Walter de la Mare (1873-1956)

The Little Creature

Wink-um, twank-um, twirl-um and twitch-um, my great gran-dam, she was a Witch.

Mouse in a wains-cot, Saint in a niche--my great gran-dam, she was a

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Deadly night-shade flowers in a ditch -- my great grandam, she was a Witch.

Long though the shroud, it grows stitch by stitch -- my great grandam, she was a

Wean your little weakling before you breech -- my great grandam, she was a Witch. The fattest pig's but a
The Little Creature

double fitch—my great gran-dam, she was a Witch.

Ooh____ Night-jars rat-tle, owls scratch—my

great gran-dam, she was a Witch. Pretty_____ and small.

_ a mere no-thing at all, pinned up sharp in the ghost of a
shawl. She'd straddle her down to the kirk-yard

wall, and mutter and whisper and call, and call...

Red blood

out and black blood in. My Nanny says I'm a child of sin.
How did I choose me my witchcraft kin?

Know as soon as dark dreams begin snared is my heart in a nightmare's

ever from terror I out may win; so
dawn and dusk, I pine, peak, thin; scarcely be-know-ing

to-ther from which my great gran-dam-- my great gran-dam-- my great gran-

dam-- she was a Witch! A Witch!

Witch!

circa 3' 50'