|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| A Poison Tree  [William Blake](https://www.poets.org/node/45478), 1757 – 1827  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 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 veiled the pole;  In the morning, glad, I see  My foe outstretched beneath the tree. | A Poison Tree  [William Blake](https://www.poets.org/node/45478), 1757 – 1827  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 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 veiled the pole;  In the morning, glad, I see  My foe outstretched beneath the tree. |
| A Poison Tree  [William Blake](https://www.poets.org/node/45478), 1757 – 1827  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 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 veiled the pole;  In the morning, glad, I see  My foe outstretched beneath the tree. | A Poison Tree  [William Blake](https://www.poets.org/node/45478), 1757 – 1827  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 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 veiled the pole;  In the morning, glad, I see  My foe outstretched beneath the tree. |