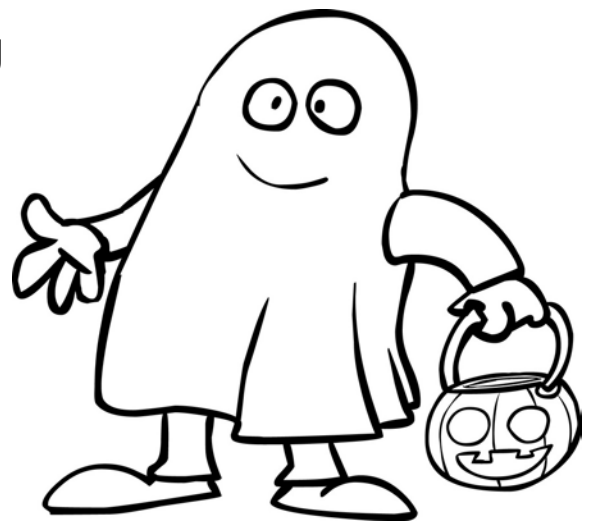


It's Halloween,  
The lamp is lit,  
And 'round the fire  
Is where we sit,  
A-telling ghost tales  
Bit by bit,  
'Til somebody says "Shhhhhhhh!"  
What's that a-peeping  
'Round the kitchen door?  
What's that a-creeping  
'Cross the bedroom floor?  
What's that a-sweeping  
Down the corridor?  
Ooooooh! It's a ghost!

(The "Shhhhhhhh!" should  
be whispered, not sung.)

We will not go  
To bed 'til morn,  
We're drinking cocoa,  
Popping corn,  
And laughing 'til our  
Sides are torn,  
'Til somebody says "Shhhhhhhh!"

(The "Shhhhhhhh!" should  
be whispered, not sung.)



.....

What's that a-peeping  
'Round the kitchen door?  
What's that a-creeping  
'Cross the bedroom floor?  
What's that a-sweeping  
Down the corridor?  
Ooooooh! It's a ghost!

The doorbell rings,  
A witch I see,  
And with her, black cats,  
One, two, three,  
And one of them says  
"Boo!" to me,  
'Til somebody says "Shhhhhhhh!"  
What's that a-peeping  
'Round the kitchen door?  
What's that a-creeping  
'Cross the bedroom floor?  
What's that a-sweeping  
Down the corridor?  
Ooooooh! It's a ghost!



(The "Shhhhhhhh!" should  
be whispered, not sung.)