

THE CLAYDON WITCHES

In Claydon villages, the witches remain
Through dark shadows and driving rain,
Frosted fields and hedgerow a-cutting
They all assemble in covens muttering.
Winds howl, the owl and the crow
With spells and sacrifice, toil and sorrow,
The Claydon Witches bring on the winter
Their playful haunting demonic hinder.
Cloaks of black, broomsticks and bowls,
Drinking potions, and so they call,
Holding hands and places at stake
Their condemnation, an unwise mistake.

Take cover and hide from their reason
For this is the time of the witches' season,
By day our villages may well be safe
By night the ghosts, the witches awake.
So cometh the evening, the thrust of the fire
The Claydon Witches funeral pyre,
Their chained hex hung on the door,
Throughout the night the witches restore.
At dawn, the chill, the evidence laid bare
The morning dew dispelling the night's air,
The rising sun and light of one,
The Claydon Witches are all but done.