

Come away, Hecate

Robert Johnson

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Come a- way, come a- way! He- cate, He- cate, Oh come a- way! I come, I come, I

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come, I come, With all the speed I may, With all the speed I may. Where's Stad-lin?

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Here. Where's Puck-le? Here. And Hop- po too, and Hell- wain too; We lack but you, we

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lack but you. Come a- way, make up the count. I will but 'noint, and then I mount,

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and then I mount, and then I mount There's one comes down to fetch his dues, A kiss, a coll, a

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sip of blood; And why thou stay'st so long, I muse, I muse, Since the air's so sweet and good.

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Oh, art thou come? What news, what news? All goes well to our- de- light: Ei- ther

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come or else re- fuse, re- fuse. Now I'm fur- nish'd for the flight. Now I go, and now I fly,

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Mal- kin, my sweet sprite, and I; Oh what a dain- ty plea- sure is this To

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ride in the air When the moon shines fair; And feast and sing, and toy and kiss

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O- ver woods, high rocks and moun- tains O- ver seas, our mi- stress' foun- tains;

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O- ver steep- les, towers and tur- rets, We fly by night, 'mongst troops of spi- rits. No ring of

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bells to our ears sounds, No howls of wolves, nor yelps of hounds; No, not the

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noise of wa- ter's breach, Nor can- non's throat our height can reach.