

Blackburn Fiona, Toward Juneau

Soar my soul so tender. Where the eagle flies I'll linger
Far beyond the sun.
Fill my soul so hollow. Where the water falls I'll follow
Deep into the dawn.
Yesterday at dawn, I thought I saw an eagle
On the crystal atmosphere.
Dark against the sky, it soared and circled high
Amid the peaks to disappear.
What is this I fear, that keeps me pinioned here on the ground?
Could it be that I, while circling in the sky, would tumble down?
Yesterday at dawn, I thought I saw a waterfall
>From snow-bedazzled peaks.
Ever plunging down, eternal rush of sound
>From voices joyous as they speak.
What is this I seek, beyond the azure deep of the sea?
Could I ever find the reasoning behind such majesty?
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Far beyond the sun.
Fill my soul so hollow. Where the water falls I'll follow
Deep into the dawn.