

# Blur, Magpie

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 my smiles  
And with soft deceitful wiles

And sometimes I  
See magpie

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