

My heart is resting, O my God
Experience of God — As the Everlasting Portion

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1. My heart is rest - ing, O my God, I will give thanks and
sing; My heart is at the se - cret source Of ev - ery pre - cious
thing. (C) Oh, peace of God that pass - eth thought, I dai - ly, hour - ly
sing; My heart is at the se - cret source Of ev - ery pre - cious thing.

2. Now this 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. A glad, new song is in my mouth,
To long-loved music set,
A song of praise 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. There is a certainty of love
That sets my heart at rest;
A calm assurance for today
That to be poor is best.

7. 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.