The Witch by Jack Prelutsky

She comes by night, in fearsome flight
in garments black as pitch,
the queen of doom upon her broom,
the wild and wicked witch,

a cackling crone with brittle bones
and desiccated limbs,
two evil eyes with warts and sties
and bags about the rims,

a dangling nose, ten twisted toes
and folds of shrivelled skin,
cracked and chipped and crackled lips
that frame a toothless grin.

She hurtles by, she sweeps the sky
and hurls a piercing screech.
As she swoops past, a spell is cast
on all her curses reach.

Take care to hide when the wild witch rides
to shriek her evil spell.
What she may do with a word or two
is much too grim to tell.
Check by James Stephens

The night was creeping on the ground!
She crept, and did not make a sound

Until she reached the tree: And then
She covered it, and stole again

Along the grass beside the wall!
- I heard the rustling of her shawl

As she threw blackness everywhere
Along the sky, the ground, the air,

And in the room where I was hid!
But, no matter what she did

To everything that was without,
She could not put my candle out!

So I stared at the Night! And she
Stared back solemnly at me!
Witch Goes Shopping by Lilian Moore

Witch rides off
Upon her broom
Finds a space to park it.
Takes a shiny shopping cart
Into the supermarket.
Smacks her lips and reads
The list of things she needs:
   “Six bats’ wings
   Worms in brine
   Ears of toads
   Eight or nine
   Slugs and bugs
   Snake skins dried
   Buzzards’ innards
   Pickled, fried.”
Witch takes herself
From shelf to shelf
Cackling all the while.
Up and down and up and down and
In and out each aisle.
Out come cans and cartons
Tumbling to the floor.
“This,” says Witch, now all a-twitch
“Is a crazy store.
I CAN’T FIND A SINGLE THING
I AM LOOKING FOR!”
Moths and Moonshine by James Reeves

Moths and moonshine mean to me
Witches dancing weird and wild
Mischief make for man and child.
Owls screech from woodland shades,
Moths glide through moonlit glades
Moving in dark and secret wise
Like a plotter in disguise.
Moths and moonshine mean to me

The Hidebehind by Michael Rosen

Have you seen the Hidebehind?
I don’t think you will, mind you,
because as you’re running through the dark
the Hidebehind’s behind you.
Haunted House by Jack Prelutsky

There's a house upon the hilltop
We will not go inside
For that is where the witches live
Where ghosts and goblins hide.

Tonight they have their party,
All the lights are burning bright,
But oh we will not go inside
The haunted house tonight.

The demons there are whirling
And the spirits whirl about.
They sing their songs to Hallowe'en
"Come join the fun," they shout.

But we do not want to go there
So we run with all our might
And oh we will not go inside
The haunted house tonight.
The Moon
by Robert Louis Stevenson
The moon has a face like the clock in the hall;
She shines on thieves on the garden wall,
On streets and fields and harbour quays,
And birdies asleep in the forks of the trees.

The squalling cat and the squeaking mouse,
The howling dog by the door of the house,
The bat that lies in bed at noon,
All love to be out by the light of the moon.

But all the things that belong to the day
Cuddle to sleep to be out of her way;
And flowers and children close their eyes
Till up in the morning the sun shall arise.
The Goblin by Jack Prelutsky

There’s a goblin as green
As a goblin can be
Who is sitting outside
And is waiting for me.

When he knocked on my door
And said softly, “Come play.”
I answered, “No thank you,
Now, please, go away”

But the goblin as green
As a goblin can be
Is still sitting outside
And is waiting for me.
The Visitor by Ian Seraillier

A crumbling churchyard, the sea and the moon;
The waves had gouged out grave and bone;
A man was walking late and alone …

He saw a skeleton on the ground;
A ring on a bony finger he found.

He ran home to his wife and gave her the ring.
“Oh, where did you get it?” He said not a thing.

“It’s the loveliest ring in the world,” she said,
As it glowed on her finger. They slipped off to bed.

At midnight they woke. In the dark outside,
“Give me my ring!” a chill voice cried.

“What was that, William? What did it say?”
“Don’t worry, my dear. It’ll soon go away.”

“I’m coming!” A skeleton opened the door.
“Give me my ring!” It was crossing the floor.

“What was that, William? What did it say?”
“Don’t worry, my dear. It’ll soon go away.”

“I’m reaching you now! I’m climbing the bed.”
The wife pulled the sheet right over her head.

It was torn from her grasp and tossed in the air;
“I’ll drag you out of bed by the hair!”

“What was that, William? What did it say?”
“Throw the ring through the window! THROW IT AWAY!”

She threw it. The skeleton leapt from the sill,
Scooped up the ring and clattered downhill,
Fainter … and fainter … Then all was still.