

Mary Black "Posion Tree"

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Marcia Howard & Mary Black

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

and I watered it in 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 it shine
and he knew that it was mine

was a poison tree
beware of a Poison Tree
Poison Tree
growing inside of me

and into my garden stole
when the night had veiled the pole
in the morning glad I see
my foe outstretched
beneath that tree

was a Poison Tree
beware of a Poison Tree
Poison Tree
growing inside of me

Poison Tree
beware of a Poison Tree
Poison Tree

what happened to you
and me

