

# WHAT WITCHES DO

The witches don their pointed hats,  
The witches croak and croon,  
The witches ride their broomsticks,  
Away beyond the moon.  
The witches don their flowing cloaks,  
The witches stir their brew.  
The witches chant their magic spells,  
All the dark hours through.  
The witches stroke their big black cats,  
They comb their locks of gray,  
Yet when the first faint daylight comes.  
The witches hide away.

