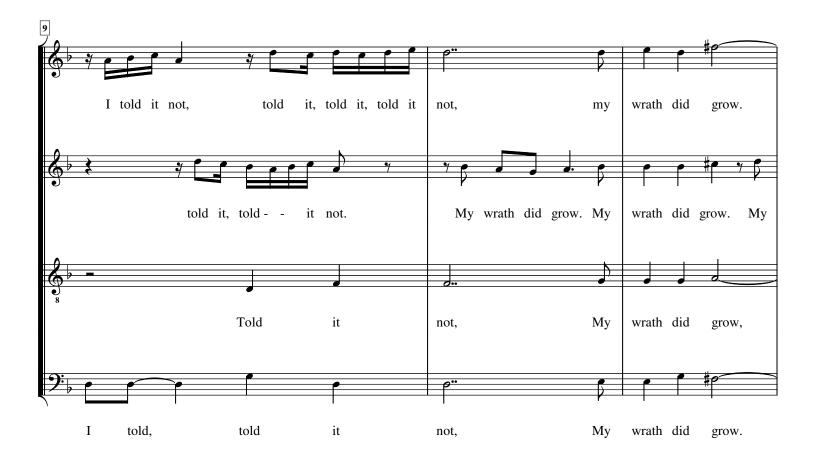
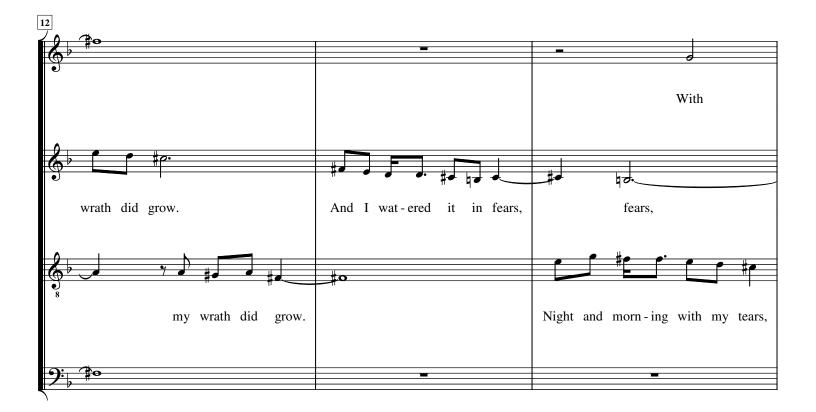
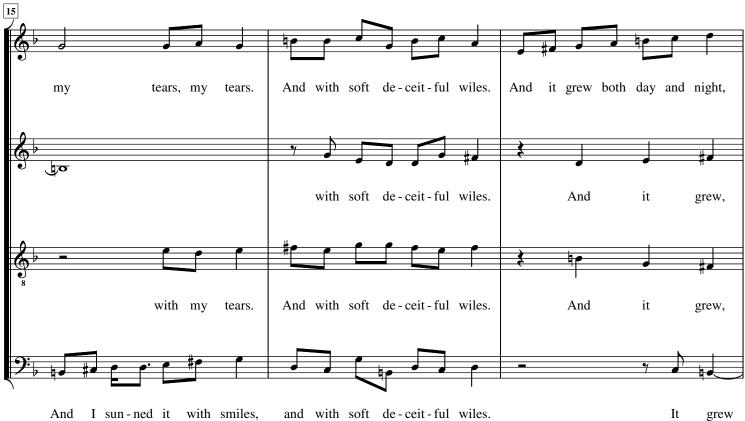
A Poison Tree

Rosen





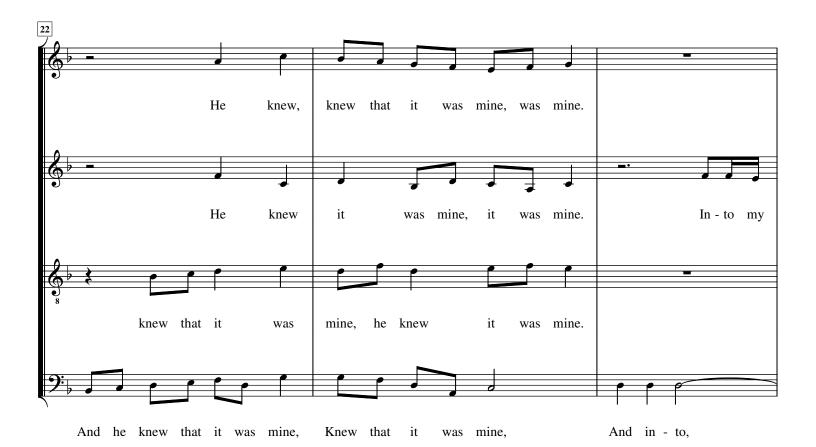


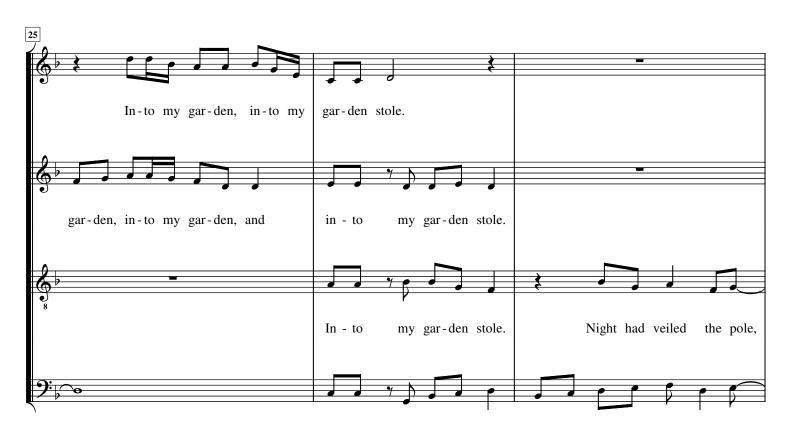


I sun-ned it with smiles, and with soft de-ceit-ful wiles. And

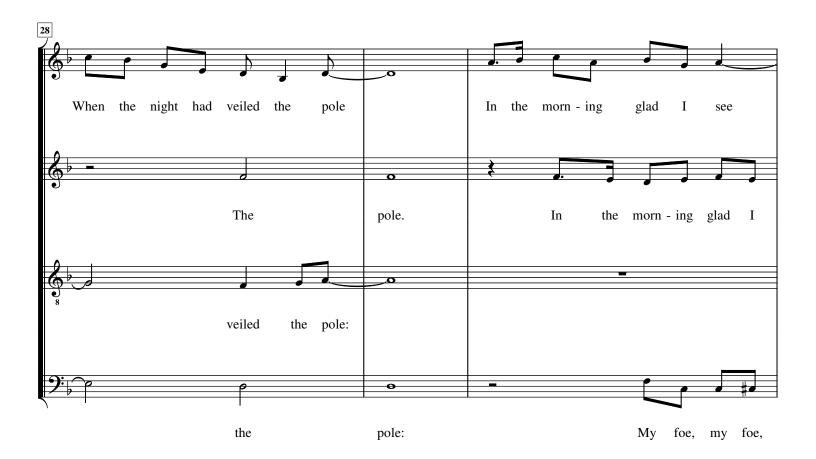


an ap-ple bright. an ap - ple,





in - to my gar-den stole When the night had veiled the pole,





out - - stretched be-neath the my foe

