

Nana Mouskouri, Open Your Eyes

Open your eyes my newborn son
See your world that's new begun
Growing the land beneath our feet
Heaven sent across to eat crust
Hush-a-bye taste the sweetness of your years
By and by we'll all learn the taste of tears.

Open your eyes my growing son
There is hard work to be done
Follow your father to his toil
His bend your back and break the soil
Who can say what you sow beneath the sand
Day by day something stirs our sleeping land

Open your eyes my gentle son
Take your leave and take your gun
Follow your father through the hills to the hills
Heaven gives and heaven kills
Go with God and the young men in their prime
Here I'll wait where I waited all through time

Open your eyes my beloved son
Is your day so quickly done ?
How can you fall asleep so soon
When the sun stands yet at noon ?
Walk with me where we walked spring ago
Come and see the flowers have begun to grow
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