

“The Hag” by Robert Herrick (1648)

The Hag is astride,  
This night for to ride;  
The Devill and shee together:  
Through thick, and through thin,  
Now out, and then in,  
Though ne’r so foule be the weather.

A Thorn or a Burr  
She takes for a Spurre:  
With a lash of a Bramble she rides now,  
Through Brakes and through Bryars,  
O’re Ditches, and Mires,  
She followes the Spirit that guides now.

No Beast, for his food,  
Dares now range the wood;  
But husht in his laire he lies lurking:  
While mischiefs, by these,  
On Land and on Seas,  
At noone of Night are working,

The storme will arise,  
And trouble the skies;  
This night, and more for the wonder,  
The ghost from the Tomb  
Affrighted shall come,  
Cal’d out by the clap of the Thunder.