

Theatre Of Tragedy "Hollow-hearted, Heart-departed"

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"Filthy harlots - the Lord's grape!
With lore ornamented entreating;
Hollow-hearted, heart-departed -
Yet thou reapest the blooming rose -
When 'tis the weed which is to be swath'd"

"And me in the yesterday bind?!"

"Hah! - for thee even a hound holdeth the throne.
Unwanted child of mother! - Plague of plagues!
Father of leprous children.
I wield ye to stint this brawl!
Night is the ford - yet harken! - do not thwart!
Desirest thou to do it withal,
I shall cause thy body by one head too short!
Sayest ye nay to my boon,
Then wilt thou from bloodsheld swoon!"

"Err me not! - Must ye bethink my foolhardiness!
Be vanished! - Be hanished! -
If ye deemest me not wroth.
My hand hieth to unsheathe the sword
Lest thou dost totter -
Whid along! - Wherefore irk my haughtiness?"

"No man... No man at all!
Be it lord of beggar
Bereaveth my dignity!"

"Loom my darling sun -
Bear the scarlet colour!"

"Wherefore bereave
The kine of the sward?
Wherefore holdest thou for
Me such a quailing scowl?"

"I do, in the blooming flower, pleasure find!"

"Innocence is reserved for the meek:
Of naught is my grasp ne'er to be!"

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