

My Heart Is Resting, O My God  
Anna Waring, 1854.  
Walford Davies, 1923.

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.

There is a certainty of love  
That sets my heart at rest  
A calm assurance for today  
That to be poor is best  
A prayer reposing on His truth  
Who hath made all things mine,  
That draws my captive will to Him,  
And makes it one with Thine.

I will give thanks for suffering now,  
For want and toil and loss  
For the death that sin makes hard and slow,  
Upon my Savior's cross  
Thanks for the little spring of love  
That gives me strength to say,  
If they will leave me part in Him,  
Let all things pass away.

Sometimes I long for promised bliss,  
But it will not come too late  
And the songs of patient spirits rise  
From the place wherein I wait;  
While in the faith that makes no haste  
My soul has time to see  
A kneeling host of Thy redeemed,  
In fellowship with me.

There is a multitude around  
Responsive to my prayer;  
I hear the voice of my desire  
Resounding everywhere.

But the earnest of eternal joy,  
In every prayer I trace;  
I see the glory of the Lord:  
On every chastened face.

How oft, in still communion known,  
Those spirits have been sent  
To share the travail of my soul,  
Or show me what it meant!  
And I long to do some work of love  
No spoiling hand could touch,  
For the poor and suffering of Thy flock  
Who comfort me so much.

But the yearning thought is mingled now  
With the thankful song I sing;  
For Thy people know the secret source  
Of every precious thing.  
The heart that ministers for Thee  
In Thy own work will rest;  
And the subject spirit of a child  
Can serve Thy children best.

Mine be the reverent, listening love,  
That waits all day on Thee,  
With the service of a watchful heart  
Which no one else can see  
The faith that, in a hidden way  
No other eye may know,  
Finds all its daily work prepared,  
And loves to have it so.

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.