

## 诗歌选集第 537 首

537 【我心因神宁静平安】

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(一) 我心因神宁静平安，因此向祂颂赞；有一祕源在我心坎：涌流各样美善。出人意外神的平安，我要时刻颂赞；有一祕源在我心坎：涌流各样美善。

(二) 我是被造脆弱器皿，只可让祢倾注；世上名泉虽曾畅饮，干渴仍未止住！出人意外神的平安，我要时刻颂赞；有一祕源在我心坎：涌流各样美善。

(三) 我们渴慕生命泉源，如今终日涌流；我所寻求爱的宝殿，如今竟归我有。出人意外神的平安，我要时刻颂赞；有一祕源在我心坎：涌流各样美善。

(四) 喜乐新歌今在我口，我所久爱曲调；此歌赞美恩典丰厚，但我未尽尝到。出人意外神的平安，我要时刻颂赞；有一祕源在我心坎：涌流各样美善。

(五) 我的产业令我喜乐，虽我犹未尽历；流血的手为我取得，为我持守到底。出人意外神的平安，我要时刻颂赞；有一祕源在我心坎：涌流各样美善。

(六) 我今有一爱的确信，使我心能安息；今日我心平静、安稳，祢必供我所需。出人意外神的平安，我要时刻颂赞；有一祕源在我心坎：涌流各样美善。

(七) 主赐一切归我所有，我今向祢求恳：吸引我心归祢所有，使我与祢同心。出人意外神的平安，我要时刻颂赞；有一祕源在我心坎：涌流各样美善。

**(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