

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. 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