

# Angelique

## Mothboy

Thou dawdl'd not bringing me fro Aether to Nether,  
Still, duringly cling I on to this heather -  
Dew-scented blossom: thou wast pristine,  
The sweven of thee ne'er will I cede, my colleen.  
Drat this creature of memories ill,  
Foolhardy and fey I may be, yet him I shall quell.  
'Vaunt! - Devil tyne -  
Wadst thou wane fore'ermae;  
Daunt - sinsyne thence,  
Ta'en as a dint, Angelique?  
Perforce and grinningly shall I maim in the vie -  
Alas bastard! - hanging by the noose die.  
'Vaunt! - Devil tyne -  
Wadst thou wane fore'ermae;  
Daunt - sinsyne thence,  
Ta'en as a dint, Angelique?  
'Come not wont to this uncouth Devil!,  
Lest to a Devil thou wilt translate...my Angel.  
'Vaunt! - Devil tyne -  
Wadst thou wane fore'ermae;  
Daunt - sinsyne thence,  
Ta'en as a dint, Angelique?

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