

Still he battled for his life,
And never gave up hope;
Hard he tried to win that fight,
And with the danger cope.
But all in vain, the end was nigh;
Man had decreed that he should die.

Was his soul with anguish filled
When he heard this decree;
Did he plead for further time
To fight the enemy?
No; he trusted God implicitly,
Who said: "My grace shall comfort thee."

Resigned he is, and murmurs not,
For victory he has won.
Father in Heaven, thou gracious God,
Thy will alone be done;
For death alone a step can be,
Then Paradise and rest with thee.