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.

Refrain
O peace of God that passeth thought,
I daily, hourly sing;
My heart is at the secret source
Of ev'ry 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.

Refrain

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.

Refrain

A glad new song is in my mouth To long loved music set— Glory to Thee for all the grace I have not tasted yet.

Refrain

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.

Refrain

Anna L. Waring