

Poppaea

Theatre of Tragedy

Dream of a funeral, blest temptress - behest me! -
A funeral thou'l hark, swarth murderess - the Devil,
Thine feral grith with me, Poppaea, be Hell's hap:
Waylaid the beldame bawd, the niggard: Laughing tragedy.
And the wench doth bawdness to blow,
Stay my adamant -
Suffer me to transfix thee:
And the wench doth bawdness to blow,
Let me dawt thine twain -
And, twine 'hem apart.
Of marrow, do na mell; I am Morelle -
The bosom'd Titivil; travail me; fain,
Subdue me with thine lote in oneness - make haste yet,
Displode me in a font - Poppaea, do what thou wilt.
And the wench doth bawdness to blow,
Stay my adamant -
Suffer me to transfix thee:
And the wench doth bawdness to blow,
Let me dawt thine twain -
And, twine 'hem apart.

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