

**M**Y heart is resting, O my God,  
I will give thanks and sing;  
My heart is at the secret source  
Of every precious thing.

- 2 Now the frail vessel Thou hast made  
No hand but Thine shall fill;  
The waters of the earth have failed,  
And I am thirsty still.
- 3 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.
- 4 Now a 'new song' is in my mouth  
To long-loved music set:  
Glory to Thee for all the grace  
I have not tasted yet!
- 5 I have a heritage of joy  
That yet I must not see;  
The hand that bled to make it mine  
Is keeping it for me.
- 6 My heart is resting on Thy Truth,  
Who hath made all things mine;  
That draws my captive will to Thee,  
And makes it one with Thine.

*Anna Letitia Waring, 1820-1910*