

Side 8 – Bottom (Pyramus)

BOTTOM, *as Pyramus*

Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams.
I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright,
For by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,
I trust to take of truest Thisbe sight.—
But stay! O spite!
But mark, poor knight,
What dreadful dole is here!
Eyes, do you see!
How can it be!
O dainty duck! O dear!
Thy mantle good—
What, stained with blood?
Approach, ye Furies fell!
O Fates, come, come,
Cut thread and thrum,
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!
O, wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame,
Since lion vile hath here deflowered my dear,
Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame
That lived, that loved, that liked, that looked with
cheer?
Come, tears, confound!

Out, sword, and wound
The pap of Pyramus;
Ay, that left pap,
Where heart doth hop.

(Pyramus stabs himself.)

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

(Dies)

Now am I dead;
Now am I fled;
My soul is in the sky.
Tongue, lose thy light!
Moon, take thy flight! Moonshine exits. 7
Now die, die, die, die, die.