

Thou changest thy garment
Section 2 (for Chorus and Bass Solo), from *Hymn To the Earth* [1939]

Edward Joseph Collins, music and words

Thou changest thy garment with the seasons,
And it is ever of colorful texture.
When winter is here thou art clothed in soft white,
'Tis the silent time when things are asleep.

How sadly the trees stand naked and waiting,
'Tis the silent time when things are asleep.

But at sunset the snow comes to life
And glows in the shafts of red and yellow
Thrown up from behind the hills.

Anon the stars drop down close to thee,
And across the fields walks the pensive moon,
Then art thou decked in myriads of diamonds!

Empty of sound is the hard, clear air
Except for the snap of a twig close by
Or the distant bay of a lonely dog.

When winter is here
Thou art clothed in soft white,
'Tis the silent time when things are asleep.