

In the beginning of time; In the hollow of a log, The word became rhyme, Out of man and
dog. The worms
and the rot,
On that fallen tree spot;

Then became the earth words,

Of the bible and God.

Earth words he cried,

Will require more than that,

Heaven in the skies,

And a stray wondering cat.

Behold to the hills,

And the mountains to tame,

The rivers to flow,

And all will need a name.

So out of the earth,

The whole world was formed,

The reason of living,

And the earth words foretold.

In the miracle of making,

Where the word was but sin,

The devil the worm setting out to win,

With the birds in the trees chirping with grin.

Lovely was the beauty,
With the best yet to come;
God would be there,
With his treasures and sun.

Contents with the music,
Of harp and of song;
The missing link captured,
And the world won as one.