

When through the course of life's cruel ride

I find myself battered and beat

By the hardships that like the tide,

Come cyclically to my defeat.

I often ponder how the One

Who reigns above all in mercy,

Chooses to bestow me with none;

Blind to my ardent misery.

It is then that I remember

My reason of cruel existence

Which was not to curse and mutter

But to sing praise His excellence

Then my sorrows, so often thought

Disappear into what is not