

Black spirits and white

Words: Thomas Middleton (*The Witch*, 5.2). Music: Chris Jackson.

HECATE: Stir, stir about, whilst I begin the charm.

(HECATE)

Black spi-rits and white, Red spi-rits and grey,
Min-gle, min-gle, min-gle, you that min-gle may.
[spoken: approximate pitch]
Titty, Tiffin, keep it stiff in Firedrake, Puckey, make it lucky.
Li-ard, Ro-bin, you must bob in Round, a-round, a-round a-
bout, about All ill come ru-ning in, all good keep out

[Spoken rhythmically:]

STADLIN: Here's the blood of a bat.

HECATE: Put in that, oh, put in that.

HOPPO: Here's libbard's bane.

HECATE: Put in again.

HELLWAIN: The juice of toad, the oil of adder.

PUCKLE: Those will make the younker madder.

HECATE: Put in; there's all, and rid the stench.

FIRESTONE: Nay, here's three ounces of the red-hair'd wench.

ALL WITCHES:

*optionally sing as round from **

Round, a-round, a-round a - bout, a-bout All

ill come ru - nning in, all good keep out

FIRESTONE: A tune? 'Tis to the tune of damnation then, I warrant you, and that song hath a villainous burden.

HECATE: Come, my sweet sisters, let the air strike our tune
Whilst we show reverence to yond peeping moon.

[witches dance and exit]