

## **Rob Nelson**

### **"Hecate's Theft"**

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The moonrise through the poplars  
With leaves of dark and bright  
Blurs the division between the earth and sky tonight

You are coming full and strong  
To the throne where you belong  
As you race from east to west  
And call your children from their rest  
Stars bow to your glowing face  
Wolves call to your ancient grace  
Humankind the last to rise  
You greet their eager eyes

Hecate, yours the healing hand  
A force of good in every land  
Your Nile flood, annual rite  
Source of Egypt's reign of might  
Was you who came to light the way  
As Persephone returned to day  
Societies growing strong  
Learn to sort right from wrong

But we can't help looking back  
On our dark and ancient track  
Who are we, or better, why?  
What fuels the flame in our eyes?  
That's when we see another side  
To this goddess perched astride  
The bridge to our shrouded past  
We call to her at last

(Chants, instrumental break)

Once again she shines our way  
Mothers sing and children play  
Now we're sure of where we are  
Waiting for the bright dog star  
We think it's time for us to chart  
With all our wisdom, all our art  
Our rightful place in this land  
We boldly make our stand

As it is no one can hide  
From the rush of time and tide  
The Bard's King Lear and Caesar's cry  
Get called back to the nighttime sky  
No cities, dreams or plans we've made  
Can keep us from her growing shade  
When we're still we always find  
Her eclipse in our minds

While Luna fell through the yew trees  
Yielding night to day  
My only shining star was fading away

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