

# THE STORY OF PYRAMUS AND THISBE

— Ovid —

“Next door to each other, in the brick-walled city  
Built by Semiramis, lived a boy and girl,  
Pyramus, a most handsome fellow, Thisbe,  
Loveliest of all those Eastern girls. Their nearness  
Made them acquainted, and love grew, in time,  
So that they would have married, but their parents  
Forbade it. But their parents could not keep them  
From being in love: their nods and gestures showed it—  
You know how fire suppressed burns all the fiercer.  
There was a chink in the wall between the houses,  
A flaw the careless builder had never noticed,  
Nor anyone else, for many years, detected,  
But the lovers found it—love is a finder, always—  
Used it to talk through, and the loving whispers  
Went back and forth in safety. They would stand  
One on each side, listening for each other,  
Happy if each could hear the other’s breathing,  
And then they would scold the wall: ‘You envious barrier,  
Why get in our way? Would it be too much to ask you  
To open wide for an embrace, or even  
Permit us room to kiss in? Still, we are grateful,  
We owe you something, we admit; at least  
You let us talk together.’ But their talking  
Was futile, rather; and when evening came  
They would say *Good-night!* and given the good-night kisses  
That never reached the other.

“The next morning  
Came, and the fires of night burnt out, and sunshine  
Dried the night frost, and Pyramus and Thisbe  
Met at the usual place, and first, in whispers,  
Complained, and came—high time!—to a decision.  
That night, when all was quiet, they would fool  
Their guardians, or try to, come outdoors,  
Run away from home, and even leave the city.

And, not to miss each other, as they wandered  
In the wide fields, where should they meet? At Ninus'  
Tomb, they supposed, was best; there was a tree there,  
A mulberry-tree, loaded with snow-white berries,  
Near a cool spring. The plan was good, the daylight  
Was very slow in going, but at last  
The sun went down into the waves, as always,  
And the night rose, as always, from those waters.

And Thisbe opened her door, so sly, so cunning,  
There was no creaking of the hinge, and no one  
Saw her go through the darkness, and she came,  
Veiled, to the tomb of Ninus, sat there waiting  
Under the shadow of the mulberry-tree.  
Love made her bold. But suddenly, here came something!—  
A lioness, her jaws a crimson froth  
With the blood of cows, fresh-slain, came there for water,  
And far off through the moonlight Thisbe saw her  
And ran, all scared, to hide herself in a cave,  
And dropped her veil as she ran. The lioness,  
Having quenched her thirst, came back to the woods, and saw  
The girl's light veil, and mangled it and mouthed it  
With bloody jaws. Pyramus, coming there  
Too late, saw tracks in the dust, turned pale, and paler  
Seeing the bloody veil. 'One night,' he cried,  
'Will kill two lovers, and one of them, most surely,  
Deserved a longer life. It is all my fault,  
I am the murderer, poor girl; I told you  
To come here in the night, to all this terror,  
And was not here before you, to protect you.  
Come, tear my flesh, devour my guilty body,  
Come, lions, all of you, whose lairs lie hidden  
Under this rock! I am acting like a coward,  
Praying for death.' He lifts the veil and takes it  
Into the shadow of their tree; he kisses  
The veil he knows so well, his tears run down  
Into its folds: 'Drink my blood too!' he cries,  
And draws his sword, and plunges it into his body,  
And dying, draws it out, warm from the wound.  
As he lay there on the ground, the spouting blood  
Leaped high, just as a pipe sends water spurting  
Through a small hissing opening, when broken  
With a flaw in the lead, and all the air is sprinkled.

The fruit of the tree, from that red spray, turned crimson,  
And the roots, soaked with the blood, dyed all the berries  
The same dark hue.

“Thisbe came out of hiding,  
Still frightened, but a little fearful, also,  
To disappoint her lover. She kept looking  
Not only with her eyes, but all her heart,  
Eager to tell him of those terrible dangers,  
About her own escape. She recognized  
The place, the shape of the tree, but there was something  
Strange or peculiar in the berries’ color.  
Could this be right? And then she saw a quiver  
Of limbs on bloody ground, and started backward,  
Paler than boxwood, shivering, as water  
Stirs when a little breeze ruffles the surface.  
It was not long before she knew her lover,  
And tore her hair, and beat her innocent bosom  
With her little fists, embraced the well-loved body,  
Filling the wounds with tears, and kissed the lips  
Cold in his dying. ‘O my Pyramus,’  
She wept, ‘What evil fortune takes you from me?  
Pyramus, answer me! Your dearest Thisbe  
Is calling you. Pyramus, listen! Lift your head!’  
He heard the name of Thisbe, and he lifted  
His eyes, with the weight of death heavy upon them,  
And saw her face, and closed his eyes.

“And Thisbe  
Saw her own veil, and saw the ivory scabbard  
With no sword in it, and understood. ‘Poor boy,’  
She said, ‘So, it was your own hand,  
Your love, that took your life away. I too  
Have a brave hand for this one thing, I too  
Have love enough, and this will give me strength  
For the last wound. I will follow you in death,  
Be called the cause and comrade of your dying.  
Death was the only one could keep you from me,  
Death shall not keep you from me. Wretched parents  
Of Pyramus and Thisbe, listen to us,  
Listen to both our prayers, do not begrudge us,  
Whom death has joined, lying at last together  
In the same tomb. And you, O tree, now shading  
The body of one, and very soon to shadow  
The bodies of two, keep in remembrance always

The sign of our death, the dark and mournful color.  
She spoke, and fitting the sword-point at her breast,  
Fell forward on the blade, still warm and reeking  
With her lover's blood. Her prayers touched the gods,  
And touched her parents, for the mulberry fruit  
Still reddens at its ripeness, and the ashes  
Rest in a common urn."

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