



Poems by Matt Witt and various other poets.

As performed on the Glastonbury Tree walks.

2019 - 2026



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The Linden Tree (English)

Jan Kochanowski - 1584 / Translated by William Auld (1980s)

Traveller, come! Enter under my leaves for a rest
here the Sun will not reach you. Come and I promise the best:
Even with sun at the highest, shooting down on the meadows
brilliant rays, diffuse them I shall to the softest of shadows.
Here, right under my crown, wafts gently and cooling a breeze;
here the starlings and larks all abound and argue with ease;
here the hard-working bees extract from my sweet-smelling flower
honey that graces the finest of tables at family hour.
And, without effort, with whispers that come from my deep
I shall be singing all visitors sweetly to sleep.
Though in Hesperides Garden none of the apples I bear,
as the most giving of trees my Lord has planted me there.

Na lipę (Polish)

Gościu, siądź pod mym liściem, a odpoczni sobie!
Nie dójdzie cię tu słońce, przyrzekam ja tobie,
Choć się nawysszej wzbije, a proste promienie
Ściągną pod swoje drzewa rozstrzelane cienie.
Tu zawždy chłodne wiatry z pola zawiewają,
Tu słowicy, tu szpacy wdzięcznie narzekają.
Z mego wonnego kwiatu pracowite pszczoły
Biorą miód, który potym szlachci pańskie stoły.
A ja swym cichym szeptem sprawić umiem snadnie,
Że człowiekowi łącno słodki sen przypadnie.
Jabłek wprawdzie nie rodzę, lecz mię pan tak kładzie
Jako szczep najpłodniejszy w hesperyskim sadzie.



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Wren

Matt Witt - 2023

Branchlet feet and needle claw
A story on your tongue
Scuttle, patter beady eye
A poem spoke to sun

Be meek before the morning comes
And be bold before the day is done

For it is within your mighty song
That winter falls
And spring is hung



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And If

Micah Eminescu - 1883

Translated: Corneliu M. Popescu 20th Century

And If the branches tap my pain
And the poplars whisper nightly
It is to make me dream again
And hold you to me tightly
And of the stars shine upon the pond
and light its sombre shoal
It is to quench my minds despond
And flood with peace me soul
And if the clouds their tresses part
And does the moon outblaze
It is but to remind my heart
I long for you always.

—

Și dacă - (Romanian)

Și dacă ramuri bat în geam
Și se cutremur plopii,
E ca în minte să te am
Și-ncet să te apropii.
Și dacă stele bat în lac
Adâncu-i luminându-l,
E ca durerea mea s-o-mpac
Înseninându-mi gândul.
Și dacă norii deși se duc
De iese-n luci luna,
E ca aminte să-mi aduc
De tine-ntotdeauna.



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Horse Chestnut Kisses

Matt Witt - 2022

I walked beneath the horse chestnut tree in Spring
She hummed with the business of 1000 bees
Here candelabra flowers
Rich with nectar
Were hoisted high
And adorned
With bright white tissue paper petals
With pink pursed lips imprinted upon them
As if each bee
In a haste of thanks
Had kissed the tree
100 times.



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Winter Warriors

Matt Witt - 2022

Haw's hand
Written black
On white sky

Thorn, seriffed by
A roving volery of
Winter's tiny brave warriors

The long tailed tits
Tumbling in zephyrs
To sit, but never for long

Before they are swept away
On the next breath
Of Winter's song





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To Spring

William Blake - 1789

O' Thou with dewy locks
Who lookest down through clear windows of morning
Turn thine angel eyes upon our western isle
Which in full choir hails thy approach

O'Spring, the hills tell one another
And the listening valleys hear
All our longing eyes are turned up to thy bright pavilions
Issue forth and let they holy feet visit our climb

Come o'er the Eastern hills and let our winds
kiss thy perfumed garments
Let us taste thy morning and evening breath
Scatter thy pearls upon our lovesick land that mourns for thee

Oh deck her forth with thy fair fingers
Pour thy soft kisses on her bosom
And put thy golden crown, upon her languished head
Whose modest tresses are bound up for thee.



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Gentle Birch

Matt Witt - 2021

Gentle Birch drapes lightly
At the dawning of the day
Caught sun just rightly
In that uniquely birchy way

And beyond the birch shone brightly
At the dawning of the day
The sun burst through the curtains
In that uniquely birchy way

And before the birch stood I
Before the morning and they sky
Just waiting for that light
to appear before my eyes

And as the lady of the woods appeared
She blessed us with her light
We waited there and watched
until the sun fell out of sight



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A Prayer for Avalon - Song Lyrics

Matt Witt - 2018
Chords (Capo2) C,G,F

I prayed for a long time
I prayed to the gods for all who rest upon this island
And I prayed for a sure sign
And I was saved by a sure sign

I pray to the East in the morning
I pray to the West in the evening
I pray to Goddess for all who rest
in Avalon

I prayed for a long time
I prayed to the gods for all who rest upon this island
And I was saved, by a sure sign
As I prayed for a sure sign

I pray to the East in the morning
I pray to the West in the evening
I pray to Goddess for all who rest
in Avalon
X2

I pray with the birds in the morning
I pray with the bugs in the evening
I pray for love, I pray their blessed
I pray for healing

I pray to the East in the morning
I pray to the West in the evening
I pray to Goddess for all who rest
in Avalon
(Repeat forever!)

Video: <https://youtu.be/0MEI3iUV-8k?si=DuwkJhDm5fHvesRS>



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The Awen

Matt Witt - 2024

Winning entry of the bardic Silver pen award 2024.

The Awen Whispers	The Awen Shows
The Awen Speaks	The Awen Way
The Awen Roars	The Awen Awes
The Awen Trickles	The Awen Knows
The Awen Flows	The Awen Turns
The Awen Pours	The Awen Grows
The Awen Leaps	The Awen Burns
The Awen Flies	The Awen Hides
The Awen Soars	The Awen Seeks
	The Awen Peaks
The Awen Whistles	The Awen Returns
The Awen Sings	
The Awen Calls	The Awen Talks
	To Awen Hearts
And when the Awen sleeps	The Awen Doors
The Awen Whimpers	
The Awen Snores	The Awen Whispers
	The Awen Speaks
The Awen Grunts	The Awen Roars
The Awen Snuffles	
The Awen - Paws	/\
And When The Awen Floats	
In Awen Boats	
Upon The Awen Shores	



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The Enkindled Spring

D. H. Lawrence - 1916

This spring as it comes bursts up in bonfires green,
Wild puffing of emerald trees, and flame-filled bushes,
Thorn-blossom lifting in wreaths of smoke between
Where the wood fumes up and the watery, flickering rushes.

I am amazed at this spring, this conflagration
Of green fires lit on the soil of the earth, this blaze
Of growing, and sparks that puff in wild gyration,
Faces of people streaming across my gaze.

And I, what fountain of fire am I among
This leaping combustion of spring? My spirit is tossed
About like a shadow buffeted in the throng
Of flames, a shadow that's gone astray, and is lost.



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Yew Trees (Excerpt)

William Wordsworth - 1815

This solitary Tree! -a living thing
Produced too slowly ever to decay;
Of form and aspect too magnificent
To be destroyed. But worthier still of note
Are those fraternal Four of Borrowdale,
Joined in one solemn and capacious grove;
Huge trunks! -and each particular trunk a growth
Of intertwined fibres serpentine
Up-coiling, and inveterately convolved, -

Full poem: <https://allpoetry.com/Yew-Trees>



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I Came to Watch

Matt Witt - 2026

I came to sing songs to the stirring linden
To fall into sun spun cobwebs
through raindrops on birch twigs
To watch the wrestled crowns
And the writhing earth

I came to collect words, like tinder
to light fires in the night

I think
I came to remember how to feel
and how to be here even deeper
in the pain of it all

I came to watch
I came to Wonder

And in realising this
Event obstacle was removed
so that I may sing in my fullness

As raw and untamed
As the wren
To the stirring linden



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Winter Branches

Margaret Widdemer - 1921

When Winter time grows weary
I lift my eyes on high
And see the black trees standing
Stripped clear against the sky

They stand there very silent
And with the cold flushed sky behind
The little twigs flare
Beautiful and restful and kind

Clear cut and certain they rise with Summer past
For all that trees can ever learn
The know now
At last

With all unrest gone by
The black tree boughs comfort me
Stripped clear against the sky



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Winter Trees

William Carlos Williams - 1921

All the complicated details
of the attiring and
the disattiring are completed!
A liquid moon
moves gently among
the long branches.
Thus having prepared their buds
against a sure winter
the wise trees
stand sleeping in the cold.



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A Place For Us To Wonder

Dedicated to Catherine & Tom on their Wedding Day - 2021

We gather on this Solstice day
Surrounded by the trees
Nestled in this cosy coombe
As winter bites the leaves

To weave a route on sacred ground
a loop for lovers, tightly wound
A path through Avalon we found
A place for us to wonder

We ask lime for her blessing
And for strength from the oak
May the hazel show us wisdom
And may the thorn protect us both

From ash we learn to persevere
The birch to nurture gently
The willows' way will help us heal
And the yews' to live contently

We offer back our gratitude
Our footsteps in the dirt
walk hand in hand through Avalon
We plant our wishes in the earth

This walk we weave on sacred ground
A loop for lovers, tightly wound
Amongst the hills and trees we found
A place for us to wonder



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I AM A TREE

Matt Witt - 2023

I am a tree
I see you
Like you see me
You hear me
And I hear thee
As you breathe
I breathe

And I know
Like you know
I feel your heart wood
And further below
To the children you birth
Like the seeds we sow
One and one makes
Another
And so we grow

And for this moment
We will stand
Both Heart to heart
And branch in hand
'Til sap and blood
both tree and man
Become one again
Upon the land