

Blunt "Magpie"

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I was angry with my friend
I told my wrath, my wrath did end
I was angry with my foe
I told it not, my wrath did grow
And I watered it in fears
Night and morning with my tears
And I sunn?d it with smile
And with soft deceitful wiles
And it grew both day and night
Till it bore an apple bright
And my foe beheld it shine
And he knew that it was mine
And into my garden stole
When the night had veiled the pole
In the morning, glad, I see
My foe outstretched beneath the tree
And sometimes i
See magpie

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