

From **The Third Book of Ayres**
By Thomas Campion

Thrice tesse these Oaken ashes in the ayre,
Thrice sit thou mute in this enchanted chayre;
And thrice three times tye up this true loves knot,
And murmur soft, shee will, or shee will not.

Goe burn these poy's'nous weedes in yon blew fire,
These Screech-owles fethers and this prickling bryer,
This Cypresse gathered at a dead man's grave;
That all thy feares and cares, an end may have.

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