"The Witches."

Lyric by A.L. JANSSEN.

Music by PAUL SCHINDLER.

Introduction.
Marcia marcato.

Piano.

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Gay, 'round, de kids, to catch the bad boys, whom make a awful noise, when dey on, a broomstick ride, Sloy your eye-lid and when she passes by,

I side, When de owls am a shootin' and de stars am a shootin' just watch out, fo she's side, When de spooks am advance-in' and de steeds am aprin' in'Don't you stir, from your

com-in' soon To grab you quick and turn, you to a crawlin' glow-worm trundle bed If you don't peep or look, a-round or show your cur-ly

coon, And den she'll fly and carry you so high, as de moon. So head, You won't be seen by Mah the Fairy Queen, in your bed. So

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Refrain.

Hush, hush, my little man, my boy, my baby, I will not let the witch come in, I'll lock her in my bin you just say shoo, shoo, Now don't you cry or move my sweet thing, I'll shut the window tight until she's out of sight;
Hush, hush, my little man—my boy, my baby, I will not let the witch come in, I'll lock her in my bin fly by you.

Fair-y, you can not harm my lit- tle Kin-key. Sosteer your broom-stick, straight for the moon.

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