

# Harlequin

**Audience**

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