

詩歌選集第 537 首

537 【我心因神寧靜平安】

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(一) 我心因神寧靜平安，因此向祂頌贊；有一祕源在我心坎：涌流各樣美善。出人意外神的平安，我要時刻頌贊；有一祕源在我心坎：涌流各樣美善。

(二) 我是被造脆弱器皿，只可讓禰傾注；世上名泉雖曾暢飲，乾渴仍未止住！出人意外神的平安，我要時刻頌贊；有一祕源在我心坎：涌流各樣美善。

(三) 我們渴慕生命泉源，如今終日涌流；我所尋求愛的寶殿，如今竟歸我有。出人意外神的平安，我要時刻頌贊；有一祕源在我心坎：涌流各樣美善。

(四) 喜樂新歌今在我口，我所久愛曲調；此歌贊美恩典豐厚，但我未盡嘗到。出人意外神的平安，我要時刻頌贊；有一祕源在我心坎：涌流各樣美善。

(五) 我的產業令我喜樂，雖我猶未盡曆；流血的手為我取得，為我持守到底。出人意外神的平安，我要時刻頌贊；有一祕源在我心坎：涌流各樣美善。

(六) 我今有一愛的確信，使我心能安息；今日我心平靜、安穩，禰必供我所需。出人意外神的平安，我要時刻頌贊；有一祕源在我心坎：涌流各樣美善。

(七) 主賜一切歸我所有，我今向禰求懇：吸引我心歸禰所有，使我與禰同心。出人意

外神的平安，我要時刻頌贊；有一祕源在我心坎：涌流各樣美善。

(1) My heart is resting, O my God, I will give thanks and sing; My heart is at the secret source Of every precious thing. Oh, peace of God that passeth thought, I daily, hourly sing; My heart is at the secret source Of every precious 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. Oh, peace of God that passeth thought, I daily, hourly sing; My heart is at the secret source Of every precious thing.

(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. Oh, peace of God that passeth thought, I daily, hourly sing; My heart is at the secret source Of every precious thing.

(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. Oh, peace of God that passeth thought, I daily, hourly sing; My heart is at the secret source Of every precious thing.

(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. Oh, peace of God that passeth thought, I daily, hourly sing; My heart is at the secret source Of every precious thing.

(6) There is a certainty of love That sets my heart at rest; A calm assurance for today That to be poor is best. Oh, peace of God that passeth thought, I daily, hourly sing; My heart is at the secret source Of every precious thing.

(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. Oh, peace of God that passeth thought, I daily, hourly sing; My heart is at the secret source Of every precious thing.

Anna L. Waring