

Thomas Campion

THE T H I R D AND FOVRTH BOOKE OF A Y R E S :

XVIII. Thrice tosse these Oaken

1 Thrice tosse these Oaken ashes in the ayre;
Thrice sit thou mute in this enchanted chayre :
And thrice three times tye vp this true loues knot,
And murmur soft shee will, or shee will not.

2 Goe burn these poys'nous weedes in yon blew fire,
These Screech-owles fethers and this prickling bryer,
This Cypresse gathered at a dead mans graue ;
That all thy feares and cares an end may haue.

3 Then come you Fayries, dance with me a round,
Melt her hard hart with your melodious sound :
In vaine are all the charms I can deuise,
She hath an Arte to breake them with her eyes.