

## **Fly High**



## **HIGH FLIGHT**

**Oh I have slipped the surly bonds of earth  
and danced the skies on laughter silvered wings;  
Sunward I have climbed and joined the tumbling mirth  
of sunsplit clouds - and done a hundred things  
you have not dreamed of - wheeled and soared and swung**

**high in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there**

**I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung**

**my eager craft through footless halls of air ....**

**Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue**

**I've topped the windswept heights with easy grace,**

**where never lark or even eagle flew ....**

**And, while with silent lifting mind I've trod**

**the high untrespassed sanctity of space,**

**put out my hand and touched the face of God.**

*John Gillespie Magee, Jr.*

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