

# Come away, Hecate

Robert Johnson

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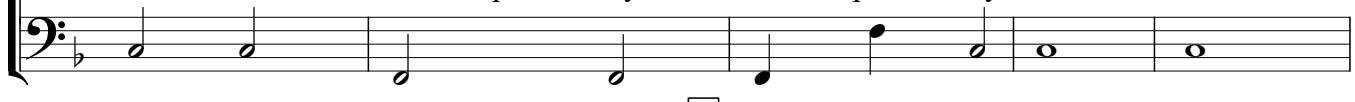


Come a-way, come a-way! He-cate, He-cate, Oh come a-way! I come, I come, I

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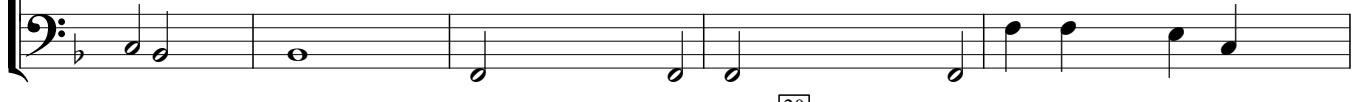
come, I come, With all the speed I may, With all the speed I may. Where's Stad-lin?



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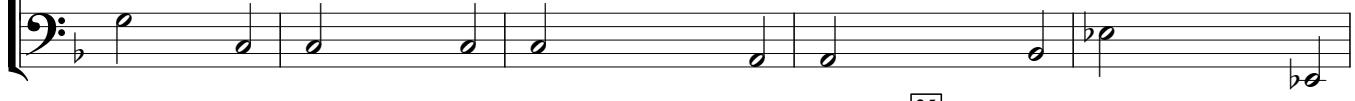
Here. Where's Puck-le? Here. And Hop-po too, and Hell-wain too; We lack but you, we



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



25



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.



35



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



[40]

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

[45]

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

[50]

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

[55]

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

[60]

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

[65]

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

[70]

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

[75]