

Classic Poetry Series

**Anna Laetitia Waring**  
**- poems -**

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## **Anna Laetitia Waring(19 April 1823 – 10 May 1910)**

Anna Laetitia Waring , daughter of Elijah Waring, and niece of Samuel Miller Waring, was born at Neith, Glamorganshire, Wales in 1820. In 1850 she published her Hymns and Meditations, by A. L. W., a small book of 19 hymns. The 4th edition was published in 1854. The 10th edition, 1863, is enlarged to 38 hymns. She also published Additional Hymns, 1858, and contributed some pieces to the Sunday Magazine, 1871. Her most widely known hymns are: "Father, I know that all my life," "Go not far from me, O my Strength," and "My heart is resting, O my God."

# A New Year's Morning Song

Thanksgiving and the voice of melody,  
This new year's morning, call me from my sleep;  
A new, sweet song is in my heart for Thee,  
Thou faithful, tender Shepherd of the sheep;  
Thou knowest where to find, and how to keep  
The feeble feet that tremble where they stray, "â€"  
O'er the dark mountains "â€" through the whelming deep "â€"  
Thy everlasting mercy makes its way.

The past is not so dark as once it seemed,  
For there Thy footprints, now distinct, I see;  
And seed in weakness sown, from death redeemed,  
Is springing up, and bearing fruit in Thee.  
Not all that hath been, Lord, henceforth shall be;  
A low, sweet, cheering strain is in mine ear,  
Thanksgiving, and the voice of melody,  
Are leading in, from Heaven, a blest new year.

With voice subdued, my listening spirit sings,  
As backward on the trodden path I gaze,  
While ministering angels fold their wings,  
To fill with lowly thoughts my song of praise.  
The shadow of the past on future days,  
Will make them clear to my instructed sight;  
For the heart's knowledge of Thy sacred ways,  
Even in its deepest, darkest shades, is light.

I am not stronger "â€" yet I do not fear  
The present pain, the conflict yet to be;  
Experience is a kind voice in mine ear,  
And all my failures bid me lean on Thee.  
No future suffering can seem strange to me,  
While in the hidden part I feel and know  
The wisdom of a child at rest and free  
In the tried love, whose judgment keeps him low.

Thanksgiving and the voice of melody!  
O, to my tranquil heart how sweet the strain!  
Father of mercies, it arose in Thee,

And to Thy bosom it returns again.  
There let my grateful song, my soul, remain,  
Calm in the risen Savior's tender care;  
And welcome any trial, any pain,  
That serves to keep thy faithful children there.

Thoughts of Thy love " and O, how great the sum!  
Enduring grief, obtaining bliss for me;  
The world, life, death, things present, things to come,  
All swell a new year's opening melody.  
Past, present, future, all things worship Thee;  
And I, through all, with trembling joy behold,  
While mountains fall, and treacherous visions flee,  
Thy wandering sheep returning to the fold.

Anna Laetitia Waring

# A New-Year Hymn

Sunlight of the heavenly day,  
Mighty to revive and cheer,  
Bless our yet untrodden way,  
Lead us through the entered year.  
Where the shades of death we see,  
Let Thy living brightness be "â€"  
Let it speed our lingering feet "â€"  
Let it shine on all we meet.  
While before our chastened gaze  
Earthly pleasures fade and fail,  
Thou, the light of all our days "â€"  
Thou, our steadfast glory, hail!

Forward, though the path be hid;  
Though we pass the lurking foe;  
Though the sound of war forbid,  
Girt with gladness, let its go.  
Bold in Thy protecting care,  
Strong to prove Thee faithful there  
Through the desert or the sea,  
On, to reign in life with Thee.  
Ah, with more than fearless heart,  
Homeward be our faces set;  
Show us in our present part  
Wealth we have not measured yet.

Open Thou beneath our tread  
Springs the distance could not show;  
From the holy Fountain"â€"head,  
Let them rise where'er we go.  
Rather give us eyes to see "â€"  
Love awake to love in Thee "â€"  
Hearts that, trusting in Thy care,  
Find its traces everywhere.  
Teach us, as we pass along,  
In the shining of Thy face,  
Many a sweet thanksgiving"â€"song,  
Even in a dreary place.

While with firm, unyielding will  
For the victor's crown we strive,  
Gracious Savior, keep us still  
To Thy gentlest signs alive "â€"  
Where the stormy wind is heard,  
Quick to every tender word,  
And for all our journey's length,  
Armed with meekness more than strength.  
In the shadow of Thy hand  
We can brave the uprooting gale,  
And a little child may stand  
Where the soldier's heart would fail

Oft a desolating blast  
Bears the seed of comfort too,  
And the patient soul at last  
Finds a garden where it blew;  
So, where nothing cheers our sight,  
Germs of love may spring to light,  
Bright 'mid earth's oppressive shades,  
Fresh beside the leaf that fades.  
Let the precious seed abound "â€"  
Make the tempest strong to bless,  
Strong to claim our thorny ground  
For the fruits of holiness.

Lord of All! we cannot know  
What our paths may yet unfold;  
But the part that love would show "â€"  
Wise to save us "â€" Thou hast told.  
By our heart's unmeasured price "â€"  
By Thy life"long sacrifice "â€"  
By Thy death to set us free,  
Lead us on to joy in Thee.  
On, to greet the perfect day,  
Blessed End of time and strife, "â€"  
On, through all the shining way,  
Brightness of our human life.

Anna Laetitia Waring

# Dear Savior Of A Dying World

"The Lord is risen."

Dear Savior of a dying world,  
Where grief and change must be,  
In the new grave where Thou wast laid  
My heart lies down with Thee.  
O, not in cold despair of joy,  
Or weariness of pain,  
But from a hope that shall not die,  
To rise and live again.

I would arise in all Thy strength  
My place on earth to fill,  
To work out all my time of war  
With love's unflinching will.  
Firm against every doubt of Thee  
For all my future way —  
To walk in Heaven's eternal light  
Throughout the changing day.

Ah, such a day as Thou shalt own  
When suns have ceased to shine  
A day of burdens borne by Thee,  
And work that all was Thine.  
Speed Thy bright rising in my heart,  
Thy righteous kingdom speed, —  
Till my whole life in concord say,  
"The Lord is risen indeed."

O for an impulse from Thy love  
With every coming breath,  
To sing that sweet undying song  
Amid the wrecks of death!  
A "hail!" to every mortal pang  
That bids me take my right  
To glory in the blessed life  
Which Thou hast brought to light.

I long to see the hallowed earth

In new creation rise,  
To find the germs of Eden hid  
Where its fallen beauty lies, —  
To feel the spring-tide of a soul  
By one deep love set free,  
Made meet to lay aside her dust  
And be at home with Thee.

And then — there shall be yet an end —  
An end now full to bless!  
How dear to those who watch for Thee  
With human tenderness.  
Then shall the saying come to pass  
That makes our hope complete,  
And, rising from the conquered grave,  
Thy parted ones shall meet.

Yes — they shall meet, and face to face  
By heart to heart be known,  
Clothed with Thy Likeness, Lord of Life,  
And perfect in their own.  
For this corruptible must rise  
From its corruption free,  
And this frail mortal must put on  
Thine immortality.

Shine then, Thou Resurrection Light,  
Upon our sorrows shine!  
The fulness of Thy joy be ours,  
As all our griefs were Thine.  
Now in this changing, dying life  
Our faded hopes restore,  
Till, in Thy triumph perfected,  
We taste of death no more.

Anna Laetitia Waring

# 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 whatsoever 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.

Anna Laetitia Waring

# Go Not Far From Me, O My God

Go not far from me, O my God,  
Whom all my times obey;  
Take from me anything Thou wilt,  
But go not Thou away,  
And let the storm that does thy work  
Deal with me as it may.

On thy compassion I repose  
In weakness and distress:  
I will not ask for greater ease,  
Lest I should love Thee less.  
Oh, 'tis a blessed thing for me  
To need thy tenderness.

When I am feeble as a child,  
And flesh and heart give way,  
Then on thy everlasting strength  
With passive trust I stay,  
And the rough wind becomes a song;  
The darkness shines like day.

Deep unto deep may call, but I  
With peaceful heart can say,  
Thy loving-kindness hath a charge  
No waves can take away:  
Then let the storm that speeds me home  
Deal with me as it may.

Anna Laetitia Waring

## 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.

Anna Laetitia Waring

# Jesus, Lord Of Heaven Above

Jesus, Lord of Heaven above,  
Earth beneath is all Thy own  
In the depths of Heavenly love  
Let my human heart be sown.

Let my love that as a grain  
None on earth might care to see,  
Buried in Thy grave remain,  
Be a precious seed to Thee.

Thou wilt raise it, though it die,  
Thou wilt see it hidden there —  
Thou wilt guard it with Thine eye  
From the spirits of the air.

None shall take it thence away;  
It is sown for Thy delight:  
Thou wilt shine on it by day, —  
Thou wilt shield it in the night.

Where the silent waters flow,  
It shall multiply its root;  
It shall blossom, it shall grow,  
It shall bear immortal fruit.

Sown in weakness, raised in power —  
Sown in suffering, raised in peace —  
It shall brave the blighting hour,  
In the year of drought increase.

Never hurt by sun or storm,  
Blest its every stage shall be;  
Dying in its mortal form —  
Living evermore in Thee.

Anna Laetitia Waring

# 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.

Anna Laetitia Waring

# 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.

Anna Laetitia Waring

# O, This Is Blessing, This Is Rest

O, this is blessing, this is rest  
Unto Thine arms, O Lord, I flee:  
I hide me in Thy faithful breast,  
And pour out all my soul to Thee.  
There is a host dissuading me,  
But, all their voices far above,  
I hear Thy words — "O taste and see  
The comfort of a Savior's love.  
And, hushing every adverse sound,  
Songs of defence my soul surround,  
As if all saints encamped about  
One trusting heart pursued by doubt,

And O, how solemn, yet how sweet  
Their one assured, persuasive strain!  
The Lord of hosts is thy retreat,  
The Man who bore thy sin, thy pain.  
Still in His hand thy times remain  
Still of his body thou art part;  
And He will prove his right to reign  
O'er all things that concern thy heart.  
O tenderness O truth divine!  
Lord, I am altogether thine.  
I have bowed down I need not flee  
Peace, peace is mine in trusting Thee.

And now I count supremely kind,  
The rule that once I thought severe;  
And, precious to my altered mind,  
At length, Thy least reproofs appear.  
Now to the love that casts out fear,  
Mercy and truth, indeed seem one;  
Why should I hold my ease so dear?  
The work of training must be done,  
I must be taught what I would know  
I must be led where I would go  
And all the rest ordained for me,  
Till that which is not seen I see  
Is to be found in trusting Thee.

Anna Laetitia Waring

# Sweet Is The Solace Of Thy Love

I, even I, am He that comforteth you. Isaiah 2:12

Sweet is the solace of Thy love,  
My Heavenly Friend, to me,  
While through the hidden way of faith  
I journey home with Thee,  
Learning by quiet thankfulness  
As a dear child to be.

Though from the shadow of Thy peace  
My feet would often stray,  
Thy mercy follows all my steps,  
And will not turn away;  
Yea, thou wilt comfort me at last,  
As none beneath Thee may.

Oft in a dark and lonely place,  
I hush my hastened breath,  
To hear the comfortable words  
Thy loving Spirit saith;  
And feel my safety in Thy hand  
From every kind of death.

O there is nothing in the world  
To weigh against Thy will;  
Even the dark times I dread the most  
Thy covenant fulfil;  
And when the pleasant morning dawns  
I find Thee with me still.

Then in the secret of my soul,  
Though hosts my peace invade,  
Though through a waste and weary land  
My lonely way he made,  
Thou, even Thou, wilt comfort me  
I need not be afraid.

Still in the solitary place  
I would awhile abide,

Till with the solace of Thy love  
My heart is satisfied;  
And all my hopes of happiness  
Stay calmly at Thy side.

Anna Laetitia Waring

# 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.

Anna Laetitia Waring

# Though Some Good Things Of Lower Worth

The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance. Psalm 16:5.

Though some good things of lower worth  
My heart is called on to resign,  
Of all the gifts in heaven and earth,  
The greatest and the best is mine  
The love of God in Christ made known  
The love that is enough alone,  
My Father's love is all my own.

My soul's Restorer, let me learn  
In that deep love to live and rest  
Let me the precious thing discern  
Of which I am indeed possessed.  
My treasure let me feel and see,  
And let my moments, as they flee,  
Unfold my endless life in Thee.

Let me not dwell so much within  
My bounded heart, with anxious heed  
Where all my searches meet with sin,  
And nothing satisfies my need  
It shuts me from the sound and sight  
Of that pure world of life and light,  
Which has no breadth, or length, or height.

Let me Thy power, Thy beauty see;  
So shall the hopeless labor cease,  
And my free heart shall follow thee  
Through paths of everlasting peace.  
My strength Thy gift, my life Thy care,  
I shall forget to seek elsewhere  
The wealth to which my soul is heir.

I was not called to walk alone,  
To clothe myself with love and light;  
And for Thy glory, not my own,  
My soul is precious in Thy sight.  
My evil heart can never be

A home, a heritage for me  
But Thou canst make it fit for Thee.

Anna Laetitia Waring

# 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!

Anna Laetitia Waring