

VII

DAWN CHORUS

Lyrics



 J. Jeff Unger Photography

*When summer returns
To its warm green fields.*

*When summer returns
To its warm green fields,
The sun fading, pastel in the breeze,
Swallow swooping, migrating home.
And everything slows.*

*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.*

*[They will find you;
Turn around. Turn around.]*

*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.*

*The world is breathing, living,
But turning in its rage.*

*When summer returns
To its warm green fields,
Sun fading, pastel in the breeze,
Swallow swooping, migrating home.
And everything slows.*

*The floating vacuum
Draws you in.*

*Strange visions:
Balloons on white stallions.*

*They will find you,
[Turn around.]
Turn around.
[Turn around.]*

*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.*

*When summer returns
To its warm green fields.*