

# 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!