

## Modern English "Dawn Chorus"

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When summer returns to its warm green fields  
The sun fading, pastel in the breeze  
The swallow swooping, migrating home

The dawning days, morning with a sigh  
Opening windows with a wounding cry  
The rainbow's lost its dreams of gold  
And everything slows

When summer returns to its warm green fields  
The sun fading, pastel in the breeze  
The swallow swooping, migrating home  
And everything slows

The forcing vacuum draws you in  
Strange visions are loose on white sands

A wall of sound with flutes and strings  
Rising on a wave of voices  
Surrounded by your humble faith  
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  
Everything slows  
The sun fading, pastel in the breeze  
Everything slows

The swallow swooping, migrating home  
Everything slows  
The swallow swooping, migrating home

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