

# The Witch Bride

By William Allingham

A fair witch crept to a young man's side,  
And he kiss'd her and took her for his bride.

But a shape came in at the dead of night,  
And fill'd the room with snowy light.

And he saw how in his arms there lay  
A thing more frightful than mouth may say.

And he rose in haste, and follow'd the Shape  
Till morning crown'd an eastern cape.

And he girded himself and follow'd still,  
When sunset sainted the western hill.

But, mocking and thwarting, clung to his side,  
Weary day!—the foul Witch-Bride.