

Retort

"Thou art a fool," said my head to my heart,

"Indeed, the greatest of fools thou art

To be led astray by the trick of a tress,

By a smiling face or a ribbon smart."

And my heart was in sore distress.

Then Phyllis came by, and her face was fair,

The light gleamed soft on her raven hair;

And her lips were blooming a rosy red.

Then my heart spoke out with a right bold air;

"Thou art worse than a fool, Oh head!"