

# The Vatican

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When I was a child, I lived in a small house but in a large family.  
My brothers loomed large. We had hardly any space at all.

When I was fifteen, the convent became my home.  
The sisters became my family. My room was so small,  
I had hardly any space at all.

My mother had told me the Vatican has a thousand rooms.  
Are there really enough brooms to sweep those floors?  
What are a thousand rooms all for?

The Vatican!  
It makes my heart sing.  
And the Vatican holds my ambitions,  
my heartstrings, my everything.

The Vatican!  
Whatever life brings in the Vatican,  
My mission defined and refined by destiny.

I firmly resolve I'll never waste a single day.  
Meet challenges with dignity and grace.  
Only God knows just how far I may go.

The Vatican!  
Majestic influence.  
In St. Peter's dome, I'll find my life's work, my comfort,  
My home will be

The Vatican.  
God's power o'er the earth, and the Vatican,  
Fulfills my own plan by God's hand and destiny.  
My destiny!