

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.
That is a lie!
Mayhap a tithe of trothplight -
Lief I am not!
I deem - e'er and anon!
My words are but a twist.
Tis a feigned lie through loathing,
I say!
To and fro, save hither,
Is thy love.
A dotard gaffer, I daresay...
Not a loth! -
But vying for my kinsmen!
...a sapling not!
Beautiful tyrant!
Fiend angelical!
Dove-feathered raven!
Wolvish-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!
Wherefore call me such names;
Nay imp am I!
Thou art my aghast hart -
Grazing in the glade.

E'er thou sayest aye!
That is a lie!
Thief of a plot!
Lief I am not!
Now go to thy tryst!
My words are but a twist!
Go, leave, totter!
Fare well! - with joy I came,
Until ye dwindlest.
With rue I leave
A morsel, nay more,
Even the orb cannot
For thy journey
Help me melt the ice?!
Hither and thither!