Jesus, I Am Resting, Resting

Words: Jean Sophia Pigott, 1876
Music: James Mountain

1. Jesus, I am resting, resting In the joy of what Thou art;
2. O, how great Thy loving kindness, Vast-er, broad-er than the sea!
3. Simply trusting Thee, Lord Jesus, I behold Thee as Thou art,
4. Ever lifting Thy face upon me As I work and wait for Thee;
(Ref.) Jesus, I am resting, resting In the joy of what Thou art;

I am finding out the greatness Of Thy loving heart.
O, how marvelous Thy goodness, Lavished all on me!
And Thy love, so pure, so changeless, Satis-fies my heart;
Resting 'neath Thy smile, Lord Jesus, Earth's dark shad-ows flee.

I am finding out the greatness Of Thy loving heart.

Thou hast bid me gaze upon Thee, And Thy beauty fills my soul,
Yes, I rest in Thee, Beloved, Know what wealth of grace is Thine,
Sat-is-fies its deep-est longings, Meets, sup-pies its ev-ery need,

Thou hast bid me gaze upon Thee, And Thy beauty fills my soul,
Yes, I rest in Thee, Beloved, Know what wealth of grace is Thine,
Sat-is-fies its deep-est longings, Meets, sup-pies its ev-ery need,

For by Thy transforming pow-er, Thou hast made me whole.
Know Thy cer-tain-ty of prom ise, And have made it mine.
Com-pass-eth me round with bless-ings: Thine is love in-deed!

Keep me ev-er trust-ing, rest-ing, Fill me with Thy grace.