

OLDOWN 8. 4. 8. 4. D.

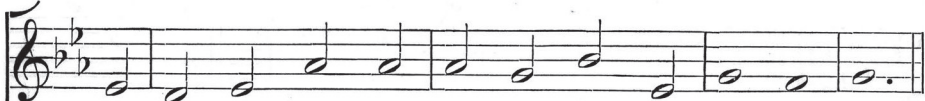
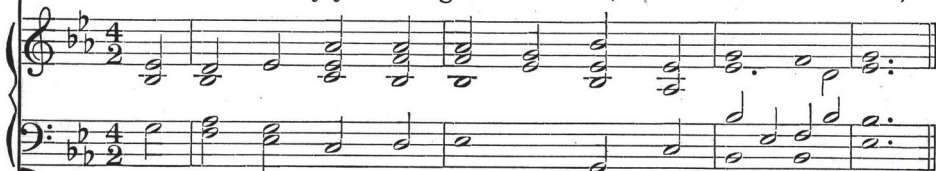
CHRIST MY REFUGE

BASIL HARWOOD

MARY BAKER EDDY

Not slow. To be sung in unison

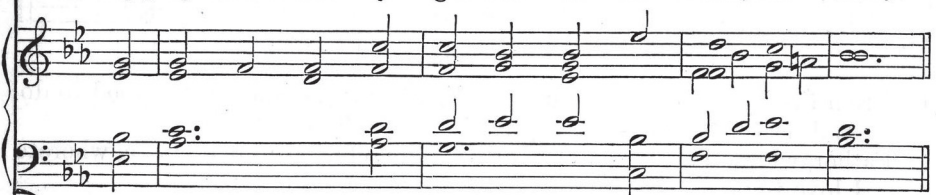
1. O'er wait-ing harp-strings of the mind There sweeps a strain,
 3. Then His un-veiled, sweet mer-cies show Life's bur-dens light.
 6. From tir-ed joy and grief a-far, And near-er Thee,—



- Low, sad, and sweet, whose meas-ures bind The power of pain,
 I kiss the cross, and wake to know A world more bright.
 Fa-ther, where Thine own chil-dren are, I love to be.



2. And wake a white-winged an-gel throng Of thoughts, il-lumed
 4. And o'er earth's trou-bled, an-gry sea I see Christ walk,
 7. My prayer, some dai-ly good to do To Thine, for Thee;



D.C. for 3rd verse



By faith, and breathed in rap - tured song, With love per - fumed.
And come to me, and ten - der - ly, Di - vine - ly talk.
An of - fering pure of Love, where - to God lead - eth me.

FINE



5th verse only



5. Thus Truth en-grounds me on the rock, Up - on Life's shore,



D.C. for 6th verse



'Gainst which the winds and waves can shock, Oh, nev - er - more !

