Green Singer

John Shaw Neilson (1872–1942)

Mark Chapman (1960-)

ALL singers have shadows that follow like fears,
But I know a singer who never saw tears:
A gay love—a green love—delightsome! divine!
The Spring is that singer—an old love of mine!

All players have shadows and into the play
Old sorrows will saunter—
old sorrows will stay.
But here is a player
whose speech is divine!
The Spring is that player—
an old love of mine!

All singers grow heavy:
the hours as they run
Bite up all the blossoms,
suck up all the sun.
But I know a singer,
delightsome! divine!
The gay love—the green love—
an old love of mine!







