

I couldn't do it no matter how hard I tried,

I was left on the shelf and I loved but I cried;

It all was so good with everything falling into place,

But at the peak of my life I couldn't do it or face.

Through the ups and the downs and the highs and the lows,

My rhythm and writing took it turns in its foils and flows;

And after all the effort to be the best and finally win,

I couldn't do it and was without energy with effort for the sin.

I couldn't do it, that is take a young woman to wife,

For all of my trouble, toil and struggle with strife in life;

I had raced out ahead at the beginning and when young,

Now I was brought to a standstill and hymns and choruses sung.

It was a rejuvenation period of rest and recuperation in life,

When the battle was over from being fought with my head in strife;

And there was light at the end of the tunnel but only God knew when,

As I wrote down these words so humbly at the type of my pen.

And it was beautifully longing and looking to much greater things in life,

Where the hurts and the failures were beaten and heading for wife;

Now the glory was there calling along down at the end of the road,

And the victory waiting if I could only get over my heavy load.

I couldn't do it on my own strength and really God was my friend,

Who carried me through all the tough times and did help me mend;

I couldn't do it alone but had to find the determination and courage,

For I had a long way to go, with the experience to search and flourage.

Signed,

There's plenty more left