Upward

I've watched in the azure the eagle's proud wing,
His soaring majestic, and feather some fling -
Careening in liberty higher and higher -
Like genius unfolding a quenchless desire.

Would a tear dim his eye, or pinion lose power
To gaze on the lark in her emerald bower?
When higher he soareth to compass his rest,
What vision so bright as the dream in his breast!

God's eyes is upon him. He penciled his path
Whose omniscient notice the frail fledging hath.
Though lightnings be lurid and earthquakes may shock,
He rides on the whirlwind or rests on the rock.

My course, like the eagle's, Oh, still be it high,
Celestial the breezes that waft o'er its sky!
God's eye is upon me - I am not alone
When onward and upward and heavenward borne.

Words by: Mary Baker Eddy
Music by: Michelle J. Gonzalez (C) 2013
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