

Now summer finds thee garbed in yellow

Section V. Chorus
from
Hymn to the Earth [1929]

Edward Joseph Collins, music and words

Now Summer finds thee garbed in yellow,
'Tis the rich color of harvest time.
The branches hang with heavy fruit,
And meadows are carpeted with flowers.

White butterflies flit here and yon
Amid the waving riot of color.
And across the heavy air is borne
The drowsy humming of insects.

Man and beast now seek the shade
And succumb to the languor of noon-day
While over the ocean of ripening grain
The sun pours its merciless fire.

What a sudden stillness
As though all life had ceased!

In the distance are black clouds fringed with white,
Through them shoots a forked tongue of flame
Followed by a sombre roll of drums,
Then over the plain strides the wind,
First a gentle wave and then a mighty roar
With a shriek it enters the wood,
The trees rock and groan,
On rolls the black mass now filled with livid flashes
A crash and the mighty oak is riven.

With this the heavens are opened
And a torrent of blessed rain descends,
Cleansing the air and cooling the parched fields.

Soon bright swords of sunlight rend the clouds,
The landscape smiles refreshed and dripping.

The blessed rain has cleansed the air and cooled the parched fields,
And the landscape smiles, refreshed and dripping.
How dramatic and inspiring are thy storms!