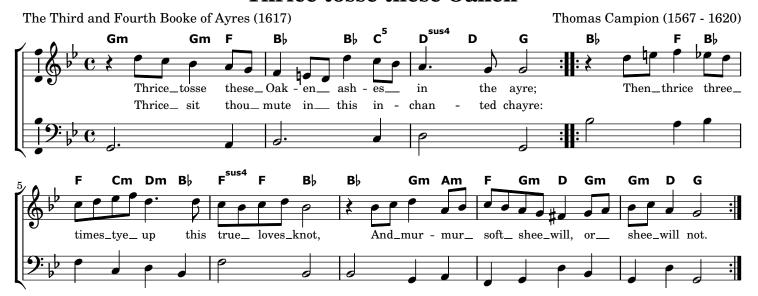
Thrice tosse these Oaken



- **2.** Goe burne these poys'nous weeds in yon blew fire, These Screech-owles fethers, and this prickling bryer, This Cypresse gathered at a dead mans grave; That all thy feares and cares an end may have.
- **3.** Then come you Fayries, dance with me a round, Melt her hard hart with your melodious sound: In vaine are all the charmes I can devise, She hath an Arte to breake them with her eyes.