

Theatre Of Tragedy "Aoede"

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Parch'd of words, parch'd of lauds,
Lorn and tyned 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, Aoede.
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, Aoede.

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