

# Aoede

## Theatre of Tragedy

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,  
    Lowing '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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