Thus sang her first and last, and sang no more:
"Farewell, all joys! O Death, come close mine eyes!
More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise."

(repeat last 2 lines)

Linden Lea

Traditional

Within the woodland flow'ry gladed
By the oak tree's mossy moot
The shining grass blade timber shaded
Now do quiver on the 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 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
Do lean down low, in Linden Lea.