My Heart Is Resting

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

Anna L. Waring

Franz J. Haydn

1. My heart is resting, O my God, I will give thanks and sing.
2. I have a heritage of joy, That yet I must not see;
3. My heart is resting, O my God, My heart is in Thy care;

My heart is at the secret source Of every precious thing.
The hand that bled to make it mine Is keeping it for me.
I hear the voice of joy and health Resounding every where.

I thirst for springs of heavenly life, And here all day they rise;
And a new song is in my mouth, To long-loved music set:
"Thou art my portion," saith my soul, Ten thousand voices say.

I seek the treasure of Thy love, And close at hand it lies.
"Glory to Thee for all the grace I have not tasted yet."
The music of their glad amen Will never die away.