

## Nine Thorny Thickets

Peggy Lee

All this I was doing over a man  
In loneliness going across the bare moor  
And through the blind night, in the pitch of the darkness  
Lost from the high road

Through many riched fields, down slopes that were soggy  
Over stubble and furrow, with stumble and sorrow  
Through nine thorny thickets by ruined old forts  
To the brow of the mountain

And missing the box and their green habitation  
Whose hateful companions circled around me  
A fighter betrayed in the thick of the battle  
A girl in a jail, a girl in a jail

But worse than the fogs of all desolation  
Were the spirits of evil circling around me  
And my crossing and praying, my charming and rhyme  
Of little avail

This took a long time, but at last, I looked up  
And there were the stars  
Like cherries, they were, in the orchard of night  
All yellow and red, all shining and bright

The sparks of the bonfires for seven dear saints  
The gems of the host and the harness of heaven  
The pickets of embers whose orbits are long  
And wind cannot take them, wind cannot take them

I stopped in my tracks, "look you" I said  
This is over and done he has got to be told  
God forgive me the telling, I'll travel no more  
To the door of his dwelling, I'll travel no more  
Through any such goings, nor block my good acts  
On the face of the stone