

## The Beach Boys

### "California Saga/The Beaks Of Eagles"

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Time: 3:41 Wilojarston Music, Ltd. ASCAP

Verse by Robinson Jeffers, from Jeffers Country.

Composer and Additional Words/Alan and Lynda

Jardine

Narration/Mike Love and Alan Jardine

An eagle's nest on the head of an old redwood on one  
of the

precipice-footed ridges

Above Ventana Creek, that jagged country which

nothing but a fallen

meteor will ever plow: no horseman

Will ever ride there, no hunter cross this ridge but the

winged ones, no

one will steal the eggs from this fortress.

The she-eagle is old, her mate was shot long ago, she

is now mated

With a son of hers.

When lightning blasted her nest she built it again on

the same tree, in

the splinters of the thunder bolt.

In a broken shack an old man takes his time about dyin'

And just at the back a wild flowerbed that he'll lie in

In dawn's new light a man might venture

A horse drawn stage from Monterey.

The she-eagle is older than I: she was here when the  
fires of eighty-five

raged on these ridges,

She was lately fledged and dared not hunt ahead of

them, but ate scorched

meat.

The world has changed in her time; humanity has  
multiplied,

But not here; men's hopes and thoughts and customs  
have changed, their

powers are enlarged, their powers and their follies

have become fantastic.

Spilled down the hill a wagon load of bodies lay  
scattered, shipwrecked  
at sea.  
Limestone ore is all that mattered.  
They took it from the hills right through the cargo doors  
How many ships have come and gone at Thurso's  
landing shore?

The unstable animal never has been changed so  
rapidly.  
The motor and the plane and the great war have gone  
over him,  
And Lenin has lived and Jehovah died: while the  
mother-eagle  
Hunts her same hills, crying the same beautiful and  
lonely cry  
And is never tired: dreams the same dreams,  
And hears at night the rock-slides rattle and thunder in  
the  
Throats of these living mountains.  
It is good for man  
To try all changes, progress and corruption, powers,  
peace and anguish,  
not to go down the dinosaur's way  
Until all his capacities have been explored: and it is  
good for him  
To know that his needs and nature are no more  
changed, in fact, in ten  
thousand years than the beaks of eagles.  
Of the eagle's plight, we know that nature's balance is  
undone.  
And it's the birthright of man to unify and live his life as  
one.  
A whisper of the word will let you soar with your soul.

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