

# "The Witches."

Lyric by  
A.L. JANSSON.

Music by  
PAUL SCHINDLER.

Introduction.  
Marcia marcato.

Piano. *ff*

The piano introduction consists of three systems of music. The first system is marked *ff* and features a melody in the right hand with a strong, rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system concludes the introduction with a *Vamp.* (vamp) section marked *pp*, which is a short, repeated rhythmic figure.

*Slower.*

When the stars am a-wink-in' And the moon am a-blink-in; Den Queen  
When the gob-lins am com-in' And the bats am a-humm-in', Go to

*p*

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and a piano accompaniment in the left hand. The tempo is marked *Slower.* and the dynamics are *p*. The lyrics are: "When the stars am a-wink-in' And the moon am a-blink-in; Den Queen When the gob-lins am com-in' And the bats am a-humm-in', Go to".

Mab — op-ens up her eyes. She mounts a broom and rides and rides, a-  
sleep — just lay low and hide or you'll be caught and have to go, up-

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Mab — op-ens up her eyes. She mounts a broom and rides and rides, a-sleep — just lay low and hide or you'll be caught and have to go, up-".

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way, a-round, de skies, to catch, the bad boys who make an awful noise, when dey  
 on, a broomstick ride, So close your eye-lid and when she passes by, keep in-

cries. When de owls am a-hoot-in' and de stars am a-shoot-in' Just watch out, fo' she's  
 side. When de spooks am a-d-vanc-in' and de steeds am a-pranc-in' Don't you stir, from your

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

coon, And den she'll fly— and car-ry you so high, as de moon. So  
 head, You won't be seen - by Mab, the Fair-y Queen, in your bed. So

Refrain.

Hush, hush, — my lit-tle man my boy, my ba - by, — I will not

*p*

let the witch come in, I'll lock her in my bin you just say

*pp*

shoo, shoo, — Now don't you cry or move my sweet thing, — I'll shut the

win - dow tight un - til she's out of sight;

Hush, hush, my lit - tle mam - my boy, my ba - by, I will not

let the witch come in, I'll lock her in my bin fly by you

Fair - y, You can notharm my lit - tle Kin - key - Sosteer your

broom - stick, straightfor the moon.