

North Berwick Witch Trials

Cathedral

Grand master of the Sabbath, John Fane
Told his coven gathered: "Kill King James"
Wax a figure of his image & wrap it in his clothing
Burn it slowly whilst he is sleeping

Feed him with poison, bring the monarchy down
Our sin is rebellion, in black arts crowned

3 covens of 39
In 1591 that night performed a rite
A grand Sabbath with one aim in sight
To destroy the king of England

Create a storm, whilst overseas he sails
To bring his Danish bride to these Isles
They christened a cat in his name;
Threw it in a pond, no shame
A tempest was aroused, who should he blame

Hunt down those Witches, confess or die
Sink or swim, they're guilty - let's hang 'em high

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In 1591 that night performed a rite
A grand Sabbath with one aim in sight
To destroy the king of England

Witchcraft spreading all around this Christian land
Find them; burn them to the ground
Their souls condemned

Their ill fated curse failed so the king held trial
The first great persecution of the British Isles
An imp sucks a spinster's nipple
A hare drains milk from cattle
A clergy fornicate at a black dog's ball

Pierce flesh with needles three inches in
If they scream they're guilty, guilty as sin

3 covens slaughtered that night
39 crucified, burned and hanged alive
Interrogated at our first witch trials
Sentenced by the king of England