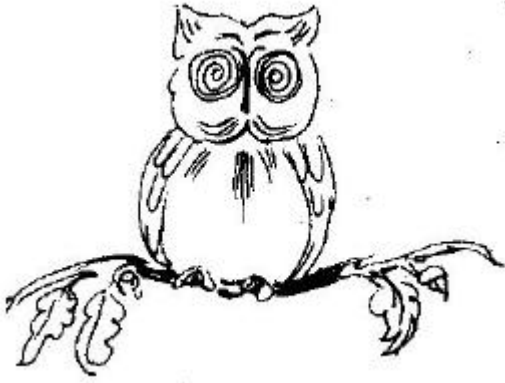


Before I grow old  
Nicola Beechsquirrel



Drawing : Cécile Wadlow

Before I grow old  
Will the sea be clean  
The air be pure?  
Will the hills be glad  
The trees stand proud?

Before I grow old  
Will wild creatures live  
Unfearing of people,  
No longer tormented  
For profit or sport?

Before I grow old  
Will folk have returned  
To the ways of Earth  
To care for our Mother  
With wisdom and love?

Before I grow old  
Shall I have birthed  
Free loving children  
To run through the trees  
And play in clear streams?

Before I grow old  
This must be my task  
To help clear the Earth  
Of the poison and filth  
We have strewn in our greed.

Before we grow old  
Let us share in the task.  
Let us all clear ourselves  
of our poison and greed.  
Let us work for a New Age together.

