

Side 9 – Flute (Thisbe)

**FLUTE**, *as 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!

*(Thisbe stabs herself.)*

And farewell, friends.

Thus Thisbe ends.

Adieu, adieu, adieu.