

ALMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days,
Make me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to Thy praise.

2 Vain the ambition, noise and show!
The cares which rack the human mind!
Heaping up treasures, mixed with woe,
We die and leave them all behind.

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

4 Save me, by Thine almighty arm,
Forgive my waywardness and sin,
May guilt and folly no more harm,
As I a life renewed begin.

5 O spare me, and my soul restore,
Before remaining years shall flee,
And when my days on earth are o'er
Let me for ever dwell with Thee.

Anne Steele, 1717-78