

Clear "Through My Window"

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I can see the slender arms of trees
Stir color in their leaves through my window
I can hear early morning childish birds
Beckon without words through my window

But for me to touch with my own hand
Takes a speck of time or sand
But my window, but my window

To stand up to a furnace, to hurl a tiny stone
To step out on the water not to drown
No pioneer has planted foot upon new ground sitting
down

Faint cry from across the tracks
Around the corner through my window
I can hear the yearning of the hungry
That I can't feed through my window, through my
window

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I can sit, I can gaze
Through my window and still sing praise
But You want me on my feet
Perseverance can complete what my faith tells me
I know I can't reach it through my window

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