

81 Witches of Prestonpans – Pardoned They Are

A RED LAMBENT FLAME – THE WITCHES O’ PRESTONPANS

A’ Ye whae stand here now
remembering them,
remember this!

We have numbered the 81 innocents
whaes ignorance broked no bliss,
all brent wi’a red lambent flame
or chokit for mercy first
whaes scattered ashes
are now dust of dust.

Remember the Baron Gordon’s Pardon
for those marked by this night
and witness tae this balance
of a cruel wrong with right.

“PARDONED THEY ARE”
But for the hypocrites whae lied
there is no place tae hide
burnt witches
in the pages o’ history

And the likes o’ Jamie Saxt
“The Wisest Fool in Christendom”
Were soaked
wi’ the blood o’ the ancients
all killed for lies
extracted fiendishly
by Lucifer’s sharp devices
and his spies.

And now the murderers’ souls
fly craw-feathered
ower the bald hillocks
where innocents perished
by the score.

Do not forget the outrage
on thae puny wummen,
wretched marionettes jerking
in the stinking tar barrel
o’ mens’ politics and manoeuvring

And spare us still the feigned piety
o’ God’s self-appointed officers
whae roped tae a merciless Kirk
performed their deeds
tae the slow hand clap
o’ sickened Angels.

Aye, where lay the latitude o’ mercy then?
the man o’ conscience cries!
The witch-kinds’ doom
was sealed and linked
In a chain o’ filthy lies.

And the restless hunger o’
the witch seekers
still rustles the leaves
on the laurel tree

And the hauf-mad clergy
showed no Savior’s refuge
tae the victims o’
the Tartar eyes
o’ watchful human demons
whae wi’ herts o’ Lammermuir-lions
and dempsters’ venal minds
ill-persecuted Faedom
and doomed their harmless kind.

So the clouds were shut to mercy
when their final sparks
flickered and died like fireflies
under acrid skies
in a land o’ nae gramultion
that heeded not their cries.

Remembrance Day
October 31st

John Lindsay

Poet Laureate to the Barons of
Prestoungrange and Dolphinstoun