Breezes Blow and Eagles Fly
from "Rainbow Songs"

Words and music by
Mark Abel

Piano

<table>
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<td>Breezes blow and eagles fly through the fork in the river. Still this place survives the onslaught of.</td>
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Music prepared by Jeremy Borum www.jeremyborum.com
time and men who will never learn to leave

well enough alone.

Much slower $\frac{1}{4} = 80$

tenderly

You showed me this

sacred space when spring gave way to summer.
Far off the back roads we shared a paradise, a paradise of love.

Our soaring hopes built on lives untested,
Breezes Blow and Eagles Fly

many paths were beckoning, with fingers of sand.

But our tools were primitive, like cave men trying to

strike a flint. (We didn't know what we were doing.

Grappling with our shadow demons that we
ne'er knew we had—then becoming something we feared.

A bit slower

a touch of anguish

were too strong for each other,

destined to drift a part.
So began our walkabouts

through the maze of a lifetime.

And farewells and

vows to stay in the circle.

Like so many things, corruptible
and impermanent.

poco a poco rit.

poco a poco rit.

poco a poco rit.

intimately, with longing

Now here you are again.

True was your arrow that pierced my heart so long ago.
Lodged between the bones of memory, it never decayed.

You tenderly are fine; you always were — and so simply human.

Let's stay a while and watch God's majestic light, where breezes blow and eagles fly.