

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!" "Wherfore call me such names;
 Nay imp am I!
 Thou art my aghast hart -
 Gazing in the glade."