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Through the green May morning came a lonely man
Wearing diamond covered garments and a slapstick in
his hand
And the new day dawning brought a wistful smile
To the face of the Harlequin

Was it rain or tears that smudged his painted face
As he wandered where the breezes took him on from
place to place
And the strain of years behind his wistful smile

Lined the face of the Harlequin

The laughter of the King and Queen
Of every country he had seen
The laughter ringing in his ears like thunder

The genius of his comic mime
So in demand so long a time
Now suddenly surpassed by those much younger

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