

He soars above all the fields and the trees,
As if he is king over all that he sees,
How effortlessly- he floats on the air,
As though nothing at all is holding him there.

His talons are sharp, his eyes are bright,
And nothing below escapes his sight.
He folds his wings—, done with his search, and
high in the trees he finds his perch.

The wind is his toy, his playground the sky.
He pieces the air with a rau-cous cry,
Inviting his friends to join him and fly.

Oh, how I wish I could soar like him,
And rest in a tree on the highest limb;
Instead, from my window I'll watch each day,
As he circles around, then flies (then flies)
away—.