Theatre Of Tragedy "PoppA"

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Dream of a funeral, blest temptress - behest me! - A funeral thou'lt hark, swarth murderess - the Devil, Thine feral grith with me, Poppa, be Hell's hap; Waylaid the beldame bawd, the niggard: Laughing tragedy.

And the wench doth bawdness to blow, Stay my adamant -Suffer me to transfix thee; And the wench doth bawdness to blow, Let me dawt thine twain -And, twine 'hem apart.

Of marrow, do na mell; I am Morelle The bosom'd Titivil; travail me; a fin,
Subdue me with thine lote in oneness - make haste yet,
Displode me in a font - Poppa, do what thou wilt.

And the wench doth bawdness to blow, Stay my adamant -Suffer me to transfix thee; And the wench doth bawdness to blow, Let me dawt thine twain -And, twine 'hem apart.

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