



 J. Jeff Ungar Photography

VII

DAWN CHORUS

Lyrics

<p><i>When summer returns To its warm green fields.</i></p> <p><i>When summer returns To its warm green fields, The sun fading, pastel in the breeze, Swallow swooping, migrating home. And everything slows.</i></p> <p><i>The dawning day, Morning with a sigh. Opening windows With a wounding cry. The rainbow's lost, [They will find you.] Its dreams of gold. [They will find you.] And everything . . . [They will find you.] Slows.</i></p> <p><i>[They will find you; Turn around. Turn around.]</i></p> <p><i>A wall of sound With flutes and strings, Rising on a wave of voices, Surrounded by your humble faith. The morning's there To wake us in time. Rain and sky.</i></p>	<p><i>The world is breathing, living, But turning in its rage.</i></p> <p><i>When summer returns To its warm green fields, Sun fading, pastel in the breeze, Swallow swooping, migrating home. And everything slows.</i></p> <p><i>The floating vacuum Draws you in.</i></p> <p><i>Strange visions: Balloons on white stallions.</i></p> <p><i>They will find you, [Turn around.] Turn around. [Turn around.]</i></p> <p><i>When summer returns, Turn around. [Turn around.] The rainbow's lost Its dreams of gold, But they will find you, [They will find you.] Turn around.</i></p> <p><i>When summer returns To its warm green fields.</i></p>
--	--