

The Grim of St Mary's

One handout per page. Print, cut, fold, stain with tea if you must.

A True Warning to the Folk of Waveney

Come hark, good folk of Bungay town, and mark what I do sing,
Of one that walks the causeway down when thunder's on the wing.
His coat is black as tanner's pit, his eyes are coals of red,
And iron about his neck is knit to keep him to his bed.

He keeps the ground where fathers lie, he keeps the northern door;
Let no man dig that ground, say I, or he'll keep it no more.
For loose him once, and storm will bring him prowling up the nave —
And he will know, when bells do ring, who robbed him of his grave.

Printed for the ballad-sellers of the Waveney fairs. Price one halfpenny.

To the Churchwardens of St Mary's

Friday. — Masters, I must set down that this morning I found the ground broke on the north side, hard by the old door, and the stone with the hound upon it pulled half aside, as if by some fellow seeking under it. There was a great hole and nothing in it but black water. In the earth I found a knife of the kind the tanners use for scraping hides, which I have kept. I pray you, say nothing of this to the town until the vicar's return, for folk are foolish about that door already. — N. B., curate.

Bungay, the day before the storm of 4 August 1577. A boy has seen a black dog in the churchyard, a woman is being blamed for it, and the sky is turning. You have one day to find out what the town has done — and who will pay when the storm breaks at morning prayer.

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We use lines and veils and an X-card. Tap the card or say 'skip' and we move on, no questions asked.