

Theatre Of Tragedy "Cheerful Dirge"

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Play by Raymond, Music by Theatre of Tragedy
"Hap mirthfulness! - Oh! joy of grand riddance;
Undress me my hauberk! - the wyvern 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 I hand back.
Hark! my dove - henceforth I bulwark thee! -
Feathers 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 nightingale sing oh so blithely!"
"On his knees...A plea to harvest
roses;
No heed for the thorns yon count!
Wherefore this gildÃfÂ©d 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!"

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