

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