

THE HAG – ROBERT HERRICK

The hag is astride
This night for to ride
The devil and she together;
Through thick and through thin,
Now out and then in,
Though ne'er so foul be the weather...

The storm will arise
And trouble the skies;
This night, and more for the wonder,
The ghost from the tomb
Affrighted shall come,
Called out by the clap of thunder.