

“RESPONSE”

BY

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

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.