

It was hard to keep a secret,

These little mysteries in the world of life;

It was hard to keep believing,

I'd be wealthy and find a wife.

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It was hard in constant battle,

These little conflicts on my mind;

It was hard to stop the torment,

I'd be baffled and my head would rattle.

.

It was hard to find all the answers,

These little questions that troubled and toiled;

It was hard to put pen to paper,

That the reward would be spoiled to royals.

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It was hard to think past myself,

These thoughts that seemed always right;

It was hard to work out what mattered,

With time and money and truth in the light.

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It was hard to appear to have solved it all,

These decades that age down the years I call;

It was hard not to give up and not be quiet,

With many spirits and wines and beers.

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It was hard to know just where to look,

But I found it in the due course of time;

It was hard to see Jesus living on forever,

Now the king of things in this rhyme.

.

**Signed,**

**What did he get?**