

The Hanging Tree

She walks with me to the hanging tree
to the hanging tree she walks with me

This is the place where a butchers wife
had enough of this damn butchering life

Boys bring their girls to this quiet lie
to this quiet lie, go both girl and boy

Town butcher died of a broken heart
of a broken heart the butcher departs

We make a bed under the hanging tree
under the hanging tree she lays with me

Townfolk keep away from the hanging tree
for the butchers wife they leave it be

She sleeps with me under the hanging tree
under the hanging tree my girl and me

And the tree sees all from its height
the varied desires of our human lives

And the tree sees all from its lie
the varied ways in which we die.

Liam O'Neill, Galway, Ireland

