

Angloliue

Wolfgang Sauer

Thou dawdl'd not bringing me fro Aether to Nether,
Still, duryngly 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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