

1794

A POISON TREE (From Songs of Experience)

William Blake

Blake, William (1757-1827) - English poet, engraver, and mystic who illustrated his own works. A rare genius, he created some of the purest lyrics in the English language. Blake believed himself to be guided by visions from the spiritual world; he died singing of the glories of heaven. A Poison Tree (1794) - Opening lines: I was angry with my friend: \ I told my wrath, my wrath did end. ...

POISON TREE

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 water'd it in fears,
Night & 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, -

And into my garden stole
When the night had veil'd the pole:
In the morning glad I see
My foe outstretch'd beneath the tree.

THE END