

*Nuvole Bianche*

Ludovico Einaudi

By Alexander Jefferies

*Ecclesiastes 3, 1-8*

By Emma Burberry

There is a time for everything,  
and a season for every activity under the heavens:

a time to be born and a time to die,  
a time to plant and a time to uproot,

a time to kill and a time to heal,  
a time to tear down and a time to build,

a time to weep and a time to laugh,  
a time to mourn and a time to dance,

a time to scatter stones and a time to gather them,  
a time to embrace and a time to refrain from embracing,

a time to search and a time to give up,  
a time to keep and a time to throw away,

a time to tear and a time to mend,  
a time to be silent and a time to speak,

a time to love and a time to hate,  
a time for war and a time for peace.



*I Vow to thee My Country*

I vow to thee, my country, all earthly things above,  
entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love:  
the love that asks no question, the love that stands the test,  
that lays upon the altar the dearest and the best;  
the love that never falters, the love that pays the price,  
the love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.

And there's another country I've heard of long ago,  
most dear to them that love her, most great to them that know;  
we may not count her armies, we may not see her King;  
her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering;  
and soul by soul and silently her shining bounds increase,  
and her ways are ways of gentleness and all her paths are peace.

