

Thrice tosse these Oaken

The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Thrice_tosse these_Oak - en_ ash - es_ in the ayre; Then_thrice three_
Thrice_ sit thou_ mute in_ this in - chan - ted chayre:

times_tye_ up this true_ loves_knot, And_mur - mur_ soft_ shee_will, or_ shee_will not.

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.