

## Theatre Of Tragedy "A Hamlet For A Slothful Vassal"

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Play by Raymond, Music by 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 dying 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 parchÃ©d sot.

Hie to tell me

What ye judgest as naught;

I behold the shadow!"

"Where

fore call me

such names;

Nay imp am I!

"E'er thou sayest aye!

"That is a lie!

/ Thou art my aghast

hart -

Thief of a plot!

Lief I am not!

/ Grazing in the glade."

Now go to thy tryst!  
My words are but a twist!  
Go, leave, totter! -  
Fare wel  
!! - 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!"

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