HAUNT OF THE WITCHES

CORA CASSARD

Church

When the mist from the valley comes creeping So steady, so stealthy of tread, Her night watches silently keeping, Her veil over nature wide spread, When weather-bared branches like fingers Of skeleton trees knarl'd and old, Sharp pierce the chill air and there lingers, No sun-warmth to temper the cold, Ah! me, I go to the haunts of the witches To beg them my life to fore-tell, I seek in the swamps and the ditches, And find where the weird sisters dwell. . For there amid seething and vapors in wreathing, The witches are breathing a spell. And there in the twilight I found her, My witch with the tresses of gold, And there with the night winds around her. My fate and my fortune she told. Her eyes are like stars brightly beaming. Her smile is like sun-light to me, And witches are no more than seeming, Excepting such witches as she.

HAUNT OF THE WITCHES.







