

# Thrice toss these oaken ashes Thomas Campion

Thrice toss these oak- en  
burn these pois- 'nous  
come, you fair- ies,

5

ash- es in the air. Thrice sit thou mute in this en- chant- ed  
weeds in yon blue fire, These screech- owls' fea- thers and this prick- ling  
dance with me a round; Melt her hard heart with your mel- o- dious

10

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

15

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