## THE END OF MAN



- 2. Though bright and many are the spots where I have built a nest, yet in the brightest still I pined for more abiding rest.
- 3. Riches could bring me joy and power, and they were fair to see; yet gold was but a sorry god to serve instead of thee.
- 4. The honour and the world's good word appeared a nobler faith; yet could I rest on bliss that hung and trembled on a breath?
- 5. The pleasure of the passing hour my spirit next could while; but soon, full soon my heart fell sick of pleasure's weary smile.
- 6. More selfish grown, I worshipped health, the flush of manhood's power; but then it came and went so quick, it was but for an hour.
- 7. And thus a not unkindly world hath done its best for me; yet I have found, O God! no rest, no harbour short of thee.
- 8. For thou hast made this wondrous soul all for thyself alone; ah! send thy sweet transforming grace to make it more thine own.

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