

The Tyburn Tree

Marc Almond

The Tyburn tree
I weep for thee

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I weep for thee
Blood in the roots

Tis not a dream with bark and leaves of spring awakening
Tis not a dream with blossom and fruits
Tis not a dream

No boughs to bend beneath the unruly breath of winter
No memories of woods warmed by spring's sweet touch
Tis not a dream

Take a ride to Tyburn and dance the last jig