

**THE BOOKMAN'S JOURNAL**  
**LONDON, ENGLAND**  
**JUNE 1925**  
**(page 109)**

**THE GREEN LADIE**

As I went a-strolling one morning in May,  
I met a young Ladie, all green-clad and gay;  
The Sun was full-shining, and so was the Moon,  
And I sang that young Ladie this delicate tune:

Oh, Come with me strolling,  
The white clouds are rolling,  
The sky's blue is pale and the chaffinches sing;  
The Sun is full-shining,  
It's time for divining  
The birth of the year from the heart of the Spring.

Ah! fair was my singing; I'd sung late and soon,  
Rehearsing in May-time the true song of June;  
The young Ladie listened, and made the air ripe  
With the breath of her song to the trill of my pipe:

I'll come with you strolling  
While white clouds are rolling ;  
The sky's glowing greenly, the sky-lark's a-wing;  
The gold Sun is shining,  
We'll try for divining  
The crown of the year from the slim feet of Spring.

When Even came on us the sky was all gold,  
The merles sought their branches, the lambs found  
their fold;  
The promise of Summer was growing full ripe  
Next the green Ladie's heart from the notes of my pipe:

Then joy to the strolling  
While white clouds were rolling;  
The sky was all starred; and all sweet was the sting  
That ended our pining ;  
'Twas easy divining  
The Word of the year from the loves of the Spring.

Victor B. Neuburg.