

CASTAWAY

Vanity, vanity
All is vanity
Cries the old, wise man
Sun rises and goes down
Generations pass
Reads the ancient scroll

Time to live, time to sew
And a time to reap
Time to laugh, time to mourn
And a time to weep
Time to dance, to embrace
And a time to die
A dying man chasing the wind

**And so I run
Though not uncertainly
And I fight
Not beating air
Lest my hope
And His grace be in vain
Lest I be a castaway**

Then I said in my heart
My desperate heart
Why was I more wise
There's no more memory
Of a fool than me
And I hated life

Then I looked on the works
My hands had done
Nothing new, nothing new
Under the sun
As the wind turns around
And the earth remains
Eternity within my heart