

- There are two changes in tonight's program. Our violinist will be Betsy Hooper and Reed Thompson will be playing the flute in "Watching a Million Birds." (smooth music) (smooth lyrical music) Lord, what a menagerie between your downpour and these animal cries, one cannot hear oneself think. The days are long, Lord. All this water makes my heart sink. When will the ground cease to rock under my feet? The days are long. Master Raven has not come back. Here is your dove. Will she find us a twig of hope? The day days are long, Lord. Guide your ark to safety, some Zenith of rest, where we can escape, at last, from this brute slavery. The day days are long, Lord. Lead me until I reach the shore of your covenant. Amen. (lyrical music) (gentle music) (smooth lyrical music) (gentle music) (smooth lyrical music) (smooth lyrical music) (smooth lyrical music) Do not forget, Lord, it is I who make the sun rise. I am your servant, but with the dignity of my calling, I need some glitter and ostentation. No bless, oblige. All the same, I am your servant only. Do not forget, Lord, I make the sun rise. Amen. (smooth lyrical music) (smooth lyrical music) (violin strings plucking) (smooth lyrical music) Lord, I am the cat. It is not exactly that I have something to ask of you. No. I ask nothing of anyone. But if you have, by some chance, in some celestial barn, a little white mouse or a saucer of milk, I know someone who would relish them. Wouldn't you like, someday, to put a curse the whole race of dogs? If so, I should say amen. (violin strings plucking) (smooth music) (smooth lyrical music) To build, Lord, that is a vocation. I speak of my passion, architecture, of course. One should build on a rock. But what Phillip is there in doing anything easy? My element is to struggle. It is water that allures and tells me to build a safe and steady house on the moving stream of a river, moving as life does, swiftly. What an adventure? With patience and ingenuity, one can do anything, but I am one who loves to swim against the current, to build something lasting, and all my own work at the very core of life. Oh yes, Lord. If you would give me some of your living water, I would build your paradise for you. Amen. (smooth lyrical music) Where was I? Oh, yes. This flower, this sun. Thank you. Your world is beautiful. This scent of roses. Where was I? A drop of dew rolls to sparkle in a lilly's heart. I have to go. Where? I do not know. The wind has painted fancies on my wings. Fancies. Where was I? Oh yes, Lord. I had something to tell you. Amen. (smooth lyrical music) (quacky music) Dear God, give us a flood of water. Let it rain tomorrow and always. Give us plenty of little slugs and other luscious things to eat. Protect all folk who quack and everyone who knows how to swim. Amen. (quacky music) (smooth music) (smooth lyrical music) Lord, your deep has closed over me. Am I some small Lucifer, fallen from heaven and left to be tormented by the waves? Look, Lord, I seem a star of blood. I try to remember my lost royalty, but in vain, creeping over the sand, I spread; my star points wide and a dream, dream, dream. Lord, an angel could root me up from the bottom of the sea and set me back in your sky. Oh, one day, could that be? Amen. (smooth lyrical music) (smooth lyrical music) I jump, I bite. I jump, I bite. How it amuses me, Lord. How ingenious to have made me so small with this spring board leap. I jump, I bite. I jump, I bite. A royal game. I own; I put a spice of malice in it and I have more power to upset the word than the elephant. When I think of that, I could die laughing. I jump, I bite. I jump, I bite. Lord, will you let me into your paradise and not be afraid that I shall turn it upside down? I dare not say amen. (smooth lyrical music) (smooth lyrical music) A royal train, Lord, more scintillating than jewelled enamel. Look, now I spread it in a wheel. I must say I derive some satisfaction from my good looks. My feathers are sown with eyes, admiring themselves. True, my discordant cry shames

