



“ An Acte  
against  
conjuratiō  
Witchecrafte  
and dealinge  
with evill  
and wicked  
Spirits.”

Witchcraft Act 1603

*The following images can be seen at the  
Witches' Experience at the  
Prestoungrange Gothenburg  
227/229 High Street, Prestonpans  
East Lothian EH32 9BE*

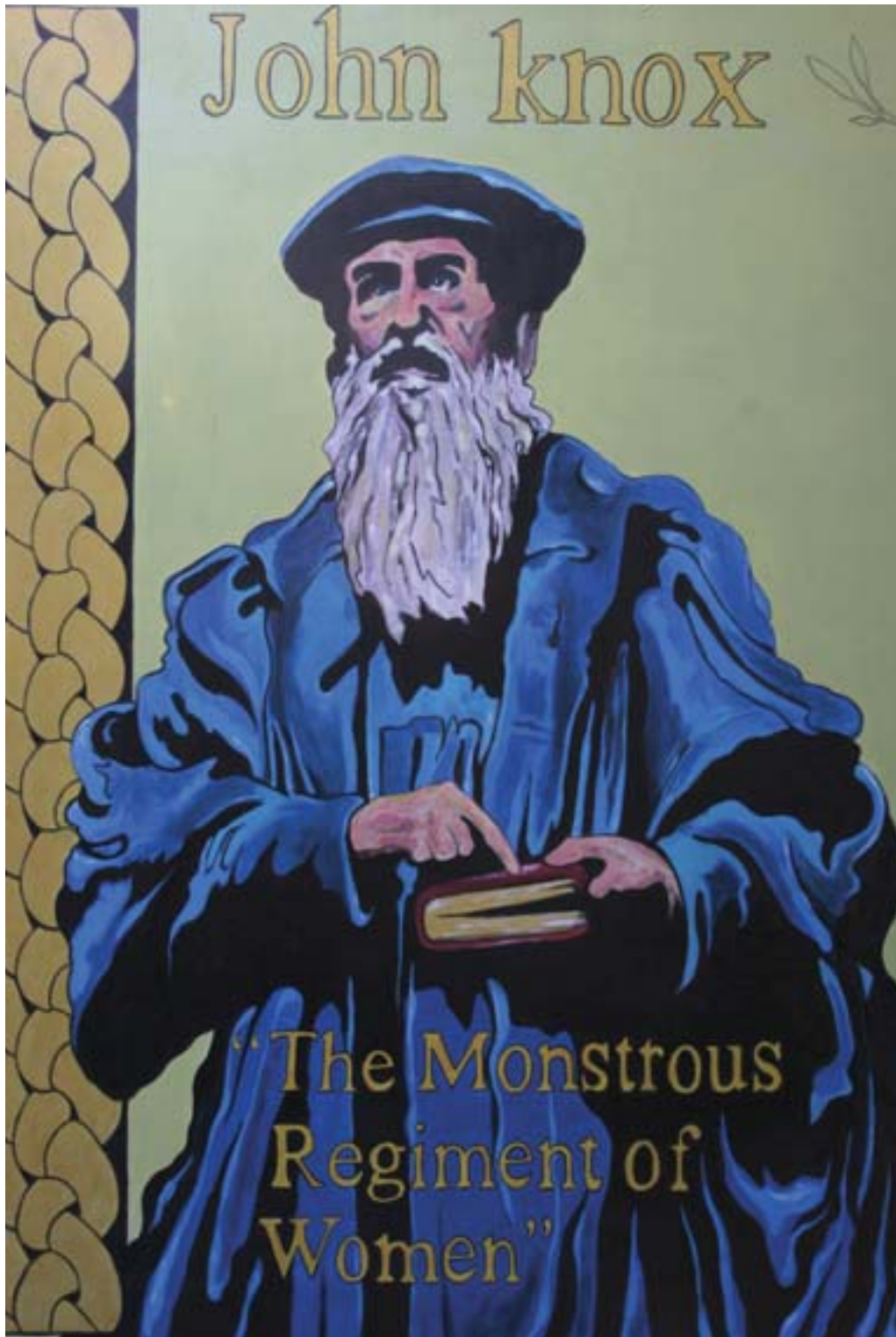
Mary  
Queen of scots



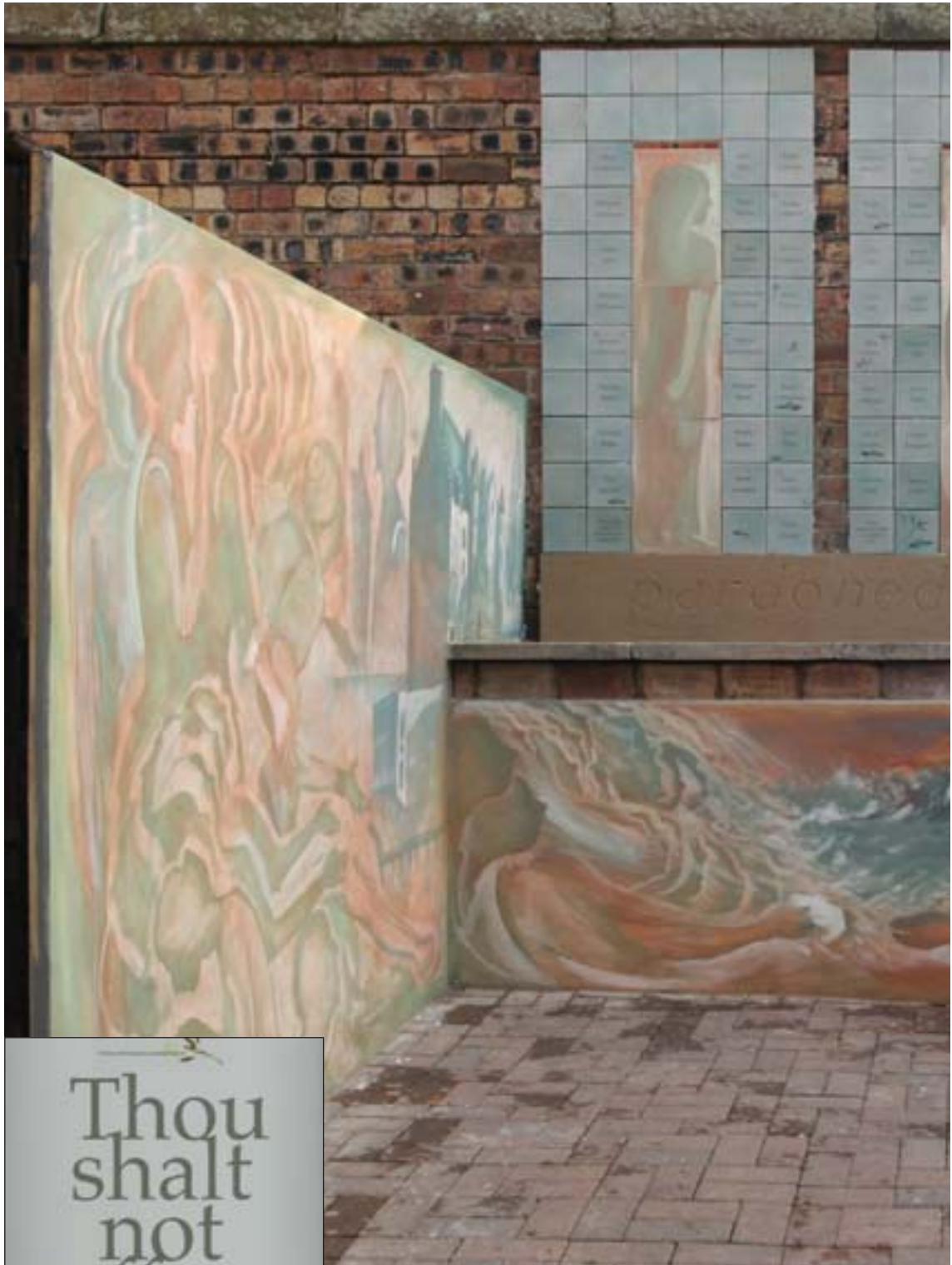
The  
Witchcraft act



John Knox



"The Monstrous  
Regiment of  
Women"



Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live

Exodus 22:18  
"King James" Bible

*Artists involved in project:*

Designer	Andrew Crummy
Gates (Muralists)	Tom Ewing and Jan Holden
Gestalt	Andrew Crummy, June Coull & Adele Robertson
Gestalt Ceramic Tiles	Tim Clapcott
Carving (Stonemason)	Gardner Molloy
Research	Annemarie Allan & Veronica Thomson



—  —

“which was  
wambled in a  
white clout or  
piece white  
paper of the  
lenth of an  
arm, and that it  
gaid fra hand  
to hand”

Agnes Sampson 1591

High Court records from 1584-1592 directly transcribed from the original records available in manuscript form at the National Archives, London, UK

—  —

The  
people  
who sat in  
darkness  
saw great  
light

Matthew 4:16

First sermon by John Deighton, first Reformation preacher at  
Fordingham, 1580

# Gelie Duncan



“Commer goe ye  
before...”





## Shakespeare's Witches

based on events of 1590 - 1591

*Macbeth, Act I, Scene iii:*

"A sailor's wife had chestnut's in her lap,  
And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd:-

'Give me,' quoth I:

'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries.  
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:

But in a sieve I'll thither sail,

And, like a rat without a tail,

I'll do, I'll do and I'll do.

I'll give thee a wind.

Thou art kind

And I another

I myself have all the other,

And the very ports they blow,

All the quarters that they know

I' the shipman's card.

I will drain him dry as hay:

Sleep shall neither night nor day

Hang upon his pent-house lid;

He shall live a man forbid:

Weary se'nnights nine times nine

Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:

Though his bark cannot be lost,

Yet it shall be tempest-tost.

Look what I have.

Show me, show me.

Here I have a pilot's thumb,

Wreck'd as homeward he did come."