The owl is abroad, the bat, and the toad,

And so is the cat-a-mountain,

The ant and the mole sit both in a hole,

And the frog peeps out o’ the fountain;

The dogs they do bay, and the timbrels play,

The spindle is now a turning;

The moon it is red, and the stars are fled,

But all the sky is a-burning:

The ditch is made, and our nails the spade,

With pictures full, of wax and of wool;

Their livers I stick, with needles quick;

There lacks but the blood, to make up the flood.

Quickly, Dame, then bring your part in,

Spur, spur upon little Martin,

Merrily, merrily, make him fail,

A worm in his mouth, and a thorn in his tail,

Fire above, and fire below,

With a whip in your hand, to make him go.