

VI. A Poison Tree

William Blake

John Sykes

Con moto e marcato

Voice *f*

I was ang-ry with my friend, — I told it not, my wrath did

Piano *f*

6

end. — I was ang-ry with my foe, — I told it not, my wrath did grow —

11

mf

And I wat-er'd it in fears —

dim. *mf*

16

Night and morn-ing with my tears; And I sun - ned it with smiles

20

And with soft de - ceit - ful wiles.

mp subito

24

And it grew both day and night, Till it bore an app - le

mf

28

bright And my foe be-held it shine And he knew that it was

32

mine _____ And in - to my gar - den

mf *mp*

37

stole _____ When the night had veil'd the pole _____ In the morn-ing glad I

f *rit.* *allarg.* *ff*

41

see _____ My foe out-stretched be - neath the tree _____

a tempo *sf* *non rit.*

45

ff *sf*