

The honours of this world all fade,
Its names shall perish with its land ;
Forgotten (save in memory's love)
Are all but those inscribed above.

"What shall I ask?" A mind so wise
That wisdom is its richest dower?
Or shall I ask for beauty's gift?
For grace of face and form are power,
Beauty will fade and reason fail,
The hosts of death will both assail

"What shall I ask?" Like he of old,
To whom a choice of all was given,
Methinks I will not ask for fame,
Nor length of days, but power from heaven
To live so nobly for my King
That He can add every good thing.

And like another saint of old,
I'll ask not poverty or gain,
Lest I be rich, forsake my God,
Or poor, and take His name in vain,
Content with what His love will give,
Seeking for others' good to live.

I thank Thee for the precious gifts
That through Thy grace are showered on me,
Lord, if Thou wilt, let them remain,
And they shall still be used for Thee;
For life, and love, and wealth are sweet,
Bestow each as Thou seest meet.