

Response

When Phyllis sighs and from her eyes

The light dies out; my soul replies

With misery of deep-drawn breath,

E'en as it were at war with death.

When Phyllis smiles, her glance beguiles

My heart through love-lit woodland aisles,

And through the silence high and clear,

A wooing warbler's song I hear.

But if she frown, despair comes down,

I put me on my sack-cloth gown;

So frown not, Phyllis, lest I die,

But look on me with smile or sigh.