

## Dawn Chorus

Modern English

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 floating vacuum draws you in  
Strange visions are loose on white stallions  
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

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everything slows  
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everything slows  
The swallow swooping, migrating home  
everything slows  
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