

Almighty Maker of My Frame

Anne Steele, 1760.

Samuel Wesley, 1872.

Almighty maker of my frame!
Teach me the measure of my days,
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant in Thy praise.

My days are shorter than a span,
A little point my life appears;
How frail at best is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears!

Vain his ambition, noise and show;
Vain are the cares which rack his mind;
He heaps up treasures mixed with woe,
And dies and leaves them all behind.

O be a nobler portion mine!
My God, I bow before Thy throne;
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hope on Thee alone.