

**Classic Poetry Series**

# **Anna Laetitia Waring**

**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**

2004

**Publisher:**

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

## **Father, I Know That All My Life**

"My times are in Thy hand." -- Psalm XXXI.15

Father, I know that all my life  
Is portioned out for me,  
And the changes that are sure to come,  
I do not fear to see;  
But I ask Thee for a present mind  
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,  
Through constant watching wise,  
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,  
And to wipe the weeping eyes;  
And a heart at leisure from itself,  
To soothe and sympathise.

I would not have the restless will  
That hurries to and fro,  
Seeking for some great thing to do  
Or secret thing to know;  
I would be treated as a child,  
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,  
In whatso'er estate,  
I have a fellowship with hearts  
To keep and cultivate;  
And a work of lowly love to do  
For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength,  
To none that ask denied,  
And a mind to blend with outward life  
While keeping at Thy side;  
Content to fill a little space,  
If Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask,  
In my cup of blessing be,  
I would have my spirit filled the more  
With grateful love to Thee --  
More careful -- not to serve Thee much,  
But to please Thee perfectly.

There are briars besetting every path,  
That call for patient care;  
There is a cross in every lot,  
And an earnest need for prayer;  
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee  
Is happy anywhere.

In a service which Thy will appoints,  
There are no bonds for me,  
For my inmost heart is taught "the truth"  
That makes Thy children "free;"  
And a life of self-renouncing love  
Is a life of liberty.

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## **In Heavenly Love Abiding**

In heavenly love abiding, no change my heart shall fear.  
And safe in such confiding, for nothing changes here.  
The storm may roar without me, my heart may low be laid,  
But God is round about me, and can I be dismayed?

Wherever He may guide me, no want shall turn me back.  
My Shepherd is beside me, and nothing can I lack.  
His wisdom ever waking, His sight is never dim.  
He knows the way He's taking, and I will walk with Him

Green pastures are before me, which yet I have not seen.  
Bright skies will soon be over me, where darkest clouds have been.  
My hope I cannot measure, my path to life is free.  
My Savior has my treasure, and He will walk with me.

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## **My Heart Is Resting, O My Lord**

My heart is resting, O my God—  
I will give thanks and sing;  
My heart is at the secret source  
Of every precious thing.  
Now the frail vessel Thou hast made  
No hand but Thine shall fill—  
For the waters of the Earth have failed,  
And I am thirsty still.

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.  
And a new song is in my mouth  
To long loved music set—  
Glory to Thee for all the grace  
I have not tasted yet.

Glory to Thee for strength withheld,  
For want and weakness known—  
And the fear that sends me to Thy breast  
For what is most my own.  
I have a heritage of joy  
That yet I must not see;  
But the hand that bled to make it mine  
Is keeping it for me.

There is a certainty of love  
That sets my heart at rest—  
A calm assurance for today  
That to be poor is best—  
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.

I will give thanks for suffering now,  
For want and toil and loss—  
For the death that sin makes hard and slow,  
Upon my Savior's cross—  
Thanks for the little spring of love  
That gives me strength to say,  
If they will leave me part in Him,  
Let all things pass away.

Sometimes I long for promised bliss,  
But it will not come too late—  
And the songs of patient spirits rise  
From the place wherein I wait;  
While in the faith that makes no haste  
My soul has time to see  
A kneeling host of Thy redeemed,

In fellowship with me.

There is a multitude around  
Responsive to my prayer;  
I hear the voice of my desire  
Resounding everywhere.  
But the earnest of eternal joy,  
In every prayer I trace;  
I see the glory of the Lord:  
On every chastened face.

How oft, in still communion known,  
Those spirits have been sent  
To share the travail of my soul,  
Or show me what it meant!  
And I long to do some work of love  
No spoiling hand could touch,  
For the poor and suffering of Thy flock  
Who comfort me so much.

But the yearning thought is mingled now  
With the thankful song I sing;  
For Thy people know the secret source  
Of every precious thing.  
The heart that ministers for Thee  
In Thy own work will rest;  
And the subject spirit of a child  
Can serve Thy children best.

Mine be the reverent, listening love,  
That waits all day on Thee,  
With the service of a watchful heart  
Which no one else can see—  
The faith that, in a hidden way  
No other eye may know,  
Finds all its daily work prepared,  
And loves to have it so.

My heart is resting, O my God,  
My heart is in Thy care—  
I hear the voice of joy and health  
Resounding everywhere.  
"Thou art my portion," saith my soul,  
Ten thousand voices say,  
And the music of their glad Amen,  
Will never die away.

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## **My Savior, on the Word of Truth**

My Savior, on the word of truth  
In earnest hope I live;  
I ask for all the precious things  
Thy boundless love can give.  
I look for many a lesser light  
About my path to shine;  
But chiefly long to walk with Thee,  
And only trust in Thine.

In holy expectation held,  
Thy strength my heart shall stay,  
For Thy right hand will never let  
My trust be cast away.  
Yea, Thou hast kept me near Thy feet,  
In many a deadly strife,  
By the stronghold of hope in Thee,  
The hope of endless life.

Thou knowest that I am not blest  
As Thou wouldst have me be,  
Till all the peace and joy of faith  
Possess my soul in Thee  
And still I seek 'mid many fears,  
With yearnings unexpressed,  
The comforts of Thy strengthening love,  
Thy soothing, settling rest.

It is not as Thou wilt with me,  
Till, humbled in the dust;  
I know no place in all my heart  
Wherein to put my trust.  
Until I find, O Lord, in Thee,  
The Lowly and the Meek,  
That fullness which Thy own redeemed  
Go nowhere else to seek.

Then, O my Savior, on my soul,  
Cast down, but not dismayed,  
Still be Thy chastening, healing hand  
In tender, mercy laid.  
And while I wait for all Thy joys,  
My yearning heart to fill,  
Teach me to walk and work with Thee,  
And at Thy feet sit still.

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## **Tender Mercies**

Tender mercies, on my way  
Falling softly like the dew,  
Sent me freshly every day,  
I will bless the Lord for you.

Though I have not all I would,  
Though to greater bliss I go,  
Every present gift of good  
To Eternal Love I owe.

Source of all that comforts me,  
Well of joy for which I long,  
Let the song I sing to Thee  
Be an everlasting song.

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## **To the Superior Animal**

To sum up all, I'm old -- and that's  
A fact the years decide;  
It is a common thing with cats  
And not a thing to hide.

But to feel what it is -- how kind  
How true to love and law  
For this you must be quite resigned  
And not avoid its paw.

It does not come as reckless foe  
A shrinking prey to take,  
But with soft footstep that we know  
By comfort in its wake.

Though it spoils something -- that is true,  
Which we must learn to lack  
And takes alike from me and you  
What never does come back.

It caters for our failing strength  
In many a dainty scrap,  
And gently lays us at our length  
In some secluded lap.

It may bless you -- (I think it should)  
Beyond what I make out,  
With things perhaps too great and good  
For cats to talk about.

Since I find in it blessing free  
From all it can destroy,  
And so its progress is to me  
A miracle of joy.

But my look out to occupy  
And make the most of that.  
You must be quite as old as I,  
If not yourself a Cat!

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