

A TRUE MAN

With purpose strong to do or die,
The race of life he ran,
With love supreme to God on high,
And equal love to man.

Some flaws the earthen vessel marred,
Which all could clearly see;
Within was found the precious nard;
From guile his heart was free.

In motive e'er is found the sin;
Let that to God be true,
And he the Judge's smile will win,
And man's approval too.