

"Sparks shall fly, and flames shall die,  
Live again, and time out-vie,  
Ere you wander from this place  
Or behold a mortal face.

Burn my fire and pottage boil,  
Recompense me for my toil."

Poppie gave a little scream, and seizing hold of Doris' arm she thrust her back from the woman. Doris knew by the touch of her hand that Poppie was afraid, but the bold little girl spoke up as sharply as ever:

"This is but a new disguise of one of the fays," she said, "who is got up to look like Goody Bell's foster child. It is a trick which we mean to play on the morrow."

"Plot me no plots, the fire burns,  
The pottage boils, my vengeance yearns:  
The mother and her children twain  
Shall in this chaldron meet again!

Burn my fire, and pottage boil,  
Recompense me for my toil."

As she finished croaking this fearful song, she darted her long, skinny arm and had almost seized Doris, who was now shrieking with affright. But Poppie was too quick for the hag, and, darting forward, had almost over-turned the huge pot by thrusting into it one of the blazing faggots. This caused the wicked woman to turn her attention to saving her horrible broth, and with a shrill and triumphant laugh Poppie fled, dragging Doris after her.

They ran until they found themselves in a smaller and darker