

# The End of Man

I come to Thee once more, my God!  
No longer will I roam;  
For I have sought the wide world through,  
And never found a home.

Though bright and many are the spots  
Where I have built a nest,  
Yet in the brightest still I pined  
For more abiding rest.

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.

Then honour and the world's good word  
Appeared a nobler faith;  
Yet could I rest on bliss that hung  
And trembled on a breath?

The pleasure of the passing hour  
My spirit next could wile;  
But soon, full soon my heart fell sick  
Of pleasure's weary smile.

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.

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.

For Thou hast made this wondrous soul  
All for Thyself alone;  
Ah! send Thy sweet transforming grace  
To make it more Thine own.

**Frederick W. Faber**  
**1814-1863**