

NOT FOR RELEASE

Cunning and arte he did not lack,
By, aye, Her whistle will fetch him back -

" I flee from thee as an autumn hare,
A Child born of Earth without a care.
Forever I'll stay in earthy form,
Wishing to be as I was born. "

" "

" A speckled trout now I flee from thee.
A Child of Water rather I'll be.
From Truth I hide in flowing form,
Wishing to stay as I was born. "

" "

" Into a bee then I shall go.
Dust-covered hummer, all secrets I know.
A Child of Air I'd rather be!
Like a thought I shall be free! "

" "

" From open fields to the miller's house,
I flee from thee as a summer mouse.
From ripening grain a Fire-Child,
Soul of crops and woodlands wild. "

" "

" A seed, earth-grain, within this sack,
I shant be found, nor fetchéd back.
Grain of wheat, or grain of sand -
Each is made by the Mother's hand. "

" "