

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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