I But a Little Girl

I know it is a wicked thing
In such a fashion for to sing
With no regard for god or king
And I but a little girl

But evil shapes do bid my tongue
Great judges and divines among
To say things strange to one so young
And I but a little girl

My friends and I thought little harm
To go to Reverend Paris' farm
Our secret fortunes for to charm
Such sport for a little girl

But Betty's eyes did roll about
And Abigail began to shout
And so the devil found us out
And shapes began to swirl

Unholy shapes of girls and men
And women to our torment then
Pronounced us damned and damned again
We being but little girls

What recourse had we but to cry
And name each shape as we passed by
To hold us in its evil eye
We being but little girls

And so we cried and cried aloud
The names of mighty men and proud
And haughty women in a crowd
We being but little girls

And mothers, fathers, children dear
Did crowd around those names to hear
And so the crowd began to fear
The namings of little girls

And learned men from near and far
Did drage their prisoners to the bar
Examined for the witch's scar
And the curse of little girls
And witch and wizard once confessed
Cried out their comrades all unbeseeled
And all the world brought to the test
At the word of little girls

And you, thought safe within your bed
Who send your shape around my head
Tomorrow you will lie in dread
Of the hearts of little girls

And the justice of the holy court
Will show his terror of our sport
And the powers of this world resort
To the whims of little girls

For the evil that attacks my heart
In pride of power got its start
You lie who say you have no part
In the sins of little girls

The prisons full, the gallows' moan
The old man crushed beneath the stone
Are not a work of mine alone
For I'm but a little girl

by Bob Franke
©1989 Robert J Franke (Telephone Pole Music Pub, BMI)
Recorded on Only Human
Kallet, Epstein and Cicone
Overall Music OM-2
www.cindykallet.com