

BUSH HILL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

4916 Franconia Road, Alexandria, VA 22310

Pastor: Dr. Carl A. Rush

The Tale of the Three Trees



Music by Allen Pote
Lyrics & Narration by Tom S. Long

YOUTH MUSICAL

March 8, 2009 – 8:30 and 11:00 AM

The Tale of the Three Trees

A Musical Drama by the Youth & Teen Choir
by Allen Pote and Tom Long

A Prayer for Tomorrow

Dreams, we all have dreams, what we can be, what we can do.
Lord, with all we are, we pray that our dreams will lead us, will lead us to you.

See our hands, what will they make, Lord? See our feet, where will they run?
See our hearts, who will they love, Lord? See our lives, we've just begun!

Dreams, we all have dreams, what we can be, what we can do.
Lord, with all we are, we pray that our dreams will lead us, will lead us to you.
In our eyes you see tomorrow. On that day one thing we know: there's a dream from one who
loves us that is greater than our own.

Dreams, we all have dreams, what we can be, what we can do.
Lord, with all we are, we pray that our dreams will lead us, will lead us to you.

***Once there were three young trees, growing on a hilltop,
dreaming of what they might become.***

High on a Hill

Three trees, high on a hill, stand above the humble clay,
three trees, high on a hill, dreaming what they'll be one day.

And the first tree said:

*"I'll be a chest with silver lock in the house of a wealthy lord.
He will lift my precious cover to reveal what he has stored.
Diamonds, rubies, dazzling gems, pearls and gold and all things good.
I will hold a priceless treasure, in my arms of polished wood."*

Three trees, high on a hill, stand above the humble clay,
three trees, high on a hill, dreaming what they'll be one day.

And the second tree said:

*"I'll be a mast of a sailing ship at the front of a mighty fleet.
The royal flag above my head, the deck beneath my feet.
With wind and sail, I'll pull the boat as smooth as angel's flight.
The king himself will sleep on board, through the roughest night."*

Three trees, high on a hill, stand above the humble clay,
three trees, high on a hill, dreaming what they'll be one day.

And the third tree said:

*"I will grow straight and tall, I will rise above them all, branches lifting as in prayer.
All will look to heaven when they see my pointing there."*

Three trees, high on a hill, stand above the humble clay,
three trees, high on a hill, dreaming what they'll be one day.

The Chopping Song

**Years passed. Seasons came and went.
Then one day, a group of people came up the hill carrying axes and saws.
They cut down the first tree.**

With a swing and a chop and a swing and a chop and a swing and a chop and a Yell!
With a swing and a chop and a swing and a chop and a swing and a chop – *Come on!*

They cut down the second tree.

With a swing and a chop and a swing and a chop and a swing and a chop and a Yell!
Back forth, back forth, back forth – *Stop and yell!*

With a swing and a chop and a swing and a chop and a swing and a chop – *Stand clear!*
Back forth, back forth, back forth – *Stand clear!*

And sadly, they cut down the third tree as well.

With a swing and a chop and a swing and a chop and a swing and a chop and a Yell!
Back forth, back forth, back forth – *Stop and yell!*

Chop chop chop chop chop chop chop chop chop chop chop – *Yell!*

With a swing and a chop and a swing and a chop and a swing and a chop – *Look out!*
Back forth, back forth, back forth – *Look out!*

Chop chop chop chop chop chop chop chop chop chop chop – *Look out!*

With a swing and a chop and a swing and a chop and a swing and a chop and a Yell!
Back forth, back forth, back forth – *Stop and yell!*

Chop chop chop chop chop chop chop chop chop chop chop chop – *Yell!*

With a swing and a chop and a swing and a chop ...
Back forth, back forth ...

Chop chop chop chop chop chop chop chop ...

They swung their blades and the first tree fell.

Back forth, back forth, back forth – *Stop and yell!*

Chop chop chop chop chop chop chop chop chop chop chop chop chop – *Yell!*

Back forth, back, forth ...

Chop chop chop chop chop chop chop chop ...

They worked their saws and the second tree fell.

Chop chop chop chop chop chop chop chop chop chop chop chop chop – *Yell!*

Chop chop chop chop chop chop chop chop chop chop chop ...
the third tree fell!

Trim the Branches

The first tree was carried to a carpenter's shop.

Trim the branches, strip the bark, cut and shave and nail and sand,
building with the best tree in the land.

Trim the branches, strip the bark, cut and shave and nail and sand.
till at last the work is done, it must be grand!

But it's not a chest with a silver lock within a palace hall,
It's a box for feeding animals in a barn by a simple stall.

"I always hoped I'd be something great, shaped by a master's hand."

Now you can only pray and wait, to see what God has planned.

The second tree was carried to a dockyard.

Trim the branches, strip the bark, cut and shave and nail and sand,
building with the best tree in the land.
Trim the branches, strip the bark, cut and shave and nail and sand.
till at last the work is done, it must be grand!

But it's not the mast of a sailing ship the busy workers make.
It's the bench of a rugged fishing boat alone on a shallow lake.
"I always hoped I'd be something great, shaped by a master's hand."
Now you can only pray and wait, to see what God has planned.

And as for the third tree ...

Trim the branches, strip the bark, rip and chisel, carve and plane,
till at last a form appears, emerging from the pain.

But it's not a tall or stately tree that points the way to God.
It's a scrap laid aside in a lumber yard, for the wood is flawed.
"I always hoped I'd be something great, shaped by a master's hand."
Now you can only pray and wait, to see what God has planned.

The Dream of the Tree Came True

More years passed.

***And then one day, into the barn where the first tree was now a feed box for animals,
there came a young man and a young women.
And deep in the night of a winter's day, in the quiet of the barn where the first tree lay,
the woman and the man found a place in the light, and the woman had her
first-born child that night.***

Ah — diamond bright, Glory, glory, glory.

Ah — precious light, the child who was born that night.

She wrapped him warm and she laid him down by a simple stall in the box she found, and the
dream of the tree came true, and the dream of the tree came true.

For it held in the arms of sacrifice, a treasure beyond all price.

Ah — diamond bright, Glory, glory, glory.

Ah — precious light, the child who was born, the child who was born, the treasure beyond all price.

More years passed.

And then one day, into the boat where the second tree was now a wooden bench, there stepped a
young teacher. And late in the heat of a summer's day, in the back of a boat where the second tree
lay, on a lake where the waves rolled cold and deep, the man on the bench fell fast asleep.

The Storm

Whssssh! Oooooooooo!

*Look out, it's blowin' in! Pull in the nets!
Bring down the sails! Head into the wind!*

Oo — wind and wave, lightning flash, thunder.

Oo — stormy lake, still the man does not awake.

Oo — wind and wave, lightning flash, thunder,

Oo — can't you see the boat is going under.

Oo — wind and wave, lightning flash, thunder.

Oo — stormy lake, still the man does not awake.

Oo — wind and wave, lightning flash, thunder,
Oo — hear the cry ...

Master save us, save us, save us, SAVE US! ... or we will die!

And the man arose, and he raised his hand, and the wind died down at his command ...
and the dream of the tree came true, and the dream of the tree came true.
On a bed as soft as angel wings, it carried the King of kings.

And what of the third tree?

***Well, one day soldiers found that tree ... and laid it across the back of an innocent man ...
who struggled to the top of a tall hill.***

Waiting, waiting for the plan, can it be this wounded man?

Waiting, waiting for the call, one day to rise above them all.

There on a hill those angry men plant the third tree once again
and the dream of the tree came true, and the dream of the tree came true.

For the ones who passed that hill, and the ones who pass it still
see it lifted as in prayer, and so look up to heaven for the tree is pointing there!

Dreams, we all have dreams, what we can be, what we can do.
Lord, with all we are, we pray that our dreams will lead us, will lead us to you.

Exit

[Reprise: Storm Music]

Special thanks to: *Teen Choir Director, Jennifer Willard; Party Coordinators, Renee Penn and Deneen Wilson; Wednesday Club Leaders: Monica Curry, Rachael Huggins, Casey Kilcoyne, Patty Murray, Jen Reiff, and Stacy Rush; Sound Man, Neil Sampson; Worship Committee; General Helper, Kathy Greenlaw; Stage Crew, Steve Andrews; Pastor, Carl Rush; Music Director, Melvin Goodwyn; and All Parents for their support and help.*

~ Kelly Andrews