My heart is resting, O my God



My heart is resting, O my God—I will give thanks and sing;
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.
Now the frail vessel Thou hast made
No hand but Thine shall fill—
For the waters of the Earth have failed,
And I am thirsty still.

I thirst for springs of heavenly life, And here all day they rise— I seek the treasure of Thy love, And close at hand it lies. And a new song is in my mouth To long loved music set— Glory to Thee for all the grace I have not tasted yet. Glory to Thee for strength withheld, For want and weakness known— And the fear that sends me to Thy breast For what is most my own. I have a heritage of joy That yet I must not see; But the hand that bled to make it mine Is keeping it for me.

My heart is resting, O my God, My heart is in Thy care— I hear the voice of joy and health Resounding everywhere. Thou art my portion, saith my soul, Ten thousand voices say, And the music of their glad Amen, Will never die away.

Anna Waring