A Midfummer Night f Dream

Act V, sc. 1

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 My 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:

[Stabs herself]

And, farewell, friends;

Thus Thisby ends:

Adieu, adieu, adieu.

[Dies]

This file was created by Tee Quillin and distributed through a partnership with **The Inexplicable Dumb Show** (<u>http://www.inexplicabledumbshow.com</u>) and **Shakespeare's Monologues** (<u>http://www.shakespeare-monologues.org</u>). Please report any typographical errors.