

A scroll with text on it, featuring a title and several stanzas of text. The scroll is unrolled and held by wooden rods at the top and bottom. The text is centered on the scroll.

## Run Hard

He is the first across the line  
Accomplished it in record time;  
His fans rejoice ecstatic'ly  
At his resounding victory—  
His fame has grown dramatic'ly.

The fruit of years of toil and sweat,  
Strong resolve of a heart that's set  
On being a sportsman of repute;  
He'll stop at nought in its pursuit,  
His determination's resolute.

He surely loves the accolades;  
Alas, it is a fame that fades,  
As age takes hold he can't keep pace  
And younger ones now win the race—  
With bygone stars consigned his place.

If men so toil for earth's acclaim  
The passing lauds of fleeting fame,  
Let all who know the Lord aspire  
To be reaching higher, higher—  
The prize of glory our desire.

Before Christ's judgement seat we'll come  
Rewarded for the works we've done,  
Let's run the race as those who win,  
For only winners enter in—  
The line's in sight—Run hard my friend!

*Vincent Lyons.*