

Thrice toss these oaken ashes

SATB a cappella

words by Thomas Campion

music by Peter Hill

Moderato, spellbindingly ♩ = 60

soprano solo *p* legato, swooping

SA

Ah, ah, ah, ah, Ah,

TB

Thrice toss these oak - en ash - es in the air, Thrice

solo *mp* spoken like an incantation, freely

4

ah, ah, ah, Ah, ah, ah, ah,

sit thou mute in this en-chan-ted chair, Then thrice three times tie up this true love's

7

Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah. Thrice

knot, And mur - mur soft "She will or she will not."

tutti, div. *mp*

thrice toss these oaken ashes 2

10

toss these oak - en ash - es in the air, Thrice
burn these pois - 'nous weeds in yon blue fire, These

mp (mf)

Love

me,

12

sit thou mute in this en - chan - ted chair, Then
screech-owl's feath - ers and this prick - ling briar, This

love

me,

14

thrice - three times tie up at this true love's knot, And
cy - press gath - ered at a dead man's grave, That

love

me, _____

16

mur - mur soft "She will or she will not." Go
all my fears and cares an end may

mf

love

me.

thrice toss these oaken ashes 3

18 ² first time: loud whisper second time: sung (*mf*)

S have. Thrice toss these oak - en ash - es in the air, Thrice
burn these pois-'nous weeds in yon blue fire, These

A have. Thrice toss these oak - en
Go burn these pois-'nous

T me. Thrice toss these oak - en ash - es in the
Go burn these pois-'nous weeds in yon blue

B me. Thrice
Go

first time: loud whisper second time: sung (*mf*)

first time: loud whisper second time: sung (*mf*)

21 *mf*

sit thou mute in this en - chan - ted chair, Then
screech-owl's feath - ers and this prick - ling briar, This

ash - es in the air, Thrice sit thou mute in
weeds in yon blue fire, These screech-owl's feath - ers

air, Thrice sit thou mute in this en - chan - ted
fire, These screech - owl's feath - ers and this prick - ling

toss these oak - en ash - es in the air, Thrice
burn these pois - 'nous weeds in yon blue fire, These

23

thrice three times tie up this true love's knot, And
 cy - press gath - ered at a dead man's grave, That

this en - chan - ted chair, Then thrice three times
 and this prick - ling briar, That all my fears,

chair, Then thrice three times tie up this true love's
 briar, This cy - press gath - ered at a dead man's

sit thou mute in this en - chan - ted chair; Then
 screech-owl's feath - ers and this prick - ling briar, That

25

mur - mur soft "She will or she will not." Go
 all my fears and cares an end may have.

tie this true love's knot "or she will not."
 all my fears and cares an end may have.

knot. "She will or she will not."
 grave: My cares an end may have. Then

thrice three times "She will or she will not."
 all my fears and cares an end may have. Then

thrice toss these oaken ashes 5

28 solo *mf*

Love me, love

SA *mp*
Ah, ah,

TB unis.
come, you fair-ies! dance with me a round; Melt her hard heart with your mel-o-dious

31

me, ah,

SA
ah,

TB
sound. In vain are all the charms I can de -

33

ah.

SA
ah.

TB
vise: She hath an art to break them with her eyes.