

## WELL DONE

Hulda Kuiper

The master gave the lesson and the violin bow  
To a child so small, one wondered how  
Such lovely tones could from those strings be drawn.  
But dedicated practice and a perseverance strong  
Upheld the lad until the day he was called upon  
To play before the kingly throne; ah, then —  
Such melody and stirring strains he drew from strings  
With bow so sure! His mind and heart uplifted, exulting  
In the knowledge he had done his best, he knew that  
Thus he served his master with soul and mind and strength,  
And heard in joy the long-sought words:  
    My son, well done!

So, too, have we been given lives attuned by Him,  
The bows of Scripture and of willingness, to use in work and  
    play  
(Prepared and set before us in all their purpose, good and  
    right).  
May God give grace and strength that we do not fail but  
Daily strive and practice, and in dedication attain the  
    highest good  
In all we seek to do, to keep our lives in tune with Him!  
May our thoughts be pure, our motives right, our words  
And actions kind, bespeaking love of Christ within.  
Then, when at the end of life's given road we stand  
Before the Master's throne, we draw the bow to play  
The final gift of praise and present our lives. . . shining  
And good. . . His gift returned. . . then, then with gladdened  
    heart  
We joy to hear Him say those long-sought words:  
    My son, well done!