

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