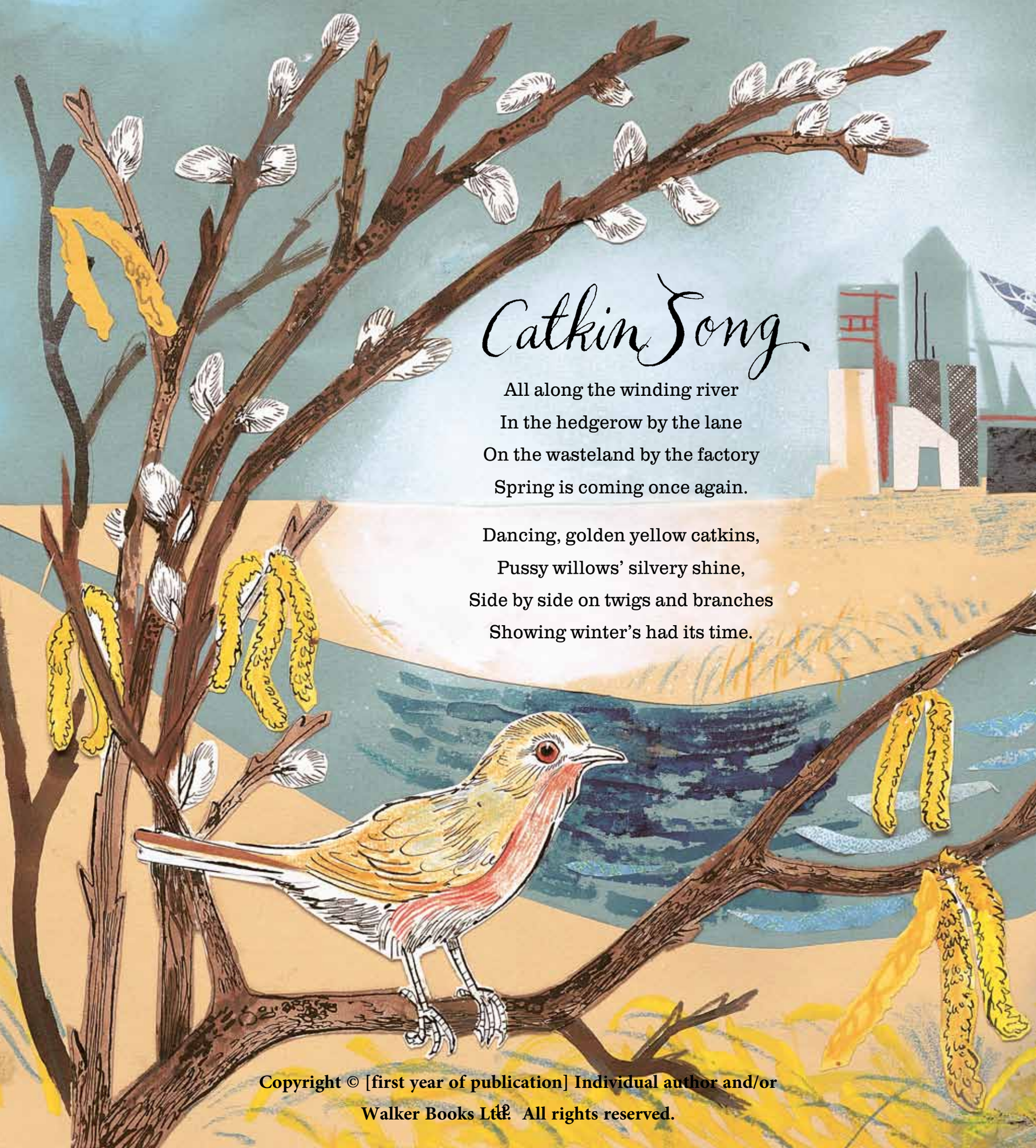
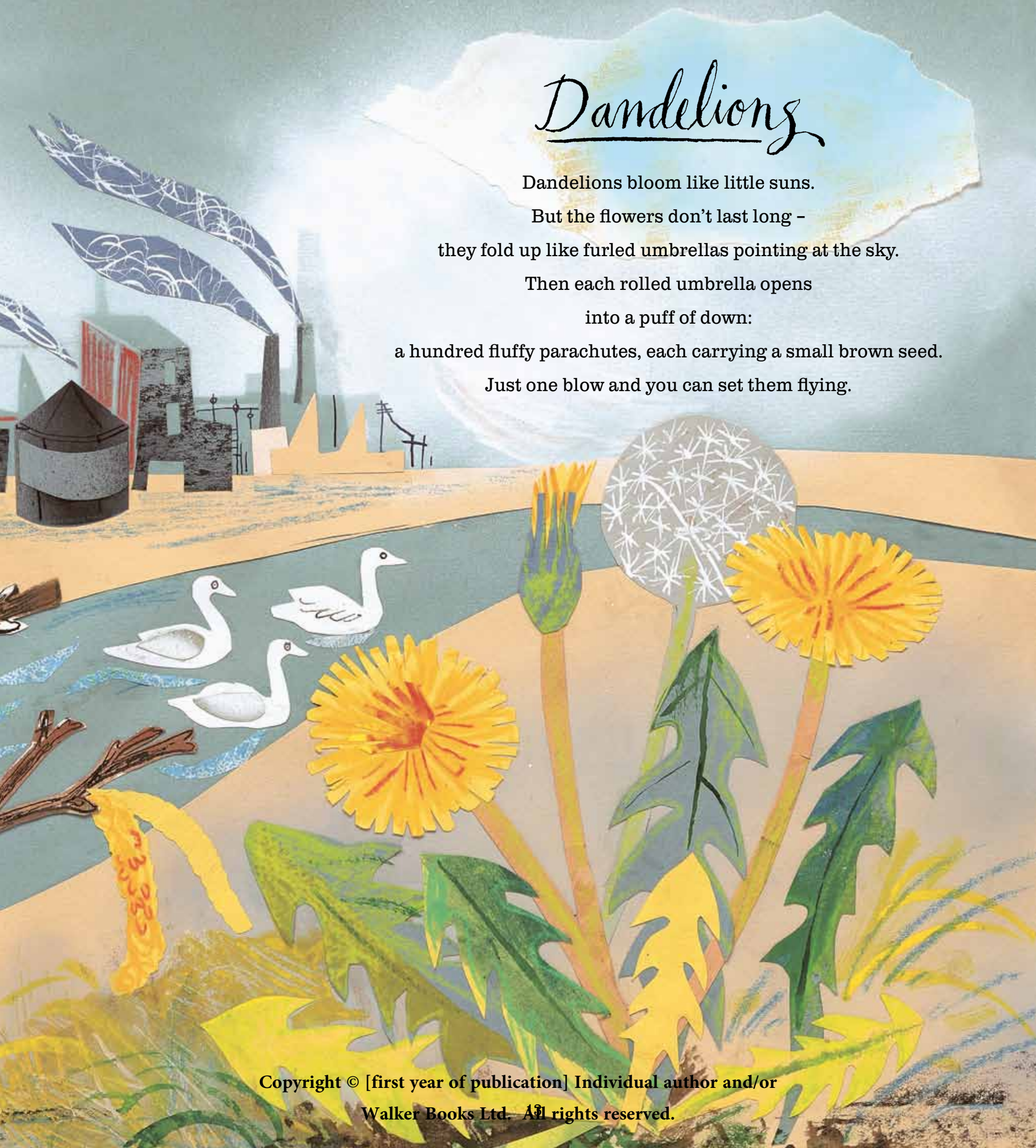


Catkin Song

All along the winding river
In the hedgerow by the lane
On the wasteland by the factory
Spring is coming once again.

Dancing, golden yellow catkins,
Pussy willows' silvery shine,
Side by side on twigs and branches
Showing winter's had its time.

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Dandelions

Dandelions bloom like little suns.
But the flowers don't last long –
they fold up like furled umbrellas pointing at the sky.
Then each rolled umbrella opens
into a puff of down:
a hundred fluffy parachutes, each carrying a small brown seed.
Just one blow and you can set them flying.

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