

# Poison Tree

Beth Orton

I was angry with my friend  
I told my wrath, my wrath did end  
I was angry with my foe  
I told him not, my wrath did grow

And I watered it with fears  
Night and morning with my tears  
And I sunned it with smiles  
And with soft deceitful wiles

And it grew both day and night  
Till it bore an apple bright  
And my foe beheld its shine  
And he knew that it was mine

Into my garden stole  
When the night had veiled the Pole

He has cast me in shade  
Night and morning have I prayed  
Even turned their blood in me  
Oh, those of little loyalty

I have watered it with fears  
Night and morning with my tears  
I have sunned it with smiles  
And with soft deceitful wiles  
With soft deceitful wiles

And it grew both day and night  
Till it bore an apple bright  
And my foe beheld its shine  
And he knew that it was mine

Into my garden stole  
When the night had veiled the Pole

I was angry with my friend  
I told my wrath, my wrath did end  
I was angry with my foe  
I told him not, my wrath did grow

Into my garden he stole  
When the night had veiled the Pole  
In the morning, glad I see  
My foe outstretched beneath the tree  
My foe outstretched beneath the tree