**Riddle #45**

*From the Book of Exeter*

A moth ate songs--wolfed words!  
  
That seemed a weird dish--that a worm  
  
Should swallow, dumb thief in the dark,  
  
The songs of a man, his chants of glory,  
  
Their place of strength. That thief-guest  
  
Was no wiser for having swallowed words.