

Weird Tales

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FARNSWORTH WRIGHT, Editor.

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The Witch Girl

By A. LESLIE

They say a leprechaun walked in,
 The day that I was born,
 And touched me on the forehead
 With a green and pointed thorn ;
 They say three bats flew through the door
 And fluttered out again—
 An owl thrice hooted to the sun,
 A wolf howled in the fen.

I do not know these things are true,
 But I know that I have seen
 White shapes flit through the moonmist
 With little men in green ;
 I've heard the ghostly Harpers
 Make music in the night ;
 The fretted fires of Mora
 Have bathed me in their light.

I know my face is strangely white,
 My lips are strangely red ;
 I know my hair coils coldly black
 Like snakes upon my head ;
 I know my childhood playmates
 Were the adder and the frog ;
 I may not tell of things I've seen
 Within the lonely bog.

Oh, once I had a lover
 Whose hair was like the sun ;
 Yes, once I had a lover,
 But only—only—one !
 He kissed me when the stars were white ;
 He harkened to my croon :
 And then my arms were empty,
And—a bat flew to the moon!