

## **Equinox Of The Gods "The Witches Rune"**

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Thrice the brindled cat hath mew'd.

Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.

Harpier cries 'Tis time, 'tis time.

Round about the cauldron go;  
In the poison'd entrails throw.  
Toad, that under cold stone  
Days and night has thirty-one  
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,  
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn, and cauldron bouble.

Fillet of a fenny snake,  
In the cauldron boil and bake;  
Eye of newt and toe of frog,  
Wool of bat and tounge of dog,  
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,  
Lizard's leg and owlet's wing,  
For a charm of powerful trouble,  
Like a hell-broth boil and bouble.

Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,  
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf  
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,  
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark  
Liver of blaspheming Jew,  
Call of goat, and slips of yew  
Silver'd in the moon's eclipse,  
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips  
Finger of birth-strangled babe  
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,  
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,  
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

Coll it with baboon's blood,  
Then the charm is firm and good.

O well done! I commend your pains;

And every one shall share i' the gains;  
And now about the cauldron sing,  
Live elves and fairies in a ring,  
Enchanting all that you put in.

By the pricking of my thumbs,  
Something wicked this way comes.  
open,locks,  
Whoever knocks!

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