

1. Opening chorus

In the beginning was the Word
and the Word was with Him and in Him and Him
What story does the sun tell of the Holy
as lumen spilled from pen to page of day
words capturing each crest of wave
each crease of current, each ripple, each fragile break
of water upon water
upon water upon water
as wind formed crescents on the surface
the day when light was made

--

What of the stars that day when day was shaped
what of their questions as they were molded like clay
by hands of words and words of light
what did they think as their glow moved away
into darkness that was beginning before it began
what did they see when seeing became sight?

2. Aria (soprano)

Before he followed the star
the shepherd followed whiteness,
woolen backs entering fields
of long grass filled with the long sun,
the moist dew of dawn.
With wind from the east each blade
bowed as though giving themselves
to the unseen. Soon he too will bow
in the words of light,
for the sight of wings
feathers of a whiteness more than white,
a brightness more than bright.

3. Aria (baritone) and Chorus

Not knowing what to say he prayed
as the feather lay still on the page
his thoughts a ripple in the candle light
a silent sound like the first day within night
and then the voice took his hand
took the feather, took the thought, took the man
and ink filled the grain
just as glow filled beginning as beginning began
and the words spoke back to him

Now thank we all our God, with heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things has done, in whom this world rejoices
All praise and thanks to God the Father now be given
The Son and Him who reigns with Them in highest Heaven