

## Theatre Of Tragedy "Poppaea"

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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, Poppaea, 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 dawl thine twain -  
And, twine 'hem apart.  
Of marrow, do na mell; I am Morelle -  
The bosom'd Titivil; travail me; fain,  
Subdue me with thine lote in oneness - make haste yet,  
Displode me in a font - Poppaea, 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 dawl thine twain -  
And, twine 'hem apart.

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