

Leslie Fish "Eyes Of Eagles"

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Chorus:

Grind, children, grind
From the world we left behind.
We have one chance enough to be free.
Grind, children, grind!
Though the work was never kind,
Through the eyes of the eagles we shall see.

Lowly sand, snowy sand,
>From the beaches of the land,
Melt it down in the potterer's fire.
Flux and blow, make it glow,
'Till like water it shall flow.
Let it flow to the form we desire.

Pour it bold from the mold,
Let it slowly take the cold,
'Till a clear coin of crystal it lies.
Now they feel strong as steel.

Grind it on the sanded wheel,
'Till it's shape mirrors clear eagle's eyes.

Edges thin as a pin,
And the center thick within,
Domed as smooth as a raindrop can be.
Without haste, without waste,
Polish clear with pumice paste
'Till the wonders of Earth you can see.

See how clear, see how near,
See how great small things appear.
Let your sight grasp the sea or the skies.
Stack them true, two by two,
And what's far shall come to you.
Call them lenses or glass eagle's eyes

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