

Like A Weaned Child

As a weaned child rests upon his mother
Is content, on her bosom, to lie,
Has abandoned the tears and the tantrums,
Over things that could not satisfy;
So, my soul is reposing on Jesus,
Without thoughts of the gift or reward.
What a glorious foretaste of Heaven ---
Being weaned from this world, to the LORD!

There were times when I questioned His purpose;
And His patience was put to the test;
When I harbored hard thoughts of His wisdom;
And mistakenly thought I knew best.
But his love wore away my resistance,
I was drawn by invincible grace
From the blessings that held my affections,
To Himself, and His tender embrace!

I don't bother myself with great matters;
I'm at rest, my heart is not proud.
I'm content with whatever He gives me,
And I'm thankful for what is allowed.
God is getting me ready for Heaven,
As He draws me from this world apart;
I'm awaiting, with joy, for the weaning
That will take me at last to His heart!

As I wait for that day I'll be singing
With a heart that is well satisfied.
Though I tremble, on Him I'll be gazing
Through the tears He has tenderly dried.

Catch a thrill of this beautiful music;
It's a song that will set your heart free.
It's a song of a satisfied weanling.
God has tuned it for you in your key.

- Ed Miller

There's nothing the Lord desires more than an intimate relationship with you.
There's nothing you need more than an intimate relationship with Him.