

# Ding-Dong! The Witch Is Dead

Harry Connick, Jr.

Once there was a wicked witch in the lovely land of Oz  
And a wickeder, wickeder, wickeder witch there never, never was  
She filled the folks in Munchkin land with terror and with dread  
'Till one fine day from Kansas way a cyclone caught a house  
That brought the wicked, wicked witch her doom  
As she was flying on her broom  
For the house fell on her head and the coroner pronounced her dead  
And thru the town the joyous news was spread

Ding-dong, the witch is dead! Which old witch? The wicked witch  
Ding-dong, the wicked witch is dead  
Wake up, you sleepy head, rub your eyes, get out of bed  
Wake up, the wicked witch is dead!  
She's gone where the goblins go below, below, below, yo ho  
Let's open up and sing, and ring the bells out  
Ding-dong! the merry-o sing it high, sing it low  
Let them know the wicked witch is dead

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