Susannah Martin

 Am G Am

Susannah Martin was a witch who dwelled in Amesbury

 C G Am

With brilliant eye and salty tongue she worked her sorcery

 C G Am G

And when unto the judges court the sheriffs brought her hither

 Am G E Am G Am

The lilacs drooped as she passed by, and then were seen to wither.

A witch she was, though trim and neat, comely head held high;

It did not seem that one as she with Satan so would lie.

And when, in court, the afflicted ones proclaimed her evil ways,
She laughed aloud and boldly then met Cotton Mather’s gaze.

“Thou hast bewitched these maids?” he asked, and strong was her reply;

“If they be dealing in black arts, ye know as well as I!”

And then the afflicted ones made moan that she approached near;

They saw her shape upon the beam, so none could doubt t’was there.

Her neighbors vowed for to the truth of her Satanic powers,

That she could fly o’er land and stream, and come dry after showers

At night, t’was said, she had appeared a cat of fearsome mein,

To avoid the she-devil, they had tried to keep their spirits clean.

The spectral evidence was weighed, and stern the parson spoke;

“Thoushalt not suffer a witch to livel t’is written in the book.”

Susannah Martin so accused spake with blazing eyes;

“I scorn these things, for they are naught but filthy gossips lies!”

Now those bewitched, they cried her out, and loud their voice did ring;

They saw a bird above her head, an evil yellow thing.

And so, beneath a summer sky, Susannah Martin died,

And still in scorn she faced the rope; her comely head held high.