

Ding Dong The Witch Is Dead

Maureen McGovern

Once, there was a Wicked Witch
In the lovely land of Oz
And a wickeder, wickeder, wickeder,
Wickeder Witch, there never was
She filled the folks in Munchkinland
With terror and with dread
'Til 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 through 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-oh
Sing it high, sing it low
Let them know the Wicked Witch is dead!

Ding dong! The Witch is dead
Which old witch, the Wicked Witch!
Ding dong! The Wicked Witch is dead

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Rub your eyes, get out of bed
Ding dong! The Wicked Witch is dead

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She's dead!