

Songs of Zion

Sing to me the songs of Zion,
Sweetest songs of all on earth.
Let the rich man sing of treasures
And the worldling sing of mirth;
But the songs of God's own children,
Sounding forth in joyful days,
Stir the weary heart to gladness,
Wake the soul to tuneful praise.

Sing to me when dawn's first wak'ning
Brightens blooms all wet with dew;
Tell in song of God's great mercies,
Which are every morning new;
And when day has aged to noontide
And the heart is pressed with care,
Sing thy song of intercession
That will call my soul to prayer.

Sing to me sweet songs of Zion
When I see life's evening star,
And my barque is slowly drifting
Out across time's lonely bar;
If perchance I may be fearing,
Sweet will sound some blest refrain;
Sing to me the songs of Zion,
Let me hear them once again.

Sing the song of resurrection
When the Lord Himself shall come,
And the heart shall know not sorrow,
For the pilgrim will be home.
Then ten thousand thousand voices
Blend the chorus all as one;
'Tis a new song they are singing:
'Tis the song of God's dear Son.



With Thanks ...

Murray's family thank you for your love, care & support.
At the conclusion of the burial please join us for refreshments
at the Hamilton Exhibition & Conference Centre.

In loving memory of



Murray Charles Savin

12. 01. 1929 - 04. 06. 2026

Resting in God's Care

Heart and Purpose

O'er and o'er a voice is borne to me
From the homeland of eternity:
"Steady, brother, God has need of thee;
Keep thy heart and purpose true."

*Jesus, Saviour, walk beside me
Till the homeland greets my view;
Help me toil and sing and journey
With a heart and purpose true.*

Fears within me sound a loud retreat,
Foes without sow briars for my feet,
And my soul this question oft repeats:
"Are my heart and purpose true?"

Oh, for faith to help me walk aright,
Hope to point my vision to the light,
Love to keep my garments pure and white,
And my heart and purpose true.

Lord, Thy love and grace suffice for me
As I journey hand in hand with Thee,
And I'll bear my burden gratefully,
With a heart and purpose true.

My Heart Is Resting

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 this world have failed, And I am thirsty still.	Glory to Thee for strength withheld, For want and weakness known, And the fear that sends me to Thyself For what is most mine 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.
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I thirst for springs of heav'nly 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 Thy grace I have not tasted yet.	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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