

Theatre Of Tragedy "Siren"

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Haste not thine wisdom, for the hollow is ta'en -
By whom, know I not: 'lack! am I of twain -
And as a crux - cede I my words -
* Fro' my heart wilt thou ne'er
Have I been 'sooth sinsyne.
* Be left without - come!
* Thine voice is oh so sweet
I speer thine pine,
* Ryking for me:
Ryking for thee;
* "List and heed", thou say'st
Whistful, whistful -
* Chancing to lure.
Chancing to lure,
Skirl and skreigh, but for thine ears, aye, lown 'tis -
Dodge na 'way herefro, do come here in eath!

Mayhap lured by the scent of lote -
'Od! - the foetid - eft hie back I mote;
For what I did my soul atrounced,
* How I wish for thee again,
O! do believe me, 'twasn't a frounce.
* Will I give thee it: Troth.
* Thine voice is oh so sweet
I speer thine pine,
* Ryking for me:
Ryking for thee;
* "List and heed", thou say'st
Whistful, whistful -
* Chancing to lure.
Chancing to lure,
Skirl and skreigh, but for thine ears, aye, lown 'tis -
Dodge na 'way herefro, do come here in eath!

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