

# Phyllis

Phyllis, ah, Phyllis, my life is a gray day,  
Few are my years, but my griefs are not few,  
Ever to youth should each day be a May-day,  
Warm wind and rose-breath and diamonded dew—  
Phyllis, ah, Phyllis, my life is a gray day.

Oh for the sunlight that shines on a May-day;  
Only the cloud hangeth over my life.  
Love that should bring me youth's happiest hey-day,  
Brings me but seasons of sorrow and strife;  
Phyllis, ah, Phyllis, my life is a gray day.

Sunshine or shadow, or gold day or gray day,  
Life must be lived as our destinies rule;  
Leisure or labor or work day or play day—  
Feasts for the famous and fun for the fool;  
Phyllis, ah, Phyllis, my life is a gray day.