

## THE RIDE-BY-NIGHTS – WALTER DE LA MARE

Up on their brooms the Witches stream,  
Crooked and black in the crescent's gleam;  
One foot high, and one foot low,  
Bearded, cloaked, and cowled, they go.  
'Neath Charlie's Wain they twitter and tweet,  
And away they swarm 'neath the Dragon's feet.  
With a whoop and a flutter they swing and sway,  
And surge pell-mell down the Milky Way.  
Between the legs of the glittering Chair  
They hover and squeak in the empty air,  
Then round they swoop past the glimmering Lion  
To where Sirius barks behind huge Orion;  
Up, then, and over to wheel amain,  
Under the silver, and home again.