

## My Heart Is Resting

*"Come to Me, all who labor and are heavy laden..." (Matt. 11:28)*

ANNA L. WARING

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1. My heart is rest - ing, O my God, I will give thanks and sing.  
 2. I have a her - i - tage of joy, That yet I must not see;  
 3. My heart is rest - ing, O my God, My heart is in Thy care;

My heart is at the se - cret source Of ev - ery pre - cious thing.  
 The hand that bled to make it mine Is keep - ing it for me.  
 I hear the voice of joy and health Re - sound - ing ev - ery - where.

I thirst for springs of heaven - ly life, And here all day they rise;  
 And a new song is in my mouth, To long - loved mu - sic set:  
 "Thou art my por - tion," saith my soul, Ten thou - sand voi - ces say.

I seek the treas - ure of Thy love, And close at hand it lies.  
 "Glo - ry to Thee for all the grace I have not tas - ted yet."  
 The mu - sic of their glad a - men Will nev - er die a - way.