

LEPUS

By Richard Paul

A dying bird by winter snared
* _*_ _*_ _*_
Was saved by kind Ostara's care,
* _*_ *_ _*_
But ice's grasp deigned not to spare
* _*_ _*_ _*_
His wings which nevermore could bear
* _*_ _*_ _*_
Him high aloft, the skies to dare;
* _*_ _*_ _*_
This truth his tiny heart would tear
* _*_ _*_ _*_
Till kind Ostara saw how he fared
* _*_ _*_ _*_
And worked to turn his cruel fate fair
* _*_ _*_ _*_
By twisting him into a hare.
* _*_ _*_ _*_

CHORUS

A bird cast down by winter
* _*_ _*_
And a beast who longs to fly,
* _*_ _*_
A hare of starlight three-times blessed
* _*_ _*_ _*_
By She who would not let him die.
* _*_ _*_ _*_

CHORUS END

Faster than all others made,
* _*_ _*_ _*_
Ne'er a fox or weasel's prey;
* _*_ _*_ _*_
Glad to run just where he may
* _*_ _*_ _*_
But still he missed his bygone ways,
* _*_ _*_ _*_
The ground could not help be a chain
* _*_ _*_ _*_
For the bird's soul which remained.
* _*_ _*_ _*_
Ostara pitied his dismay
*_ *_ *_ *_
And as much as was meet she gave,
* _*_ _*_ _*_
The laying of eggs for a day.
*_ _*_ _*_ _*_

<CHORUS>

And thus when it's Ostara's time,
* _*_ _*_ _*_
Around Her festivals he winds
* _*_ _*_ _*_
And in secret places hides
*_ _*_ _*_
His eggs for children to find,
* _*_ _*_ _*_
Compounding the sun-blessed and kind
* _*_ _*_ _*_
Turn of the world as spring unwinds.
* _*_ _*_ _*_
See his eleven stars aligned
* _*_ _*_ _*_
And seek with your children what he's twined
* _*_ _*_ _*_
'Midst newborn nature's timely rise.
*_ *_ *_ *_

<CHORUS>

-*- Suggested shared syllables