

## From Ecclesiastes Chapter 1

Oliver Anthony

Everything is meaningless  
What do people gain from all their labors at which they toil under the sun?  
Generations come and generations go, but the Earth remains forever  
The sun rises and the sun sets  
And hurries back to where it rises  
The wind blows to the south and turns to the north  
'Round and 'round it goes, ever returning on its course  
All streams flow into the sea, yet the sea is never full  
To the place the streams come from, there they return again  
All things are wearisome, more than one can say  
The eye never has enough of seeing, nor the ear its fill of hearing  
What has been will be again  
And what has been done will be done again  
There is nothing new under the sun  
Is there anything of which one can say, "Look, this is something new?"  
It was here already, long ago  
It was here before our time  
No one remembers the former generations  
And even those yet to come will not be remembered by those who follow them