

# Thrice toss these oaken ashes Thomas Campion

Thrice toss these oak- en ash- es in the air. Thrice  
 Go burn these pois- 'nous weeds in yon blue fire, These  
 Then come, you fair- ies, dance with me a round; Melt

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sit thou mute in this en- chant- ed chair. Then  
 screech- owls' fea- thers and this- prick- ling briar, This  
 her hard heart with your mel- o- dious sound. In

thrice three times tie up this true love's knot, And  
 cy- press ga- ther'd at a dead man's grave, That  
 vain are all the charms I can de- vise; she

mur- mur soft: She will, or she will not. Then not.  
 all thy fears and cares an end may have. This have  
 hath an- art to break them with her eyes. In eyes.

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