

A MILLION DREAMS

The mural is the interior of a cathedral as seen from the rear....The platforms to the right and left , as well as center stage, form the piazza outside the cathedral entrance.

STAGE RIGHT is a simple bench...and guarded by a statue of St. Genevieve to one side and a GARGOYLE at the far side

Stage left is set up for musicians...and is guarded by a statue of ST CECILIA to one side and a GARGOYLE at the far side

(
dressed in red and carrying trumpets)

Entrance of the players ..LED BY 2 pages,

#1 THE SOUND OF CATHEDRAL BELLS

OVERTURE

It's the most *wonderful time of the year.*

With the kids jingle belling,
and everyone telling you,
"Be of good cheer,"

It's the most wonderful time of the year.

It's the happiest season of all
With those holiday greetings and gay
happy meetings
When friends come to call
It's the hap-happiest season of all

There'll be parties for
hosting, marshmallows for
toasting and
caroling out in the snow.
there'll be scary ghost stories
and

#2 RADIO CITY OVERTURE

tales of the glories of
Christmases
long, long ago.

It's the most wonderful time of the year.

There'll be much mistletoeing
and hearts will be glowing,
when loved ones are near.

It's the most wonderful time of the year.

Haul out the holly;
Put up the tree before my spirit falls
again.
Fill up the stocking,
I may be rushing things, but deck the
halls
again now.

For we need a little
Christmas

Right this very minute,
Candles in the window,
Carols at the spinet

Yes, we need a little
Christmas

Right this very minute.

It hasn't snowed a single flurry,
But Santa, dear, were in a hurry;
So climb down the chimney;
Turn on the brightest string of lights I've
ever seen.
Slice up the fruitcake;
It's time we hung some tinsel on that
evergreen bough.

There'll be much mistletoeing
and hearts will be glowing,
when loved ones are near.
It's the most wonderful time of the year.

**The curtain is closed and most of the
opening takes place in front "on the
piazza"**

*Lights up to reveal a lady(Kestrel) stage
center
preparing to "tidy up" the area and feed
the
birds:*

**MUSIC CUE: singing is heard from the
saints, gargoyles and statues.**

**(Anna, Daniela, Sofia, Abigail, Gabby,
Willow, Bianca, Fiona, Daniella, Ava,
Rachell, Mackenzie)**

ALL: Early each day to the steps of Saint
Paul's The little old bird woman comes_
In her own special way to the people she
calls

AVA:Come, buy my bags full of crumbs
Come feed the little birds, show them you
care
And you'll be glad if you do

Their young ones are hungry
Their nests are so bare
All it takes is tuppence from you

**(As the song progresses, entering the
scene: the GLASS BLOWER, A
gypsy, a nun make their way toward
the piazza....a few mimes are also
seen approaching the stage)**

ALL: Feed the birds, tuppence a bag,
Tuppence, tuppence, tuppence a bag
"Feed the birds, " that's what she cries
While overhead, her birds fill the skies

All around the cathedral the saints and
apostles
Look down as she sells her wares.
Although you can't see it, you know they are
smiling
Each time someone shows that he cares

(Esmerelda, a gypsy woman enters stage left
and takes in the scene)

Though her words are simple and few
Listen, listen, she's calling to you
"Feed the birds, tuppence a bag
Tuppence, tuppence, tuppence a
bag"

ESMERELDA: (approaching the bird
woman) I've had my eyes on you, my lady.
What brings you out here...feeling all-
charitable? Feeding the birds????Really?

KESTREL: (feeling a bit
uncomfortable)...Someone needs to watch
over these poor creatures.
You Are a church woman....don't you
remember in the Book of Genesis (she
proclaims) "On the fifth day/// God said,
"Let the waters abound with an abundance
of living creatures, and let birds fly above
the earth across the face of the firmament of
the heavens.". These creatures can be
magnificent, but they also need to be fed"

ESMERELDA: It is always so busy here on the piazza and they just seem to get in the way. Maybe you should just let them forage for themselves.

(A gentleman dressed in brown slacks and vest, carrying a set of rolled plans approaches center along with a woman dressed in light blue, who carries a sketch book and has a simple camera strap around her neck)

ARCHITECT: Excuse me, ladies. My name is Christopher Wren of the architectural firm of Swallow, Finch and Wren. This is my colleague, Maria, an up and coming interior designer.

MARIA: (a gentle smile and a simple handshake before she turns to snap a picture) This is a magnificent structure, Christopher. Why would anyone want to redesign this?

KESTREL: Redesign? Here? Why? This cathedral has stood in this place for centuries and is the heart of the village. (hesitates) Why, what would happen to the birds during construction?

MARIA: We are nowhere near construction, my dear. Our mission is simply to flesh out the needs of the community and see that there is a plan in place for the future.

ESMERELDA (takes Christopher aside) An architect you say? See that bell tower (points upward)? Built over a thousand years ago...still standing. Great view of the city...and a great place to get some sleep on a lonely night.

ARCHITECT: You sleep there? I realize that gypsies are travelers, but had no idea! Where do you live....really?

ESMERELDA: This piazza is home to many of us, gypsies and non-gypsies alike. (She takes him and points out)... We are a curious lot....mimes, fruit and vegetable

vendors.....politicians...even the glass blower

ARCHITECT: (reaching into his bag) Here is my card, ma'am
If you are ever in need of someone to design a real home for you.

ESMERELDA: (looks at the card, then begins to sing moving to the bench stage right. Lights on her alone):
All I want is a room somewhere
Far away from the cold night air
With one enormous chair
Aow wouldn't it be lovely?
Lots of choc'lates for me to eat
Lots of coal makin' lots of 'eat
Warm face, warm 'ands, warm feet
Aow wouldn't it be lovely?

(Lights go down on her)

(When the lights come up, Kestrel is showing Maria and the Architect the gargoyles)

ARCHITECT: The gargoyles seem to be in very fine condition. (He examines Gargoyle #!) These fine characters certainly could tell a story:

GARGOYLE #1 (Sofia) (coming to life slowly and steps into the light.)
This gentleman should certainly know this. I hadn't planned on giving an architectural lesson, but I am sure that many of you may be wondering : "Just what is a gargoyle?" (She summons her partner #2) and they do a "Vann White stye demo")

GARGOYLE #2 : (Daniela) (TO HER PARTNER) I had a feeling you would need my help!

In architecture, a **gargoyle** is a carved or formed **grotesque** creature with a spout designed to convey water from a roof and away from the side of a building, thereby preventing rainwater from running

down masonry walls and eroding the mortar between.

GARGOYLE #1: Architects often used **multiple** gargoyles (LIKE US) on a building to divide the flow of rainwater off the roof to minimize the potential damage from a rainstorm. A trough is cut in the back of the gargoyle and rainwater typically exits through the open mouth.

GARGOYLE #2: Gargoyles are usually an elongated fantastical animals because the length of the gargoyle determines how far water is directed from the wall.

ARCHITECT: (lights include him in the scene as he summons Maria to join him)
These gargoyles are really quite beautiful...not at all the grotesque figures I imagined.

MARIA: I was admiring the statue work around the cathedral....They, too, could certainly tell a story. Each time the bells toll, they must bring life to the history of the people.
ST. CECILIA and ST. GENEVIEVE
(brush off some dust from their faces)

CECILIA: Everyone thinks that bells are always RUNG. Actually, there is CHIMING, TOLLING and PEELING. Each bell is cast to sound a different note in a scale. They are traditionally numbered from the top note (the treble bell) down to the lowest (the tenor bell). Up to 14 can be rung together as if they were a single instrument.

GENEVIEVE: In a village like this, bells are PEELED to summon people to an event, TOLLED to announce a funeral or service, and CHIMED to mark the hour. The carillon is the largest of the steeple bells.

That takes a lot of physical energy to get the sound out across the land.

CECILIA: In this season, there is usually so much JOY associated with the bells.

(The two move toward the other saints and sing:)

Ding dong merrily on high,
In heav'n the bells are ringing:
Ding dong! verily the sky
Is riv'n with angel singing
Gloria Hosanna in excelsis!
Gloria Hosanna in excelsis!

Pray you, dutifully prime
Your matin chime, ye ringers,
May you beautifully rhyme
Your eve'time song, ye singers
Gloria Hosanna in excelsis!
Gloria Hosanna in excelsis!

Gloria Hosanna in excelsis!
Gloria Hosanna in excelsis!

Hosanna in excelsis! ! !

(LIGHTS DOWN on center stage....They come up on a small group of orphans sitting on steps in front of piazza. The mimes are with backs to audience during song. A nun, the Abbess< is keeping watch over her charges)

WHEN CHRISTMAS COMES TO TOWN

La La La La La

I'm wishing on a star
And trying to believe
That even though its far
He'll find me Christmas Eve
I guess that Santa's busy
Cause he's never come around
I think of him
When Christmas comes to town

The best time of the year

When everyone comes home
With all this Christmas cheer
Its hard to be alone
Putting up the Christmas tree
With friends who come around
Its so much fun
When Christmas comes to town

Presents for the children
Wrapped in red and green
All the things I've heard about
But never really seen
No one will be sleeping on the night of
Christmas Eve
Hoping Santa's on his way

(At end of song, music switches to "DO
YOU HEAR" for a short mime
expression of comforting the orphans
and then bringing Christmas to them.)

#3 MIME ENTRANCE

Music stops at 1:15..right into

#4 SPIRIT OF THE SEASON

**At intervals....villagers enter...from
all directionsSTREET
SCENE....GIRLS IN RED** police,
fire, Salvation army, shoppers)

**Music fades when all are
assembled...then straight into**

Sleigh bells ring, are you listening,
In the lane, snow is glistening
A beautiful sight,
We're happy tonight.
Walking in a winter wonderland.

Gone away is the bluebird,
Here to stay is a new bird

He sings a love song,
As we go along,
Walking in a winter wonderland.

In the meadow we can build a snowman,
Then pretend that he is Parson Brown
He'll say: Are you married?
We'll say: No man,
But you can do the job
When you're in town.

Later on, we'll conspire,
As we dream by the fire
To face unafraid,
The plans that we've made,
Walking in a winter wonderland.

Silver bells, [Silver bells] Silver
bells,
[silver bells]
It's Christmas time in the
city
Ring-a-ling [ring-a-ling],
Hear them ring [hear them
ring]
Soon it will be Christmas
day.

I'm dreaming of a white Christmas,
just like the ones I used to know
Where the treetops glisten and
children
listen
to hear sleigh bells in the snow

I'm dreaming of a white
christmas,
with every christmas card I
write
May your days be merry and
bright,
and may all your christmases be
white

Sleigh bells ring, are you
listening,
In the lane, snow is glistening
A beautiful sight,

We're happy tonight.
Walking in a winter wonderland.

(The scene ends with the orphans running off with the elves and toys...and the street people moving off as music resumes)

ESMERELDA, DESIGNER,
ARCHITECT , KESTRAL, GLASS
BLOWER re-enter the piazza.....the rear curtain opens to reveal the Cathedral

ESMERELDA: In earlier times...happier, too, I suspect....the parish church...in this case...a cathedral..... was the center of each village. Everything that was essential to daily life took place on the steps of the local church.

KESTRAL: The fruit and vegetable sellers, street entertainers, artists, local politicians all made their way to the piazza each day.

GLASS BLOWER: Artisans like myself were treated with dignity and respect. The art of glass blowing was highly regarded not so much for the art, but for the extreme risks we take in creating glass.

MARIA: I am totally in awe at the magnificent stained glass windows in this cathedral. Do you mean to tell me that each of these pieces had to be made by glass blowers?

GLASS BLOWER: Every cell in each window is an art in itself. (He gets very serious) We use blow pipes and introduce a molten blob of glass by blowing air into it. That is based on the liquid structure of glass where the atoms are held together by

strong chemical bonds in a disordered and random network. The furnace is over two thousand degrees when we place the shape inside.^[4]

GARGOYLE 1: *Stained glass* is glass that has been colored by adding [metallic salts](#). The coloured glass is crafted into *stained glass windows* in which small pieces of glass are arranged to form patterns or pictures, held together (traditionally) by strips of lead and supported by a rigid frame.

GARGOYLE 2: How well I remember when those windows were installed! Piece by piece.....until scenes from the life of Christ were all in place.

(The poet enters from stage left)

MR. POE: I appear to be interruption this meeting. (He bows to the Glass Blower and kisses the hand of Maria) For soothe, pray what have we here, good friend? The discussion looks intriguing.

KESTRAL: We have been showing this architect and his designer all that our village has to offer. They are here to redesign and update the cathedral.

POE: Redesign? Update? You cannot modernize what is true beauty!

ARCHITECT: One of the areas we might do a bit of tweaking is in that bell tower...the belfry. Since it is used so much, perhaps the acoustics could be modernized.

POE: Alas! I would personally lead a protest. Why the tintinnabulation is magnificent!

ESMERELDA: Hear the man out,
Edgar. Perhaps he would appreciate
hearing a reading of your work...to get a
sense of who we are!

POE: (GOES TO THE CENTER AND
UNFURLS HIS SCROLL

Hear the sledges with the
bells-
Silver bells!

What a world of merriment their melody
foretells!

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!

While the stars that
oversprinkle

All the heavens, seem to
twinkle

With a crystalline delight;

Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the tintinnabulation that so
musically
wells

From the bells, bells, bells,
bells,
Bells, bells, bells-

From the jingling and the tinkling of
the
bells

(He bows profoundly)

(Lights up on St Cecilia)

CECILIA: Did you catch the
onomatopoeia? (to the side) That's a
word which imitates the natural sounds of a
thing

ARCHITECT (muses...moves
downstage and begins to sing)

I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play
And mild and sweet their songs repeat
Of peace on earth good will to men

And in despair I bowed my head
There is no peace on earth I said
For hate is strong and mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good will to men

**He is joined by Maria, Esmerelda,
Kestral, the saints**

Then rang the bells more loud and deep
God is not dead, nor does he sleep

The wrong shall fail, the right prevail
With peace ... on earth good will to
men

POE: (walking with a Santa figure
LANDON) My good man, I am sure
that there is a story in your splendid
attire. I see several of your kin dressed
in a similar fashion.

LANDON: Our theatre troupe is in
town for the Christmas festival. We
will be performing a bit later, but
wanted to pray at the cathedral before
the showing.

POE: (notices the musicians tuning up
at stage left)Most of the music on the
piazza is classical, sir. I am not sure
that your jocular attire would be
suitable.

LANDON: You may be surprised
when my fellow actors assemble.
(Lights fade out...and up on the
musicians)

**STRING ENSEMBLE
AND BELL**

CHOIR

(At the conclusion of the strong and bell musicians, the light comes up on the abbess and Cecilia who are leading a group of choristers not the piazza

CECILIA conducts, while the abbess minds” the group.
Prepare the way for the coming of the Lord
Make a straight path for the coming of God

Every valley, fill it in
Every mountain, make it small

Crooked pathways, make them straight
All the rough land, make it smooth

ABBESS: (comes forward) Cecilia, my dear. This would seem like a good chance for the people to embrace the music and sing.

O COME ALL YE FAITHFUL

O come, all ye faithful, Joyful and triumphant,
o come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him Born the King of angels;
□ come, let us adore Him, O come, let us adore Him,
o come, let us adore Him, Christ, the Lord.

Sing, choirs of angels, Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above;
Glory to God, Glory in the highest;
o come, let us adore Him, O come, let us adore Him,
Emmanuel, Emmanuel
A child is born
A child is born
Sing glory unto God on high
Joy to all the world this night
And to all people, peace
And to all people, peace

Remember Him, oh, little star
Remember Him and shine
Around the world
In every heart
On this holy night
Lead us to His light

Emmanuel, Emmanuel
A child is born
A child is born
Sing glory unto God on high
Joy to all the world this night
And to all people, peace
And to all people, peace

Remember Him, the angels sing
And do not be afraid
Into this world
Good news we bring
Love has overcome
Behold a Son

(The choir starts to sing Emmanuel...they will begin to walk out through the audience mid-song and lead right into ..the WORLD DANCERS....LIGHTS FADE ON SINGERS AND COME UP ON THE DANCERS.)

7 EMMANUEL

The actors.....ALEJANDRO, LANDON, JOSEPH and MACKENZIE cross over a few times and greet the foreign visitors (a group of people dressed in ethnic attire)

Merry, merry, merry, merry, merry
Christmas to you.
May each day be very, very happy all the year through. Around the world you'll see the things the Christmas spirit can do.
Bells will be ringing with ev'ryone singing a merry Christmas to you.

Joyeux Noel, Buona Natale, Feliz Navidad.
In ev'ry land there's a way
Of saying what we want to say.
Oh! merry Christmas, a merry Christmas, a
merry Christmas to you.

Feliz navidad
Prospero año y felicidad

Feliz navidad
Feliz navidad
Feliz navidad
Prospero año y felicidad

I wanna wish you a merry Christmas
I wanna wish you a merry Christmas
I wanna wish you a merry Christmas
From the bottom of my heart

We wanna wish you a merry Christmas
We wanna wish you a merry Christmas
We wanna wish you a merry Christmas
From the bottom of our heart

ABBESS: There is a special feeling in the
air tonight. There must be a happy song
about the bells...We could certainly take a
break for a moment. We can always rehearse
the hymns later..I know that you heard the
townspeople sing this yesterday

ARCHITECT is sitting at hos drawing
board while this is happening; the designer is
taking photos...Kestral is feeding he
birds...Esmerelda is pandering in the
crowd))

(The Hamptones and Hamptonix have
joined the group.)

Ding dong, ding dong
Hear the Christmas bells go ding dong

Some folks like to hear a Christmas song
But I like Christmas bells that go ding dong
Jingle-jangle, ding-a-ling or just bing-bong

I love to hear 'em ring

Oh, ring those Christmas bells
Ring those Christmas bells
While they chime, we'll have a happy time
So ring those Christmas bells

Ding dong, ding dong

Up above the stars are clear and bright
While all around the snow is soft and white
Santa and his reindeer soon will be in sight
And you will hear him sing

Oh, ring those Christmas bells
Ring those Christmas bells
While they chime, we'll have a happy time
So ring those Christmas bells

ESMERELDA: Speaking of ringing those
bells...I saw that acting troupe . There seem to
be lot of them all dressed in the same outfits.

KESTRAL: That can't be good. Maybe it's a
uniform.

SANTA TAP

#6 RADIO CITY MIXDOWN

(After the Santas leave the stage, lights back
up on stage right and on Cecilia)

CECILIA: There is so much music on the
air this evening...all signs of happiness. I am
concerned, however, that so few people have
actually come inside the cathedral.

GARGOYLE 2: People always flock to the
church or cathedral when they are in trouble
or need something. Even at Christmas, the
sense of the spirit isn't all that it should be.

(Lights up on Kestrel at center as she
walks over to stage left)

KESTREL: (muses) So much is being said these days about rebuilding the church.....and lamenting about how few people are spending time INSIDE the church. Christmas is the perfect time to open those doors wide...ring those bells loud and clear....and start with the smallest of the children.

#10 MERRY CHRISTMAS.....SONG OF SEASON

(Bells, stars, angels)

DANCE SEQUENCE with angels and stars and bells in between. Music stops at 1:15

Piano cue:

Everybody likes to take a holiday
Everybody likes to take a rest
Spending time together with the family
Sharing lots of love and happiness.
Come on, ring those bells, light the
Christmas tree,
Jesus is the king, born for you and me.
Come on, ring those bells, everybody say,
Jesus, we remember this your birthday.

Oh celebrations come because of something
good.
Celebrations we like to recall
Mary had a baby boy in Bethlehem
The greatest celebration of them all.

Come on, ring those bells, light the
Christmas tree,
Jesus is the king, born for you and me.
Come on, ring those bells, everybody say,
Jesus, we remember this your birthday.

The skaters come out at the end of the
song and **#10 RESUMES**

(After the stage is cleared and the angels stars are settled, Architect and Maria are seen at center stage. Small spots on them)

MARIA: This is such a happy place, Christopher. I have so many pictures (looks at her camera), but they are all of people. They are a happy lot who do come to the church regularly. They seem to feel so comfortable here.

ARCHITECT: That they do, and, to be honest, I don't see how we can alter the structure of this magnificent cathedral one bit. The glass, the marble, the columns are timeless.

GARGOYLE #1 (spot on her alone) I haven't been up here all these years for nothing. If they could see what I have seen, they would understand.

GARGOYLE #2 (spot on her) The story here tonight is not so much about people...or holidays...It is about the bells...the bells that PEEL...that TOLL...that summon all of us to this special place.

ESMERELDA: (bringing architect and Maria downstage) I hope that you don't feel like your time has been wasted. The church we hope to rebuild is not one of brick and mortar..it is the sense of our own reverence...and faith.

POE: We can wax poetic and design all the bell towers in the world, but it is the PEOPLE who ARE the church...the message bearers of the story that Christmas evokes.

MARIA: (taking architect by the arm.)
Christopher, come inside with me. Walk
down this magnificent aisle to the altar. Let
us pray together. (They walk, backs to th
audience, while the lights come up in
BLUE on the saints who sing:
Ave Maria Gratia plena
Dominus tecum

Benedicta tu in mulieribus
Et benedictus
Et benedictus fructus ventris
tui Jesus Christe

Sancta Maria Mater dei
Ora pro nobis peccatoribus
Nunc et in hora mortis
In hora mortis, mortis nostrae. Amen

POE, ESMERELDA, KESTREL all
approach the stage front

KESTREL: Our new friends, the travelers,
Christopher and Maria...the designer and
the architect...are simply symbols of Mary
and Joseph. They have left their own
countries to visit a new venue, not knowing
what they would find. They symbolize our
parents who build, design and embrace our
families.

POE: The angels, shepherds and wise men
of whom we hear in the Gospels represent
all of us....the hard working, the educated,
the seekers, the travelers throughout life. In
our simple story tonight, they are the actors,
the vendors, the street people, all interacting
to make life complete.

ESMERELDA: The doors of the
cathedral have been flung open this evening
and the bells have tolled loud and clear.
Come in, dear friends.....Join us on our
journey...yes, to Bethlehem...but most of
all...to the Lord wherever we may find
Him...and where He may find us.

POE: Now...more than ever...we are ALL
called to bring the joy of Christmas to the
world. We are young.....we are

energetic.....we are filled with hopes and
DREAMS.....Come inside.....

**(They step to the side...and the full scene
opens in lighting reflecting the dance
segments)**

#11 FROM POLAR EXPRESS

The dancers

At conclusion of dance, intro to A Million Dreams...as the entire cast gathers.....

SAINTS: I close my eyes and I can see
The world that's waiting up for me
That I call my own
Through the dark, through the door
Through where no one's been before
But it feels like home

POLICEMEN, KINGS: They can say, they
can say it all sounds crazy
They can say, they can say I've lost my mind
I don't care, I don't care, so call me crazy
We can live in a world that we design

ALL: 'Cause every night I lie in bed
The brightest colors fill my head
A million dreams are keeping me awake
I think of what the world could
be
A vision of the one I see
A million dreams is all it's gonna take
A million dreams for the world we're
gonna
make

SAINTS, ESMERELDA, GROUP:

There's a house we can
build
Every room inside is
filled
With things from far
away
The special things I
compile

Each one there to make you
smile
On a rainy day

ALL BOYS: They can say, they can
say it
all sounds crazy
They can say, they can say we've lost
our
minds
I don't care, I don't care if they call us
crazy
Runaway to a world that we design

ALL GIRLS: Every night I lie in bed
The brightest colors fill my head
A million dreams are keeping me
awake
I think of what the world could be
A vision of the one I see
A million dreams is all it's gonna take
A million dreams for the world we're
gonna
make

LEADS: However big, however
small
Let me be part of it all
Share your dreams with me
You may be right, you may be
wrong
But say that you'll bring me along
To the world you see
To the world I close my eyes to
see
I close my eyes to see

ALL: Every night I lie in bed
The brightest colors fill my
head
A million dreams are keeping me
awake
A million dreams, a million dreams
I think of what the world could be
A vision of the one I see
A million dreams is all it's gonna take
A million dreams for the world we're
gonna
make

O holy night! The stars are brightly
shining,
It is the night of the dear Saviour's birth.
Long lay the world in sin and error
pining.
Till He appeared and the Spirit felt its
worth.
A thrill of hope the weary world
rejoices,
For yonder breaks a new and glorious
morn.
Fall on your knees! Oh, hear the angel
voices!
O night divine, the night when Christ
was born;
O night, O holy night, O night divine!
O night, O holy night, O night divine!

At
co
ncl
usi
on
of
da
nc
e,
int
ro
to
A
Mi
llio
n
Dr
ea
ms
...
as
the
ent
ire
cas
t
gat
he
rs
...
:
S
A
I
N
T
S
:
I
c
l
o
s
e
m
y
e
y
e
s
a
n
d
I
c
a
n
s

se
ever
y
nigh
t I
lie
in
bed
The
brigh
htes
colo
rs
fill
my
head
A
mill
on
drea
ms
are
keep
ing
me
awa
ke

