

## Cheerful Dirge

Theatre of Tragedy

Hap mirthfulness! - Oh! joy of grand riddance;  
Undress me my hauberk! - the wyern hath errant'd.

Ire of yore - bard of e'eryears -  
I deem the brood hath wan'd -  
fore'ermore?!

Fro the chasm of the bosom, bale a hand back.  
Hark! my dove - henceforth I bulwark thee! -  
Teathers of swans in my pillow - I cede my heart.  
Make haste! - I pray - respond my plea!

Lo! - a sire of great awe - a knight of many battles!

...And of kinsmen weeping for the slain!  
Please! - heed my words;  
In thy sorrow I will kiss thy tears -  
In thy bliss I will take thee by thy hand -  
The sapor of grapes thou shalt savor -  
And harken the nighttingale sing oh so blithely!

On his knees... A plea to harvest  
roses;  
No heed for the thorns you count!  
Wherefore vow me?  
Wherefor this gilded proffer?  
Wherefore not pay court to a maid more  
fair? -  
Morn of a joyous day! Hower 'twixt  
weed!  
Fertile desert! Cheerful dirge!  
Misery me not! - man nor beast; envy  
me;  
Lest'tis an act of wont!  
Many are the drapes that my past bury -  
Ineffable feeling indulgeth in battles!

Tisn't what thou vambrace'st thy words with!!;  
I bethink dotingly only thy weal -  
Forgive me for deeming thee direfully -  
Therein abiding with thee  
Yet I was a trifle daunt'd.  
Is for me the grandest boon!