

# The Sword, Maiden, Mother & Crone

The maiden sitting by her pool  
Was first to hear my pleas  
As she looked into the water  
She recited these words to me:  
Walk not down that road  
I can not tell you where it goes  
Ask me no more questions  
Some things you weren't meant to know  
The mother toiling in the fields  
Her apron full of seeds  
As she dropped them to the earth  
She recited these words to me:  
Walk not down that road  
I can not tell you where it goes  
Ask me no more questions  
Some things you weren't meant to know  
The greater mysteries  
Cannot be shown  
Divided by three  
They are the maiden, the mother, the crone  
Finally I found the crone  
Walking through the trees  
She looked in my eyes  
As she recited these words to me:  
Go before the maiden  
Get down on your knees  
Should you win her favor  
She may tell you what she sees  
The harvest is reaped  
Seeds are shown  
Multiplied by three  
She is the maiden, the mother, the crone