

The Town Witch

By Madison Cawein

Crab-faced, crab-tongued, with deep-set eyes that glared,
Unfriendly and unfriended lived the crone
Upon the common in her hut, alone,
Past which but seldom any villager fared.
Some said she was a witch and rode, wild-haired,
To devils' revels: on her hearth's rough stone
A fiend sat ever with gaunt eyes that shone —
A shaggy hound whose fangs at all were bared.
So one day, when a neighbour's cow had died
And some one's infant sickened, *good* men shut
The crone in prison: dragged to court and tried:
Then hung her for a witch and burnt her hut. —
Days after, on her grave, all skin and bones
They found the dog, and him they killed with stones.