

Come away, Hecate

Robert Johnson

Come a-way, come a-way! He-cate, He-cate, Oh come a-way! I
come, I come, I come, I come, With all the speed I may, With all the speed I may. Where's
Stad-lin? Here. Where's Puck-le? Here. And Hop-po too, and Hell-wain too;
We lack but you, we lack but you. Come a-way, make up the count.

I will but 'noint, and then I mount, and then I mount,

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

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

sweet and good. Oh, art thou come? What news, what news? All goes well to our- de-

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light: Ei- ther come or else re- fuse, re- fuse. Now I'm fur- nish'd for the flight.

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Now I go, and now I fly, Mal- kin, my sweet sprite, and I; Oh what a

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dain- ty plea- sure is this To ride in the air When the moon shines fair; And

feast and sing, and toy and kiss O- ver woods, high rocks and moun- tains

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O- ver seas, our mi- stress' foun- tains; O- ver steep- les, towers and tur- rets,

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We fly by night, 'mongst troops of spi- rits. No ring of bells to our ears

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sounds, No howls of wolves, nor yelps of hounds; No, not the noise of

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