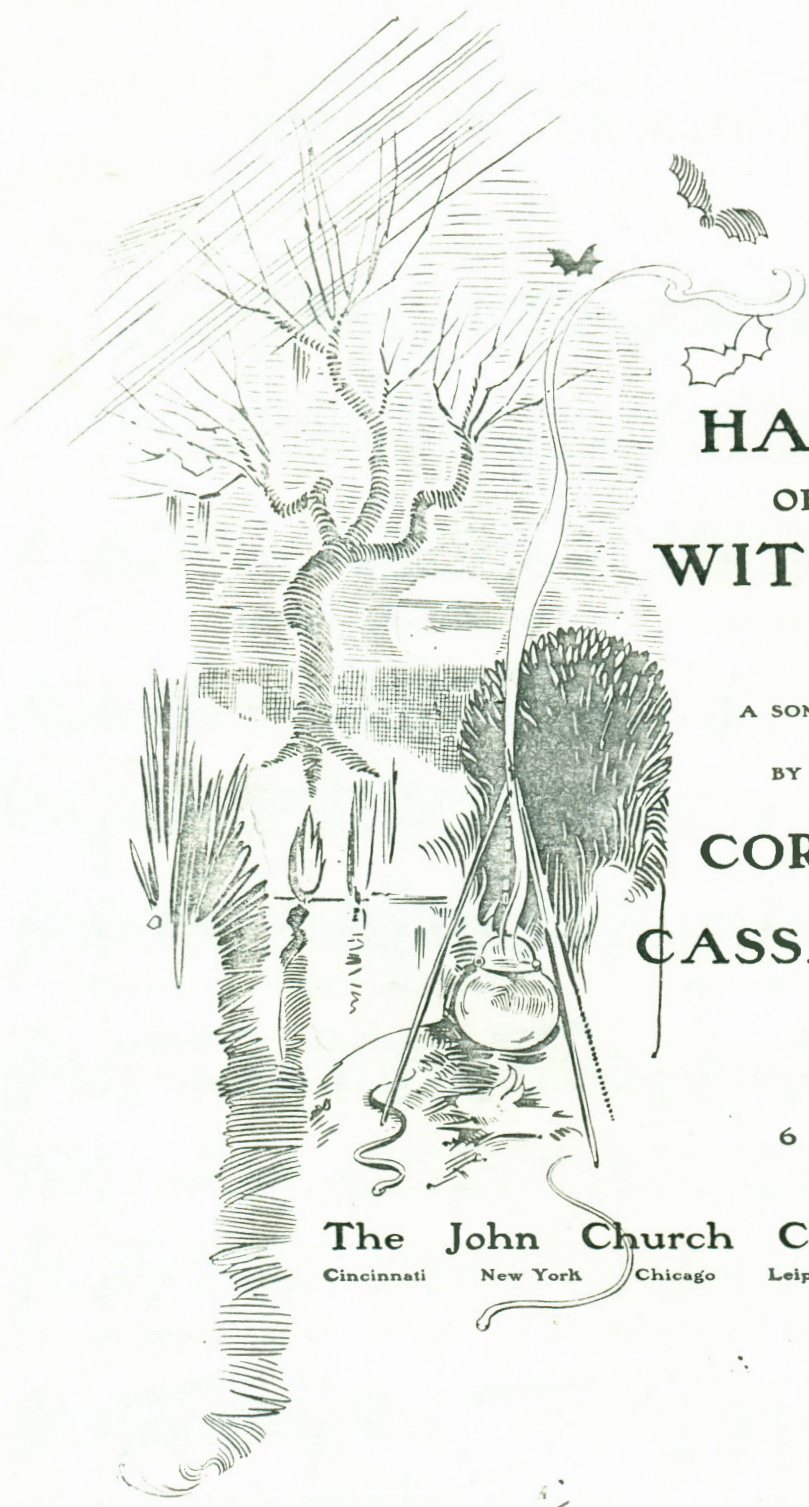


CASSARD

34



HAUNT OF THE WITCHES

A SONG

BY

CORA
CASSARD

6

The John Church Company
Cincinnati New York Chicago Leipsic London

HAUNT OF THE WITCHES.

Words and Music by

CORA CASSARD.

p dolce *rit.*

When the mist from the val - ley comes creeping So

stead - y, so stealth - y of tread, Her night watch - es si - lent - ly

keeping, Her veil o - ver na - ture wide spread, When

rit.

weath-er-bared branches like fin-gers Of skel-e-ton trees knar'd and



old, Sharp pierce the chill air and there lin-gers, No



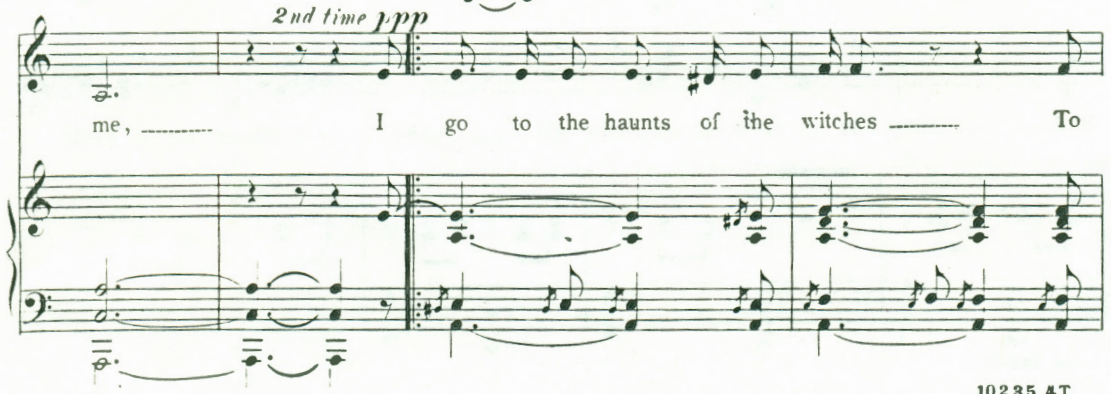
sun-warmth to tem-per the cold, Ah!

rit. *p*



me, I go to the haunts of the witches To

2nd time ppp



beg them my life to fore - tell, ----- I seek in the swamps and the ditches, And

find where the weird sis - ters dwell, ----- I find where the weird sis - ters dwell. For

there a - mid seeth-ing and va-pors in-wreathing, the witches are breathing a spell. And

there in the twi-light I found her, ----- My witch with the tress-es of gold, ----- And

there with the night winds a - round her, ----- My fate and my for-tune she told. ----- Her

eyes are like stars brightly beaming, ----- Her smile is like sun-light to me, And

witch - es are no more than seeming, ----- Ex - cept - ing such witch - es as

she. -----