

## Theatre Of Tragedy

### "A"

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Parch' d of words, parch'd of lauds,  
Lorn and tyn' d fro my wame -  
'Seech I more perforce indeed:  
Lap I of thee: Thou art want.

With dulcet gust thine floret,  
Which I yet would not do -  
Pray I thee for thine avail -  
Lave me in it; I want more!

For my loe, not be adust.

Come see as the wind: Chant -  
I let thee come in -  
Come see as the wind, A'æde.

As of lote - upon thee dote,  
Loving 'tis, true forsooth,  
Tisn't a tongue, nay merely mote,  
Thou art grandly mae than couth':  
Eft and e'er doth it eke -  
I am what I do behold.

For my loe, not be adust.

Come see as the wind: Chant -  
I let thee come in -  
Come see as the wind, A'æde.

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