

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.

*「Thisbe falls.」*

~~Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the~~