

## Rebecca Pidgeon

### "The Witch"

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There was an old witch  
Used to live in this house  
Traveling havoc both north and south  
Old witch living  
In a post and beam house  
And now I'm making it mine

Spirits in the rafters  
Creak of old wood  
And what if the banshee is alive and should  
Come back to haunt me  
With a gunpowder tin  
I got a loaded revolver  
And a rolling pin

Old road leads to not much of a place  
Where a fresh young wife dare not show her face  
New tracks in the snow  
The buck and the doe  
My only companions at forty below

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Old old house at the neck of the wood  
In the pitch of the night where the tamarack stood  
I hear of the witch used to live in the house  
All the folks knew her for miles about

But now the house has come to my hands  
The whistling wind and the whispering land  
All mine for the taking  
Come to my care  
I look in the forest there are angels there

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