

An Occasional Eagle

John Anderson

High o'er the coast of Alaska he flies
Wide 'cross the prairies he covers the skies
A picture of courage and beauty, a symbol of freedom and right
Riding the winds through the mountains
Guided by nature, an occasional eagle in flight

When the shore ice is melting in Kodiak Bay
Knowing that Spring is well on its way
He calls to his mate of a lifetime, to a yearly nest in the thorn
Planting the egg in the branches
And with God's assistance, an occasional eagle is born

And he flies, covering the land
Stirring the hearts through all generations of man
Poets tell of his bearing, truth on a feathery wind
Painters paint from inspiration
A beautiful picture that only a memory can bring

When I was younger and without a care
For granted I thought he would always be there
But now I only hear stories that the great bird of truth is alive
With a fist in my pocket I'm prayin'
An eternal prayer the great bird of truth will survive

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