

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
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