

FLUTE.

What is Thisbe? A wandering knight?

Nay, faith, let not me play a woman. I have a beard coming.

THISBE.

Asleep, my love?

What, dead, my dove?

O Pyramus, arise,

Speak, speak. Quite dumb?

Dead, dead? A tomb

Must cover thy sweet eyes.

These lily lips,

This cherry nose,

These yellow cowslip cheeks,

Are gone, are gone!

Lovers, make moan;

His eyes were green as leeks.

O Sisters Three,

Come, come to me,

With hands as pale as milk;

Lay them in gore,

Since you have shore

With shears his thread of silk.

Tongue, not a word:

Come, trusty sword,

Come, blade, my breast imbrue;

And farewell, friends.

Thus Thisbe ends.

Adieu, adieu, adieu.