**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.

**Riddle #25**

*From the Book of Exeter*

I am man's treasure, taken from the woods,
Cliff-sides, hill-slopes, valleys, downs;
By day wings bear me in the buzzing air,
Slip me under a sheltering roof--sweet craft.
Soon a man bears me to a tub. Bathed,
I am binder and scourge of men, bring down
The young, ravage the old, sap strength.
Soon he discovers who wrestles with me
My fierce body-rush--I roll fools
Flush on the ground. Robbed of strength,
Reckless of speech, a man knows no power
Over hands, feet, mind. Who am I who bind
Men on middle-earth, blinding with rage
And such savage blows that dazed
Fools know my dark power by daylight?