

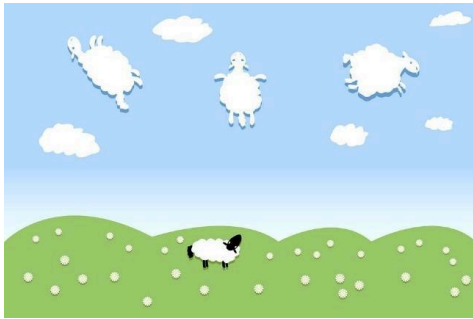
## “Clouds”

White sheep, white sheep on a blue  
hill

When the wind stops, you all stand  
still.

When the wind blows, you walk away  
slow

White sheep, white sheep, where do  
you go?



## “Kite”

I often sit and wish that I  
Could be a kite up in the sky,  
And ride upon the breeze and go  
Whichever way I chanced to blow.

