

Hagen, A Summer Air

Somewhere in the distance I can hear
A tune sweet and wistful a whispered air
In the arms of a soft breeze 'cross these desolate downs
As evening approaches when summer is young

And next comes the silence in the wake of the day
Then emptiness follows in darkness conveyed
On the wings of a soft breeze to these desolate downs
As the night settles in when summer is young

But life itself will reawake to the footsteps of the dawn
The breeze now bears its silver rays
The earth lets up a yawn
Receive that breeze with all your soul and maybe you will hear
A wistful summer air