There they bought a hat and bonnet,
And a gown with spots upon it,
A satin sash of Cloxam blue,
And a pair of slippers too.
    Zikky wikky mikky bee,
    Witchy witchy Mitchy kee,
    Sikky tikky wee.

Then when so completely drest,
Back they flew, and reached their nest.
Their children cried, “O Ma and Pa!
“ How truly beautiful you are!”
Said they, “We trust that cold or pain
“ We shall never feel again!
“ While, perched on tree, or house, or steeple,
“ We now shall look like other people.
    “Witchy witchy witchy wee,
    “Twikky mikky bikky bee,
    “Zikky sikky tee.”