

Theatre Of Tragedy "Bacchante"

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Ado with a mean woe,
An ado as aglow;
Belying the paynim
Thou rewrot'st the tome -
An ivy-crown'd and dancing,
And fawn'd and trancing -
Espying the surly wud,
And heeding her not.
Celebration
Afeard of Bacchante,
And dost thou 'hold the yill? -
Behind is the sleepless;
Eyne 'holding na mo.
Celebration
"Onto the paper scribe I the words that fro my heart
move -
With every dight letter, with the ebb of ink,
The point of the quill my penmanship doth mirror;
Tales of theft and adultery,
Tales of devilment and witchery -
Tales of me"
Celebration Bacchari

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