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SALEM

(Reprint)

By EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

Soe, Mistress Anne, faire neighbour myne,
How rides a witche when nighte-winds blowe?
Folk say that you are none too goode
To joyne the crews in Salem woode,
When one you wot of gives the signe;
Righte well, methinks, the pathe you knowe.

In Meetinge-time I watched you well,
Whiles godly Master Parris prayed;
Your folded hands laye on your booke;
But Richard answered to a looke
That fain would tempt him unto hell,
Where, Mistress Anne, your place is made.

You looke into my Richard's eyes
With evil glances shamelesse growne;
I found about his wriste a hair,
And guessed what fingers tyed it there;
He shall net lightly be your prize,
Your Master firste shall take his owne.

'Tis not in nature he should be
(Who loved me soe when Springe was greene)
A childe, to hange upon your gowne!
He loved me well in Salem Towne
Until this wanton witcheria
His harte and myne crept dark betweene.

Last Sabbath night, the gossips saye,
Your goodman missed you from his side.
He had no strength to move, until
Agen, as if in slumber still,
Beside him at the dawne you laye:
Tell nowe, what meanwhile did betide.

Dame Anne, mye hate goe with you fleete
As driftes the Bay fogg overhead
Or over yonder hill-topp where
There is a tree ripe fruite shall bear
When, neighbour myne, your wicked feet
The stones of Gallowes Hill shall tread.