

End of Summer

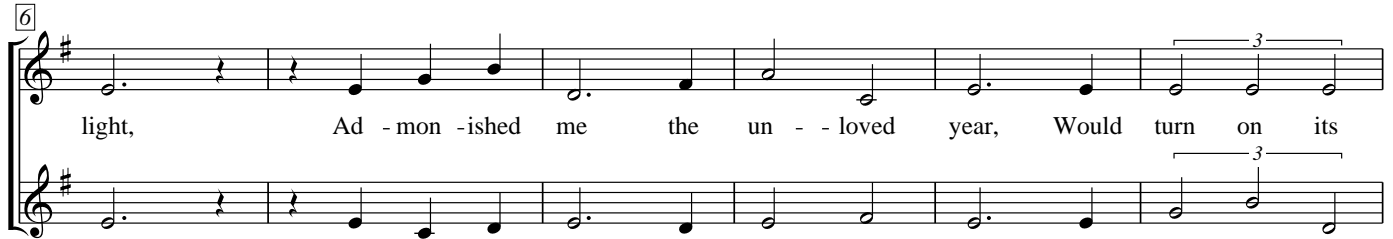
Lyrics by Stanley Kunitz
Music by T.S. Baxter

♩ = 100

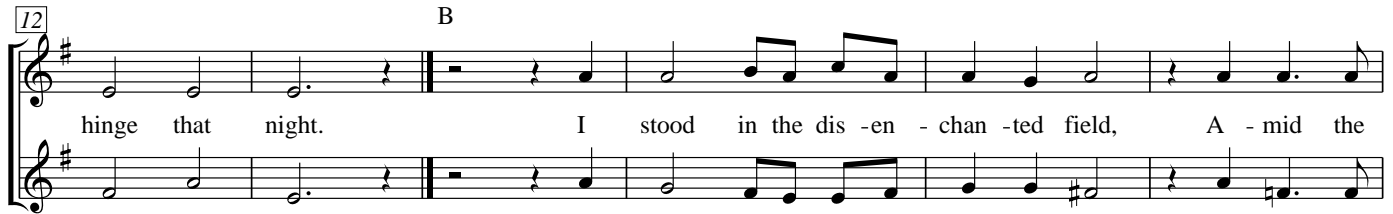
A



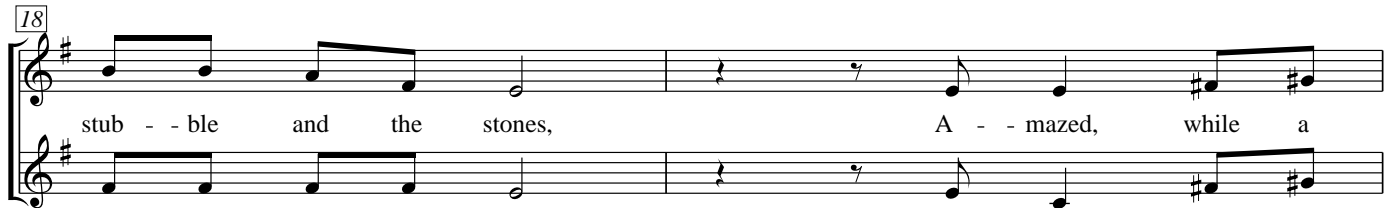
An ag - it - a - tion of the air, A per - tur - ba - tion of the



light, Ad - mon - ished me the un - - loved year, Would turn on its



hinge that night. I stood in the dis - en - chan - ted field, A - mid the



stub - - ble and the stones, A - - mazed, while a



small worm lisp'd to me, The song of my mar - row bones.

C. [Spoken]

Blue poured into summer blue,
A hawk broke from his cloudless tower,
The roof of the silo blazed, and I knew
That part of my life was over.

22 D

Al - - read - - y the iron door of the north, Clanges op - - en

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birds, leaves, snows, Or - der their pop - ul - a - tions forth, And a cru - el wind blows.

A. An agitation of the air,
A perturbation of the light
Admonished me the unloved year
Would turn on its hinge that night.

B. I stood in the disenchanted field
Amid the stubble and the stones
Amazed, while a small worm lisped to me
The song of marrow bones.

C. [Spoken] Blue poured into summer blue,
A hawk broke from his cloudless tower,
The roof of the silo blazed, and I knew
That part of my life was over.

D. Already the iron door of the north
Clangs open: birds, leaves, snows
Order their populations forth,
And a cruel wind blows.