

WITCH, WITCH



Witch, witch, where do you fly?...
Under the clouds and over the sky.
Witch, witch, what do you eat?...
Little black apples from Hurricane Street.
Witch, witch, what do you drink?...
Vinegar, blacking and good red ink.
Witch, witch, where do you sleep?...
Up in the clouds where pillows are cheap.

Rose Fyleman

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