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Witches on the Heath

By LEAH BODINE DRAKE

Three witches danced on the heath last night,
Dancing widdershins round a tree.
Wildly widdershins whirled the three
Under a wild and cloud-swept sky,
While a goblin moon rolled high
Over the hill where the Old Stones lie;
And their hats were peaked,
And they twittered and squeaked
As they danced in the green moonlight.

And out of the boughs of the twisted thorn
Came the wail of a violin,
Queer and evil and sad and thin . . .
And though there was nobody one could see,
Somebody played in the twisted tree
Queer, sad tunes for the witches three,
Till a lost wind crept
From the hills and wept,
And the farm-cocks crowed up the morn!