

A Hamlet for a Slothful Vassal

Theatre of Tragedy

"Behold a jocund morn indeed! -
Sun on high - birds in sky.
Yonder the whist firth eathing,
Fro where a gale erranteth." "Ye beholdest but the shadow.
Mayhap a tithe of trothplight -
I deep - e'er and anon!" "To and fro, save hither,
Is thy love." "Not a loth! -
But vying for my kinsmen!" "Beautiful tyrant!
Fiend Angelica!
Dove-feathered raven!
Woluish-ravening lamb!
A hamlet for a slothful vassal -
Soothing ale for a parched sot.
Hie to tell me
What ye judgest as naught
I behold the shadow!" "E'er thou sayest aye!
Thief of a plot!
Now go to thy tryst!
Go, leave, totter! -
Until ye dwindlest.
A morsel, nay more,
For thy journey
Hither and thither!" "That is a lie!
Lief I am not!
My words are but a twist
Fare well! - with jiy I came,
With rue I leave.
Even the orb cannot.
Help me melt the ice?" "That is a lie!
Lief I am not!
My words are but a twist
Tis a feigned lie through loathing,
I say!" "A dotard gaffer, I daresay..." "...a sapling not!" "Wherefore call me such names;
Nay imp am I!
Thou art my aghast hart -
Gazing in the glade."

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